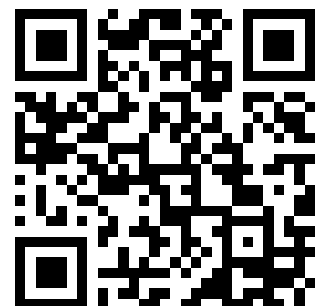


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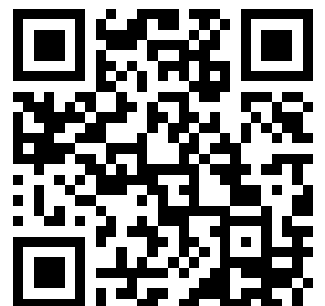


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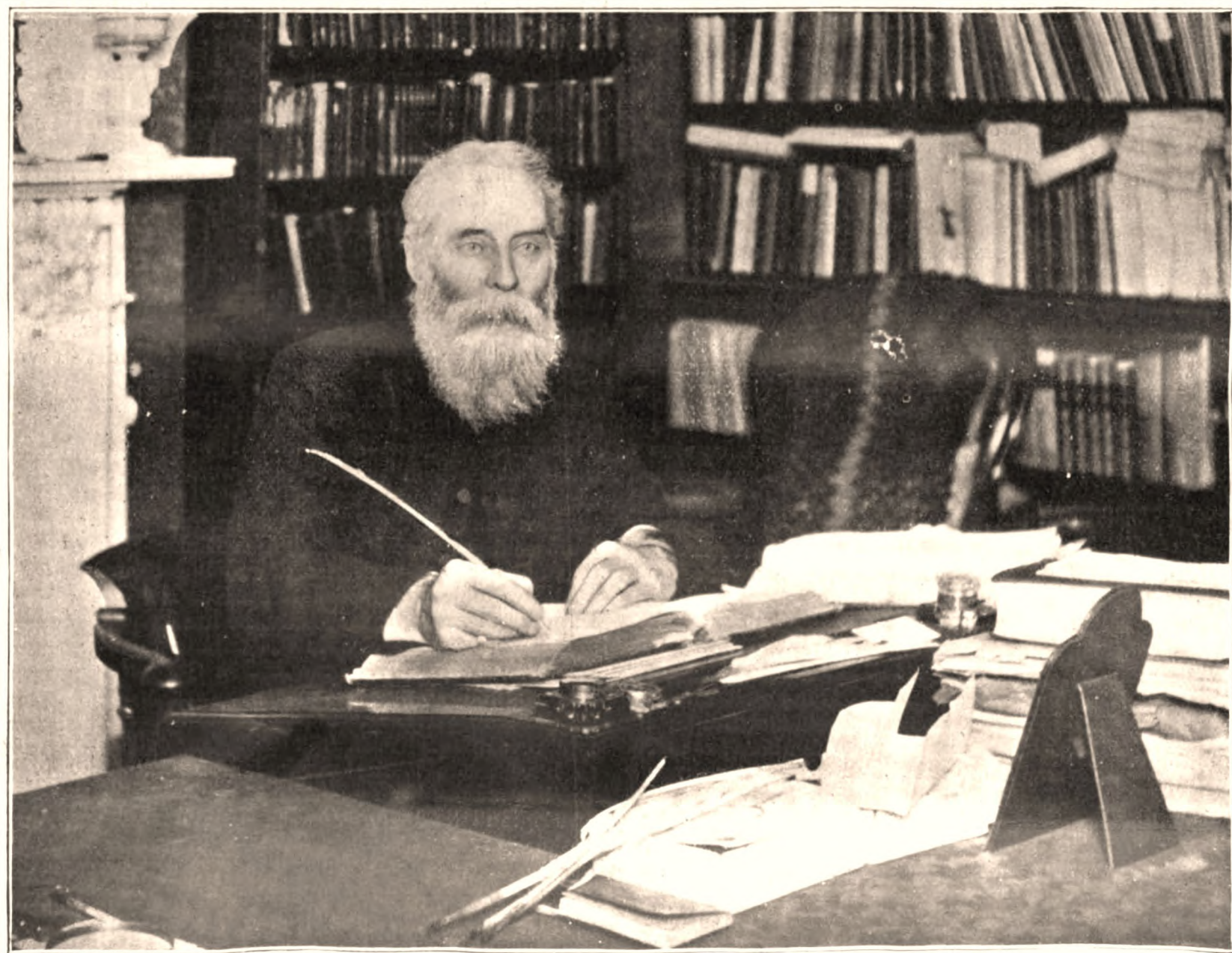
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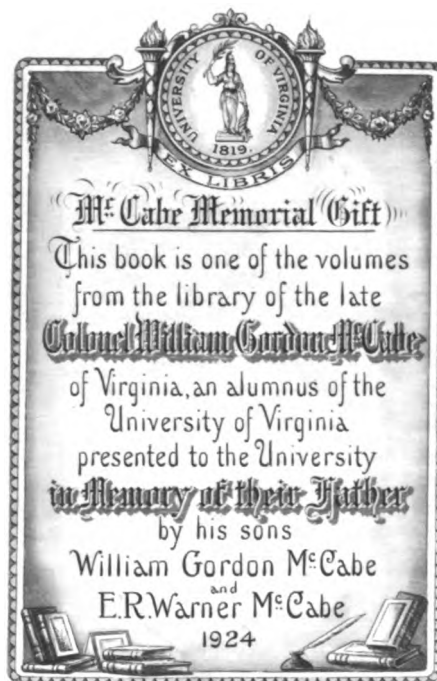
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*A WEEKLY REVIEW OF*

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## The Literary Week.

THE presentation to Dr. Garnett, to which one hundred and ninety persons subscribed, was made by Mr. Leslie Stephen last week. The gift consisted of Dr. Garnett's portrait, painted by the Hon. John Collier, and forty-seven volumes of reference chosen by the recipient. Mr. Stephen happily summed up Dr. Garnett's claims to the gratitude of all students, Dr. Garnett disclaimed having done more than his duty, and the proceedings were over. The works chosen by Dr. Garnett were as follow:

Smith's *Dictionary of the Bible*.

——— *Christian Biography*.

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Clinton. *Fasti Hellenici*.

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Head. *Historia Numorum*.

Stevenson and Madden. *Dictionary of Roman Coins*.

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Plato, translated by Jowett.

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Grove. *Dictionary of Music and Musicians*.

Liddell and Scott. *Greek Lexicon*.

Chisholm. "*The Times*" *Gazetteer of the World*.

The volumes were uniformly bound by Zaehnsdorf.

THE first thing that strikes one on examining the *Anglo-Saxon Review* is its dignity, its spaciousness. In an age of pocket editions and octavos it is particularly pleasant to come upon this lordly tome, with its ample page, and fine, fair type. The cover, a close copy of the binding of a volume from the library of James I., is a delight. "After a brief, though not perchance unhonoured, stay on the writing-table," says Lady Randolph Churchill in her editorial introduction, the *Anglo-Saxon Review* "may be taken up into that Valhalla of printed things—the library." We think it will. Indeed, her aim, the editor explains, in projecting the *Review* has been to ensure a little longer life for contributions to periodicals, thus indicating to future ages something of the "transient brilliancy" of this.

OUR second impression is that Lady Randolph Churchill's quarterly was well worth waiting for, because the literature also is good. A poem by Mr. Swinburne, on the Battle of the Nile, is a sufficiently auspicious start. But the prize is the brilliant and searching essay on Peel by Lord Rosebery. Apart from the unfolding of Peel's character by one whose admiration has led him to ponder upon it very closely, we have here a number of peculiarly interesting reflections on the duties and difficulties of the Prime Minister's position, and such delicate and urbane writing as to lead us more than ever to wish that Lord Rosebery would follow his life of Pitt with another volume. The *Anglo-Saxon Review* prints also an article on the Sudan by Sir Rudolf Slatin; a story

by Mr. Henry James; and the full text of "Osborn and Ursyne," the poetical drama by Mrs. Craigie which Mr. Alexander will produce at the St. James's Theatre.

ANOTHER remarkable publication of the week is *The Book of the Masque*, from Mr. Ashbee's press, presented by the Art Workers' Guild at the Guildhall. Printing, arrangement, reproduction of illustrations are alike admirable. Indeed, Mr. Wilson's design for the stage, to name but one of the illustrations, with its arrangement of pillars and sense of space, height, and mystery, produces that effect on the mind that leads to a mount and frame and a place on the wall.

THE Art Workers deserve the highest praise for the skill and patience they gave to the production of the *Masque*. The procession of famous cities was a thing to remember—a gorgeous and moving pageant. No doubt on another occasion, profiting by their present experience, the Guild will give us the Larger Idea only, and omit the parochial element. The modern Jerry Builder and the majesty of Imperial Rome do not coalesce.

It seems as if the "Christian daily paper," or, in other words, the "Nonconformist daily paper," of which so much has been said, may really be issued before very long. One advocate has even gone so far as to draw up a suggested staff. But it is not the staff that would be the difficulty, considering the number of professional Christians always accessible.

THE "Discount Question," which apparently goes to sleep for months together, has again awakened, this time with a start. An ultimatum, drafted nominally by the publishers, but really by the Publishers' and Booksellers' Associations acting in concert, has now been sent to all booksellers. It says: You must sell all net books at the published prices. If you don't, we shall refuse to give you the usual trade terms, and shall invoice net books to you at their full published price. With this ultimatum is issued a form of acceptance, which, in order that the scheme may be brought into operation at once, every bookseller is requested to sign. It may be that the recalcitrant booksellers will refuse to sign. Then the struggle will begin.

IN the *Dominion of Dreams* Miss Fiona Macleod acknowledges her indebtedness to an unpublished work. This is Mr. Alexander Carmichael's *Oragus Ob*, an important book which has been promised for years, and is now almost ready for publication. Mr. Carmichael has spent many years in the Outer Hebrides collecting material, and the result should be of the very highest interest to scholars. The work is a collection of the old hymns and incantations in use among the islanders. Another work on the same subject, with an introduction by Mr. Andrew Lang, has been promised for some time by Mr. Alexander MacBain, of Inverness, the well-known Celtic scholar.



MR. BRET HARTE writes in the *Cornhill* on the rise of the short story in America. He shows that it grew from the anecdote, or funny conversational tale; but was very long in coming to itself. It even allowed the Civil War, that great opportunity, to pass without finding therein any material upon which to work. A contrast of the activity of American story-tellers to-day, with the late conflict to draw upon, and the passivity of their predecessors after the greater struggle, is very instructive. Not until the gold rush to California in the late forties did the native short story really find congenial material; and Mr. Bret Harte was the pioneer. After seeing much life in the diggings, he became editor of the *Overland Monthly*, a San Francisco magazine, and it troubled him to find no characteristic Californian stories coming in. Everything artistic that was communicated was foreign or derivative:

In this perplexity he determined to attempt to make good the deficiency himself. He wrote "The Luck of Roaring Camp." However far short it fell of his ideal and his purpose, he conscientiously believed that he had painted much that "he saw, and part of which he was," that his subject and characters were distinctly Californian, as was equally his treatment of them. But an unexpected circumstance here intervened. The publication of the story was objected to by both printer and publisher, virtually for not being in the conventional line of subject, treatment, and morals! The introduction of the abandoned outcast mother, of the foundling "Luck," and the language used by the characters, received a serious warning and protest. The writer was obliged to use his right as editor to save his unfortunate contribution from oblivion. When it appeared, at last, he saw with consternation that the printer and publisher had really voiced the local opinion; that the press of California was still strongly dominated by the old conservatism and conventionalism of the East. . . . However, its instantaneous and cordial acceptance as a new departure by the critics of the Eastern States and Europe enabled the writer to follow it with other stories of a like character. More than that, he was gratified to find a disposition on the part of his contributors to shake off their conservative trammels. . . . The term "imitators," often used by the critics who, as previously stated, had claimed for the present writer the invention of this kind of literature, could not fairly apply to those who had cut loose from conventional methods, and sought to honestly describe the life around them, and he can only claim to have shown them that it could be done.

CURIOUSLY enough, the same month that brings us Mr. Bret Harte's article in the *Cornhill* brings an account in the *Century* of his career in California, from the pen of an old associate, Mr. Noah Brooks. The *Overland Monthly's* beginnings are there described. Says Mr. Brooks:

There were not many writers of fiction in our ranks, and Harte and I confidently agreed that we would each write a short story for the first number of the new magazine. We had four months to prepare for the great event, but the first issue of the *Overland* (July, 1868) had only one story in its contents, and that was mine. Harte, with many sighs and groans, confessed that he had been unable to finish the first short story that he had ever undertaken in his life. But he had composed a charming little poem for the first number. It was entitled "San Francisco, from the Sea." His own short story, when it did appear, in the second number of the magazine (August, 1868) was well worth waiting for. It was "The Luck of Roaring Camp." His second story did not appear until January, 1869; and that, too, was worth waiting for. It was the immortal "Outcasts of Poker Flat."

THE letters passing between George Borrow and the Bible Society, which Dr. Knapp failed to secure for his biography of Borrow, are being printed in the Society's magazine, beginning with July. It now seems that the conjecture that Joseph John Gurney first introduced Borrow to the Bible Society is wrong. It was the Rev. Francis Cunningham, of Lowestoft. In Mr. Cunningham's

letter Borrow is thus described: "He is independent in circumstances, of no very exactly defined denomination of Christians, but I think of certain Christian principle. I shall make more inquiry about him and see him again. Next week I propose to meet him in London, and I could wish that you should see him, and, if you please, take him under your charge for a few days. He is of the middle order in society, and a very produceable person." Negotiations followed, and Borrow was employed. Thus "downily" did Borrow's first letter to the secretary of the Bible Society begin: "Rev. and Dear Sir,—I have just received your communication, and notwithstanding it is Sunday morning, and the bells with their loud and clear voices are calling me to church, I have sat down to answer it by return of post."

WITH regard to the parallel which was drawn last week between a passage in Mr. Hall Caine's novel, *The Christian*, and a passage in Swift, Mr. C. F. Kenyon writes: "Mr. Hall Caine rarely breaks silence either to correct the numerous mistakes of his critics or to defend the views he has expressed in his novels. This being so, you may, perhaps, excuse my writing to inform you that a few days prior to the publication of *The Christian* in book form Mr. Caine acknowledged to his readers, through the medium of interviews, &c., that he had used freely extracts from books, newspapers, diaries, letters, and many other quite legitimate sources of information, for the purpose of making his book as true and lifelike as possible. He made no secret whatever of this, and the instance you quote is one out of several which I have myself discovered or which have been pointed out to me."

MR. KENYON's letter is a sufficient explanation of the parallel. At the same time, an author's avowal, in an interview, that he has used other people's work wherever he wanted it is no justification. Many persons, happily, do not read interviews. The only place in which to explain a loan is in the book itself.

MEANWHILE, a charge of plagiarism has been brought by Mr. T. Hutchinson against Mr. Baring-Gould. According to Mr. Hutchinson, that fine, robust novel, *John Herring*—published in 1883—is no more or less than an English adaptation of Maurus Jokai's romance, *Az Arány Ember*, or, as it is called in translation, *Timar's Two Worlds*. In *Blady's of the Steaponey*, a recent novel, says Mr. Hutchinson, Mr. Baring-Gould announces that one of the incidents is borrowed from Jokai's *Pretty Michal*; but that confession does not cover the more considerable loan of 1883. Mr. Baring-Gould's reply to Mr. Hutchinson's charges has not yet been published.

THE cultivation of letters is rare behind the gloomy walls of a prison; but the Warden of the Ohio State Penitentiary (U.S.A.) has brought forth some sweet sounds from the depths of this darksome abode of criminals by offering prizes for the best poems. A large number were submitted for the consideration of a specially appointed committee, and the first prize was won by a Mr. J. W. Dean, who is serving three years for burglary. His subject was "A Message," and the verses run as follows:

Thou art but a little flower,  
Yet in thee do I behold  
Something more than kingly dower,  
Something more than wealth or gold.

As thy sweet perfume I'm drinking  
Silently my lips do frame  
A prayer; for I am thinking  
Whence this tender message came.

Though the hand that gently plucked thee  
Soon shall lie beneath the clay,  
Thou wilt live within my mem'ry  
Through a never-ending day.



The second prize was won by a Mr. James Harvey, who is imprisoned for life. His poem, which is better than that which took the higher honour, was entitled "Flowers":

In this prosaic life of ours,  
Impregnated with terrestrial pain,  
God's handiwork is shown in flowers  
That shoot from seed and springtime rain.

Through metamorphosed bud and bloom,  
Each petal opening into place,  
They cheer our hearts, dispel the gloom,  
And lend their fragrance and their grace.

No sculptor yet that e'er was born  
Hath carved aught lovelier or more fair  
Than in the freshness of the morn  
The perfect flower waving there.

And many a tale these symbols tell;  
By variegated form and hues  
In mind and heart a hallowed spell  
Create, and higher thoughts infuse.

Short-lived their beauty, like a dream—  
And wherefore, 'tis not well defined;  
Like some pure creatures doth it seem  
To know long life were not designed.

In festive scene where music flows—  
Mellifluous odours on him stealing—  
The poet fancies ere he knows  
A glimpse of Heaven, the flowers revealing.

MR. LANG, after some remarks in *Longman's* on multiple reviewing, turns to a grievance of his own. "The funniest way of reviewers," he says, "is when criticising one book, to disparage another book before it is published. Someone in the *Saturday Review* for May 27 treats an unpublished book of my own in this diverting manner. He 'cannot regard with equanimity' my poor unborn bantling. Well, here I have the advantage, for I can regard him with equanimity. My book 'will be lively, nothing more.' I wish I could hope for this measure of success; but is prophecy quite fair, or even entirely courteous, in the circumstances? . . . Altogether the ways of this critic, who deserts the book before him to express his views of the book which is not in existence, and to tell the world what it will be, are the quaintest that I have chanced to observe. However, I am really sorry that his equanimity is disturbed; and, if he will permit me the liberty, I would advise him, if ever my work does appear, to pitch into it in at least eight organs of private opinion."

ANOTHER sin of the literary paragraphist is brought to our notice by Messrs. Hutchinson. It seems that a writer in a contemporary, wishing to exalt *No. 5, John Street*, at the expense of *A Double Thread*, has been stating that, whereas Miss Fowler's story at first leaped far in advance of Mr. Whiteing's, it is now forgotten, while Mr. Whiteing's is selling more than ever. The method is not a good one at any time, but in the present case it is doubly wrong, for Messrs. Hutchinson have proofs that their novel has been far more widely distributed.

THE Elizabethan Stage Society is no slave to its name, for at the next performance, to be given in the Conservatory of the Botanical Gardens, Regent's Park, on July 3, Kálidásá's "Sakoontalá" will be acted. Kálidásá, the most famous Indian dramatist, lived probably in the sixth century after Christ. "Sakoontalá" is his most popular play, and has been praised by Goethe, Humboldt, Schlegel, and Sir John Lubbock. It tells of a king, who, while on a hunting expedition, comes unexpectedly among some hermits living in a sacred grove. There he falls in love with Sakoontalá, a beautiful maiden, who, passing for a hermit's daughter, is in reality of higher rank. She is secretly married to the king, who gives her a ring in token of recognition, and returns to his kingdom. Then

follows a series of moving and interesting incidents. A curse is pronounced on Sakoontalá by a choleric sage, who prophesies her husband's loss of memory. She decides to set out for her husband's palace. On the way she loses her marriage token, and, being unrecognised by her husband, she is publicly repudiated; this is followed by her miraculous assumption to a celestial asylum, the unexpected discovery of the ring by a poor fisherman, and the king's agony on recovering his memory. Next is shown the king's aerial voyage in the car of Indra; his strange meeting with his own child, the son of Sakoontalá, and finally the happy re-union of the lovers.

A STATUE of Tom Hughes now stands in Rugby School. The ceremony of unveiling was performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, who pointed to Hughes as in his time a living exponent of Dr. Arnold's educational methods. To understand Arnold thoroughly, he said it was necessary to read not only the life of Dean Stanley, but also *Tom Brown's Schooldays*. Mr. Goschen, another of the speakers, called Hughes "in a certain sense the most distinguished school-boy who ever lived. He was the incarnation of the highest type of British schoolboy in the sense of honour, chivalry, and hatred of sham." The statue represents Hughes standing bare-headed before a tree-stump, in an easy attitude. The sculptor is Mr. Thomas Brock, R.A.

THE Bishop of Hereford, who also spoke by virtue of his own long term of office as head master of the school, reminded his hearers that two other famous old Rugbeians awaited memorials—Matthew Arnold and A. H. Clough. When he was in America, he added, a distinguished lady handed him one hundred dollars towards a monument to Clough. The sum has not yet been augmented.

It is many years since Mr. J. F. Sullivan examined and exposed the British Working Man for the pleasure of those who had suffered under that tyrant's hands. He now comes to the defence of the unhappy Londoner with another clever satire, this time at the expense of the Water Company, under the title *The Great Water Joke* (Downey). It is hard hitting, both with pen and pencil; but Mr. Sullivan has fun, and with fun in the background no assault is really resented. It is possible, also, that he has justice too. This is the beginning of the sad story:

The simple LONDON PUBLIC said, a longish time ago,  
"I should so like a little drop, a drop of H<sub>2</sub>O;  
I wouldn't waste the precious stuff or treat it as a drug;  
I only want a little drop to fill my little jug."

And here are other stanzas:

That PUBLIC paid an extra rate—(he was a simple chap!)—  
For ev'ry cistern, gully, sink, and service-pipe and tap:  
And when he'd duly paid on them the COMPANY arose,  
And counted all his pots and pails and made him pay on those.

"O PUBLIC," said the COMPANY, "I notice you forgot  
To say you had a buttercup a-growing in a pot:  
Your drawing-room, which harbours it, becomes in point  
of fact

A rateable conservatory well within the Act."

He paid upon the garden which surrounded his abode;  
The COMPANY assessed him on the puddles in the road;  
They made him pay an extra on the tear within his eye—  
Yet, after all he'd gone and paid, his little jug was dry!

Will not Mr. Sullivan next turn his attention to the public telephones?

CONCERNING our review of the book *Was Shakespeare a Catholic?* "R. C." writes: "In the issue for June 17 your reviewer of Father Bowden's work forgets his Trench and his logic. Trench protests against using words in a loose and slovenly sense. He would tell you that catholic means universal. A catholic taste for literature is correct

enough, but I should not admit anyone to have a catholic taste for it if he read and enjoyed histories only. He uses Catholic and Protestant as if they were individually separate religions, which I object to, seeing that, if there be two religions, one cannot be catholic. If he wishes to be clear, let him say Roman Catholic or Romanist or Papist. The same loose use of the word occurs in 'Memoirs of the Moment.'

OUR correspondent adds, apropos a recent article on the *Family Herald*, that he knew a clergyman, a distinguished scholar, whose son is now one of the most brilliant scholars in Europe, who "chafed at the interval between issue and issue" of that engaging periodical. How many parsons, he asks, read such stuff now?

A SYMPOSIUM on Hamlet's physical proportions has been arranged by the *Revue Blanche*, apropos a recent encounter. It appears that opinions differ on this subject as much as on bimetallism or the decoration of St. Paul's. According to Max Nordau, Hamlet was red-haired, clean-shaven, stout, short, and thirty. He was a Wittenberg student and a great drinker. M. Louis Esnault considers him tall, stooping, fair, and eighteen. Signora Diligenti prefers to think of him as stout, robust, and twenty-five; while Mme. Rachilde calls him small, dark, ugly, and anything up to sixty. Sixty!

Two new dedications. Canon Knox Little's *Sketches and Studies in South Africa*:

I dedicate this volume, by permission, to the Right Hon. Cecil J. Rhodes, a far-seeing statesman and a faithful friend.

Sir Michael Foster's monograph on *Claude Bernard*:

To the physiologists of France, both to those who had the happiness to know Claude Bernard in the flesh, and to those who, like myself, never saw his face, this little sketch is dedicated, in the hope that, as he has been to me a father in our common science, so I may be allowed to look upon them as brethren.

## Bibliographical.

APROPOS of the poetic mosaic described in the ACADEMY some months ago, which a contemporary has just discovered, I might remark that this particular species of futility is not new, but has simply been for a while out of fashion. It was, and is, tolerable only when the results are intentionally and actually humorous. Mr. W. T. Dobson gives a few specimens of this sort of "cento" in his *Poetical Ingenuities and Eccentricities*; but much better than any of his examples is the "prize poem," "Mne-mosyne," which Shirley Brooks concocted for *Punch* in 1865, and which was afterwards reprinted in his *Wit and Humour*. It begins:

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,  
That to be hated needs but to be seen,  
Invites my lays; be present, sylvan maids,  
And graceful deer reposing in the shades.

Elsewhere we have:

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,  
When wild in woods the noble savage ran;  
And from his lip those words of insult fell,  
"It must be so. Plato, thou reasonest well."

Brooks, it will be remembered, was always ready and apt with quotation, especially in that "Essence of Parliament" which he distilled so well.

While joining in the praise so widely bestowed upon the "souvenir" of the Charing Cross Hospital Bazaar, I may be permitted, as a bibliographer, to express the hope that the example thus created will not be largely followed. The pursuit of bibliography is quite sufficiently laborious as it is, without being extended in this direction. Or, if literary and artistic publications of this sort are to become common, we must have a law compelling the promoters to lodge a copy in each of the big national libraries. It is not likely, however, that such "souvenirs" as that produced by Mr. Tree will ever be very numerous, if only for the reason that distinguished authors and artists will decline to be victimised in this way save on rare and extraordinary occasions.

By the way, talking of Mr. Tree's *liber elegantiarum*, does not Mr. Henley's "swallow-flight of song"—

A sigh sent wrong,  
A kiss that goes astray,  
A sorrow the years endlong—

remind one of George MacDonald's very familiar lines:

A sigh too much, or a kiss too long . . .  
And life is never the same again?

Since Mr. W. S. Gilbert ceased, practically, to write humorous ditties which had claims to be regarded as literature, nobody has done that sort of thing so well as the gentleman who is known in the theatrical world as "Adrian Ross." Mr. "Ross," indeed, owes a good deal to the example of Mr. Gilbert, to whose ingenuity of rhyme and rhythm he comes very near. Latterly Mr. Ross has been publishing isolated songs in the monthlies and weeklies. I hope he will some day collect these, and, adding to them the best of the lyrics he has written for the stage, make a volume of them. Until he does that, there will never be the wide recognition of his ability and skill which those qualities, I think, deserve.

The new edition of Gray's letters promised us by Mr. Tovey will be welcome. Mr. Storr made a selection from the correspondence when he published an edition of the poems. There is, of course, Mr. Gosse's edition of the "works in prose and verse," issued in 1884; and there is Mr. Phelps's selection from the prose and verse, printed in 1895. Otherwise, not much special attention has been paid to the letters, though Mr. Tovey himself issued, nine years ago, a volume called *Thomas Gray and His Friends: Letters and Lyrics*. He has made a study of Gray; note his edition of *English Poems* by Gray, and his edition of the "Ode on the Spring" and "The Bard," both published by the Cambridge University Press last year.

That Busch's *Bismarck* is to be issued in a condensed, one-volume form is good news indeed. I hope the idea involved therein will spread. The notion of "condensed classics" is by no means new; but the "cutting down" of works comparatively young in years is somewhat of a novelty, and assuredly it is a process much to be commended. Big books we shall always have, because the great B.P. admires what is big; but we all know that there never yet was a very large publication which would not be benefited by compression. Travellers are especially prone to the long-winded, and yet, in general, all that they have fresh to say could be put into a comparatively small space.

I have read somewhere of a proposed volume of stories of life and character in Japan, which was to have been called *The Custom of the Country* had that title not been used recently in the case of a full-blown novel. It is always well to avoid any clashing of that sort; but there could be, of course, no question of copyright in the title, seeing that *The Custom of the Country* is the name of a play by Beaumont and Fletcher, printed about 250 years ago.

THE BOOKWORM

## Reviews.

## Spinoza.

*Spinoza: His Life and Philosophy.* By Sir Frederick Pollock, Bart. Second Edition. (Duckworth & Co. 8s. net.)

*Ethic Demonstrated in Geometrical Order.* Translated from the Latin of Benedict De Spinoza by W. Hale White; translation revised by Amelia Hutchison Stirling, M.A. (Edin.). Third Edition, revised and corrected. (Duckworth & Co. 7s. 6d.)

THE appearance in new revised editions of Sir Frederick Pollock's learned and lucid exposition of Spinoza's doctrine, and of Mr. Hale White's trustworthy translation of the *Ethic*, furnishes a suitable opportunity for a short, independent estimate of the philosopher and his work.

The seventeenth century, like all our back-worlds, bears the taint of monstrosity. If it be true that the world has



SPINOZA.

From the Original Portrait at Wolfenbüttel.

not even now been able to get rid of "a certain smell of blood and torture," how bewilderingly offensive must the odours of that back-world have been. Yet in it lived a philosopher, the sanest and serenest that mankind has, perhaps, ever seen. Spinoza was born in 1632, born to write his treatise on "The Citizen and the State" (*Tractatus Theologico-Politicus*), his fragment on "The Emendation of the Understanding," his calm exposition of *Ethic*.

In England, a year afterwards, Prynne, the author of *Histriomastix*, a work directed against various public amusements, was condemned by the Star Chamber "to stand in the pillory at Westminster and Cheapside and to have one of his ears cut off at each place, to pay a fine of £5,000 to the King, and to be imprisoned for life." The civilised world was not rich in oases, and there was much to envy in the Polar calms. It was not for Spinoza to escape contact with the rough edge of the contemporary mob regnant; but, like his predecessor Descartes, he was

singularly fortunate in remaining a spectator, and suffering mainly through sympathy with others, and the knowledge of the evil intention of his impotent enemies.

Holland, despite her enemies, was, indeed, a veritable oasis in Europe. The Dutch "were the first to assert that human institutions and human allegiance to governments are to be interpreted and maintained by their manifest utility"; that "men and women are not the private estate of princes." But even from a castle's loophole to look out upon the legalised horror of the world is unmanaging. We remember still, with the repugnance of elemental dread, our sensations when a Sunday-school boy confided to us the programme of a ceremonial of torture carried out by certain Indians. Nor are we able at this day to reflect that the process of Death by the Thousand Cuts is contemporary without an inward shuddering expostulation with the infinite variety that subsists in life. It is at this point that Philosophy steps in with the stern, but healing, word. It is not the philosophy which attributes to a lesson by suffering the power to "teach in song." It is the philosophy that has never deigned to bribe us even with songs, but has so saturated the mind with the consciousness of its parentage of reality that it has trained it to affirm and deny as it will. It seems so modern to say there is no more hell and no more heaven at one time than at another; it seems so redolent of the golden age to announce that good is as inevitable as evil. But to say that there is neither good nor evil is to have the genius of an anti-human phrase: to stand for a moment outside the world, passionless, yet throbbing with a boundless desire; a figure intimate with man, and remote from him as is the Hebrew God. It may fall within the scope of man's action to lie and betray under stress of fear, to carry through life a red sword against everything that threatens his being. Philosophy will not cast out the traitor and assassin: he is included in its benediction, that all may know there is no universal problem, no divine dissatisfaction, no last judgment, only tendency, kaleidoscopic changes, the infinite variety by which alone the infinite and inexhaustible thought of the universe can be expressed. "We do not know that anything is certainly good or evil, excepting that which actually conduces to understanding, or which can prevent us from understanding." Thus at one blow does Spinoza demolish the concept of good and evil as presented by State codes, the appreciation of comfort and discomfort, the law of *meum* and *tuum*, and the thirsty demand for reverence by the unknown God. Nietzsche, the reviler, was to run into the temple and goad a scandalised congregation into turning him out. Spinoza, centuries before, was decorously sawing away at the pillars as though he were a carpenter called in for repairs.

How did it begin? you ask. While the agnostic Francis van den Ende was teaching him? When the assassin tried to stab him? Not, we think, till they excommunicated him with words horrible and flatulent: "Cursed be he by day and cursed be he by night"; not till the vain prophecy went forth that the Lord should "destroy his name under the sun, and cut him off . . . from all the tribes of Israel, with all the curses of the firmament which are written in the book of the law."

It is easy to break with that which breaks from us, and under the baptism of these curses Spinoza was born again.

He could not be crucified. As an alternative one can imagine how his anathematisers would have rejoiced if he had become a drunkard, that undignified contributor to literature known as a "by-word." But no. Colerus\* tells us of him during his life at the Hague that

it is scarce credible how sober and frugal he was all the time. . . . It appears . . . that he lived a whole day upon a Milk-soop done with Butter, which amounted to

\* His Life of Spinoza is reprinted from the English translation of 1706 at the end of Sir F. Pollock's volume.

threepence, and upon a Pot of Beer of three halfpence. Another day he eat nothing but Gruel done with Raisins and Butter, and that Dish cost him fourpence halfpenny.

He even rather unphilosophically objected to dining at other people's expense, and after declining a bequest from Simon de Vries, would only avail himself of the heir's obligation by the will to confer an annuity on Spinoza to the extent of accepting one of 300 florins in lieu of 500 florins per annum offered him. His sisters endeavoured to disinherit him, but after having vindicated his rights in the law courts he gave up to them "everything but one bed."

When in 1672 the De Witts were murdered in Amsterdam by an Orange mob—Holland at that time struggling with England on the sea, and seeking to baffle the armies of Louis XIV. on land—the equanimity of Spinoza was shaken, "and he was hardly restrained from expressing his indignation in public at the risk of his life." After that excitement and an incident in which Spinoza, from an indiscreet visit to the headquarters of the French army, was in danger of being treated by his adopted countrymen as a traitor, his Jewish enemies had little to hope for from men in confirmation of their curses.

His calmness was extraordinary, and when death came, it came with a queer lack of officialism, allowing him to be up and about conversing with his landlord and his landlord's wife on the very Sunday (February 21, 1677) in the afternoon of which he died. He died of consumption, possibly accelerated by the inhalation of glass-powder.\*

He left behind him a philosophy which, though preceded and in a sense originated by Cartesian study, shows very plainly a separate creativeness. Though, as Dr. Martineau truly says, "Spinozism is anti-theistic, and has no valid excuse for retaining the word God," in the conception of an infinite Monad Spinoza dignified the idea of a Supreme Being as much as Jewish theology degraded it. Spinoza's God is solitary, acts only from the necessity of His nature, is the free cause of all things, and loves Himself (*i.e.*, the universe) with "an infinite intellectual love." Pain or sorrow "is man's passage from a greater to a less perfection."

Memory, that chain by which the sense of "feeling-I" is maintained, is wholly dependent on the existence of the body. But "in God, nevertheless, there necessarily exists an idea which expresses the essence of this or that human body under the form of eternity." It would seem, if we may expand the thought, that it is enough for the Omnipotent to remember the past for the past to live: in Him is our immortality. "Men are deceived because they think themselves free"; the concept of freewill is based on ignorance of the inevitableness of the causes which determine desire. For, as Kuno Fischer has pointed out, "if there is in truth but one substance"—Spinoza's fundamental concept—"things are merely modifications of it, therefore absolutely dependent in their nature." In his monism Spinoza lands his disciples in the region of paradox.

And here we touch the weakness of philosophy as distinct from science. The fault of all systems of philosophy has been that they would not let the universe speak for itself. Where the passionately recipient mind listens to a million voices they looked for one or two. Infinity of past and future, of space, of matter, of force, of form, elicited their dogmatism. They mistook a see-saw for the Archimedean plane. The world was no poorer when they were refuted, no richer when it followed their Pied Piper melody. But at least some of the rats went too—the Hamelin pest of low thinking and mean judging; for superstition is doomed whatever tune that piper play.

\* Those who wish to obtain a vivid impression of Spinoza as a man cannot do better than read Mr. I. Zangwill's "A Maker of Lenses," printed in *Dreamers of the Ghetto*. Its only fault lies in the accentuation of the unauthenticated love-passage between Spinoza and Van den Ende's clever daughter.

But why should philosophy steal from religion the essentially unprovable concept of a Supreme Being? Kant, before whose merciless logic Descartes goes under, remarks: "The concept of a Supreme Being is in many respects a very useful idea; but, being an idea only, it is quite incapable of increasing by itself alone our knowledge with regard to what exists."

It seems, however, that is not enough to show that we cross a bridge between darkness and darkness. It is not enough to show the flames that quarrel for our recognition to be but will o' the wisps, to show that the calm love of the unfading and ever-changing skies and the reflections of their glory upon earth is better than a love reposed in that which palls when fully known, which wearies with hands that cling when the lips' sweetness has been drained. It is not enough to show that here and now is the ban of the perfect joy, the idea which, unshadowed by regret, is immortalised by the soul of its own will. It is not enough, though one would think it ought to be. But just as in novels the catastrophe, the element of things deliberately trying to prove their reality by gesticulation, is manufactured, so the philosopher has ever striven on his Patmos to invent the hidden truth and to believe in it. Even Nietzsche blazes upon us, with a paraffin glare, his doctrine of eternal recurrence, his concept of beyond-man. Even Spinoza reduces the universe to a Monad—passionless, perfect, eternal. Although he has explained the passions of man with unsurpassable acuteness, philosophically speaking, he is out of the fray—the contest is between Christianity and Science. The endless vista of possible discoveries within the reach of the observer of things visible points the way to an apprehension of eternity under every symbol, even under that of man himself. To save us from the taint of shame, of humility, from that self-consciousness which enfeebles life, science is invaluable. Christianity offers the Cross, austere denying Spinoza's definition of pain, yet conferring a loveliness on the sympathy which Spinoza disdains. The prestige lies with Christianity, but as the history of Christianity grows more recondite the strength of Science will accumulate. The future is with Science. Spinozism is, then, merely a bridge, a standpoint; but it is true, none the less, that the life and work of Spinoza exercise a great influence on the man who becomes familiar with them. Such a one's gleanings from his study may be condensed into a page or a chapter, but he will find himself breathing a purer air, he will think of goodness as joy. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

### A Schism in the Celtic Movement.

*Literary Ideals in Ireland.* By John Eglinton, W. B. Yeats, A. E., and W. Larminie. (Fisher Unwin. 1s.)

WE have long heard of the Irish Literary Movement—a principal branch of the great Celtic Movement, or even the centre of it. It was vaguely supposed by the outsider that it had common aims and ideals. But now two principal writers of the Movement have come wholly to loggerheads as to what should be its aims, in the columns of the *Dublin Daily Express*; and their controversy, assisted by two subordinate writers (one of whom is content with the modest initials of "A. E."), is republished, plain for all folk to see, by Mr. Fisher Unwin. But the two protagonists are Mr. John Eglinton and Mr. W. B. Yeats. It is a very pretty controversy, and starts from the proper line to be taken by a (wholly conjectural) future Irish drama. It opens with mutual compliment and a considerable fundamental agreement, hidden from the disputants under a cloud of words. (For do not most disputants wrangle as to black or white, when in truth they both mean grey?) Finally they both become heated, fly asunder into irreconcilable difference; and, their blood being up, spare neither

ink, nor each other, nor established reputations. Both speak blasphemies against the gods of literature. Probably not much harm is done, and Olympus may sit safe, in spite of the splinters which fly from this quarrel of the Irish Titans. Coleridge and Rossetti will persistently be Coleridge and Rossetti, though they please not Mr. John Eglinton; Shakespeare and Wordsworth, nay Dante, will not be materially, at least, affected, though Mr. Yeats condoles with them on their subjection to narrowing conditions. Wordsworth, indeed, moves our commiseration, since he suffers incidentally from both champion Eglinton and assailant Yeats. He reminds us of Mr. Pickwick in the immortal combat between the two Eatanswill editors, upon whose intervening person fell the blows destined for each other. It is a very pretty controversy.

Yet at bottom, into what does it resolve itself? Nothing else than the old, old quarrel between Realists and Idealists. To think that an Irish Literary Movement, at its very outset, should come to blows upon this familiar dispute! For this it is, disguise it under what new-fangled names they will. Nor is anything more natural. These are the two tendencies which divide all art, and all life. And it is true, as Mr. Yeats says, that the struggle between them is now acute and observable throughout Europe, though he cloaks it under the names of externality and symbolism. Title it how you will, it is just old Real and Ideal writ large. True, also, that idealism, under the name of symbolism, has prevailed in France, and (happily under no narrow label) is beginning to prevail in England. But there our agreement with Mr. Yeats ends. In truth, we can agree with neither combatant.

Both are extremists. Never had idealism (to give it the old name) a more extreme and narrow defender than Mr. Yeats. He concedes Wordsworth to his adversary as a realist; while that adversary actually describes Wordsworth as a man "certainly without great poetic talent or artistic faculty"! We ironically commiserated Wordsworth. We seriously commiserate the Irish Movement. If it had one poet with the genius ("talent," good heavens!) of Wordsworth, it might make itself a national power. But Wordsworth a mere realist! This is the penalty he pays for his famous theory, laughed at by his warmest sympathisers, notoriously defied in his own finest practice! Few poets are more symbolic than Wordsworth; everywhere he finds in Nature the shadow and image of things beyond Nature:

'Tis my faith that there are powers  
Which of themselves our minds impress;  
That we may feed this mind of ours  
In a wise idleness.

That might satisfy even Mr. Yeats. And when he is older and wiser he will find this great poet brimful of the subtlest "intimations of immortality." The fact is, that Wordsworth, even now, is truly understood by very few. Several years ago one poet, now dead, said to another, still living, but old: "It will be a hundred years before Wordsworth is really understood."

It was with regard to the subtler meanings of the great poet that the words were uttered; but the conjoined utterances of these two Irish disputants, both men of undoubted ability, one a poet of very genuine, if lesser, gift, show that they are partly true in a grosser sense.

Think, too, of Mr. John Eglinton, who classes among "the poets of art and artifice"—whom does the reader think? Even Coleridge, most authentically inspired and direct of modern poets, in whose best work the word is so vitally close to and one with the thing that not even Wordsworth has equalled it for so sustained a length; and all, to any poet, obviously the birth of the immediate dictating spirit! But let us track no further these headlong errors of criticism, which should never have been perpetuated. What is the contention of Mr. Eglinton? That the incarnate poetry of the present day is "the steam-engine and the dynamo, . . . the cinematograph, phono-

graph," &c. There you have it in one word, the vital heresy of the present day, except by denial and direct defiance, of which no lofty poetry is possible. (We do not say absolutely no poetry.) Show a blockhead in England (as will one day be done) the face of another blockhead in India, and you shall be cried up for great, your pockets bulged with gold. Show him the face of the living God, and he will not pay five shillings to look at it. That is the attitude which Mr. Eglinton would have literature take. Mr. Yeats is at the very opposite swing of the pendulum. Idealism is not enough for him: poetry must be nothing less than mystic. It is to be suggestive—nay, super-suggestive, so that Mr. Yeats himself can only describe it in metaphors borrowed from French poets, the very meaning of which is doubtful and matter for discussion to him. Dante is tainted with a too material system of diction; Shakespeare "shattered the symmetry of verse and of drama that he might fill them with things and their accidental relations." Why, this is a more excellent song than the other! as Cassio says. Here is an extremist with a vengeance. And the models of this new Irish national poetry are to be Villiers de l'Isle Adam and Mallarmé—Frenchmen!

Between these two fierce extremes there is a medium. The Muse is not so narrow as partisans would have her. There is room in a nation's poetry for very diverse singers. The poetry which is occupied with daily life and the poetry of transcendental things need not exterminate each other; there is room for both; there are readers for both; both have their legitimate place. To fetter the entire poetry of an Irish people down to mysticism, France, and Mallarmé, is suicidal, but happily impossible. Does Mr. Yeats think, because he is mystical, there shall be no more cakes and ale? Yes, by St. Anne, and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth! A whole tribe of young men rushing with one accord to be "mystical poets" is a dismal forecast. It means bad poetry and bad mysticism. One in a hundred poets has such a vocation, and a man must labour in his vocation, Hal! Most poetry should treat divine truths indirectly, through its handling of life. The law which is behind life comes out in the poet's attitude towards life. It is the way of the dramatist, of Shakespeare, who knew better what he was about than to make his plays "mystical," as Mr. Yeats would have had him do. Mystical drama, like Maeterlinck's, is only for the closet. And it was from the subject of the future Irish drama that this controversy began.

It has, in truth, its melancholy, half-humorous side. Other writers step forth to staunch this literary feud, which, says one, "is bewildering to a country which has hesitated so long before adopting a literary ideal." Alas, yes! Our Celtic Movement, with fervent pushing and hauling, was got verily to move. Our Irish literature was really about to be made; and now, behold! a large rift within the Celtic lute which emits flat discord for tuneful music; and it appears we have *not* got our "literary ideal?" The movement threatens to cleave along the old lines of Real and Ideal, pushed to modern extremes, with modern names and terminology. One section wishes to use the old Irish legends in the interests of a mystical and symbolic poetry, founded on quite modern Parisian modes. The other, kicking against mysticism and Mallarmé, would go directly to the life of the people, and calls (seemingly) for an Irish Wordsworth. Well and good—if they can get him. Provided it be a true Wordsworth, not an unspiritualised Wordsworth, or perchance an Irish Whitman—for let our Celtic movement *be* literary. And what harm if the movement do thus divide? Is there not room for both? Would it not even be stronger for comprising both?

But a much more serious consideration is the fact that there should be all this palaver and discussion. A knot of men getting together solemnly to constitute a movement and commence a National Literature by writing

About it, goddess, and about it,



as the French Convention tried to make a National Constitution by oration and on paper. Not so has any great movement arisen in English literature; not so was Elizabethan literature made. The one movement in that age which was thus conscious of itself was the classical movement for reconstituting our metres on classical models. It had a Spenser and a Sidney in its ranks; it pamphleteered and was counter-pamphleteered, and it failed utterly. The truly national movement was too great and manifold to be self-conscious; it did not stew theories and write about itself; but each man looked in his heart and wrote literature, influenced by his time without stopping to consider how, and individual without taking thought to himself how he should be individual. It triumphed, drew to itself repentant Spenser and repentant Sidney, for final result producing a Shakespeare, who never wrote a pamphlet. "Which of you by taking thought can add to his stature one cubit?" or produce a lily of the field or a national literature? Wordsworth indeed theorised—too much, and spoiled some of his poetry by it. But ultimately the poetry swallowed the theories, and grew fat on its meal, to the satisfaction of Wordsworth's own friends and disciples. A little less theory, may we recommend our Irish friends, a little more literature—literature which does not pause to consider the anatomy and physics of its flight before unfurling its wings? For they have able writers, who have done no little, or we should not deem it necessary to advise them.

### Those Discreet Romancists!

*An Idler in Old France.* By Tighe Hopkins. (Hurst & Blackett. 6s.)

THIS book is an inquiry. It is vain, says Mr. Hopkins, to seek in fiction for any faithful picture of a mediæval city. And so, with old Paris in his mind, Mr. Hopkins has explored rare memoirs, unpublished reports, and the writings of the few who, like Brantôme, have told all. Mr. Hopkins now admires the discretion of the romancists. Particularly does he call our attention to the adroitness with which Victor Hugo evades, in his *Notre Dame de Paris*, the difficulty of describing in detail the Paris of the fifteenth century. "A tour through the streets of Paris when Louis XI. was king, Victor Hugo showing the way, would have been a great experience; but it would also have been, in very many respects, an extremely shocking one. What does Hugo do? He says nothing as to the state of the streets, but discreetly hinting that there is a fine view to be had from the towers of Notre Dame, he carries the reader forthwith to that chaste altitude." It has occurred to Mr. Hopkins that (since nothing can dethrone romance) it may be instructive to look into the state of those streets. Similarly, the toilet and the table manners of romance have been viewed from notoriously safe altitudes. Why not now, in a quiet way, probe for the truth? You perceive the task which Mr. Hopkins sets himself. He performs it as thoroughly as he dare, and as delicately as he may; and the result is a book of curious interest. Perhaps some of its statements are a little too haunting; but—well, you cannot touch new pitch or old Paris without being smirched.

The insanitary horrors of Paris in the twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries are briefly touched on by Mr. Hopkins. This was the old Gothic Paris that shows so fine on canvas and is rapturously admired by Hugo from the heights. Those beautiful sky-lines were but surges on a sea of corruption. Let Mr. Hopkins's pages acquaint you with the everyday scenes of those narrow, stifling streets. We quote him gingerly: "The heaps and hillocks of rotting matter and other abominations, the gaping holes which received contributions of the same description, the pools of filthy water, and the reeking sewer as hideous to the sight as to the

smell, made each frequented thoroughfare a separate centre of infection. The very names of the streets, cynical avowals of what the streets themselves were like, are the grossest reading." In these centuries not even palaces and monasteries, not even hospitals, possessed the most elementary sanitary appliances. The plague rose and subsided, and rose again, like a worm that would not be stamped to death. It makes an astonishing picture, this co-existence of churches and disease, of fine fabrics and filth, of outward splendour and universal lice.

A certain piquancy accentuates the spectacle when we come to the gorgeous seventeenth century. Here we are in the familiar age of Dumas' painting, among the gayest of courtiers, the most delicate and courtly of poets, the most elegant and scented of ladies—all the sparkling crowd of Molière. Fine company at a distance, but Mr. Hopkins is compelled to tell us that all these people were dirty. They washed occasionally if they followed their manuals. In the *Laws of Gallantry*, a code of manners published in 1640, the gallant is recommended "sometimes to pay a visit to the bath, to have his body clean" and "take the trouble to wash his hands every day." But these were clearly counsels of perfection. In the age of Louis Quatorze, that long delirium of elegance, fine ladies and gentlemen washed now and then. Another manual deprecates the use of water on the face, but recommends rubbing with a fine towel. The hair was powdered and re-powdered until its condition "went beyond description." And what of the houses and palaces through which this elect world sauntered with bowing and dalliance and studied deportment? They too went beyond description. The courts and staircases and corridors of the Louvre itself "presented a hideous spectacle," and Mr. Hopkins has unearthed a report presented to Louis XIV. upon the condition of this palace "which, if it could be imagined as written at this day of Buckingham Palace or Windsor, would keep the newspaper press in head-lines for a month."

And what of the Dumasian streets?—those streets through which D'Artagnan and Aramis hurried to and fro on M. de Tréville's errands or their own? We take down the *Three Musketeers*, which, you remember, opens in 1625, and we cannot forbear arranging a little contrast. Here it is without more words:

#### *The Three Musketeers.*

His visit to M. de Tréville being paid, D'Artagnan took his pensive but longest way homewards.

On what was D'Artagnan thinking that he strayed thus from his path, gazing at the stars in the heavens, and sometimes sighing, sometimes smiling. He was thinking of Madame Bonacieux. . . . D'Artagnan, reflecting on his future loves, addressing himself to the beautiful night, and smiling at the stars, re-ascended the Rue Cherche-Midi, or Chasse Midi, as it was then called. . . .

Paris for two hours had been dark, and began to be deserted. Eleven o'clock struck by all the clocks of the Faubourg Saint-Germain; it was delightful weather: D'Artagnan was . . . respiring the balmy emanations which were borne upon the wind from the Rue Vangeraid, and which arose from the gardens refreshed by the dews of evening and the breeze of night.

#### *An Idler in Old France.*

In this seventeenth century . . . with its four and twenty sewers, its gutters, . . . its river polluted through and through, its butchers' shops, of which front and back were alike strewn and heaped with offal, and its quite unmentionable trenches for the public convenience, the chief town of France was in this well-graced era the most pestiferous and, in its daily aspects, the most unsightly in Europe.

La Reynie did not despair of ridding the town of mud, but he failed to cure the Paris chamber-maid of her inveterate habit of sousing pedestrians with the contents of her pail. . . . "Gare l'eau!—Ware Water," was the cry, and up went the window-sash. . . . If you were passing at the moment, your only chance was to spring to the wall, pin your back against it, and wait. . . . How many gallants of Paris, setting out in their bravest to visit or to serenade a mistress, went home again unsatisfied and soaked

One would shut Mr. Hopkins's book crying "Enough!" but Mr. Hopkins's matter is too seductively curious, and his style far too winning, for that. He will have us meet the lords and ladies of romance at table. Much can be known about the royal tables of France, because it was an old custom for the monarchs of France to dine in public. Not courtiers only, but "anybody decently dressed," might go and see Majesty gorge or mince its food. Marie Antoinette, who detested this eating under the eyes of the crowd, as if she were a penny show, had to submit to it; and Mr. Hopkins quotes Casanova's curious details of the scene. Courtiers stood around the Queen in a semi-circle in dead silence while the Queen ate. At last she would turn and say:

"M. de Lowenthal!"

A very grand-looking man stepped from the circle, bowed, and said:

"Madame?"

"I believe, monsieur," said her Majesty, "that this is a fricassée of chicken."

"I believe so, your Majesty."

This response uttered, in the gravest tone imaginable, M. de Lowenthal stepped backwards into the circle, and the Queen finished her dinner without another word.

Not so did Louis XV. take his food. He liked the admiration of the Parisians, who craned to see him skillfully decapitate an egg. As for Louis XIV., his gluttony was one of the shows of Paris. Saint Simon tells us that "no one who watched him could ever grow accustomed to the sight." At one meal he would eat "four platefuls of different soups, a whole pheasant, a partridge, a great plate of salade, two great slices of ham, a plate of mutton seasoned with garlic, pastry, and after that fruit and hard-boiled eggs." The sequence of these dishes is nearly as wonderful as their number; but the order in which courses were served was not in those days dictated by anything more authoritative than the whim of the cook, who "might conceive the notion of sending the soup up after the roast, or he might try the effect upon the company of serving the tart before the game."

After all, romance has usually taken kings as they were; it is when we pry into the general dining habits of the *beau monde*, and the table habits of marquises that we experience a shock, and find our reminiscences of the costume novel deranged. Mr. Hopkins writes:

Could we restore for half an hour the dinner-table of old France, and obtain half a dozen instantaneous photographs of a royal banquet at any era between the reigns of Francis I. and Louis Quatorze, such a "cataract of laughter" would be heard as might disturb the serenity of Louis in Paradise. The duchess, her napkin tied securely round her neck, would be seen mumbling a bone; the noble marquis surreptitiously scratching himself; the belle marquise withdrawing her spoon from her lips to help a neighbour to sauce with it; another fair creature scouring her plate with her bread; a gallant courtier using his doublet or the table-cloth as a towel for his fingers; and two footmen holding a yard damask under a lady's chin while she emptied her goblet at a draught. . . . During a feast of inordinate length it was sometimes necessary to substitute a clean cloth for the one which the carelessness or bad manners of the guests had reduced to a deplorable condition.

It was only after Louis Quatorze's long gluttony was over that eating became civilised, and that the Paris cuisine shaped and attenuated itself to an art. Early in the eighteenth century Mme. Geoffrin could ask her friends to "a pullet, some spinach, and an omelette." The "feast of reason" had arrived, but with his alert and playful eye for remote connexions, Mr. Hopkins remarks that these new manners "encouraged talk on high and daring topics, speculation was not frowned on, minds began to be enfranchised at the table; hence (such an irony is there in things) we may trace even to the *petits*

*soupers* of the dissolute, amiable Regent one of the first causes of the Revolution!"

The discretion of the romancists extended to things that were not unpleasant, but merely trivial. Romance can make use of fashions, but only in a broad and casual way; it must not seem, even for an instant, to find pleasure in handling millinery. Its philosophy of clothes is generous, not intricate; not the romancists, but their imitators, are careful of buttons. The romancists clothe men and women decisively, keeping the whimwhams for a Malvolio or other confessed fop. When Dumas spreads a banquet we hear nothing of Matthias Giegher's twenty-seven ways of folding a napkin, and when he calls a levée we count fewer varieties of wig than the forty-five recognised and manufactured by Binet. So also when your hero must scribble a *billet-doux*, he scribbles it, careless of the current nicety in notepaper. Only in real life did Racine write three letters to his daughter to keep her informed of the fashion in this particular.

The new mourning-paper is already out of fashion, as it is now quite a month old. The other two specimens are so much the rage that it is no longer possible to buy them; the ladies have emptied the stationers' shops. Adieu, my dear child. My letters are not very long; they are only to show you the kinds of paper we are at present using.

Of course, in the end no assault on romance is made by a book like this. Romance is for ever there, reality here. To contrast them piquantly has always been accounted amusing, and it is often instructive. Here it is both; and if there were no such contrast to hover over Mr. Hopkins's pages, they would still be pleasant reading. For our author knows where to find curious material, and he can arrange it with art.

### A Family Book.

*Memories of Eton and Etonians.* By Alfred Lubbock. (Murray. 9s.)

MR. LUBBOCK was at Eton from 1854 to 1863, and to enjoy his book thoroughly it is necessary either to know him personally or to have been at Eton at the same time. Possessing ourselves neither of these privileges, we must confess to finding his memories and reflections rather perplexing and elusive. New names and nicknames appear bewilderingly on the page only to vanish for ever, while anyone who has the key—that is to say, who was an 1854-1863 Etonian—the mere mention of these names is enough to start the mind on long travels into the past, just as pressure on the button of an electric bell fills the distant chambers of the house with sound; to others, like ourselves, they are not exciting. We feel as if we were turning over the leaves of a strange family album without a guide. Without this key much of Mr. Lubbock's volume, though good-humoured and gay, is not very engrossing. He had as a boy very much the same adventures and misadventures as most schoolboys: he was swished occasionally, he was once nearly drowned, he played cricket very well, he fought, and he made friends. Lacking literary power, he does not do more than record these matters; they are not re-created. But the anecdotes of the little eccentricities of masters and other personages help to atone for so much unimportant personal—almost private—chatter. There is, for instance, an account of Eton preachers of that day, and the story of the deaf Fellow who said, "When Green preaches I catch only one word, 'God': when Coleridge preaches I only hear 'Devil'"; Hawtrej, Durnford, and Joynes are pleasantly touched off; there is a glimpse of the Prince Imperial; and the late Robin Lubbock, Mr. Lubbock's son, is made the subject of a graceful little memoir by another hand.



THE ETON ELEVEN OF 1858.

To our own taste, the best pages of Mr. Lubbock's book are those which give, somewhat in the true manner, another and later glimpse of the Bruisers of England :

There was one event which caused a considerable amount of interest among the sporting fraternity of the school, and that was the fight between Tom Sayers and John C. Heenan, otherwise styled the Benicia Boy, for the championship of England's belt and £200 a side. . . . We all backed Tom Sayers, the Englishman, naturally. The fight was one of the most extraordinary on record, lasting two hours and six minutes, with thirty-seven rounds, the betting constantly veering round from 2 to 1 on Sayers to 6 to 4 on Heenan. As early as the sixth round, when stopping one of Heenan's tremendous left-handers, Sayers' right arm was broken, and for the remainder of the fight he had the use of only one sound arm. Picture to yourself fighting a practised boxer, a prize-fighter, eight years younger,  $4\frac{1}{2}$  inches taller, 3 stone 5 lbs. heavier (Sayers was thirty-four years old, 5 feet 8 $\frac{1}{2}$  inches, and weighed 10 stone 9 lbs.; Heenan was twenty-six years old, 6 feet 1 inch, and weighed just 1 lb. under 14 stone), in such a condition ! It seems simply marvellous that Sayers managed to hold his own all the time, and after the fight was apparently the fresher of the two. . . . There can be little doubt that, when Sayers found his arm was powerless, he decided that his only resource was to blind Heenan, which he did by going for his right eye first, and never leaving it till he had completely bunged it up, and then giving all his attention to the other; and he must have nearly succeeded in his intention, for almost immediately the fight was over Heenan went stone blind and collapsed altogether, having to be lifted into the railway carriage, and upon arriving in London he had to be put to bed. Sayers, with the exception of his broken arm, seemed quite fresh after a few minutes, and showed few signs of the fearful punishment he had gone through. . . . After this fight Sayers retired from the P.R., and ran a circus, which sometimes visited Windsor. It used to come through Eton from Slough, and Sayers used to be seen driving a pair in his phaeton, with a massive gold chain on, and smoking a big cigar, with an enormous mastiff by his side. After the performance was over, he used to have the gloves on with some well-known member of the P.R., and go through a little mild sparring, and would then hold a sort of *levée*, in which some of the Eton boys would go through the form of being presented and shaking hands with him.

That is a long way behind Borrow, but it imparts something of the same feeling as the famous passage in *Lavengro*. "Let no one sneer at the bruisers of England."

Mr. Lubbock's memories of cricket fill the latter part of his book; but it is club cricket rather than cricket of the first class, and this again appeals to the few initiated more than to the general reader. We reproduce a quaint picture of the Eton Eleven of 1858.

### Useful, not Final.

*Elements of Prose.* By W. A. Brockington, M.A., Principal of Victoria Institute, Worcester; Lecturer on English Literature to the Cambridge University Extension; Assistant Examiner in English to the University of London; formerly Lecturer on English Language and Literature in the Mason University College. (Blackie & Son. 2s. 6d.)

To a student pursuing the difficult and little recognised craft of writing, it is always agreeable to come upon any public recognition that such a craft does really exist. It is distinctly comforting to find a person with the many scholastic distinctions of Mr. Brockington declaring boldly, in English, that "in order to write well it is, first of all, necessary to dispossess one's self of the idea that by an intercourse merely casual or desultory, even with literature of the best, one may come by the secret of the craft"; that "our native speech is not native to us as a literary language"; and that "the possession of clear ideas does not necessarily involve clearness of expression"—all statements diametrically opposed to the average English belief, which agrees so far with that of Dogberry as to hold that writing, if not reading, comes by nature. Excellent, too, is the observation that "colloquial words are often vulgar, and more often vague."

But when we advance from these generalities to points of definite precept there is room for a good deal of disagreement. In the chapter on "The Unity of the Sentence," for instance, Mr. Brockington harps upon a



figure of speech in which the sentence is treated as a circle: "The second thought runs tangentially from the circumference, instead of radiating from the centre"; "the second proposition must radiate from the same central idea"; and so forth, the section concluding with: "Take care that the thoughts in all sentences be as *radii* from a given centre, and not as *tangents* from the circumference." This section, it must be remarked, is one professing to deal, not with logical or rhetorical, but with grammatical unity. That the figurative method employed is likely to be confusing may be judged from the fact that several sentences cited as instances exhibiting defects of unity prove, upon inspection, to be grammatically correct; the faults are in the meaning. Thus: "A child trained in a good home, and surrounded by healthy home influences, generally grows up to honourable manhood; while, on the other hand, a child brought up in an untidy home is untidy and unmethodical when he becomes a man." On this the author's comment is: "Here, again, the two propositions do not run from the same centre; it is quite preposterous to oppose 'honourable manhood' to 'untidiness.'" It is preposterous, but not grammatically preposterous. The defect in co-ordination is one solely of signification. A true example of incorrect grammatical sequence presents itself in the following sentence from a recent business letter: "Whilst in this particular case we should have liked to be charitable, we are not in a position to do so." Here, while the meaning is perfectly consecutive, the grammar is dislocated. In the example from "The Elements of Prose" the grammar was faultless, though not elegant; it was the significations which did not match.

It is only at the close of the section dealing with rhetorical unity that we at last escape from the idea of a centre, and reach some really valuable remarks about the proper closing of sentences. It is a pity that no explanation is given of *why* the word, phrase, or clause, hanging loose at the end, spoils a sentence. The reason, of course, is, that the reader, not guided, like a hearer, by inflexions of voice, follows the thought to an expected conclusion, and then, coming upon the qualifying tag, is put out of his course by having to go back.

With the chapter upon "Sentence Structure" we find Mr. Brockington in clearer waters, though exception may be taken to his statement that "change of order can give neither additional stress-value nor increased significance to . . . some simple adverbs—*e.g.*, only, merely, even, not." Surely there is a difference in emphasis (which we take to be the equivalent of "stress-value") and in significance between "even he" and "he even," between "you that not do obey me" and "you that obey me not."

In speaking of the differentiation of use between "who" or "which," on the one hand, and "that," on the other, Mr. Brockington gives no hint that the rule is not universally accepted. Yet many grammarians of repute do not so much as mention such a rule; and Mason's Grammar says, with perfect justice: "The best writers of English prose do not countenance this view." Yet some difference there certainly is. We all know that in some sentences "that" will not do; perhaps the truth is, that "who" or "which" can be used in every case, but "that" only when (to use Abbott's clear definition) it "introduces something necessary to complete the meaning of the antecedent." The chapter upon the use of stops is admirable. The functions of the comma have never been set forth more lucidly, more completely, or on more general, and therefore comprehensible, principles. "Functions" we say deliberately, for the comma represents with its one sign at least two essentially different stops—the single comma, which bears a close relationship to the semi-colon; and the double comma, whose function approaches that of the parenthesis.

On the topic of the paragraph Mr. Brockington is useful and suggestive, but not final. A student would find it

a valuable exercise to analyse paragraphs upon his system; and the intelligent student who did so (or, as Mr. Brockington would have us say, "that did so") would presently find himself diverging from his master's rules. But, after all, it is part of the use of rules that they furnish a basis for divergence.

Against one observation of Mr. Brockington's it is necessary loudly to protest. "There is nothing," he declares, "more pernicious to the style of the beginner in prose than a persistent striving after harmony." This is as if an art-master were to say: "There is nothing more pernicious to the style of the art-student than a persistent striving after fine colouring." The writing-student must learn precision, as the art-student must learn correctness; but unless he also strives, and persistently too, after harmony, he will never, were he as precise as Euclid himself, produce literature. It is hardly too much to say that harmony—tune, the recurrence and the varying of sound and interval—is the specific quality of literature. Without it we may, indeed, have useful prose, and it is of prose that Mr. Brockington professes to teach the elements. But he should not try to dissuade his disciples from following the better way, which alone goes up to the heights of literature.

## Other New Books.

THE CHILDREN'S BOOK OF MORAL LESSONS.

BY F. J. GOULD.

When we say that these pages are reprinted from the *Ethical World*, their scope will perhaps be sufficiently explained. Mr. Gould's aim is to promote conduct without the assistance of dogma, and he brings a wealth of illustrative anecdote to enforce his lessons. These examples are gathered from all kinds of sources, including the Bible. The project is a very worthy one as it is carried out, for Mr. Gould does not condemn religious teaching, he merely ignores it. That is to say, the child is taught above all things self-reliance, taught that effort and success alike come from within. Parents who feel that their children may develop better if put upon their mettle than if counselled to resort to Providence in all difficulties will be glad to have the benefit of Mr. Gould's lucid and attractive homilies. His moral standard is sometimes disturbingly high:

This gentleman that you see hurrying along with a portmanteau has just come from abroad. In his portmanteau he has concealed a number of cigars upon which he ought to have paid the tax or "duty," and the tax should have gone into the treasury of the country. He did not say: "I have no articles liable to duty." The cigars escaped the eye of the Customs officer. This gentleman's luggage—but, but—is he indeed a gentleman?

Mr. Gould is, as a rule, very apposite and telling; but his little excursus on the name "Frank" does not quite come off: "It is a splendid name, and if there is a boy here who bears it, let him smile to think of his proud title. Frank means free. In olden times there was a nation of *Franks*, and these Free Men gave a name to *France*, the land of the free." (Watts. 2s. 6d.)

THE GENEALOGICAL MAGAZINE: VOLUME II.

The second volume of the *Genealogical Magazine* fully maintains the high level attained by the first: the editor seems to have solved the difficulty of combining the useful and the attractive.

It is natural that a publication of this character should be to some extent occupied with contributions relating to particular families which at first sight appear to appeal in each case only to a limited circle; but the ramifications of genealogy are such that the unexpected is always happening, and it is never safe for the student to neglect the

pedigree of an apparently alien house, for it may at any stage reveal an unforeseen connection with his own. The bulk of the volume, however, is composed of articles on matters of obviously general concern, among the more striking of which we may call especial attention to the following:—"The Law on Changes of Name"; "The Genealogical Origin of the Philip Faulconbridge of Shakespeare's 'King John'"; "Notes on Pedigree-making, by an Officer of Arms"; and "Sir John" as a generic title for priests in the Middle Ages. With reference to the last-named paper, we may add that the designation "Sir" as applied to bachelors of arts survives not only in the formal *De.*, or *Dominus*, of the Cambridge Tripos lists, but even in colloquial usage at an Oxford college. At Queen's a scout, when giving orders for his masters at the buttery-hatch, calls out "Mr. Smith," "Sir Smith," or "Smith," accordingly as the person in question is an M.A., a B.A., or an undergraduate.

The projected Dictionary of Heraldry, which is appearing by instalments in tentative shape, should, when completed, be a most valuable production, and one that will supply a long-felt want. At present there exists no satisfactory glossary of heraldic terms. Armorial definitions are invariably and proverbially slovenly in form: the reason apparently being that those who have possessed the necessary technical knowledge of the subject have not received that training in the niceties of language which confers the capacity of writing in accurate and scholarly English. Even so conspicuously able a man as Planché, whose *Pursuivant of Arms* is, perhaps, the best book on armory that has ever appeared, was not always equal to the feat of expressing himself grammatically in his mother-tongue; and the same criticism will apply to the other leading heraldic works down to the most recent, the late Dr. Woodward's otherwise excellent book on *Heraldry, British and Foreign*. If the Dictionary of Heraldry is carried out with a due regard to these two and distinct qualifications, the editor will have done a very real service to the study of the science. Genealogists will be grateful also for the happy thought of printing in the magazine the Calendar of the Duchy of Lancaster *Inquisitiones post mortem*. Altogether, we may repeat the congratulations with which we hailed the advent of the first volume a year ago. (Elliot Stock.)

#### TWELVE MONTHS IN KLONDIKE. BY ROBERT C. KIRK.

This is the best book about Klondike that has yet come in our way. Mr. Kirk brought back from the new



HALF A MILLION OF GOLD DUST READY FOR SHIPMENT.

Eldorado a great many intelligent observations and a number of capital photographs. We reproduce one of the latter, in which we see gold-dust packed ready for transport in buckskin sacks. Mr. Kirk describes his journey to Klondike in the early stages of the "boom." The point of arrival, Skagway, had been a town only sixteen days when Mr. Kirk saw it from the deck of the steamer. Goods and equipments were dumped on

the shore, and the confusion and anxiety to be moving were extreme. When, four days later, Mr. Kirk returned from a reconnoitre of the Skagway Pass, he could hardly recognise Skagway. "I searched for an hour for a certain blacksmith's tent where I had left some mule shoes, and finally found that the 'street' in which it stood, instead of being the main street as it was when I had been there before, was out in the 'suburbs,' the town having grown more rapidly in another section." Twelve months later Skagway had miles of streets, hotels, banks, wharves, and a water system.

We might quote many interesting passages from Mr. Kirk's lively account of Dawson City, which now boasts about 25,000 inhabitants. Particularly interesting are his accounts of stampedes to new creeks:

When Swede Creek, a small tributary of the Yukon, which joins it a short way above Dawson, was stampeded, there was an immense amount of suffering, because mistakes were made in estimating the distance and the time that was necessary in making the trip. In many instances men were forced to spend the nights in the woods without robes or blankets, and others, rather than try to get rest under such difficulties, travelled day and night for several days without stopping and practically without food. No less than four deaths resulted from this one stampede, and many others had long spells of sickness as a direct consequence of the exposure. Stampedes were of common occurrence. Often the news of a discovery on a new creek would be circulated about the saloon and dance-halls after the hour of midnight, and half an hour later men would be seen hurrying through the streets in the direction of the new strike with their blankets strapped to their backs, and provisions to last during the journey.

The name Klondike, by the way, is a corruption of the Indian name "Thron-Duik," meaning "River of Fish." "Thron-Duik" is still written in official documents. (Heinemann. 6s.)

## Fiction.

'Postle Farm. By George Ford.  
(Blackwood & Sons. 6s.)

It would seem that George Ford is a woman. She (if it be so) has written a book which has deeply disappointed us. The opening of the story (save the absurd prologue—this disease of incomprehensible prologues seems to be spreading) is a beautiful piece of rural fiction. These first chapters of life on a Devonshire farm disclose poetical vision, sense of humour, grasp of peasant character, and real strength of imagination. The child "crazy Cathie" is an exquisite creation, a genius who shows her genius. "Grandfer" is an old man really old. The brutal Uriah, and his slave Annie, and the baby, have authentic life. Each is individual, distinct, unmistakable—not a type, but a separate person, complete, rounded with every personal idiosyncrasy. The simple common scenes are made memorable by pathos or humour; let us note specially the drowning of the baby and the composing of the rhymed epitaph for the baby's tomb; not often are humour and grief knit so close as here. The child Cathie shines in a score of pictures:

Presently, with the incoming tide came a drifting mist. It crept up the valley till it reached the child; and she held up her little face to it, and it lay in a myriad beads upon her cheeks and in tears upon her eyes. It and the wind together caught her soft hair and curved it into tendrils that clung about her brow. She looked like a spirit of the driving mist as she opened her clear-cut lips like a scarlet goblet and showed her ivory teeth and laughed, as she shut her eyes to keep the rain out. But when she opened her eyes, they were such beautiful human eyes that she did not look like a spirit at all, but a happy child.

The shadows of evening fell upon the lonely hillside, and Cathie turned slowly homewards. The rain beat so fast now that she walked quickly. Half-way up the hill she paused, and, tossing the wet hair from her eyes, looked down on the brimming river. As she looked, her eyes dilated; she bent forward with a little cry. So wide open and fixed was her gaze, that a night-owl skimming by her did not cause it to flicker for an instant. She stood transfixed, as one seeing much, but terrified to see more.

All this fine achievement ends abruptly on page 64. (There are 359 pages in the book.) Thenceforward we are plunged into a twopenny mystery of a wicked lord, a conniving butler, a child changed at birth, and the love of an aristocrat for a daughter of the soil. In fact, the usual ingredients, if we mistake not, of a *Family Herald* excitement! The imagination falls to pieces, conviction disappears; the treatment is loose and sketchy; the superfluous abounds, while one is constantly irritated by the stale trick of omitting important passages; the writing is by turns feeble and hysterical; the characterisation is unsure and flaccid; the philosophy merely pretentious. Indeed, we have seldom encountered a book at once so amazingly good and so amazingly bad as *Postle Farm*. We have the highest opinion of the author's gift. But she appears to be quite in the dark about the principles which underlie the technique of fiction. If she is fully to utilise her talents she must study her art. Things like Lewes's *Principles of Success in Literature*, De Maupassant's Essay on Gustave Flaubert, Tolstoi's Essay on De Maupassant, and the *Journal* of the De Goncourts, exist in vain if they are not to be a source of profit to writers like George Ford.

*Orientalisms.* By W. Somerset Maugham.  
(T. Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

MR. MAUGHAM begins to be interesting. This book is much better than either the shrill and hysterical *Lisa of Lambeth* or the rather mediocre *Making of a Saint*. It consists of a group of short stories, and from a preliminary quotation in the French tongue we gather that these stories are the result of the author's efforts to find his "*moi littéraire*." They do not, however, differ from each other as widely as Mr. Maugham would seem to imply. There are narratives of modern life, mediæval narratives, and narratives of Arabian fantasy; but though the subjects vary so widely, the treatment is practically identical throughout. We like that treatment, particularly of modern subjects; we think it discloses Mr. Maugham's veritable *moi littéraire*—a *moi* trenchant, sincere, candid, humorous, witty, and flippant (the flippancy is happily less than it used to be; one could entirely spare it). We imagine that Mr. Maugham has formed his technique upon that of De Maupassant; if so, he has gone to a good master. The best work in the book is strongly reminiscent of the author of *L'Inutile Beauté*, though it has a less severe and grave style and distinctly more humour. "A Bad Example," being the record of an absolutely common city clerk who, through sitting on a coroner's jury, was converted to the most advanced form of altruism, is an admirable piece of writing, full of concise observation, freshness of view, and authentic humour. The concern of the wife for her husband's sanity when the convert insists on reading the Bible instead of the *Daily Telegraph* is very funny, and very pathetic too; and the subsequent examination of the patient by a specialist in lunacy is perhaps even better:

"I mean, do you see things that other people don't see?"

"Alas! yes; I see Folly stalking abroad on a 'obby 'orse."

"Do you really? Anything else?" said the doctor, making a note of the fact.

"I see Wickedness and Vice beating the land with their wings."

"Sees things beating with their wings," wrote down the doctor.

"I see misery and un'appiness everywhere."

"Indeed!" said the doctor, "*Has delusions*. Do you think your wife puts things in your tea?"

"Yes."

"Ah!" joyfully uttered the doctor, "that's what I wanted to get at—*thinks people are trying to poison him*. What is it they put in, my man?"

"Milk and sugar," answered Mr. Clinton.

"Very dull mentally," said the specialist.

There is nothing else equal to "A Bad Example." The more fantastic tales lack point, or such point as they have is unoriginal; they also suffer severely from a flippancy which can only be called inane. "De Amicitia" has a certain vigour of presentation, and some wit, but it is a little late in the day to relate how a man and a woman tried to be platonic friends and then fell in love. Mr. Maugham, to our thinking, is a man who will survive many defects. He has an abundance of vitality, which is perhaps the scarcest thing in modern literature.

*Stuff o' the Conscience.* By Lily Thicknesse.  
(Harper & Brothers. 6s.)

IN this badly-named but arresting book Miss Thicknesse shows the defects of an artist whose conceptions are beyond her technique. Like many other novelists, she has not taken the trouble to learn her craft, the mere craft of the writer. She is not at home with words. Her pen moves uneasy amid relative clauses and subordinate sentences; she is scarcely decided between systems of punctuation. Further, her literary taste is unformed. She sometimes searches conscientiously after style—after freshness, originality, sincerity of utterance; and yet she is capable of writing: "Cimmerian darkness reigned in the auditorium"; with her the congregation "streams" out, "toil" is "uncongenial," silence hangs "like a pall," ideas "dawn upon" people, and, in fact, all the usual literary things happen.

This is a pity, for in *Stuff o' the Conscience* Miss Thicknesse has done a remarkable feat. She has not only told us that her hero is great (as so many novelists are content to do)—she has actually made him great. No one can follow the career of Roland Withington, who from a member of an insignificant touring company rose to be the most applauded actor in London, without being impressed by the individual charm, strength, and genius of the man. He acts, thinks, talks like a person of real distinction. He is a creation, authentic and convincing. Even at the end, when Withington, mysteriously following an ideal which baffles us, abandons London and fame for the spiritual comradeship of a strange monarch of Eastern Europe—even then, when his action amazes and astounds, we believe in him.

There is much in the book that is mediocre, and much that too yearningly yearns (if the phrase be permitted); but the character of Roland Withington stands for an achievement. Artistically, and in all other ways, he is head and shoulders above the other persons of the piece. Linda, his wife, is so different as a woman from what she was as a girl that we cannot grasp her. Benita Norton, the true heroine, the married woman whom Withington should have married, is deeply imagined. She may be hysterical and incoherent; she may rave about Withington in a manner that was doubtless suggested to her by Ouida's remarks on Shelley; but she lives, she cannot be gainsaid.

A consideration of the merits of *Stuff o' the Conscience* makes its defects seem inexcusable. They are, indeed, inexcusable, and since they may be quickly cured, we

shall expect not to find them in Miss Thicknesse's next book. Would it not be shameful that a writer endowed with the rare gift of a large imagination should, through indifference, omit to acquire that skill of the craft which may be the possession of all?

### Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

#### THE MARKET PLACE.

BY HAROLD FREDERIC.

This is the last work we shall see by the author of *Gloria Mundi* and *Illumination*. Its power and interest are additional cause of regret that Mr. Frederic's life terminated so suddenly. In *The Market Place* we have a financial novel, embodying in Joel Thorpe a type of the modern successful speculator, a masterful man of great will power and insensibility to other people's feelings. (Heinemann. 6s.)

#### FROM THE BROAD ACRES.

BY J. S. FLETCHER.

One of twenty stories by the author of *The Paths of the Prudent*, illustrating rural life in Yorkshire. Mr. Fletcher has searched Yorkshire as Miss Wilkins searches New England, for quaint incidents—sometimes humorous, sometimes pathetic. (Grant Richards. 2s. 6d.)

#### THADY HALLORAN.

BY J. WILLIAM BRESLIN.

A stirring story, opening in 1714. Thady's adventures in France, where he devotes himself to the service of the Jacobite pretender, are bright, brave reading. On page 212 he is fighting seven Germans single-handed with his sword, counting them off as he slays them, and crooning to himself a catch "from some old song, first heard long years ago among the green shades of his own far-distant country." "D'Arey, my boy, 'twas the glory of a fight," were not Thady's last words. (Unwin. 6s.)

#### THE CHRONICLES OF TEDDY'S VILLAGE.

BY MRS. MURRAY HICKSON.

Twelve pleasant sketches by the author of *Concerning Teddy*. They are pleasant, tranquil reading, these vignettes of life in Warling Dean village—love affairs, tragedies, tea-table strategies. (Ward, Lock, & Co. 3s. 6d.)

#### THE UNTOLD HALF.

BY "ALIEN."

A New Zealand story, full of local colour—we had almost written local pigments, in view of the second sentence in the book, which reads: "The virgin snows that capped the mighty mountains flanking the lake touched the crimson sky, and the blood-red west poured its colour into the silver of cascades tumbling from indigo rocks to meet the purple and russet waters below." The italics are ours, and we do not insert them unkindly, but this sentence is more suggestive of an artist's colourman than of landscape. (Hutchinson & Co. 6s.)

#### HEART'S DESIRE.

BY VANDA WATHEN-BARTLETT.

A lightly-going love story, depending for its interest on the dialogue which flows on and on in different, but not very different, keys. "'Why do all you barristers clean-shave?' she asked. The question was irrelevant, following on his last words. He was nettled. 'I am not a barrister,' he answered shortly. 'No? I fancied you were?' 'I have a Government berth.' 'Delightfully vague,' she thought. 'He might be an inspector of nuisances!' But aloud she remarked, musingly: 'I am so glad that I am not an inquisitive woman.'" (Lane. 6s.)

#### MRS. JIM BARKER.

BY V. FEATHERSTONHAUGH.

A "Great North-West" story. The heroine, "Mrs. Jim," has been brought up as a boy, so far as was possible, this having been the wish of her mother, who desired her "to be so unfitted for a woman's natural duties that a woman's natural life should be impossible for her, that she might thus escape marriage." Yet it is as Mrs. Jim that we first meet this curiously-named beauty. Her vagaries and repentances make a readable story. (Chapman & Hall. 6s.)

#### THE HOUSE OF STRANGE SECRETS.

BY A. ERIC BAYLY.

A melodramatic story foreshadowed in such chapter-headings as "The Man that Disappeared," "The Haunted Barn and its Strange Inhabitant," "Major Jones's Midnight Errand," "Mr. Potter Shows His Hand," "The Squire's Story (continued)," and "The Wizard's Marsh." There is a mysterious creature of "shrill voice and ape-like agility," whose identity and captivity are gradually explained. (Sands & Co. 3s. 6d.)

#### WHOSE DEED?

BY HADLEY WELFORD.

The author writes under a pseudonym. His story deals with a crime, and is written after the methods of Wilkie Collins, to whose memory it is dedicated. (Jarrold. 3s. 6d.)

#### MY MAN SANDY.

BY J. B. SALMOND.

A work of Scotch humour. "He's a queer cratur, my man Sandy! He's made, mind an' body o' him, on an original plan a'thegither. He says an' does a' mortal thing on a system o' his ain. . . . I wudna winder to see him some day wi' Donal' yokit i' the tattie-cairt wi' his heid ower the fore-end o't, an' the hurdies o' him whaur his heid shud be." And so on. (Sands. 1s.)

#### SLAVES OF CHANCE.

BY FERRIER LANGWORTHY.

"Ah love! could thou and I with Fate conspire to grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire. Would we not shatter it to bits—and then re-mould it nearer to the heart's desire!"—that is the motto of this book. It is a rather sordid seamy Scheme of Things in which we find ourselves, among a number of young people of restless nature, and it badly needs re-moulding. At the end "they were, alas! both smoking, but in spite of that sign of depravity a deep, all-enduring love shone in the eyes of each." (Smithers. 4s. 6d.)

#### MONA.

BY ALICE A. CLOWES.

The story of the estrangement of a husband and wife. At the end they are reconciled. "Laying her hand on the glossy curls she used to think so god-like, now streaked with grey, she said gently: 'For the children's sake, Richard.'" (Sonnenschein. 3s. 6d.)

#### THE SPORT OF CIRCUMSTANCE.

BY G. G. CHATTERTON.

A study of a wayward young woman named Alywyn Grey. She remarks to a man: "In foods farinaceous lies our security, and the afternoon teapot becomes a chaperon. Lemonade and cutlets form for you and me a short cut to perdition." The villagers called it "a feast unto the eyes t' see her'n walk adown aisle of t' church." (Long. 3s. 6d.)

#### THREE BACHELOR WOMEN, AND OTHER STORIES.

BY E. COSBY.

"Unappropriated womanhood may, roughly speaking, be divided into three great classes: the Romantic, the Antagonistic, and the Unappreciated." With this prefatory dictum, the author proceeds to sketch the love-histories of three "bachelor women." "You like homely men, do you?" says one of the characters. "Very much," she answered sweetly, "if they would only stay at home." (Swan Sonnenschein.)

## THE ACADEMY.

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## Mr. Silas Hocking's Popularity.

## An Enquiry.

THE case of Mr. Silas Hocking deserves consideration. He is probably the most popular of living novelists. By comparison with him Miss Marie Corelli is esoteric, Mr. Hall Caine the fad of a mere coterie, and Mr. Kipling a timid emerger from the unknown. Mr. Hocking has been writing for twenty-one years, and during the whole of that extended period the sale of his novels has averaged one thousand copies per week. The exact total of sales, as officially furnished to me by the courtesy of Messrs. Frederick Warne & Co., is one million and ninety-three thousand one hundred and eighty-five copies, exclusive of publications other than fiction. Such figures astound. They do not ask, they silently compel attention. They enshrine a dazzling and marvellous secret.

When in my thoughtlessness I began to sound a leading West End bookseller as to the first cause of Mr. Hocking's popularity, the austere reply was: "We have never been asked for his novels; we have never, so far as our recollection goes, had a copy of any of them in our shop." I should have known as much. Mr. Hocking is a minister of the Methodist Free Church. His fame is rooted in Dissent, and Kensington never dissents. Though he is doubtless well-known in less orthodox London, it is in the industrial districts of mid and northern England, and perhaps also in Cornwall, that Mr. Hocking chiefly flourishes. I have found in the bookseller's shop of a small provincial town whole rows of *Her Benny*, *God's Outcast*, *Ivy*, *For Abigail*; and the comment of the bookseller has been: "Yes, the market is constant. I buy them in thirteens and twenty-sixes. No, I stock practically no new novels except Mr. Hocking's." In that town the literary topic of the present hour is not *A Double Thread* or *The Awkward Age* or the Browning Love-Letters or Doyle v. Nicoll. It is *The Day of Recompense*, by Silas K. Hocking, with original illustrations by A. Twidle (cloth gilt, bevelled boards), of which Messrs. Frederick Warne & Co. have just put forth an immense first edition.

I have read *The Day of Recompense* with curiosity. It seems to me to be less characteristic of its author than other works from the same hand which I have encountered aforetime, but nevertheless it is individual, distinct; and one may gather from it some clue to Mr. Hocking's success. To begin at the beginning, one must consider the attitude of Dissenters of the trading and industrial classes towards the art of literature. (The other arts, by the way, scarcely exist for them: they eschew the theatre; music means hymns, anthems, and sometimes "The Messiah"; to painting they are completely indifferent; architecture as an art has never occurred to them.) That attitude is at once timid, antagonistic, and resentful. Timid, because print still has for the unlettered a mysterious sanction; antagonistic, because Puritanism and the Arts have by no means yet settled their quarrel; resentful, because the autocratic power of art over the imagination

and the intelligence is felt without being understood. In the single phrase of dismissal, "It's only a story," uttered with bravado as the last leaf was turned, I have detected all these qualities. One may say that imaginative literature exists here on sufferance, and only in so far as there is nothing to take its place. And therefore it must behave itself. It must not presume on its magic power, or it will suffer the fate of a disobedient African god. How often have I heard the impatient words: "This is too exciting for me; if I went on I shouldn't be able to leave it"! It mustn't startle, for that would be sensationalism, and sensationalism is of the devil. It mustn't engage the intellect; intellect is reserved for theology, politics, and business. It must on no account be realistic, for these people seek in art a means, not of getting closer to life, but of receding from it—so mean and unlovely as life is to their unseeing eyes. It must show nothing new, for that would be disconcerting. Lastly, it must respectfully kneel to the current moral and spiritual ideal—that always-present ideal (whatever it happens to be) whose mere existence, in an age not of ideals, is the finest trait in Mr. Hocking's public.

See, then, how fiction lies bound and scorned, and yet must she smile and discreetly dance for the amusement of her grim oppressors! Changing the metaphor, let us call her a clever poor relation who lives by her tact. Decidedly the clue to Mr. Hocking's vogue must be sought in neither his originality nor his power, but in his tact. He is not original, he is not powerful; such qualities would be fatal. His hero, Roger Carew, is the squire's son, "bookish, studious, grave," "true as steel, chivalrous to the core, and generous almost to a fault." From childhood Roger has lived in intimacy with Kitty Bolitho, the heroine, who is pretty and impulsive and good, and has "friends and books and pets, and more pretty frocks than she could wear." Comes a time when Roger declares himself: "My boyish affection has grown into a man's passionate love." Whereupon "she burst out into a silvery laugh." "Oh, Roger, please don't. Now you are spoiling yourself and spoiling everything! Why can't we be as we have always been?" Then Roger disappears, and in due course his body is found in the river and he is buried. Kitty, who has been temporarily distracted by the designing attentions of Roger's wicked uncle, soon discovers that she loved only Roger. The villagers discourse upon the moral excellence of Roger and his influence for good. Roger's father dies, and the wicked uncle comes into the property and title. Then suspicion arises, at first like a thin cloud. Not Roger's body, but that of a man exactly like him, has been buried. At this point we are taken back to the point of Roger's disappearance, and we follow his adventures. He is kidnapped by his uncle's minions, who imprison him and plot his death; but he escapes via a subterranean tunnel to the seashore, finds a boat, and boards a ship bound for somewhere. The ship is wrecked, and eighteen months are spent on a desert island; during that weary time Roger's faith "flickers and wavers," but comes back to him again, and "he is able to preach hope and patience and courage to his companions." Ultimately he returns to his domain and ousts the wicked uncle, whose dying miseries, however, he does his best to assuage. And finally there is Kitty. "'Darling,' he said at length, 'this is recompense for all.' And for answer she let him kiss her again." And that, plus a mildly amusing love-affair between an Established Church young lady and a Dissenting young gentleman, is the whole of the plot.

Perhaps the enlightened reader may wonder where tact could enter into such a scheme. It enters in a thousand ways. The central mystery is nicely designed so as not to incommode the most tender susceptibility. The tepid scenes of sentiment are handled with fulness of detail and some conventional appearance of verisimilitude, while the melodramatic passages, the thrills and excitations, are carefully kept down; all the desert island business is



accomplished in a page or two. The recital of Roger's captivity and escape is dispassionately calm, and forms, indeed, a mere ground upon which the reader's imagination may work or not as it chooses. All the characterisation, and the play of character on character, is tremendously simplified, in order to arrive at a broad and easily grasped effect. Every complication beyond the main one is neatly nipped in the bud.

In short, the intellect and the intelligence are treated as invalids, waited on hand and foot; the only demand upon them is, that they shall sit up and take a little nourishment. To excite, surprise, strain, fatigue, bully them—that is by no means the plan. The policy is to soothe, to lull while gently diverting and sustaining. Only a sleepless tact could do this—and a tact which is natural, like that of the born nurse. Mr. Hocking was born to his craft. His tact was not acquired. There is no question of a calculated design on his part to meet the taste of the Methodist million. He is the Methodist million made vocal. I have no doubt that he expresses himself in these books of his as sincerely as any Meredith or Henry James who has sacrificed popularity to the artistic conscience. I am convinced that he never courted popularity. He has the single eye. His work is the work of a man with a moral ideal. To win admiration at the smallest cost of sincerity would be repugnant to him. He writes, obviously, to please one person; and that in pleasing one person he pleases a thousand thousand is due to the fate which combined in him the common vision with the vocal gift. Such success as his is not the reward of contrivance or artificiality, or even of long striving. It is not achieved; it comes. The wind bloweth where it listeth. Mr. Hocking could no more give the recipe for *The Day of Recompense* than the boy Blake could say how he came to write:

O deck her forth with thy fair fingers; pour  
Thy soft kisses on her bosom; and put  
Thy golden crown upon her languished head  
Whose modest tresses were bound up for thee.

The style is the man, be the man who he may, and it is the style which pleases. Also, it is the style which defies definition. I have tried fairly to explain the phenomenon of Mr. Hocking, but from the start I knew that I could do no more than walk round it. That tact of which I have spoken is negative; it consists in refraining. What is it that Mr. Hocking *does*? What is that quality, lurking in every sentence on every page, which attracts? To this question, though I have approached it sympathetically and without arrogance, I find no answer. When souls call aloud to each other in the night, each knows its fellow; and that is absolutely all one can say.

E. A. B.

## The Glutton of Tangier.

THE Soko was crowded to excess, for the morrow would be Christians' Sabbath, the principal market-day of the week. All Tangier was awash in the streaming gold sheen of approaching sunset. The first week of February and the third of Ramadan were drawing to an end. Beside the entrance to the camel-fondac Hamman Soosi was engaged in beating his wife with conscientious thoroughness and enthusiasm. A small crowd of irritable women in his rear egged the man on with mocking cries of encouragement. Before him a knot of hungry, sour-tempered men reviled Hamman and loaded him with pointless abuse. Near the Saints' grave in the Soko's centre two country Moors were fighting like mad goats, the bloody heads of the twain their only weapons. In three different tents three children were being beaten by three exasperated mothers. Their howls made thirty times three discords.

The day-long fast of month-long Ramadan means abstinence from food and drink between sunrise and sunset. But that is nothing. It means total abstinence from the solace of any grain of kief, hascheesh, snuff, green tea, tobacco, and every kind of narcotic. That is much to a Moor.

As the sun climbed down toward the mountain ridge behind Tangier, its beams flushed every ragged coping, and danced upon each gaudy tile in the mosque towers. It was like a child's radiant dream of an Arabian Night's city.

Not a man or woman in all that crowded Soko but was filled full of gall and smouldering ill-temper. Unless, perhaps, one: Haj Absalaam el Hraa—he was perspiring with eagerness and excitement over the cooking of his evening meal. Absalaam had never found time or money to spare for the purchase of a wife. Moreover, he had never met a woman whose cooking satisfied him. Not for nothing was Haj Absalaam called "the glutton of Tangier." Eating was his only love, and fondly he served her. He had once eaten a sheep at a sitting, for a wager. But he had insisted on being allowed to cook it for himself. Now he bent over his great earthen pot, steaming and sizzling over a brazier of charcoal.

The kous-kousou was done to a turn, and ready. Readiness is too tame a word with which to describe Haj Absalaam's breathless emotion as he stared, first into his cooking-pot, then across the hills to the bed of sunset. His lips dropped water. The man's whole soul yearned for warm, rich food.

Life suddenly died out from the light that bathed Tangier. On the minaret of the principal mosque there appeared a gaunt, white-robed figure of a man, with one hand raised to his mouth. The longed-for cry boomed out over Tangier. "There is but one God," echoed Haj Absalaam aloud. "There is but one kous-kousou," added the hungry soul of him.

Absalaam's ablutions were already performed. With tremulous hands he lifted his supper from the brazier, settled down before it, and at once buried five fingers in the odorous and buttery mass. Then he lifted his eyes impatiently. A young man and an old woman were creeping past him, their gaze held obliquely magnetised by Absalaam's steaming kous-kousou. Strangers they were, and country folk, not born in poverty, one fancied, yet now gaunt, ragged, and wolf-like from starvation. The pride of other days lived in them yet, for they uttered no word.

During ten pregnant seconds Haj Absalaam glared at the starving couple with nothing less than murder in his small eyes. The fingers of him were still knuckle-deep in his kous-kousou. Then the man bounded to his feet like an acrobat. With one hand on the shoulder of each, he dragged the ravenous strangers to his fire, almost flinging them to the ground beside his kous-kousou.

"Eat!" he shouted, with the meaningless grin of a madman.

The wolves hung over the kous-kousou trembling.

"Will ye not eat with us, Sidi?" stammered the youth.

Haj Absalaam's face beamed refulgent idiocy. He threw his head back and hummed in his throat.

"No," he said. "I have no appetite. La ilaha illa 'llaho!"

And so he swaggered off, singing, while the hungry ones fed full.

NEVER weather-beaten sail more willing bent to shore,  
Never tired pilgrim's limbs affected slumber more  
Than my wearied sprite now longs to fly out of my troubled  
breast—  
O, come quickly, sweetest Lord, and take my soul to rest.

Thomas Campion.

## Things Seen.

## The Mask.

Her image has escaped the flux of things,  
And that same infant beauty that she wore  
Is fixed upon her now for evermore.

WHEN the ladies rustled from the room, the two men—one of the elder, the other of the younger generation—seated themselves by their host. On the facing wall hung a marble mask of a girl's head—a face small and sensitive, with smooth, parted hair, and thin, compressed lips. The face wore the enigmatic smile that persists after death—the smile that some interpret by the words, "I know!" The elder man gazed at that spot of living white on the sombre panelling. To him, through all the flow of idle talk, she had been importunate. The host, noticing his steadfast gaze, spoke: "I call her Pompilia, you remember:

The white I saw shine through her was her soul's . . .  
The snow-white soul that angels fear to take  
Untenderly. . . .  
Pompilia—the same great, grave, grievous air. . . ."

The younger man frowned, but the host continued: "I call her Pompilia. So I imagine Pompilia to have looked. The rough stone held her that day on the hill when Browning planned *The Ring and the Book*—now she is recovered, made visible. Do you know the story? When Browning had found the 'square old yellow book' that 'memorable day' in June—er—'65, was it not?—and his brain had fired at the notion, he strode off countrywards, halted on the hillside, and arrayed around him a series of stones, a stone for each character. The stones became individualised, they talked—the book was planned. And there is Pompilia carved from her stone." Addressing the elder man, he continued: "Why do I tell you this? Because a remark that you once made signalled an epoch in my life." The elder man moved restlessly and dropped his napkin. "Yes, it was so, although probably you have forgotten the incident. It arose from a chance encounter in a drawing-room a few weeks before Browning's death. You spoke fervidly of his work, to which I made the trite comment: 'Then you are a Browningite?' Your reply was not what I expected. You said, 'Naturally'; and there was surprise in your tone." The host became emphatic. "That single word 'naturally' marked an epoch in my life. For a quarter of a century I had worked for Browning's recognition, often despairing, never giving-in. And lo! the new generation take to him—'naturally.' In that moment I realised that my work was done. It was a great moment for me." The host paused. The elder man looked uncomfortable. The younger man knocked the ash off his cigarette. "I'm sorry to seem ungrateful," he said, "but I can't read Browning: he's so amorphous, so optimistic. Now Huysmans —." The host clutched the arms of his chair. The eyes of the elder man twinkled. "Browning —," continued the younger man on a falsetto note—but the host had risen. He crossed the room, and rested his fingers tenderly on the smooth marble hair of the mask. Then, striking a match, he let the flame play upwards from round chin to smooth forehead, and under light and shadow the smile seemed to awake and flicker over the still features, and say

If I seem without him now,  
That's the world's insight!

Taking an arm of either man, the host said: "Three generations!—the first sows, the second reaps, the third scorns. Well! well! Come, let us join the ladies."

## Memoirs of the Moment.

LADY SHELLEY's death seems to increase the barrier between her father-in-law and the present generation. By his early death Shelley appears to rank with a generation really earlier than his own; for Disraeli and Lord John Russell might, as grown-up readers, have had the pleasure of "discovering" both Keats and Shelley on their first appearance in print. Coleridge and Wordsworth, born a generation earlier than Shelley, are vaguely thought of as later men because they lived longer. Yet among the comparatively recent remembrances of the present writer is that of hearing the late Sir Percy Shelley, apparently in the prime of life, referring to "my poor father." That brought Shelley near enough; but nearer even in some ways was he brought by the intense personal worship of his daughter-in-law. Sir Percy had only the vaguest memory of having seen his father. Not even that dim tradition was in Lady Shelley's possession. Born of a North-country family which created few ties for her, she was a widow, the Hon. Mrs. St. John, when—let it be frankly said—she accepted, not so much the man she married as the son of the poet she adored.

HER heart was dedicated to that worship. She knew the poetry by heart; she knew the life as far as it could be known; she loved and tended in old age Mary Shelley—born Mary Godwin, not Mary Woollstonecraft as one obituary notice confuses the generations by recording; she watched with alert loyalty the bearing of Shelley's few surviving acquaintances in their allusions towards him. In the room at Boscombe Manor, near Bournemouth, in which she kept her Shelley relics, she showed herself a fervent priestess who approached them with tremulous hands, and guarded sacredly the shrine at which she had seen, she declared to herself, something more than the mere glove, the portrait, the MS., the fragment of wreck—had seen and communed with visions of the poet himself. In the corner of that sanctuary was a little glass case containing locks of hair of Shelley's friends, and among the rest Trelawny's. But Trelawny wrote of Shelley what this guardian angel of his memory could not approve. "I have written to him," she said, "to ask if he wishes to have his own lock of hair removed from the companionship with those of Shelley's friends." What he answered I never heard, nor whether that reliquary was finally rifled of the Trelawny curl.

MR. WILFRID BLUNT is sitting for his portrait to Mr. Watts, R.A., who is remarkably well, and in the best of spirits about things in general and this portrait in particular.

APROPOS of the interest attaching to the adhesion of Kingsley's daughter to the religion of her father's great antagonist, Newman, a correspondent furnishes me with a letter which shows how much softened by time were the asperities that are remembered now mainly as having called forth the *Apologia*—a book of which George Eliot said that it "breathed new life into her." Kingsley at Eversley had a near neighbour in the Rev. Sir William Cope at Bramshill, where his predecessor had kept grooms and trainers, whom Kingsley delighted to visit. Sir William was also a friend of Newman's, and to him, the day after Kingsley's death, Newman addressed a letter, which is very much to the point now:

The death of Mr. Kingsley, so premature, shocked me. I never from the first have felt any anger towards him—it is very difficult to be angry with a man one has never seen. Much less could I feel any resentment against him when he was accidentally the instrument, in the good Providence of God, by whom I had an opportunity given me of

vindicating my character and conduct. I heard, too, a few years back from a friend that he chanced to go into Chester Cathedral and found Mr. Kingsley preaching about me kindly. And it has rejoiced me to observe lately that he was, as it seemed to me, in his views generally nearing the Catholic view. I have always hoped that by good luck I might meet him, feeling sure that there would be no embarrassment on my part, and I said Mass for his soul as soon as I heard of his death.

All which must make very agreeable reading for Lucas Malet just now.

MR. ARTHUR TENNYSON, the brother of the Laureate, was eighty-five when he died on Tuesday. A writer of some pleasant reminiscences in a daily paper speaks of Arthur's great resemblance to his brother in appearance and in temperament. This was a somewhat superficial likeness after all; and, much as it pleased Arthur's brotherly piety to allow the legend, he was obliged on one occasion, when the heads had been likened to each other, to put on Alfred's hat, which was simply an extinguisher to his own much less massive head. Arthur liked to think he had "something of the Tennyson spark"; and there is no doubt that all the brothers had more than traces of the rather morbid nature of their father. The Laureate admitted as much when he said: "I am black-blooded, like all the Tennysons—I remember all the malignant things said against me, but little of the praise." You have to pay for everything—even for being the brother of a poet. Two domestic events the writer of the reminiscences overlooks: Arthur Tennyson's first and his second marriages—of great consequence to him in his manner of life.

ARTHUR TENNYSON used to speak of Alfred as having been as a boy a particularly kind elder brother. His first salient recollection of the future poet was a somewhat unexpected one: he remembered him as wildly excited over Bewick's *British Birds*, reading it in the garden at Somersby, and rushing in at whiles to show the woodcuts to the younger scholars at their lessons. These two brothers especially were friends, and took long Lincolnshire walks together. It was on one of these rambles that Alfred first seemed to form his life-plans. "Arthur, I mean to be famous," he announced to his proudly and easily—but not too easily—convinced little brother.

It is not necessary to say much about the temper and tone of Mr. Moulton-Barrett's second letter to the *Standard*. Its immediate occasion was the exposure, by Mr. Tillard, of the error made in his first letter by Mr. Moulton-Barrett when, in order to heighten the claudesmy of Mr. Browning, he said that his sister never left her room. Mr. Tillard reminded him of the carriage exercise mentioned in the Letters. "The carriage exercise I forgot," writes the brother who is bent on continuing the feud of his father against Browning; "nor does it matter," he amazingly adds; "I repeat, my sister never left her room." After that, it is hardly worth while to carry comment further; though one might, at will, quote allusion after allusion from the same Letters to Miss Barrett's visits to the drawing-room, and even to her walk in the park, for instance, on that day when Floss was stolen.

NOTHING has been said, apparently, as to one aspect of the International Congress of Women—the æsthetic. And yet a meeting of thousands of women, such as is taking place twice and thrice a day in London, is exceedingly strange as a mere spectacle, as strange to the ear, and a thing not to be seen or heard again, probably, in the course of the lives of those who are witnesses of it this week. A great concourse of tender colours and of the infinite soft detail of modern women's dress, more or less harmonised by the very diversity and chance medley of

tints—for all the colours coming together, not in mass, but in tiny detail, make a very soft, not a hard, confusion, when the multitude is great enough—this is the impression to the eye. The ugliness of a modern crowd is all at once done away. The impression to the ear is even pleasanter. Any superior being leaning his ear over an ordinary human crowd must find the discord as hard as nails. The talk of a few thousands of women is perfectly agreeable. The limitations of the feminine voice in public speaking are, however, unfortunate. A man addressing a large meeting strains his voice and produces unmusical sounds without scruple. An actress learns by long practice how to make her voice carry without losing its beauty; a woman unused to speaking in public seems rather to choose to be inaudible than to crack her speaking notes. Those who are well used to the work, however, such as Lady Aberdeen—most able and sweet-tempered of presidents—have learnt by experience the unstrained but carrying note.

### "Of Nothing Human He the Hater."

In the July number of the *Century*, a most readable and varied collection of literary matter, are two articles on Sir Walter Scott, one describing certain hitherto unpublished portraits, and the other giving an account of his first love, Willamina Stuart, afterwards Lady Stuart Forbes. Between these articles is a striking poem, which we quote below. The verses are signed with the letter "R." Who "R." is we know not, but we hazard the conjecture that the initial stands for Mr. Richard Hovey.

#### I.

Rhymers and writers of our day,  
Too much of melancholy!  
Give us the old heroic lay;  
A whiff of wholesome folly;  
The escapade, the dance;  
A touch of wild romance.  
Wake from this self-conscious fit;  
Give us again Sir Walter's wit;  
His love of earth, of sky, of life;  
His ringing page with humour rife;  
His never-weary pen;  
His love of men!

#### II.

Builder of landscape, who could make  
Turret and tower their stations take  
Brave in the face of the sun;  
Of many a mimic world creator,  
Alive with fight and strenuous fun;  
Of nothing human he the hater.  
Nobly could he plan:  
Master of nature, master of man.

#### III.

Sometimes I think that He who made us,  
And on this pretty planet laid us,  
Made us to work and play  
Like children in the light of day—  
Not like plodders in the dark,  
Searching with lanterns for some mark  
To find the way.  
After the stroke of pain,  
Up and to work again!

#### IV.

Such was his life, without reproach or fear.  
And at the end,  
When Heaven bent down and whispered in his ear  
The word God's saints waited and longed to hear,  
I ween he was as quick as they to comprehend;  
And when he passed beyond the goal,  
Entered the gates of pearl no sweeter soul.



## The Collector-Ghoul.

MR. TEMPLE SCOTT has produced another volume of his *Book Sales* (Bell & Sons). Apparently the issue of the volume has been somewhat delayed, as it ends with the sales of the second and third portions of the Ashburnham Library a year ago. But some of Mr. Scott's comments are interesting, especially in regard to modern writers and modern *éditions de luxe*. He thinks that the multiplication of *éditions de luxe* which was so noticeable a little while ago, and is now so significantly unnoticeable, was largely brought about by the rise in the value of the works of Stevenson and Mr. Kipling:

What is good for such writers' works is, surely, think the publishers, good for other writers, and they begin by proclaiming the issues of fine editions of Fielding, Smollett, Whyte-Melville, Meredith, and the rest. What is the result? One needs but to look over the shelves of the booksellers' shops to answer this question. There these works stand, neglected by the true book collector, and out of reach of the man of slender purse. It is no use to attempt to force or foist a fashion.

The collector of passing fashions in books is warned that he must decide whether he is seeking pleasure or profit. If profit, then "he must watch his time and realise at once." At present there is not much new literature that offers itself to the small collector with a speculative intention at the back of his head. But the works of Stevenson and Kipling provide a little mild excitement, and Mr. Scott advises their acquisition. "Of Kipling's works, prose especially, would I urge this. Such books as the two *Jungle Books*, and the illustrated volumes of *Soldiers' Tales*, and *Captains Courageous*, will certainly be sought for. As will also the pamphlet on *A Fleet in Being*. About Stevenson it is difficult to decide. The very rare Davos Platz pamphlets are certain to receive a special attention, if only for the unique circumstances which attended their publication; but I would hesitate to say that all his publications will ever become very dear." The actual rise in the prices of Mr. Kipling's works, for several years, is shown by Mr. Scott in a table, a portion of which we take leave to quote:

	1896	1897	1898
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Departmental Ditties (1886) . .	—	20 15 0	19 0 0
		16 0 0	10 0 0
			14 0 0
Plain Tales from the Hills (1888)	—	4 4 0	—
Letters of Marque (1891) . . .	1 14 0	5 7 6	6 10 0
		6 10 0	6 15 0
			6 15 0
Soldiers Three (1890) . . . .		—	—
Story of the Gadsbys (1890) . .		0 10 0	—
		0 12 0	—
Phantom 'Rickshaw (1890) . .	The average price	1 0 0	1 11 0
In Black and White (1890) . .	rose to	—	0 19 0
	about 5s.	—	0 13 0
	or 7s. 6d.	—	0 10 0
	each.	1 3 0	1 5 0
Under the Deodars (1890) . . .		1 0 0	1 10 0
Wee Willie Winkie (1890) . . .		2 6 0	2 2 0
City of Dreadful Night (1891) .		—	3 12 0
Barrack Room Ballads (1892, L.P.)	0 11 0	—	1 0 0
	0 17 0		
	1 5 0		

We have glanced only at a few modern developments. Mr. Scott, of course, directs many of his remarks to the higher book collecting. Undoubtedly this "is becoming more and more a pastime for the very rich." And the speculative fever, which is spoiling cricket and many another pastime, is advancing here with giant strides. "What was once the gentle exercise of the amiable among

the leisured in position, or of the quiet in mind, is forming a new pabulum for the retired man of business who cannot find rest for the speculative instincts he satisfied on the Stock Exchange and elsewhere. . . . He is the collector-ghoul." Mr. Scott has compiled this volume with all his usual care, and like its fellows, it not only fulfils its immediate purpose, but is—if one pleases to make it so—a mine of literary suggestion.

## Correspondence.

### An Author's Complaint.

SIR,—I have read Mr. Mullett Ellis's letter in your issue of June 24, and think it right, on behalf of the Society of Authors, to make the following statement. To anyone who has perused the correspondence in the June *Author* the position is quite clear. Mr. Mullett Ellis's letter does not fully state his case. If the statement he puts forward were complete his conclusion might be accepted.

Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son, according to their letter to Mr. Mullett Ellis, refused to put his book on the stalls because, in their opinion, it was not likely to have a ready sale. Mr. Mullett Ellis says that it was because of its title. Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son have every right to carry on their business in whatever way may seem likely to them to bring in the biggest profits. If the question had been one of literary censorship the Society might have interfered to the extent of making a protest, even if such protest had been unavailing, but from Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son's point of view this was not the case. The endeavour of the Society to obtain assistance from the publishers was repudiated by that body, no doubt on the ground that Messrs. Smith claim to be allowed to trade in what stock they choose.—I am, &c.,

MARTIN CONWAY,  
Chairman of the Committee of Management  
of the Society of Authors (Incorporated).

4, Portugal-street: June 28, 1899.

### The Isaac Walton Hotel.

SIR,—A report has gained currency, through the medium of your publication, that the Isaac Walton Hotel, Dovedale, is to be made into a private residence.

I beg to contradict this assertion and to inform you that this is not the case, I myself having taken the hotel and fishing on similar terms to the present tenant, and hope to have the future support of the large number of anglers and tourists who have frequented it in the past.

It will be my earnest endeavour to maintain the good reputation that the house has always enjoyed and ensure the comfort of the many visitors to the hotel and Dovedale.

May I ask you to insert this in your next publication? and, thanking you in anticipation,—I am, &c.,

WILLIAM EVANS.

Dovedale, Ilam, Ashbourne: June 24, 1899.

### Miss Charlotte Yonge.

SIR,—Will you allow me to inform those of your readers who are interested in the Charlotte Yonge Scholarship that on July 19, at the Winchester High School, the Bishop of Winchester will present, on behalf of the subscribers, an address to Miss Yonge, together with the names of the donors to the fund. Further contributions received before or after that date will be duly acknowledged, and will be added to the sum already collected.—I am, &c.,

ESME STUART (*hon. sec.*).

Witham-close, Winchester: June 27, 1899.

## The Courtesy of our Columns.

SIR,—Will you grant me the courtesy of your columns to ask who was really the originator of the harmless little pleasantry by which Scripture is paraphrased to compare the publisher with Barabbas? I have always understood it was Byron; but in reading the Memoirs of Murray the other day I found that Smiles attributes the joke to Campbell. Can any authority be cited on either side? It was certainly Campbell who toasted Napoleon because he had ordered a bookseller to be shot.—I am, &c.,

Edinburgh: June 27, 1899. J. CUTHBERT HADDEN.

## Wanted—a Book.

SIR,—Could you or some of your numerous readers inform me where I could obtain a book published in Edinburgh about the middle of the century (1850-60), entitled *Plant Names in Gaelic and English*, by Cameron?—I am, &c.,

CORMAC DEMPSEY.

40, West Thirty-Second-street, New York City,  
U.S.A.: June 20, 1899.

## “Man Past and Present.”

SIR,—In the notice of this book (ACADEMY, June 24) I am credited with the authorship of *Anthropology*, which was written by Prof. E. B. Tylor. The work intended is no doubt my *Ethnology*. Further on the reviewer represents me as bringing the Kelts “into Europe from the Eurasian plains.” This misrepresentation upsets the whole argument in which I try to disentangle the intricate problem of early Aryan migrations. I bring the Kelts of both branches “from Asia Minor, through the Balkan Peninsula, to and up the Danube to the former Keltic lands of Bohemia, Helvetia, Gaul, and Britain” (pp. 523-4), the traces of the Q. Kelts being effaced by the P. Kelts arriving later. I support this position by reference to the foremost Keltic authorities, and with Thurneysen equate “the Greek Παιρία, the name of a district on the route taken by the Q.’s to the Danube, with *Erin*, in which word Keltic scholars generally recognise a loss of *p*” (*ib.*). It is the *Homo Europæus*—the Teuton—that I bring from the Eurasian steppe, and the point is of vital importance in my proposed explanation of long-heads and round-heads, both of Aryan speech from prehistoric times. As I claim, rightly or wrongly, to have solved this crux, I naturally expect that my views be at least correctly represented.

The writer goes on: “Anthropologists ought to tell us what are the conditions which determine round-headedness.” He has overlooked the passage (p. 520-1) where these conditions are given, in connexion with de Lapouge’s pessimistic theory that in France the “inferior” round-heads are absorbing the “superior” long-heads.

June 25, 1899.

A. H. KEANE.

## Hood’s Death-place.

SIR,—I beg to thank your correspondent, Mr. W. F. Prideaux, for pointing out that I was wrong in stating that Thomas Hood died at 17, Elm Tree-road, St. John’s Wood, and that the actual house in which the poet breathed his last was Devonshire Lodge, Finchley-road, which it seems was, unfortunately, pulled down some years ago. I am very sorry to have made such an error, but in my defence permit me to say that I got the information from an illustrated magazine article, which I supposed was perfectly correct.—I am, &c.,

ALGERNON ASHTON.

44, Hamilton-gardens, St. John’s Wood, N.W.:  
June 19, 1899.

## John Scott, Horace Smith, and J. G. Lockhart.

SIR,—I am afraid your readers will think the subject of this letter somewhat resembles, in its length and ambiguity, the Ancient Mariner’s tale; but I ask your indulgence to enable me finally to answer Mr. Andrew Lang’s courteous but, I think, inconclusive letter.

I cannot admit that Horace Smith in his communications with Christie and Scott committed any error of judgment in his use of the word “satisfaction,” instead of “apology,” for he, like many others, habitually employed the term in its old-fashioned Johnsonian sense of “amends,” “atonement.”

Mr. Lang’s suggestion that the author of *Rejected Addresses* (a man who moved in the best society, and was up to date in the ways of the world) might possibly have been ignorant of the construction usually placed upon the expression, “the satisfaction due to a gentleman,” requires too great an effort for my imagination.

Mr. Lang and I agree that Horace Smith told Christie that if Lockhart offered an explanation he (H. S.) was authorised to offer “satisfaction.” This obviously meant that explanation from Lockhart would be met by an apology on Scott’s part. If that happy consummation had been arrived at, *no duel would have been necessary*, as gentlemen, even in those fire-eating days, rarely went “on the sod” after an apology had been properly offered.

How, then, could Horace Smith, admittedly the mediator, have misled anybody?

I believe I understand the ideas prevailing in 1821 respecting the code of honour; yet it seems impossible to me that so humane and enlightened an individual as Sir Walter Scott would—as Mr. Lang maintains—have refused ever to speak again to Lockhart, his son-in-law, had he sought to delay (I will not say “shirk”) a duel until his wife had safely got over her confinement.

Mr. Lang says he prefers the evidence of 1821 to that of 1847 (Horace Smith’s) or of 1858 (Cyrus Redding’s), the one an actor in, and the other a witness of, the events that preceded the fatal encounter.

To my mind, the testimony of these gentlemen is worth as much as “the letters and pamphlets or printed statements of the persons engaged” used by Mr. Lang in writing his *Life of Lockhart*, and which, “without prejudice,” I suggest have been pressed into use rather too exclusively in the interests of Lockhart and his fellow-countrymen.—I am, &c.,

Fulham, S.W.:

ARTHUR H. BEAVAN.

June 27, 1899.

## Old Wykehamists.

SIR,—I think in your review (June 17) of a *History of Winchester College* you should have named Thomas Adolphus Trollope, as well as Anthony, among the list of Mr. Leach’s omissions of eminent Wykehamists from his book. Surely his chapters in his autobiography, “What I Remember,” on his old school were almost too detailed for general readers, possibly for collegians also.—I am, &c.,

WILLIAM MERCER.

Painswick, Glos: June 23, 1899.

## That Butterfly.

MR. EYRE HUSSEY, an untiring critic of our columns, whose remarks we rarely have the courage to print, writes to correct the author of last week’s “Thing Seen” called “Incident.” How could a June wind have wafted a butterfly over the south side of Fleet-street?—north winds do not blow in June: such is the substance of Mr. Hussey’s pungent questions. We have consulted the writer of “Incident,” and he says the wind was a west wind, but the butterfly “tacked.” We hope this will satisfy our critic.

## Holiday Reading. Our Prize Competitions.

### RESULT OF No. 38.

We asked last week for a list of reading for holidays, dividing the day into six periods: (a) in bed, before getting up; (b) in the middle of the morning, while resting; (c) after lunch, in a hammock; (d) after tea; (e) after dinner; and (f) in bed, before sleep; and requiring a different book for each time. Some excellent suggestions have been received in reply. We like best this from H. Head Buckingham, Old Shoreham, Sussex:

- (a) *Jungle Book.*
- (b) *Compleat Angler.*
- (c) *Virginibus Puerisque.*
- (d) *Pride and Prejudice.*
- (e) *Boswell.*
- (f) *Montaigne.*

None of these works make any strong demand on the mind; all can be laid down after a few minutes; and all are good. We quote certain other lists also containing desirable holiday reading, but not quite so suitable as that above recommended:

- (a) *Essays of Elia.*
- (b) *Marinus the Epicurean.*
- (c) *Tennyson.*
- (d) *Ordeal of Richard Ferval.*
- (e) *Omar Khayyam.*
- (f) *Religio Medici.*

[W. M. M., Dublin.]

- (a) *The Meditations of Marcus Aurelius.*
- (b) *Pippa Passes.*
- (c) *Scholar Gipsies* (by John Buchan).
- (d) *The Shaving of Shagpat.*
- (e) *Virginibus Puerisque.*
- (f) *The Pickwick Papers.*

[W. G. H., London.]

- (a) *Omar Khayyam.*
- (b) *Walden.*
- (c) *Il Decamerone.*
- (d) *The Gamekeeper at Home.*
- (e) *The Egoist.*
- (f) *Shakespeare's Sonnets.*

[F. H. P., Maidencombe.]

- (a) *Pepys' Diary.*
- (b) *Pride and Prejudice.*
- (c) *The Forest Lovers.*
- (d) *Shakespeare or Tennyson.*
- (e) *Cellini's Memoirs.*
- (f) *The Decameron.*

[C. R. D., Moseley.]

- (a) *Boswell.*
- (b) *A Sentimental Journey.*
- (c) *The Compleat Angler.*
- (d) *Pascal's Pensées.*
- (e) *Sheridan's Plays.*
- (f) *Clarissa Harlowe.*

[W. E. T., Caterham Valley.]

- (a) *The Bible* ("Song of Solomon").
- (b) *Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow.*
- (c) *The Dolly Dialogues.*
- (d) *Byron's Letters.*
- (e) *Shakespeare.*
- (f) *Urn Burial.*

[Mrs. C., Ealing.]

- (a) *Hunger.* (This will get you up for breakfast.)
- (b) *Where Shall We Go?* (There will be no time to go there; but what of that!)
- (c) *A Hard-Headed Christian.* (In case the hammock-rope breaks.)
- (d) *Dinners and Dinners.* (To act like a sherry and bitters.)
- (e) *Man Past and Present or Well, After All* —. (Depending on the lodging-house cook.)
- (f) *Brown on the Thirty-Nine Articles.* (It will beat chloral into cocked hats.)

[E. H., Ledbury.]

Replies received from: Miss H. H., Brighton; Miss N. H., London; Mrs. E. N. L., London; J. S. M. S., Kent; Miss G. N., Bristol; G. M. W., Hull; A. S., London; Miss M. B., Underhill; T. C., Buxted; H. J., London; L. C. J., Edinburgh; J. D. W., London; Miss E. A., Ilfracombe; Mrs. C. N., London; R. M. H., Eastbourne; H. H., Edgbaston; J. S., London; C. F. K., Eccles; C. E. H., London; Miss E. M. L., London; Miss A. H., London; Miss G. M., London; Miss E. L. K., Dublin; D. V., Winchelsea; R. W., Liverpool; S. C., Brighton; A. T. B., Cambs.; A. R. B.,

Malvern; Miss I. B., London; M. B. A., Manchester; F. G. C., Hull; G. W. O., Woking; J. W. F., London; B. R., London; Lady M. S., London; J. H., Cheltenham; No Name, Aston Manor; Mrs. E. B., Liverpool; F. G. N., Rugby; A. C., Stirling; M. H. B., Leicester; H. J., London; F. B. D., Torquay; F. W., Oxford; H. S., Woburn; F. A. P., Sandgate; Miss G., Reigate.

### Competition No. 39.

In Mr. Lang's story "A Bookman's Purgatory, in *Books and Bookmen*, we read: "Blinton was wont to say he expected to come across 'Triplets of a Tribune,' by Mr. John Bright, and 'Original Hymns for Infant Minds,' by Mr. Henry Labouchere, if he only hunted long enough." Let us suppose that he did hunt long enough, and came upon Mr. Labouchere's work. For the best selection from its pages, not exceeding 24 lines, we offer a prize of a guinea.

#### RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, The ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, July 4. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found in the third column of p. 24 or it cannot enter into competition. We wish to impress on competitors that the task of examining replies is much facilitated when one side only of the paper is written upon. It is also important that names and addresses should always be given: we cannot consider anonymous answers. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered.

## Books Received.

Week ending Thursday, June 29.

#### THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

Kilpatrick (Rev. T.), *Christian Character* ..... (T. & T. Clark) 2/6

#### POETRY, CRITICISM, BELLES-LETTRES.

Rickards (M. S. C.), *Music from the Maze* ..... (Chiswick Press) net 4/6  
 Haylings (D. M.), *Realism* ..... (Unwin)  
 Maugham (H. N.), *Sir Paul Pinder* ..... (Grant Richards) net 12/6

#### HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

"Mid-On," *Seventy-one, Not Out* ..... (Blackwood) 6/0  
 Garland (H.), *The Trail of the Gold-seekers* ..... (Macmillan) 6/0  
 Foster (M.), *Masters of Medicine: Claude Bernard* ..... (Unwin) 3/6  
 Parkman (F.), *The Conspiracy of Pontiac and the Indian War after the Conquest of Canada* ..... (Macmillan) net 17/0  
 Foster (W.), *Letters Received by the East India Company, Vol. III., 1616* ..... (Sampson, Low)  
 Bax (E. B.), *The Peasants' War in Germany, 1525-1526* ..... (Sonnenschein) 6/0

#### TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

Porter (T. C.), *Impressions of America* ..... (Pearson) 10/6  
 Kirk (R. C.), *Twelve Months in Klondike* ..... (Heinemann) 6/0  
 Clerke (E. M.), *Fable and Song in Italy* ..... (Richards) 5/0  
 Furness (H.), *Australian Sketches* ..... (Ward, Lock, & Co.) 2/6  
 Little (W. J. Knox), *Sketches and Studies in South Africa* ..... (Isbister)  
 Moncrieff (A. R. H.), *Black's Guide to Somerset* ..... (Black) 2/6

#### SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

Carpenter (G. H.), *Insects, Their Structure and Life* ..... (Dent), net 4/6  
 Bidwell (S.), *Curiosities of Life and Sight* ..... (Sonnenschein) 2/6  
 Massee (G.), *Text-Book of Plant Diseases* ..... (Duckworth) net 5/0

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

Mathews (N.), *Early Printed Books and Manuscripts in the City Reference Library, Bristol* ..... (Hemmons) 6/0  
 United States Geological Survey, 1898-7. Parts I., III., and IV. (Government Printing Office, Washington)  
 Minchin (H. C.), *The Arcadians* ..... (Unwin) net 3/6  
 The Geographical Journal, Vol. XIII. .... (Royal Geographical Society)  
 Coxhead (A. C.), *Cricket Records* ..... (Lawrence & Bullen) 1/0

#### NEW EDITIONS.

Ruskin (J.), *Præterita*, Vol. II. .... (Dent) net 5/0  
 Handbook to Somerset. Fifth Edition ..... (Murray) 6/0  
 Dickens (C.), *Old Curiosity Shop*, 2 vols. .... (Dent) each 1/6  
 Dewar (G. A. B.), *Wild Life in Hampshire Highlands*, (J. M. Dent & Co.) net 7/6  
 Busch (Dr. M.), *Bismarck. Condensed Edition* ..... (Macmillan) net 10/0  
 Murray (Dr. J. A. W.), *A New English Dictionary*, (Reissue in Monthly Parts), Part I. .... (Clarendon Press) 3/6  
 Herford (C. H.), *Shakespeare's Works*, Vol. VI. .... (Macmillan) 5/0  
 "Saul Smiff," *The Pottle Papers, Third Impression* ..... (Unwin) net  
 Gorman (W. G.), *Converts to Rome. Fourth Edition* ..... (Sonnenschein) net 2/6  
 The Chiswick Shakespeare: "As You Like It" ..... (Bell) net 1/6

\* \* \* *New Novels are acknowledged elsewhere.*

### Announcements.

*Forest Notes* is the title of a little collection of country poems by Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Lee-Hamilton which Mr. Grant Richards will publish on July 4.

LAST week Mr. J. C. Snaith's cricket novel, *Willow the King*, which is published at six shillings, was attributed to Mr. J. G. Snaith, and priced five shillings.

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# The Academy

## A Weekly Review of Literature and Life.

No. 1118. Established 1869.

8 July, 1899.

Price Threepence  
[Registered as a Newspaper.]

### The Literary Week.

Now, when the interest in the year's pictures is exhausted, Sarah Bernhardt gone, Mr. Rhodes a D.C.L., and Fiona McLeod proved to be Fiona McLeod, we are reluctant to lessen the number of subjects for gossip. Yet we must do so. Some person, possibly malicious, probably feckless, has spread a report that the ACADEMY has changed, or is about to change, ownership. The rumour is absolutely without foundation.

WITH the beginning of next year *Punch* will undergo very considerable changes in form, size, and character. Among other things, a wider scope will be given to literary matter.

THE late Victor Cherbuliez was an excellent specimen of the gentleman of letters. He was learned, cultured, witty; he loved books and he loved Nature too—particularly in the form of roses; he was interested in politics, in scholarship, and in art. He began his career as a novelist in 1863, with *Comte Kostia*, and everyone was delighted. Since then he has poured out fiction copiously, passing by degrees into the naturalistic school. He wrote an excellent work on Greek art, *Apropos d'un Cheval*; he became a member of the Academy; he reviewed books for the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, his particular gift being rapid and attractive summary. He was not great, and latterly people were finding it out; but he was exceedingly accomplished. He died suddenly last week at the age of seventy.

A new and characteristic story of Björnson is related by the Paris correspondent of the *Morning Post*. The recent Congress of the Scandinavian Press, at Christiania, was a very important affair, including receptions by King Oscar and the Municipality of Christiania, and Björnson and Ibsen had both been invited to take part in it. Neither, however, put in an appearance. Ibsen wrote a polite letter explaining that his old age prevented him from accepting the invitation. Björnson was not so courteous. He sent the following telegram to the President of the Congress: "I do not make long voyages to dine with people who spread calumnies against me, and attack my honour daily."

IBSEN, says the same authority, is working at a drama, the title of which he is concealing jealously. He hopes to complete the work by the autumn. It will not, however, be produced at the inauguration of the new Municipal Theatre of Christiania, the author not considering it suitable for that occasion. Ibsen is thinking of writing his memoirs.

THE drawing by Mr. W. Nicholson which serves as frontispiece to *The Hooligan Nights*, and is reproduced in our review of that book, on another page, is not, it should be understood, a portrait of Mr. Rook's hero, but a character-sketch of the Hooligan type. We have seen a photograph of Young Alf, the central figure of the book. He has neither the brutality nor sensuality of Mr. Nichol-

son's imaginary sinner, but is clean cut, alert, and intelligent-looking. Young Alf's rule of life—

If you want a flog you got to take it—  
would, by the way, make an excellent motto for Imperialist Britain.

THE most popular books in America during the past month were still

*David Harum*. E. N. Westcott.  
*When Knighthood was in Flower*. E. Caskoien.  
*Mr. Dooley*. F. P. Dunne.  
*Red Rock*. T. N. Page.  
*The Day's Work*. R. Kipling.  
*Aylwin*. T. Watts-Dunton.  
*Dross*. H. S. Merriman.

Surely America has been reading *David Harum* long enough.

It will surprise many persons to hear that Mr. Douglas Sladen has severed his connexion with *Who's Who*. The circumstances leading him to take this step need not be explained; but Mr. Sladen expresses his intention of bringing out an annual of his own, upon which he will set to work as soon as the arrangements are complete. This publication will be similar in character to *Who's Who*, but will also contain an entirely new feature of importance.

WE hope that some day the *Pall Mall Gazette* will publish a selection of the little poems that flutter through its Occasional paragraphs. The following verses, which appeared in our contemporary last Wednesday, have a note of personality and feeling not usual in newspaper verse:

So I have harvested my womanhood  
Into one tall green bush of southernwood;  
And if the leaves are green about your feet,  
And if my fragrance on a day should meet  
And brace your weariness, why, not in vain  
Shall I have husbanded from sun and rain  
My spices if you chance to find them sweet.

I have grown up beneath the sheltering shade  
Of roses: roses' poignant scents have made  
My sharp spice sweeter than 'twas wont to be.  
Therefore, if any vagrant gather me  
And wear me in his bosom, I will give  
Him dreams of roses; he shall dream and live,  
And wake to find the rose a verity.

Gather me, gather. I have dreams to sell.  
The sea is not by any fluted shell  
More faithfully remembered, than I keep  
My thought of roses, through beguiling sleep  
And the bewildering day. I'll give to him  
Who gathers me more sweetness than he'd dream  
Without me—more than any lily could;  
I that am flowerless, being southernwood.

SOME time ago a volume of short stories entitled *A Browning Courtship* was published. The other day a customer entered a book-shop and asked for the book. He was handed *The Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Browning*.

ONE or two changes in publishing firms are announced. Messrs. Harper & Brothers and Messrs. McClure, Doubleday & Co. are uniting their forces, and should make a very strong combination. Messrs. Service & Paton have, meanwhile, dissolved partnership. Mr. Service retires altogether from publishing, and Mr. Paton joins Messrs. Nisbet, who will henceforward issue the books associated with his late firm, among them being some good illustrated editions of standard books and some of Mrs. Atherton's novels.

It is, of course, in America that the effects of the Harper & McClure alliance will be most noticeably felt, but they will probably extend to this country too. In an interview published in the *New York Sun* Mr. Harper says: "We have some plans looking toward developments in the magazine world in a field in which Mr. McClure has been very successful. Mr. McClure believes, too, that our facilities would enable us to carry out together certain important publishing plans of his, since we have one of the largest plants in the country, and issue more periodicals than any other house. So, finding a number of points of common interest, we decided to work together." A work of very considerable dimensions and importance is already announced to be published by the amalgamation—*The Harper-McClure Encyclopædia*. This will be, it is said, the most ambitious encyclopædia yet projected.

*The Daily News Weekly* is rather a light-hearted miscellany than a summary of the week. Everyone seems to be under orders to be lively, so much so that an article by Mr. F. T. Bullen is headed by a drawing of that gentleman astride on a whale, or something very like one, with the legend beneath, "He struck oil." In its first number Mr. Richard Whiteing has a sketch in the manner of No. 5, *John Street*, and Mr. W. H. Fitchett, the author of *Fights for the Flag*, tells why Australians are loyal. Mr. Fitchett, by the way, is also contributing to the *Spectator* his impressions of London.

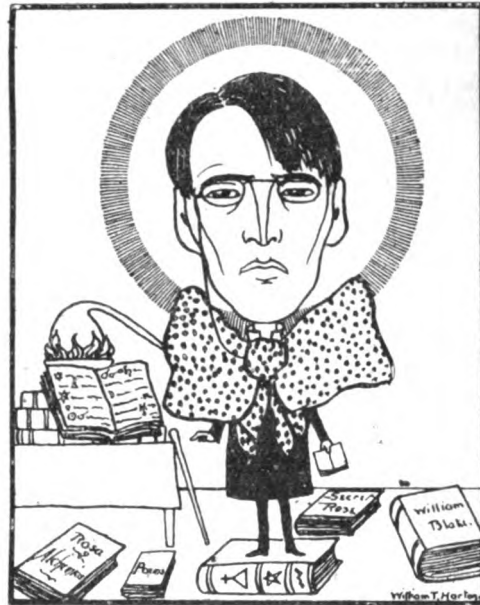
Now that the cause of Finland is arousing so much attention, and a memorial has even been sent from certain English friends of freedom to the Czar, our readers might like to look again at a clever novel by Miss Elsa D'Esterre Keeling, called *Appassionata*, published in 1893, the scene of which is laid in great part in Finland, and the heroine a Finnish girl who marries a Russian. The book, a German translation of which exists, serves as a useful commentary on the present situation.

APROPPOS of Finland, the periodical, to which we lately referred, that has been founded to further the cause of the Finns, has quickly been followed by *Italy*, a periodical intended to draw closer together the country after which it is named and Great Britain. *Italy*, "the only English Organ for Italians and Friends of Italy in the United Kingdom," hopes "to act as an intermediary between the two countries, which, albeit far apart in point of nationality, climate, customs, and religious feeling, are proceeding on parallel lines towards the goal of the good, the beautiful, and the true," and it is apparently conducted by an Italian editor. The little paper is a monthly.

*The American Bookman* states that Mr. J. K. Jerome's next book will probably be entitled *Three Men on a Bicycle*, and will describe a tour in the Black Forest.

*The Book of the Art Workers' Masque*, which we noticed last week, is also the Summer Number of *The Studio*, and was prepared under the supervision of the editor of *The Studio*. It is yet another example of his taste and thoroughness.

THE fanciful portrait of the Irish poet and mystic, Mr. William Butler Yeats, which we give below is the work of Mr. W. T. Horton. Mr. Horton, as joint author with Mr. Yeats of *A Book of Images*, should know his subject well. He has made his picture both a portrait and



MR. W. B. YEATS.

Drawn by W. T. Horton.

criticism. Mr. Yeats's experiments in necromancy are suggested by the retort and the volume on which he stands, his poetry and mysticism by other books; and there is, in fact, nothing in the drawing that has not special significance. One thing, however, the artist has not quite realised—Mr. Yeats's height. The poet is long and willowy.

WE find the following announcement in the *Paris Journal*:

En attendant, le JOURNAL publiera les  
*PIRATES DE LA MER*,  
émouvante nouvelle, inédite de  
H.-G. WELLS,

le célèbre romancier anglais, qui unit à la verve amusante de Jules Verne la profondeur et l'étrangeté d'invention d'Edgard Poe.

Traduction Littérale de  
M. HENRY D. DAVRAY.

PASSAGES from the new Stevenson letters in *Scribner's*. From a reply to Mr. Stevenson, sen., who had complained of the confrontation, in "Admiral Guinea," of Pew's blackguardism and the captain's piety. November, 1884:

Religion is in the world; I do not think you are the man to deny the importance of its rôle; and I have long decided not to leave it on one side in art. The opposition of the *Admiral* and Mr. Pew is not, to my eyes, either horrible or irreverent; but it may be, and it probably is, very ill done: what then? This is a failure; better luck next time: more power to the elbow, more discussion, more wisdom in the design, and the old defeat becomes the scene of the new victory. Concern yourself about no failure; they do not cost lives, as in engineering; they are the *pierres perdues* of successes. Fame is (truly) a vapour, do not think of it; if the writer means well and tries hard, no failure will injure him, whether with God or man.

To Mr. Henley:

But I do desire a book of adventure—a romance—and no man will get or write me one. Dumas I have read and re-read too often; Scott, too, and I am short. I want to hear swords clash. I want a book to begin in a good



way; a book, I guess, like *Treasure Island*, alas! which I have never read, and cannot though I live to ninety. I would God that some one else had written it! By all that I can learn, it is the very book for my complaint. I like the way I hear it opens; and they tell me John Silver is good fun. And to me it is, and must ever be, a dream unrealised, a book unwritten.

To J. A. Symonds:

Have you read *Huckleberry Finn*? It contains many excellent things; above all, the whole story of a healthy boy's dealings with his conscience, incredibly well done.

To P. G. Hamerton:

I am almost glad to have seen death so close with all my wits about me, and not in the customary lassitude and disenchantment of disease. Even thus clearly beheld I find him not so terrible as we suppose. But, indeed, with the passing of years, the decay of strength, the loss of all my old active and pleasant habits, there grows more and more upon me that belief in the kindness of this scheme of things, and the goodness of our veiled God, which is an excellent and pacifying compensation.

In a letter to Mr. Gosse from Bournemouth, Stevenson thus subscribed himself: "Robert Louis Stevenson, the Hermit of Skerryvore. Author of 'John Vane Tempest: a Romance,' 'Herbert and Henrietta; or, the Nemesis of Sentiment,' 'The Life and Adventures of Colonel Bludyer Fortescue,' 'Happy Homes and Hairy Faces,' 'A Pound of Feathers and a Pound of Lead,' part author of 'Minn's Complete Capricious Correspondent: a Manual of Natty, Natural, and Knowing Letters,' and editor of the 'Poetical Remains of Samuel Burt Crabbe, known as the melodious Bottle-Holder.' Uniform with the above: 'The Life and Remains of the Reverend Jacob Degray Squah,' author of 'Heave-yo for the New Jerusalem,' 'A Box of Candles; or the Patent Spiritual Safety Match,' and 'A Day with the Heavenly Harriers.'"

How many people are aware that Mr. J. M. Barrie once wrote a pretty considerable serial which he has had the courage to leave in the pages of the magazine where it appeared. It was an Irish story, and saw the light in the *Young Man* shortly after Mr. Barrie was "discovered" by Dr. Nicoll. These were the days of his *nom-de-plume* "Gavin Ogilvy." The tale had little signs of the Barrie we now know, though there is a slight similarity between the opening chapters and the beginning of *Sentimental Tommy*. Mr. Barrie is, like all true Scots, an economical workman, and if he hits on a good idea in an article he is pretty sure to elaborate it in his "full dress" books. By the way, it is curious how few of his clever things have got into circulation. For example, could anything be neater than his definition, which still holds good, of the two kinds of realism: "One describes the cup with the crack in it, the other the crack in the cup." One wonders if his politics remain as they were in the days when he wrote of Lord Rosebery: "He was a peer; I flung a clod at him; these were my politics."

FROM an article in the *Arena*, by Mr. Adachi Kinnoasukô, entitled "A Japanese View of Kipling," we cull a few blossoms:

Stevenson, Barrie, Watson. Then came Kipling, and the public surveyed him between its half-closed eyes, like the Viceroy watching Mellish with the fumigatory, and said, "Evidently this is the wrong tiger; but it is an original animal."

In 1888 the *Plain Tales from the Hills* came out. When the writer (an utter stranger to Kipling's fame then) took up a copy of the book, the summer evening was lazy in Hot Springs, and a mighty host of mosquitoes was spoiling the amiable temper of a patient lamp. But the sorcery of words in the very first piece, "Lispeth," struck him. He gasped, smiled, soliloquised, and said, among many other things, "This man may write how a hen picked a grain, and I would pronounce his account artistic."

Anglo-Saxon genius is much with Kant and Scott French and the Orient are different. Kipling came from the Orient. "Soldiers Three" was published in 1888.

Molière may very likely treat Kipling with respect. Mr. Kipling's wit is as dry and as calm and as solemn as a mule putting a boy through the most extraordinary acrobatic feat of jumping between its long ears and over its head.

Speaking of a Hindoo widow of about fifteen years of age, Kipling says: "And she prayed the gods day and night to send her a lover, for she did not approve of living alone." Will you observe the effect of the latter clause as you read the passage? The picture of a fifteen-year-old widow praying for a lover is touching, truly so. Kipling reduced this most natural and ardent feeling of a girl into a mere outcome of a fallacious, pseudo-comical, intellectual reasoning—"because she did not approve of living alone!" and as a matter of course butchered the delicate effect.

The absence of stories—really good stories—in the writings of Mr. Kipling is remarkable, and his indifference as to the matter and the content is well-nigh sublime—like unto that of the logicians. All is the way in which the commonplace tales are told; all is form in which they are put; and old Mrs. Kendrick's turkey-gobbler with a plug hat on is strutting all through his stories.

THE *Idler*, which under the joint editorship of Mr. Arthur Lawrence and Mr. S. H. Sime has gained in character, includes, in a readable summer number, an illustrated criticism of Goya, the Spanish artist.

WE find ourselves unexpectedly, and very much to our surprise, in the position of being able to instruct the readers of *Notes and Queries*. It happens thus. Some time ago we published an acrostic by Lewis Carroll beginning with the line "My first is followed by a bird," the answer to which was "Imagination." At the end Lewis Carroll made an offer of five pounds to anyone who could write another acrostic with the same opening, yet making no use of the answer to the original one. As it is obviously impossible to compose an acrostic without employing a certain amount of imagination, the offer was safe; none the less, one of our readers alleged that he had done so, the following charade being the result:

My first is followed by a bird,  
My second's met by plasters,  
My whole's more shunned, but less absurd,  
Than prigs or poetasters;  
'Tis also a symbolic word  
For architects' disasters.

He enclosed with it the answer.

OUR readers had been so worried by Lewis Carroll's riddle that they were unable to come to this second problem with any spirit, and we were not called upon to divulge the solution. We had, indeed, forgotten all about it until the other day, when a reader asked us to put an end to her difficulties in the matter. We did so, and our attention was then called to certain recent numbers of *Notes and Queries*, that wonderful repository of stray information and quaint curiosity. On March 11, it seems, a gentleman of North London quoted the charade and asked for the answer. Why he did not apply to the paper which printed it passes understanding, but he did not. On March 25 a reply came:

CHARADE (9th S. iii. 187).—It is very easy indeed; answer—*Blackleg*. WALTER W. SKEAT.

Prof. Skeat is as learned as man can be, but how he can consider "blackleg" a symbolic word for architects' disasters beats us. It beat also another correspondent of *Notes and Queries*, who wrote, on April 15:

CHARADE (9th S. iii. 187, 237).—The charade may be very easy, but the key furnished by Prof. Skeat does not seem to fit the wards of the lock. ST. SWITHIN.

On April 29 another critic returned to the charge:

CHARADE (9th S. iii. 187, 237, 296).—Prof. Skeat's solution is a blindfold one. How is *blackleg* "a symbolic word for architects' disasters"? (See first reference.) I offer a more likely solution—*humbug*. F. ADAMS.

And on June 17 he wrote again:

CHARADE (9th S. iii. 187, 237, 296, 331).—I withdraw the solution offered at the last reference, having now no doubt that the correct solution is *billsticker*. A bird, of course, "follows its bill" in place of a nose. F. ADAMS.

THE answer is "Eyesore."

ANOTHER of the little personal magazines—"chipmunks" they call them in America—which from time to time appear and disappear is promised by Mr. James J. Guthrie, an Essex artist. Its title is the *Elf*, and it will be published once a quarter for a year. This is a dull world, and there is room for an *Elf* now and then.



THE COVER OF THE "ELF."  
Designed by J. J. Guthrie.

ing much of the seamy side of London life during the last twenty-five years. It will be profusely illustrated.

## Bibliographical.

I AM sorry to gather that Mr. Clement Scott, in his forthcoming book, *The Drama of Yesterday and To-day*, will begin no farther back than the year 1841. That, it appears, was the year of his birth—an inadequate reason, surely, for starting his narrative at that point. It would have been more natural to start at the point at which Mr. Scott's personal acquaintance with the acted drama began. I express my regret in this place, because, if Mr. Scott is going to give us a systematic history of the English stage from 1841, it is a pity he did not begin where Genest, in his well-known *English Stage*, left off—namely, in 1830. English plays from 1830 onwards want "Genesting" badly, and one hopes that the task may some day be undertaken and carried through. All that we possess in that direction is only fragmentary. Henry Morley's *Journal of a London Playgoer* extends from 1851 to 1866; Dutton Cook's *Nights at the Play*, from 1867 to 1881; and Joseph Knight's *Theatrical Notes*, from 1874 to 1879; but in no case is the narrative complete, or approaching to completeness. E. L. Blanchard's *Diary* covers the ground, in a sense, from 1844 to 1889; but his entries are mere jottings, which have been annotated by his editors in over-elaborate fashion. A sequel to Genest is still to be desired.

It is said that Mr. Frank Mathew, who has already made Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn the central figures of a work of fiction, proposes to do the same thing for "Bloody Queen Mary" and for "Good Queen Bess" (with whom, as the legal phrase is, Mary Queen of Scots). Mr. Gomme has recently shown, by the issue of his

Library of Historical Fiction, that we are, as a nation, none too well off for novels of this sort. English history has not greatly attracted our romancists. Even good old G. P. R. James, though he gave us *Darnley*, *Gowrie*, and a few other such, seemed to find better or more attractive material in Continental annals, turning out, one after another, such tales as *Agincourt*, *Agnes Sorrel*, *Attila*, *Henry of Guise*, *The Jacquerie*, *Mary of Burgundy*, *Philip Augustus*, *Richelieu*, and so forth. Harrison Ainsworth was more loyal to his native land; and many an imagination is still being coloured by his *Boscobel*, and *Guy Fawkes*, and *Star Chamber*, and *Tower of London*, and *Windsor Castle*, to name no others. It would have been well if all our "historical" novels had been written by real masters of history.

The paper in *Macmillan* on "The True Poet of Imperialism" raises some interesting points in the bibliography of Tennyson. In 1852 the poet contributed to the *Examiner* three patriotic lyrics. One of these, "The Third of February," he included in his *Collected Poems*, for the first time, twenty years afterwards. Of another, "Hands All Round," he took the original first stanza, altered it slightly, and, adding two new stanzas, printed the result in *Tiresias*, and *Other Poems* (1885). The two new stanzas—and especially the second of the two—were admirable. Still, it is impossible not to regret that the poet did not reprint "Hands All Round" exactly as it first appeared. However, it figures in full in his *Biography*, and I see that the writer in *Macmillan* quotes one of the stirring stanzas addressed to America. The third poem, "Britons, Guard Your Own," has never been reprinted entire. The version included in the *Biography* is a selection from the original, slightly altered; it is that for which the poet's wife wrote some music.

The late Mrs. Southworth—or, to give her full name, the late Mrs. Emma Dorothy Eliza Nevitt Southworth—was, I take it, very much better known in America than in England. Nevertheless, at least twenty of her books found publishers and (we may assume) readers in this country; and some others, printed and published in the States, obtained circulation here. Her first appearance in England as an authoress seems to have been made so long ago as 1853, in which year our public had the opportunity of reading four of her works. Then came such masterpieces as *The Lost Heiress*, *The Deserted Wife*, *Winnie Darling*, *The Island Princess*, *The Hidden Hand*, *The Lost Bride*, *Retribution*, *The Two Sisters*, and *Astraea*. The year 1878 seems to have been that of her grand climacteric in our midst. In 1878 no fewer than eight of her fictions were published in London. To the present generation, however, she can be but the shadow of a name.

It is permissible, I hope, to conceive that the book which is to be called *With Zola in England* will turn out to be more or less Boswellian in character—the work of an intimate admirer, based on close acquaintance and inspired by genuine sympathy. The spirit of Boswell still reigns in many a literary personality. One could name a good many books of the more or less immediate past, which, though quasi-biographical, were really the outcome of conscious or unconscious "interviewing." Of such were Mr. Joseph Hatton's *With Henry Irving in America* and the same writer's *Reminiscences of J. L. Toole*. When M. Zola writes about England, he will do so in his own way. Meanwhile, we may as well have his "impressions" of us and ours in an informal and uncommitting way.

Since 1869—I find a brother bibliographer remarking—that venerable piece of work, Pollok's *Course of Time*, "has gradually dropped out of notice"; but, so far is this hoary classic from being utterly played out that a new edition of it, with a memoir of the author, appeared so recently as May 1898, while, so lately as last December, Miss Rosaline Masson made Pollok one of the two subjects of a volume in the "Famous Scots" series.

THE BOOKWORM.

## Reviews.

## Philosophy with the Hammer.

THE WORKS OF FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE.—Edited by Alexander Tille, Ph.D. Vol. I.: *A Genealogy of Morals*, and *Poems*. Vol. II.: *Thus Spake Zarathustra*. Vol. III.: *The Case of Wagner*, &c. (Fisher Unwin.)

*La Philosophie de Nietzsche*. Par Henri Lichtenberger. (F. Alcan.)

*Frédéric Nietzsche: Pages Choisies*. Publiées par Henri Albert. (*Mercur de France*.)

"NIETZSCHE," says Dr. Tille, "has already become an European event like Hegel." Says Mr. Havelock Ellis: "Nietzsche represents one of the greatest spiritual forces which have appeared since Goethe." He is "a man who has certainly stood at the finest summit of modern culture, and has thence made the most determined effort ever made to destroy modern morals." On the Continent, Nietzsche is regarded as the founder of a new school of philosophy, centring in the Nietzsche-Archiv at Naumburg and Weimar, which has produced the authoritative edition of his works, and has collected material for the voluminous biography by his sister, Elizabeth Förster-Nietzsche. France has produced an admirable monograph by Prof. Lichtenberger, while another is in preparation by M. Albert. In England, with the exception of a few lectures and magazine articles, singularly little direct attention has been paid to Nietzsche. In grappling with German speculation, English thinkers have got about as far as Hegel. This attempt of Mr. Fisher Unwin's to put an English translation upon the market is, we believe, the second that has been made; and we should like to feel assured that any volumes beyond the first three will ever be published. Inquiring at Oxford, we learnt that the late Prof. Wallace once lectured upon Nietzsche, and that another lecturer had used him as a modern parallel to illustrate the position of the blatant sophist Thrasymachus in *The Republic*. We do not feel sure that this latter judgment, so very characteristic of Oxford, will not prove to be the right and ultimate one. But in the meantime it is worth while to read Nietzsche, if only because he gives naked and unashamed expression to views of life and ideals of conduct which, often latent and unavowed, appear for the moment to be an increasing influence as an element in modern civilisation. That they represent a backwater we do not doubt; but they should none the less be faced and accounted for.

Whatever is thought of Nietzsche's philosophy, his life is an interesting and a very tragic one. Though he has long ceased to write he is still alive, and afflicted with incurable dementia. He was the son of a long race of Lutheran ministers. The legend of his boyhood we may perhaps pass over. He studied at Bonn and Leipzig, became a favourite pupil of Ritschl, devoted himself to philology in the broader German sense of the word, and in 1869 was chosen professor of classical philology—the Humanities, as we should say—at Basle. But philology never interested him so much as philosophy. He came under the influence, firstly, of Schopenhauer, and, secondly, of Wagner, with whom for many years he was on intimate personal terms. A treatise on the *Birth of Tragedy*, containing some imaginative speculations on the "Dionysian" and "Apollonian" elements in Greek civilisation, initiated his career as an independent thinker. This work, together with the series of early essays which ends with the *Wagner in Bayreuth*, contains the germs only of his subsequent intellectual development. In 1876 Nietzsche broke with Wagner, in whom he had come to see the incarnation of the Christian, altruistic tendencies which he himself was growing to regard as the canker of civilisation. About the same time his health broke down. Between 1876

and 1880 his chief literary work consisted in a series of volumes of *pensées*, which are not yet included in Prof. Tille's translation. In the latter year he resigned his chair; and, shortly afterwards, began the succession of books which are the most complete and uncompromising expression of his individual philosophy. *Thus Spake Zarathustra*, his most ambitious writing, appeared in 1884; the *Genealogy of Morals*, the most tangible, in 1887; the *Case of Wagner*, in the summer of 1888. Then Nietzsche began, as he put it himself, to "philosophise with the hammer." The *Twilight of the Gods* was intended as a prelude to a great effort, by which Nietzsche proposed a complete overthrow of current ideals, a *Transvaluation of all Values*. Of this he wrote only *The Antichrist*, a criticism of Christianity. This was to have been followed by *The Free Spirit*, a criticism of philosophy; *The Immoralist*, a criticism of "the most fatal kind of ignorance, morality"; and *Dionysos*, a constructive attempt to establish a "philosophy of eternal recurrence." This scheme was never carried out. Most of Nietzsche's later books show distinct traces of mental aberration, which betrays itself not in any defection of the general argument, but in that not uncommon symptom of insanity known to alienists as megalomania. Nietzsche had formed an extraordinary conception of the significance of his own work, and of his position as the prophet of the "Uebermensch," who should be to Man, when Man gave up altruism, what Man now is to the Ape. "I have given to men the deepest book they possess, my *Zarathustra*," he wrote; and in a letter of November, 1888, to his friend George Brandes: "I swear to you that in two years the whole earth will be writhing in convulsions. I am a Fate (ein Verhängnis)." On January 4th, 1889, he wrote another letter to the same friend, which he signed "Der Gekreuzigte," "the crucified one." A few days later, at Turin, the blow fell, and Nietzsche was hurried off to a lunatic asylum.

The disciples of Nietzsche hold by *Thus Spake Zarathustra* as their gospel. It is, says Prof. Tille, "a work half philosophy, half fiction; half an ethical sermon, half a story; a book serio-jocular and scientifico-fantastical; historico-satirical and realistico-idealistic; a novel embracing worlds and ages, and, at the same time, expressing a pure essence of Nietzsche—an astounding prose-poem." To us, unfortunately, the sayings of Zarathustra, a kind of Teutonised Zoroaster, seem to be, as literature, completely illegible. They are verbose, inflated, entirely lacking in that definiteness and lucidity of expression which alone can justify the *pensée*. Nietzsche, who hated his fellow-countrymen, never seems to have quite realised how German he really was. A more orderly and systematic expression of Nietzsche's leading philosophical doctrines will be found, not to speak of Lichtenberger's excellent little summary, in the *Genealogy of Morals*. But even here it must be borne in mind that Nietzsche looked upon himself more as a devouring personality than as a maker of systems. Want of system is a convenient failing for an illogical philosopher, because of the unexampled advantages it affords for wriggling when you are pinned. And as the most of men absorb indefinite and disconnected ideas more readily than systematic and consistent ones, it does not make the philosophy less dynamic.

Nietzsche closes *The Antichrist* as follows:

This eternal accusation of Christianity I shall write on all walls, wherever there are walls; I have letters for making even the blind see. . . . I call Christianity the one great curse, the one great intrinsic depravity, the one great instinct of revenge for which no expedient is sufficiently poisonous, secret, subterranean, *mean*; I call it the one immortal blemish of mankind.

Nietzsche's detestation of Christianity—a detestation in which he fully included those modern thinkers who, rejecting Christianity, attempt to find a new basis for the content of Christian ethics—arose from the fact that it

stands in the development of European culture as the great representative of altruism. Around altruism, the ethics of pity, all Nietzsche's speculation centres. Logically he starts, not so much, as Prof. Lichtenberger tries to make out, from Schopenhauer, as from the conclusions of modern biology. From the point of view of biology, "higher," as applied to man, means "more able to hold his own in the struggle for existence," or, as Prof. Tille puts it, "with greater physical strength, more richly differentiated, able to defend its life against more dangerous enemies, gifted with more effective means of motion and of getting food, having progeny which at birth, though smaller, is almost as perfect otherwise as the parents. Bodily differentiation and the qualification of the individual for self-defence and food-acquisition stand in the foreground." Translated into ethical language, this comes to the same as saying that the higher man is the man in whom the "self-regarding" instincts and desires are most strongly developed. In opposition to this, modern and Christian ethics maintain that the "higher" man, from the ethical point of view, is just the man in whom these "self-regarding" impulses are, roughly speaking, subordinated to those which are "other-regarding," "unselfish," "altruistic." How, if at all, is this antithesis between the biological and the ethical standpoints to be got over? For Nietzsche the answer is very simple. He denies altogether the value of the ethical pronouncement. Altruism, he declares, is hurtful to life, to the expansion of the individual, or the species. It is a sign of decadence, of degeneration. And the lesson of Zarathustra is simply the lesson of the denial of pity. "This new table, O my brethren, I put over you: Become hard! . . ." The only true morality is that which is in accordance with the biological standard, that which springs from the will to live, is self-assertive, victorious—in a word, selfish. This, he maintains, is the natural morality of aristocrats, and in particular of the "blond Aryan beast," the conquering Teutonic tribes, who overran and became overlords of Europe. And he contrasts it with the "slave" morality of the small dark races, such as the Jews, which glorifies altruism because it cannot kill, and which, through the cunning of a priest caste, has imposed itself as Christianity upon modern life. Hence the physiological evils which beset modern man and the pessimism which is the natural reflex of these.

Stated nakedly, the gospel of Nietzsche is not very convincing. Apart from the false philology and the ethnology *pour rire* upon which it partly rests, the central fallacy becomes too conspicuous. It is too obvious that the "higher" of biology and the "higher" of ethics are quite distinct things. It is of the essence of what is ethically "higher" to be the end of human conduct. It is a goal and object of desire. And unless you can explain away the moral sense as an illusion produced by psychological processes which do not imply a moral sense, then the authority of the moral ideal remains untouched. But no such direct and underived authority attaches itself to the biological "higher." The mere fact that a particular human type is best fitted, in the biological sense, to survive gives it absolutely no claim as an end for human conduct. The sole arbiter of "values" is the moral sense, since for this alone "values" exist. Consequently, physical perfection is an end only so far as it can justify itself before the bar of the moral sense. But Nietzsche, philosophising with his hammer, would shatter the moral sense, and does not see that with this he is shattering all values whatsoever. It is, therefore, in its obscure and veiled forms that the philosophy of Nietzsche is really dangerous; and we seem to trace it in many glib current phrases, both in ethics and politics, wherein "the need for expression," or "the need to live your own life" or "to realise your own personality," are held up as suggesting an ideal from which principles of conduct, for persons and for States, can be derived and justified.

## An Artist in Occasional Speech.

*Appreciations and Addresses.* By Lord Rosebery. Edited by Charles Geake. (Lane. 6s.)

A COLLECTION of Cardinal Manning's occasional essays was some years ago issued under the title of *Pastime Papers*, though to few men would the writing of such papers appear a pastime. The addresses before us were equally well worth collecting, if only as the recreations of a Prime Minister. The preparation of them must have been hard work enough—and, for that matter, an energetic man's recreation is always hard work. Yet they have the air of recreations. It would be absurd to pretend they can take rank as independent literature, as essays. Nor yet are they oratorical literature, such as the speeches of Pitt and Fox, often mentioned, seldom read. Least of all are they great orations, Demosthenic, Ciceronian, Burkian. They belong rather to the same class as the occasional speeches of Lowell. They are after-dinner deliveries, or occasioned by the opening of a library, the unveiling of a statue, and suchlike public occasions, which merely are occasions for a speech. It requires a peculiar art to excel in this manner of speaking. You must not be oratorical, you must not be literary, you must not be conversational. You must be all, yet none of these; your speech should be a happy salad, where the three ingredients hold one another in delicate poise. You must be judicious with the literature, sparing with the oratory, liberal yet crafty with the conversational seasoning. Few possess the gift—for a gift it is. Since Lowell, a born master, no one has been quite so successful, we think, as Lord Rosebery. Burke, he observes, was a failure oratorically because his speeches were calculated rather for reading than hearing; and he instances the famous speech on the Nabob of Arcot's debts, which Pitt and Dundas agreed was too dull for answer. Yet Pitt and Dundas were delightedly surprised by it in print.

This is not all the truth, we think. Firstly, Burke was not always ineffectual with auditors: witness the great impeachment of Hastings, and its overwhelming effect on Hastings himself, emphasised in Macaulay's famous essay. "I thought myself, for the moment, the most guilty man in England." In the second place, it seems very probable that Burke had an inefficient delivery. The Nabob speech might have shaken the House, fulminated from that wonderful tongue of Chatham. But that for immediate success Burke talked too much like a marvellously eloquent book is certain. Lord Rosebery is quite otherwise. Especially in handling quiet themes like those in the present volume, which give no scope for brilliant oratorical outbursts, he knows that something short of literary fulness, complete literary effectiveness, is needed for instant effect. Comparative sparsity of matter, comparative diffuseness of language, is requisite if you are easily to be followed by an audience. He observes these conditions, yet skilfully imparts a certain tone of literary cultivation to his utterances that is matched by few speakers in these days. But these conditions have to be remembered in reading him. While we follow pleasantly the facile literary disquisition, we should pause to reflect that the pleasant reading must have been absolutely delightful hearing.

These addresses, then, are not literature with a capital letter, nor oratory with a capital letter. They are mostly the oratorical counterpart of the chatty and discursive essay. To speak like a good literary talker girding himself for an effort, to glide in an apposite story, to give views of your subject which are just and refined but not too deep for ready comprehension: that is the art of such speaking, and Lord Rosebery is excellent in his art. He tells how Burke used to finish the day, at his country house, by compounding pills for the poor. At once he slips in adroitly the neat little story which will brighten his audience. Said Burke: "I am like an Irish peer whom I used to know, who was also fond of dealing out

remedies to his neighbours. One day that nobleman met a funeral, and asked a poorer neighbour whose funeral it was. 'Oh, my lord,' was the reply, 'that's Tady So-and-so, the man whom your lordship cured three days ago.'

Another ingredient he possesses most germane to this light, fluent, yet polished style of oratory. He has an excellent playfulness, the playfulness of a thoughtful man unbending. It is too slight, too unpretentious, to be called humour. For humour has now become a very serious thing. Men "joke wi' deeficulty," joke for a living, and discuss their "Humour" (it has a capital, like all things nowadays) as gravely, as self-consciously, as the modern poet discusses his Art. Lord Rosebery does not tighten his girdle and make for a jest like a high-jump, which he must take or die. He unbends, as we have said; and unbends very prettily. He imagines, for example, the consequences to any Ministry of a strike among the permanent officials of the Civil Service. You can conceive how the audience must have rippled quietly over the pleasant conceit. No "roars of laughter," such as greet the recognised political clown, but a subdued and tickled merriment. Thus he pictures the result:

From all the purlieus of Downing-street, and all the recesses of Whitehall, there would come streaming forth in their hundreds of thousands first-division clerks, and second-division clerks, and all other mysterious categories, beaded, I suppose, by men like Sir Edward Hamilton and Sir Francis Mowatt. They would proceed to Trafalgar-square and hold the customary meeting, the Under-Secretaries occupying the lions at the base of the Nelson monument. . . . But in the meantime . . . what would become . . . of a political head if he was deserted by his permanent subordinates? Of course, his first business would be to import blacklegs into the office. From their various retreats you would see the retired civil servants, some of them covered with ribands, some adorned with coronets, and all, I hope, endowed with an adequate pension, brought back to the hated service of the State. You would telegraph for Sir Alfred Milner from the Cape of Good Hope. You would bring Lord Welby in chains from the chair of the County Council to occupy in that fettered condition his old arm-chair at the Treasury. And last, but not least, you would catch Lord Farrar. He is one of those men who acquire youth as they grow old, and my imagination of Lord Farrar as a blackleg in the Civil Service is this, that you would have to put him to look after half-a-dozen departments, which he would be able cheerfully to undertake, if, indeed, like the Duke of Wellington in 1834, he did not dispense quite adequately the whole business of Government.

Apart from its playful charm, could you have more delicate and skilful compliment to a body of men, or individuals of that body, than is insinuated in this passage? Tact, indeed, is eminently one of Lord Rosebery's gifts. Little personal sidelights sometimes add an interest to these addresses. He quotes Burke's famous exclamation, "What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue!" and his comment on it admits the shadowiness of political aims, the almost certain failure of high ideals during a man's lifetime, in a manner that becomes pathetic, when you reflect that he was then Prime Minister, one of the apparently fortunate and successful men in English public life. Yet if there be substance in a politician's aims, he need be no shadow, nor does he ultimately pursue shadows. If, indeed, we pursue shadows, then, indeed, we are shadows. Not otherwise. Possibly Lord Rosebery was already feeling the sickness and pettiness of those ignoble squabbles and intrigues which (if report lie not) ultimately drove him from leadership. In his address on "Bookishness and Statesmanship" he strikes the note of literary retirement—or, at least, a literary oasis in the midst of a statesman's life—after a fashion which goes far to explain his quiet aloofness from the daily broils of politics during recent years. So, too, his statement that a politician often feels "the want of serious and patriotic work" which may enable him "to do his duty to his

country" in opposition, is eminently characteristic of the politician who has shown so much more care for country than party. The speech "On the Duty of Public Service" is one of the best and most typical, full of that high Imperialism we associate with Lord Rosebery. But whether the subject be Burns or Burke, literature or life, he is always the same adroit and masterly speaker. The book should find a popular welcome in England.

### A Study in Unmorality.

*The Hooligan Nights.* By Clarence Rook. (Grant Richards. 6s.)

THE full title explains the book: *The Hooligan Nights, being the Life and Opinions of a Young and Impenitent Criminal, recounted by Himself, and set forth by Clarence Rook.* This is exact. The young criminal, being astute, saw that there is money in revelations, and for a consideration

expressed his readiness to reveal accordingly. By a happy chance Mr. Rook became his confidant: hence this book. We say by a happy chance, because there is only one way in which such a book could be written in order to be tolerable; and Mr. Rook has chosen that way. Once the preface is passed, Mr. Rook takes up exactly the right attitude—that of the amused but unprejudiced historian, who permits his subject to unfold himself in his own words and elucidates no more than is necessary. A sterner, a more serious student of humanity might have probed farther into young Alf's nature, but



THE HOOLIGAN.  
As imagined by W. Nicholson.

the book would have been the less readable. The task, in short, needed a humorist, and a humorist was forthcoming.

What Mr. Rook has done is this: with unflagging humour and good humour, and a positively radiant aloofness, he has set before us a young London criminal. There he stands, this Hooligan, naked and unashamed, and we know him through and through—his vanity and his resource, his pluck and his misgivings, his cunning and his philosophy. The circumstance that Mr. Rook knows nothing of him in action, the accident that the deeds recorded here are from his own lips—remembered in tranquillity, or in a state as near tranquillity as a Hooligan permits himself to enjoy—renders the history incomplete in the matter of weaknesses; but these an ordinarily intelligent reader will be able to supply himself. Given certain qualities, one does not need to flounder much in the search for defects. The only really dastardly deed which young Alf admits to is the blacking of Alice's eyes, and even then he was unconscious of offence. With that to work upon we can deduce a good deal.

Mr. Rook speaks of young Alf as a type, but we are a little doubtful. He seems to us to differ sufficiently from other predatory youths to stand alone. His wisdom must be unusual. His willingness to accept whatever comes and leave bigger jobs to others is unusual, when taken into consideration with his cheerful alacrity in attacking the bigger jobs as they suggest themselves. We cannot believe that Lambeth is full of such calm philosophers: young Alf must be a mind apart. And the circumstance that



Mr. Rook once saw him risk his life to stop a runaway van is against the type theory. A boy who will follow a man some distance in order to abstract eightpence from his ticket pocket, who will stop a runaway Pickford van in a crowded street, and who will expend the money he carried off from a large establishment in buying three horses at Aldridge's, is not typical but extraordinary. Nor are we perfectly certain that the name Hooligan really describes young Alf at all. The Hooligan, as we have conceived him, has fewer brains and more brutality. Young Alf's power of looking ahead, of carefully covering his retreat; his wit and his loneliness; his willingness to marry Alice when trouble came to her; these are not compatible with Hooliganism as we understand it. The Artful Dodger and Charley Bates were not Hooligans, and young Alf derives from them. But this is merely a question of definition. For practical purposes "Hooligan" will do.

We quote two passages. The first is Mr. Rook's description of his hero:

Young Alf is now eighteen years of age, and stands 5 feet 7 inches. He is light, active, and muscular. Stripped for fighting, he is a picture. His ordinary attire consists of a dark-brown suit, mellowed by wear, and a cloth cap. Around his neck is a neatly-knotted neckerchief, dark-blue, with white spots, which does duty for collar as well as tie. His face is by no means brutal; it is intelligent, and gives evidence of a highly-strung nature. The eyes are his most remarkable feature. They seem to look all round his head, like the eyes of a bird; when he is angry they gleam with a fury that is almost demoniacal. He is not prone to smiles or laughter, but he is in no sense melancholic. The solemnity of his face is due rather, as I should conclude, to the concentration of his intellect on the practical problems that continually present themselves for solution. Under the influence of any strong emotion, he puffs out the lower part of his cheeks. This expresses even amusement, if he is very much amused. In his manner of speech he exhibits curious variations. Sometimes he will talk for ten minutes together, with no more trace of accent or slang than disfigures the speech of the ordinary Londoner of the wage-earning class. Then, on a sudden, he will become almost unintelligible to one unfamiliar with the Walk and its ways. He swears infrequently, and drinks scarcely at all. When he does, he lights a fire in the middle of the floor and tries to burn the house down. His health is perfect, and he has never had a day's illness since he had the measles. He has perfect confidence in his own ability to look after himself, and take what he wants, so long as he has elbow-room and ten seconds' start of the cop.

The other passage illustrates Mr. Rook's lighter manner, and also gives us one of the anomalies of Lambeth. Young Alf and Alice, it must be explained, are to be married very soon, and Mr. Rook has been asked to see their home. Alice is the daughter of a bookmaker of unbridled temper, who objects to the match:

Young Alf picked up the guttering light from the table, and held it aloft so that I might see and admire the pictures.

Nailed to the middle of the wall over the mantelpiece was a framed engraving of a pigeon, which young Alf had certainly not acquired by honest purchase. But there was a sentimental interest about it, for he had started the serious business of life, as you may remember, by sneaking pigeons. Beneath this, the photograph of a horse.

"That's a 'awse I got at Brighton," said young Alf, holding the candle with one hand, and with the other turning the light on to the picture. "Sold it up 'ere in Lambeth. It's workin' 'ere now."

A photograph of young Alf and Alice, arm-in-arm, in very low tone, taken in Epping Forest. Another photograph of the bookmaker with the unbridled temper. No, certainly not a lovable man; a man to keep at a respectful distance. This piece of decoration was clearly Alice's idea, and young Alf swept the candle past it. To right and left of the bookmaker a pair of coloured prints, representing "Christ Blessing the Loaves and Fishes" and "Christ on the Sea of Galilee."

Alice returned, and the illumination was increased by a candle.

"Alf bought them," said Alice, indicating the representations of Our Lord, "'cause I liked 'em."

"Give a penny each for 'em," said young Alf, in apology for being reduced to purchase.

The last sentence reminds us of the only slip we have noted in the book. It is when young Alf is explaining the dire need for new boots which came upon himself and Maggots. "We 'greed that them trotter cases 'd 'ave to be got, even if we sneaked 'em," he is made to say. Surely he would have said: "Even if we bought 'em." In the matter of language Mr. Rook's pages are of high value, and to them must all students of the argot of 1898-9 resort. This London slang of ours is always in a fluid state, and new words—"snide neologues," as they may be called, mysteriously coined, where and by whom no one knows—are put into circulation every week. A book wherein so many are crystallised is certain of long life.

We close the book without rancour that young Alf is still prosperous and at large. Just as Mr. Rook credits the Lambeth lass with all the virtues but virtue, so we find in him a very admirable fidelity to his pals and to his theory of the problem of life. The theory may be wrong, but he could not well have come by another. "You've either got to be a mug or a spieler," said an Australian sage. "Gentlemen with brains and no money," said the Claimant to the Tichborne estates, "has got to live on gentlemen with money and no brains." "If you want a fang, you got to take it," says young Alf. Herein, in various ways, is expressed one of the great lower laws of the universe. Young Alf conforms to it. We cannot all soar. Moreover, to know all is to forgive all, and Mr. Rook has told us so much that the corollary is pat. And, finally, may it not be a salutary thing that this quickener of wits is in our midst to help to raise the general level of intelligence? For an honest community must be a very sleepy one.

### Elizabeth: an Analysis.

*The Martyrdom of an Empress.* (Harper Brothers. 7s. 6d.)

"THERE are things one woman knows *instinctively* about another which even her lover fails to guess." Thus—a modern novelist. But when a woman's soul is subjected to paper dissection, as in the present instance of Elizabeth, daughter of Duke Maximilian of Bavaria, Empress of Austria and Queen of Hungary, something more than a merely emotional recognition of certain qualities is required from her biographer. The hand which holds the knife—and pen!—must be steady. The putting together of a memoir such as this must almost inevitably be a woman's task; but to give a clear portrait of any character in history or fiction a writer should be level-headed, accurate, above all—unbiased. To lay an exaggerated stress on some points, to slur over others, is to present a distorted view, a one-sided reflection. To sift true from false—to obtain one clear image of the real Elizabeth out of the highly coloured kaleidoscope of shifting pictures before us—is no easy matter. The writer's prejudiced championship weakens, not strengthens, the cause she has at heart.

Not a pen is grasped to vindicate Elizabeth's memory [she complains]; not a voice raised to refute the inane calumnies which have pursued her. . . . I am but discharging a debt of honour in placing before the public a true and authentic version. . . . That this work is also one of love may serve to heap coals of fire upon the heads of those . . . who took a fiendish delight in lending colour . . . to the ever recurring reports which strove to give the masses an entirely false idea of the Empress's personality, and which mercilessly placed her in the pillory of an unfair and ignorant judgment.



In her effort to whitewash one character the writer tars many. It is possibly for this reason that she struggles to preserve her anonymity. Of the Empress herself there is much to say, both in censure and praise. Of her biographer—whose lapses from good feeling are frequent—little but the former. The suggestion concerning the communication made by the King to his son on the eve of the Crown Prince's marriage is but one instance among many. Such records can only defile the living and disturb the dead. "Some things are too horrible to write about."

In a less exalted position, married to a man of less ardent a nature than Franz Joseph's, who knows what Elizabeth might not have become? True, she fell romantically in love. As the writer says, "the marriage between the ruler of a great country to the little daughter of the impoverished Duke Maximilian in Bavaria is one of the most poetical and romantic pages of modern history." But it was a child's love which Elizabeth felt, not a woman's. "If the Empress possessed one fault, it was an absolute lack of human passion. She married, not in the least knowing what marriage meant; . . . her . . . spirituality . . . made it impossible to share her . . . lover's . . . feelings. The obligations of such a love . . . frightened her."

The marriage was further handicapped by the rooted dislike of the archduchess for her daughter-in-law. Here again Elizabeth's biographer is not merely content to imply—she implicates. She deliberately states that "the old lady . . . seeing that her son was more enamoured with his lovely wife than she thought it desirable . . . managed to surround him with temptations." He soon "tattered upon the pedestal of virtues which" Elizabeth "created for him in her soul and . . . disgust overcame her."

It is at this point that we reach the real root of the question. Nearly every trouble which came to Elizabeth was indirectly of her own making. That "early disgust" of which her biographer speaks tainted nearly every action of her after-life. She made no real effort to keep her husband's love. To "put herself in his place," to blame herself for his infidelity, to see that her lack of response almost drove him to seek distraction elsewhere, never seems to have occurred to her. She herself had no temptations: why should others? She thought of her own fidelity as virtue, and punished her husband's unfaithfulness relentlessly. It was sufficient to her to condemn—she never even sought to understand.

There was another matter which made the position of the Royal pair difficult. At Possenhofen—the home of her childhood—Elizabeth had run wild, now on foot, now riding, hunting, shooting, leading a free, untrammelled existence, more like a gipsy girl's than a princess's. Pomp and pageantry were distasteful to her: the life of the Court seemed to her as a prison-house from which she never ceased to attempt to escape. Concerning the attitude she took, her biographer simply says she "refused to make a perpetual show-figure of herself for the benefit of a pageant-loving public."

Every class in life has its obligations. Surely it is the people's right occasionally to see the Queen whom, practically, they subsidise! In this case there was no barrier to be broken, no ice to melt. Elizabeth's people were ready to love her. She could have held their hearts in her hand had she wished. But she did not. Whenever it was possible to do so she avoided public functions. Whenever she appeared in Vienna she was in consequence mobbed. In individual cases of poverty or sickness she was more than generous, ever ready to spend both money and time and sympathy in the alleviation of misfortune. But—*en masse*? A warm-hearted nation suffered keenly from the obvious fact that, as a whole, she held aloof from them.

Elizabeth could give—but she could not forgive. We have spoken of her conduct abroad—what of her conduct

at home? Here the king was too soon to become—as Elizabeth's biographer herself admits—"wearied, perhaps not entirely without cause, by his wife's silence, effacement, and unspoken reproach. . . . Her melancholy increased daily"—until, indeed, a complete estrangement arose, which ended actually in the Empress's flight.

"A very unpalatable adventure of which her husband was the hero . . . broke the last restraint upon" her Majesty's "indignation, and without informing anybody of her intentions she left the imperial palace for Trieste, and set sail for the Ionian islands fully resolved never to allow her husband to approach her again. The scandal caused by this flight may be more easily imagined than described. . . . Despairing of catching up with her . . . the Emperor . . .," who had followed her immediately from Minorca to the Straits of Gibraltar, "returned to his dominions."

"The step she took was extreme," her biographer actually acknowledges, "*but her youth seems a sufficient excuse.*" Yet she had at the time been married some years and had children! A more undignified action it would be difficult to realise. In even middle-class life it would be hard to condone: in Elizabeth's position it was inexcusable. But this she could not see. "She hardened her heart against everybody, and even the mention of her children failed to make any impression upon her. She . . . wrapped herself in her sorrow to the exclusion of everything else. . . . Days, weeks, and months drifted on." She was, of course, forced occasionally, "by reasons of state and of policy, to make *actes de présence* at her husband's Court." But "as soon as her official duties were discharged she left the country again."

That "nearly seven years elapsed before this detestable *modus vivendi* came to an end" seems incredible. But the fact remains. Finally, Court exigencies demanded Elizabeth's presence, and she returned. "We have both much to forgive," she said when the King knelt to her. The one excuse that can be urged on Elizabeth's behalf is that of the hereditary taint of mania in her family. Courageous, intelligent, beautiful, her many endearing qualities were marred by an unbalanced mind. She continually looked at herself—at her own wrongs, at her own misfortunes. To be self-centred is usually to lose the possession of true self-control.

That she paid a heavy penalty for her mistakes no one will deny. Certain lives are chiefly valuable as warnings. Elizabeth's was a tragic figure, and her history is painful reading. For she is not alone in her mistakes. Failure to understand has been the rock many a woman's happiness has split upon. Is it the Scotch who say: "She wove her shroud and wore it in her life-time"?

In great difficulties Elizabeth was brave. She met her son's end and her own alike with courage. But where her pride suffered she fell. Other women have built idols before now and seen them crumble. But they have not necessarily lost their ideals of wifely duty and true womanhood.

This narrative is presumably written by one who, if not herself holding a high official position at Court, was at least an intimate friend of, and in close attendance upon, the Empress. Inquiry of one whose position renders the information valuable elicited the fact that, notwithstanding the reticence of the Embassy concerning the narrative, certain grave inaccuracies of detail, which the English reviewer must, through ignorance, pass over, as well as the manifest breaches of taste, have been remarked "in high places."

The plains and the hills aloof  
Hear the uproar of all these books,  
But it is only a little ink more or less.

From Stephen Crane's "War is Kind."

## Schoolmaster and Diarist.

*Life and Remains of the Rev. R. H. Quick.* Edited by F. Storr. (Cambridge: University Press. 7s. 6d.)

THOUGH a London curate from 1855 to 1858, and vicar of Sedbergh from 1883 to 1887, it is as a schoolmaster that Robert Hebert Quick will be always remembered.

He turned to teaching [writes Mr. Storr] not, in the first instance at any rate, as impelled by any conscious bent or bias, but rather as an obvious alternative, the second string, so to speak, that every English cleric has to his bow. His own bringing up at private schools and at Harrow had left him profoundly dissatisfied with existing methods, and although at that period he had not thought out for himself any better way, he knew, or thought he knew, "how not to do it," and felt assured that even if he failed he could not well do worse than his own masters had done for him.

Abundant opportunities were afforded him for thinking out "a better way," by his experience as assistant master



ROBERT HEBERT QUICK.

at Lancaster, Guildford, Hurstpierpoint, Cranleigh, and Harrow, and afterwards as head of small preparatory schools in Bayswater and Guildford. (Of these opportunities he took full advantage, and when he died in 1891 the cause of the science of education lost one of its doughtiest champions.

The hope of some memoir of his life has been long deferred; but the present volume will be none the less welcome both to those who knew the man and those who only know

his *Essays on Educational Reformers*—the first attempt in the English language at a history of education. A man of one book, but that book a classic, Quick—for better or for worse—was a conscientious diarist, and left behind him a large mass of notes on men and things, from which his editor, by patient sifting and the wholesale sacrifice of everything not educational, has compiled a volume which, while it will be attractive mainly to teachers, may haply also afford pleasure—and instruction—to many besides.

The personality of the man—his originality, his kindness, his ardour for his ideals—stands out well, and will touch and inspire as he himself touched and inspired. So will many a pregnant sentence in his frank outpourings to himself anent the things he did and the things he saw. The man who in 1868 conceived and wrote *Educational Reformers*, who in 1878 was chosen by the University of Cambridge as its first lecturer on education, and who, though a clergyman, was so profoundly convinced of the ethical significance of good schoolmastering, must have looked about him with eyes that knew what to look for and how to look at it. The impressions of such a man, registered for posthumous publication only, will be of high value, now and always, to the student of education, and will go far to compensate for the loss of the "useful essays," which, as he somewhat forebodingly writes in 1886, "I may, perhaps, be able to write before the end of my journey."

The *Life*, largely autobiographical, is not intended to be a finished picture. All we need to know of Quick the

teacher is put in in a few bold strokes; the rest is silence. The *Remains* might be characterised as original variations on a well-worn theme. "Boys and Masters," "School Wrinkles," "Child Nature," "Training of Teachers," "Preaching and Lecturing," "Criticisms of Books," are among the sectional headings, and each section betrays the same insight, the same fearlessness, the same twinkling humour. The book by its very nature is too scrappy to be more than stimulating, though there is one piece of consecutive writing—"A Study of Child Life"—which is a distinct contribution to educational science, and which, as Mr. Storr observes, "has an almost unique interest as the study of a close observer and original teacher on his own children, to whom he was able to devote a large portion of his time, and on whom he tested his own educational theories." Those theories may perhaps be summed up in his own words: "The life of education does not consist in the list of subjects nor in the stages into which each subject is divided. It consists in a great measure in the action of the intelligent mind of the teacher on the minds of the taught, awakening their intelligence, and rendering them capable of thinking and acting for themselves." And, again, in speaking of a book he was reviewing for the *ACADEMY*: "The author has grasped a truth than which none can be more important or more commonly neglected—that moral training is prior to intellectual." But his *idée motrice* was that the natural man, even though graduated, is not a safe teacher; that experience, if it helps at all, helps too slowly and at too great a cost, and that he who would be a master teacher must first be taught to teach. The difficulty is that the natural man does not believe this. As Quick puts it: "The schoolmaster says of his boys—'They won't think,' but that is true of us all, the schoolmaster included. We are happy only when we are fussing about some work that seems necessary, but whether it is necessary, and, if necessary, whether it is best done as we are doing it, we will not be at the pains to inquire." There is a good deal of this sort of mild denunciation in the book. Only once, in the account of a visit to a struggling "genteel" private school, does it rise into a righteous indignation. "No parents who had any regard for their children," he cries, "would send them to such a place . . . to be starved and stunted in mind and body. . . . I think we are as a nation extremely culpable in allowing such schools to be kept." It is also "a glimpse behind the scenes in private school life" that gives rise to the following reflection: "Except among the professional criminal class, there is, as far as I know, nothing that comes up to the shameless immorality one finds in school life." An obvious remedy for many school evils is registration and State inspection; but, strange to say, though Quick was one of the earliest advocates in this country of professional training for teachers, there is not one word in the book on its corollary.

Of the many bits of pedagogic folly pilloried in these notes, perhaps the most ridiculous is the following pulpit appeal to Harrow boys: "Let your pleasantries, my younger friends, be like the coruscations in the summer sky, lambent yet innocuous."

Thanks largely to the care and judgment of the editor, who has understood when to speak and when to be silent, the book is eminently readable. A possible criticism may be that, as many of the extracts are undated, it is often difficult to judge whether the wisdom is that of impulsive youth or of sober age; and a possible regret that so much as nine-tenths of the material available should have been withheld.

A MAN said to the Universe:

"Sir, I exist,"

"However," replied the Universe,

"That has not created in me

A sense of obligation."

From Stephen Crane's "War is Kind."

## Natural Theology.

*Through Nature to God.* By John Fiske. (Macmillan. 3s. 6d.)

THE restatement of the case for natural theology goes forward apace. No astronomer would think it clever to remark on the absence of a deity from the field of his observation, as Lalande did; and the most convinced of materialists will no longer hail as an aphorism Moleschott's "No thought without phosphorus." Physical science deals with secondary causes; its servants have learned, by the very magnitude and wealth of their achievements, to develop a spirit of modesty and caution, the first-fruit of which is a general recognition of the fact that their discoveries, though they were tenfold greater, must still stop short of the Absolute. Nevertheless, whether to confirm or to confute, the results of physical research have a legitimate bearing, at least by way of analogy—even as they had in the days of Butler—upon the religious ideas which were framed and postulated before ever the chronicles of the earth and the stars were read.

Of the three parts into which this book is divided, the first, on the Mystery of Evil, was designed to be a supplement to the author's *The Idea of God*. Its sense is clear; and its reasoning, within the author's limitations (of which we shall have something to say in a moment), is certainly valid. Briefly, "we cannot know anything except as contrasted with something else"; cannot know pleasure, therefore, but by pain. Similarly moral evil and good are correlatives: "in a happy world there must be sorrow and pain, and in a moral world the knowledge of evil is indispensable." "The stern necessity for this has been proved to inhere in the innermost constitution of the human soul." Thus, in fine, "God is the creator of evil." Must evil then always endure in order to the beatitude of him that overcometh? Hear Mr. Fiske:

It is only after long ages of social discipline, fraught with cruel afflictions and grinding misery, that the moral law becomes dominant and religious aspiration intense and abiding in the soul. When such an age is reached we have at last in man a creature different in kind from his predecessors, and fit for an everlasting life of progress—for a closer and closer communion with God in a beatitude which shall endure.

Effectual as is the author's manner of showing how things work together in the present order towards a good end, it is necessary to point out that a great fundamental difficulty remains untouched. Why *this* order? Wherefore the deliberate choice of a method that involves these hideous incidents? Mr. Fiske finds nothing more radical to suggest than that the Creator's power "is limited by some inexplicable viciousness in the *original* constitution of things." But it is precisely as an Origin, as a First Cause, that the mind of man has demanded His existence. To postulate a compelling principle other than Himself in obedience to which He acts is to subject Him to some supreme *Anagke*; is, in fact, to depose the First Cause in favour of a Cause precedent; so that He becomes a mediate cause, and, for the purpose of this inquiry, negligible. In order to preserve that absolute liberty of initiation which, by hypothesis, is proper to the First Cause, and at the same time to fortify our assurance that the Source of Being is unmixed good, it seems, after all, as if no better way had been found than that of the scholastics, who, identifying *esse* with *bonum*, resolved evil into a negation, and justified God in creating something inferior to the best of all possible worlds by the consideration that the enactment of infinite perfection must drain dry even infinite power.

The second section, entitled "The Cosmic Roots of Love and Self-Sacrifice," was delivered in the form of a lecture in answer to Huxley's famous Romanes lecture. It is probable that that lecture was, in a measure, misunderstood: if not, it was not for want of loose and equivocal phrasing. Mr. Fiske here elaborates the argument to be

deduced from the development of the altruistic sense by the lengthening of infancy, which has already been rendered familiar in this country by Prof. Drummond, but which he claims as his own contribution to the doctrine of evolution—so far as we are aware, accurately.

The most interesting portion of the book is the final section, on "The Everlasting Reality of Religion." By the word our philosopher understands three related ideas: (1) An idea of the Deity as *quasi*-human, (2) an idea of an unseen world in which human beings continue after death, and (3) a recognition of the ethical aspects of life as related in a special and intimate sense to this unseen world. Upon Mr. Herbert Spencer's luminous dictum—"Life is the continuous adjustment of inner relations to outer relations"—he bases an argument, near akin indeed to the traditional argument from the necessary veracity of God, but fairly claimed by him, in its immediate application, as original, and, as it seems to us, of great importance. Moral evolution has been advanced by the conviction that these things are so. Is that conviction true or a dream? True, he answers:

To suppose that during countless ages, from the seaweed up to Man, the progress of life was achieved through adjustment to external realities, and that then the method was all at once changed, and throughout a vast province of evolution the end was secured through adjustments to external non-realities, is to do sheer violence to logic and to common sense. . . . All the analogies of Nature fairly shout against the assumption of such a breach of continuity between the evolution of Man and all other evolution. So far as our knowledge of Nature goes, the whole momentum of it carries us onward to the conclusion that the Unseen World, as the objective term in a relation of fundamental importance that has co-existed with the whole career of Mankind, has a real existence; and it is but following out the analogy to regard the Unseen World as the theatre where the ethical process is destined to reach its full consummation. . . . Of all the implications of the doctrine of evolution in regard to Man, I believe the very deepest and strongest to be that which asserts the Everlasting Reality of Religion.

With this brave *credo* we may fitly conclude our notice of a book that shall both stimulate the sluggish mind and confirm the feeble of heart.

## Jean d'Arras to Auguste Rodin.

*A History of French Art, 1100-1899.* By Rose G. Kingsley. (Longmans. 12s. 6d. net.)

To the average Englishman French art is something of a sealed book. Ruskin and Symonds and the Pre-Raphaelites have sent him to Italy for the good of his soul; but Paris he thinks of as a vast *café-chantant*, and, while he will talk glibly of Botticelli and Michael Angelo, Fragonard is to him a shade, and Nicholas Poussin the shadow of a shade. However, the admirable condition of the French cycling roads and the near prospect of another great Exhibition are turning the thoughts of the pilgrim to new fields, and any day curiosity may awake as to the *châteaux* of the Loire or the marvellous experiments of the Luxembourg. Such a curiosity Miss Kingsley's *History of French Art* is well calculated in advance to satisfy. Miss Kingsley has many qualifications for her task—a sufficient erudition, a catholic sympathy for the most diverse schools, and for architecture and sculpture as well as painting, and a power of writing modest but quite pleasing critical English. The book is conveniently arranged. Substantially, it is a biographical chronicle of artists, but each group or period is introduced by some general considerations which serve to link the generations together, and to make the general trend of evolution clear. French art, indeed, lends itself quite exceptionally well to this particular mode of treatment, for the French temper

has always been such as to display to exaggeration the rhythmic law of action and reaction which lies at the bottom of all history. It is safe to say that at any given moment the formulæ of the Parisian studios will rest on a basis of feud between *les jeunes* and *les vieux*. As Miss Kingsley puts it, speaking of 1812 to 1848, "The Classics cried 'Malfaiteurs!'; the Romantics shouted 'Perruques!'" Boucher, "the painter of Louis XV. and the Pompadour," becomes for the journals of the First Empire "Boucher maudit," or "Boucher de ridicule mémoire." We should have been glad to have lived under the First Empire, because then you could buy a landscape of Boucher's for twenty-two francs, and a shepherd teaching a shepherdess to pipe for forty-one. Obviously this tendency has not diminished in recent years, and the succession of warring *décadents*, *symbolistes*, *impressionistes*, *vibratiles*, and the like, has become perfectly bewildering. Miss Kingsley, however, proves a patient and competent guide to them all. The following passage, on the spirit of impressionism initiated by Manet, may be taken as a fair sample of her sane and intelligent method of criticism:

The Impressionist doctrine has been summed up by their latest historian as "the study of luminous phenomena and of social phenomena." These artists are not occupied with the past in history or in tradition. They desire to represent modern life, and the world in which they find themselves at the present moment. Light is what they have sought beyond all besides. And while the more lyric Romantics chose the sunset as their favourite effect in nature, the Impressionists in their preoccupation with close analysis take the light of full mid-day. "In this ardent and exclusive contemplation of atmosphere made visible," says M. André Michel . . . "and the better to express its splendour, or its more fugitive nuances, they have made use of all that science has been able to teach about colours; they have decomposed the elements of each tone, and placed them side by side upon the canvas, in order to obtain by this '*mélange optique*' more transparent lights, more delicate vibrations." These little blots of pure colour, which, when seen close, are a fruitful source of rude and imbecile merriment to the ignorant public, resolve themselves at a little distance—the right distance—into flaming skies, shivering trembling leaves, luminous dancing shadows, reflected in liquid rippling waters. Such effects as these were worth recording. They do not sum up the whole of Art. They are not the ultimate end and attainment of the painter's craft. But they form a link, a very solid and brilliant link, in the ever-lengthening chain. And such as they are, they are worthy of serious and intelligent consideration.

Not to take sides, not to glorify or to condemn, but to understand—that is the ideal which Miss Kingsley has set herself in this book; and for the reader who goes to her for information it is a very fortunate one. We own to having been particularly inspired by her with an interest in the work of Henri Martin, *décoratif* and *symboliste*, of Toulouse, and in that of Gustave Moreau, a highly imaginative painter, whose later works have only just been revealed to the world by his death, and who, like Rossetti in England, has for some years enjoyed the esoteric reputation of the Poet-Artist "*enfermé dans sa tour d'Ivoire*." Henri Martin and Gustave Moreau will be the gods of our questing when our bicycle next lands us at the doors of the Luxembourg.

We must conclude by quoting an interesting passage in which Miss Kingsley indicates the direction which she thinks the coming revolt from Impressionism will take, and the men who may be destined to be its leaders:

Art in France is never absolutely stationary. It is always searching, reaching forward to some fresh revelation. And already signs are to be seen of a new movement among the younger artists, of which it is too soon to speak with any authority. Certain among them, "while they profit by the acquisitions of the school of the open-air, while they remain attentive to the play of reflections and delicate harmonies of the envelope, are returning to a closer study of form, and a relatively sombre and 'ancient

mode of painting, which reposes us from the excesses of Impressionism." These artists would seem to consider that the preoccupation of the Impressionists with light—sometimes with violent, unmitigated light—has been carried far enough. They prefer the *crépuscule*. And they choose the mysterious light of plain or forest, or the dimness of an interior, at the lovely hour when daylight dies on the earth, but still lingers on tree-tops and cloud and hill. Such men as M. René Ménard, M. Lucien Simon, MM. Prinnet, Griveau, Boulard, Dauchez, &c., will have to be counted with in the twentieth century.

## Other New Books.

THE TRAIL OF THE GOLDSEEKERS. BY HAMLIN GARLAND.

Mr. Garland, already well known as a novelist by his *Rose of Dutcher's Coolly*, and other stories, here recounts his experiences in a journey to the Klondike. But we cannot call it successful. The record has a tameness and a conscious literary artifice that make it uninspiring reading. Mr. Garland's intentions were honourable, as his poem shows:

I will wash my brain in the splendid breeze;  
I will lay my cheek to the northern sun;  
I will drink the breath of the mossy trees,  
And the clouds shall meet me one by one.  
I will fling the scholar's pen aside,  
And grasp once more the bronco's rein;  
And I will ride and ride and ride,  
Till the rain is snow and the seed is grain.

But the promise of this resolve is not fulfilled. Mark Twain and Bret Harte, Mr. Kipling and Mr. Steevens have spoiled us for travels that lack vigour; while Sterne and Stevenson, to name no others, have spoiled us for travels that lack charm. Mr. Garland's book falls between the two. His cowboys and miners are not picturesque enough, his personality is not attractive enough. Many a man who invents fine stories fails when he comes to the record of his own first-person-singular wanderings, and Mr. Garland fails in good company. Nor are the little poetical impressions which are sandwiched between the prose chapters remarkable. They lack music and spontaneity. Here is one chosen at random:

### THE COWBOY.

Of rough, rude stock, this saddle sprite  
Is grosser grown with savage things.  
Inured to storms, his fierce delight  
Is lawless as the beasts he swings  
His swift rope over.—Libidinous, obscene,  
Careless of dust and dirt, serene,  
He faces snows in calm disdain,  
Or makes his bed down in the rain.

As a poem this is without any grace; as a character sketch it is incomplete; and the fifth line is a horror. Sometimes Mr. Garland has a lyrical moment, but for the most part his verses suggest the foot rule. To all persons who have friends at the goldfields we can recommend the book for a faithful account of the difficulties they have to fight and the society they live among; but we cannot think that Mr. Garland's reputation is advanced by it in the least, except as a man of courage and endurance. (Macmillan. 6s.)

SEVENTY-ONE, NOT OUT.

BY W. CAFFYN.

William Caffyn, George Anderson, and Bob Thoms, the umpire, are the only survivors of Clarke's famous All England Eleven; and by a stroke of good fortune Caffyn's recollections have been given permanent form while he is still in possession of a good memory and good health. William Caffyn, called variously the Surrey Pet and Terrible Billy, was one of the great cricketers of the middle of the century, both with bat and ball: a Surrey man by birth, a member of Clarke's team, and of the first team to visit Australia and the first to visit America. The circum-

stance that he remained in Australia between 1863 and 1871 as a professional coach renders him to-day a peculiarly interesting figure, for there is no doubt that some valuable traces of his instruction, transmitted from those days, play their part in enabling the Australian team now visiting us to make so admirable a show for themselves. Caffyn's own career, as recorded here, is agreeable reading enough, but the special value of the book resides in his memories of his great contemporaries. As each illustrious name comes up, one or two personal characteristics are remembered and set down, and the result is a noble gallery of heroes. Even Beldham is remembered: he walked from Farnham to Godalming in 1852 to see a match in which Caffyn played—an old man between eighty and ninety, in a tall hat and white smock, with stories of the old matches. Lambert is here too, Lambert who as a young man would walk from Red Hill to London, in order to get a game on Kennington Common; and William Clarke (Old Clarke) who would choose the best end for bowling and then say to the other bowler, "I'll have this end, and you can have which you like"; and Fuller Pilch, who stood over six feet high, and spoke rarely, and smoked a churchwarden, and hit Caffyn and every one else over the tavern at Lords; and Billy Hillyer, who remonstrated with a scorer for spelling his name wrong, and was told, "If a *haitch* and a *hi* and a *hel* and a *hel* and a *hi* and a *he* and a *har* doesn't spell 'Illyer, I don't know what will"; and Felix, who invented batting gloves, and who learned to cut better than any one else in his day by suspending a ball from the ceiling and practising on that; and Alfred Mynn, the greatest of them all, who weighed twenty stone, and told Caffyn that beef and beer were "the things to play cricket on." Caffyn, who remarks very sensibly on modern cricket, is in favour of running-out all runs. "It would," he says, "be the means of reducing the enormous scores which are made at the present time. Having to run our hits all out in the old days was, I know from experience, often the cause of losing our wickets. It was no easy matter to stop a shooter on the middle stump after running a six for the previous ball." Caffyn himself once played and defeated eleven of Winchester with the assistance of two fieldsmen. He made 35 and 1, and Winchester made 4 and 4. We can recommend his book very heartily. (Blackwood. 6s.)

#### ENCHANTED INDIA.

By PRINCE BOJIDAR KARAGEORGEVITCH.

This is a translation, by Mrs. Clara Bell, from a French book that has not yet been published. The author, the possessor of a serious, sensitive temperament touched with poetry, passed through India, notebook in hand, attempting to make us in our turn see what he himself, a calm, interested spectator, had first observed. The result is a volume of impressions, of Things Seen, which, aiming at nothing in the nature of completeness, yet leaves one with a richer sense of India's mystery and beauty and wonder than many works more pretentious and more bulky. In French some of Prince Karageorgevitch's descriptions must be exquisite. Here is the picture of a sacred festival in a temple at Madura, which he watched secretly:

A muffled sound of instruments, mingling in confusion in the myriad echoes, came dying on my ear, hardly audible. A gleam of light flashed in the corridor and then went out. Then some lights seemed to be coming towards me, and again all was gloom. An orchestra of bagpipes, of *kemruches* and *darboukhas*, sounded close by me, and then was lost in the distance, and the phantasmagoria of lights still went on. At last, at the further end of the arcade where I was standing, two men raised green-flamed torches at the end of long poles, followed by two drummers and musicians playing on bagpipes and viols. Children squatting on the ground lighted coloured fire that made a bright blaze, and died out in stifling smoke, shrouding the priests—a cloud hardly tinted by the torches.

A golden mass, an enormous shrine chased all over and starred with tapers, now came forward, borne by a score of naked men. Against the gold background, in a perfect glory of diamonds and pearls, sat Vishnu, decked out with flowers and jewels, his head bare, with a huge brilliant in his forehead.

The music played louder, light flashed out on all sides, the god stood still, and bayadères performed their worship. With slow gestures, their hands first hollowed and held to the brow, then their arms flung out, they bowed before the idol with a snake-like, gliding motion, while the music played very softly and the lights burnt faintly. The *nauchnees*, in dark muslin drapery spangled with gold, bangles on their arms, their necks, and their ankles, and rings on their toes, swayed as they danced, and swung long, light garlands of flowers which hung about their necks. And there were flowers in their hair, in a bunch on each side of the head, above two gold plates from which hung strings of beads. The flying, impalpable gauze looked like a swirl of mist about their limbs.

Very gradually the measure quickened, the pitch grew shriller, and with faster and freer movements the bayadères were almost leaping in a sort of delirium produced by the increasing noise, and the constantly growing number of lights.

Then, in a blaze of coloured fire, a *fortissimo* of music, and a whirlwind of drapery, they stopped exhausted in front of the idol. The lights were put out, the tom-toms were the only sound, and the procession moved on, escorting the shrine, which glittered for some time yet, till it disappeared at an angle, leaving the temple in darkness just tinted blue by the moon.

The book gradually gets one entirely in its power; one is hypnotised by page after page that describe India's drowsy magic with a certain magic of their own. (Harpers. 6s.)

## Fiction.

*Silence Farm.* By William Sharp.  
(Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.)

THIS novel of farm life in the Scotch lowlands seems to have been written under the influences of Maeterlinck, Rémy de Gourmont, Marcel Schwob, Fiona Macleod, W. B. Yeats, and Zola. It is a conscientious and not uninteresting attempt to combine the real with the unreal, to envelop the crudity of daily facts in an atmosphere of dark suggestion—the suggestion of beauty, horror, terror. An artistic intention is evident throughout, from the first chapter, recording the death of a cow in parturition, to the last, in which the heroine Margaret (with a feeling for symbolism rare enough in farm-girls) sticks a copy of *Evangelina* leaf by leaf into a manure heap. Although we are convinced of the quality of Mr. Sharp's intention, we cannot admire the results obtained. *Silence Farm* lacks conviction; and it lacks conviction because it lacks genuine imagination. It is an affair of ingenious artistic theories which have obviously preoccupied the author during composition. It is unusual, bizarre, strange, but it does not stir the temper; it has not the authenticity of life; it is without vision.

Further, we consider that beneath this overlay of the elaborately unusual there is a substratum of utter commonplace. Take the naked story. James Ruthven, son of a well-to-do farmer, is in love with Margaret Gray, his father's "ward." For secret and frightful reasons his stern, cold, passionate father will have none of the match. The son goes away; the father is financially ruined, and dies. But the girl remains faithful to the old man, and before he dies he calls her to him and ejaculates: "Girl, you are my daughter." Well, of course she is, though Mr. Sharp attempts to make a weird mystery of an affair absolutely translucent from the first. Such a plot does not sound promising, nor does Mr. Sharp, though he embellishes it with familiar trickeries of incident (sudden bankruptcy, midnight assaults, and so on) make anything of it whatever.



Mr. Sharp has taken great pains with the writing of the book. Every phrase shows a self-conscious fastidiousness. Such care is praiseworthy, but we do not think that style has been achieved. The best bit of writing in the whole volume is this description of old Ruthven :

The laird was a tall, powerfully built, but gaunt man of about five-and-fifty. He looked at least five years older, partly because of his long grey hair, which in patches was of a bleached white. Once, when he looked up, the unchanging coal-black eyes added to the sternness of the face, rugged, heavily-lined, carved out of moor granite, it seemed, clay-like in its pallor, with vivid scarlet lips compressed to a firm, relentless, dogged mouth. The man had always more or less of a frozen look about him. There was little sign of nervous life, except in the long-fingered and, for a man such as himself, strangely white and delicate hands, with their supple thumbs, flexible, emotional. On his forehead there was a blue vein which always stood out, like a rib of fluor-spar in rock, and, when he was angered or excited, tightened like a strained cord in which something lived and quivered. That vein, those white alive hands with their long talon-like fingers, that heavily scarred and moulded death-white face with its scarlet lips—red as poppies slit by a cart-wheel in the dust of the highway—how well James Ruthven knew them !

If this is style, then style is a mere business of searched-for epithet and simile. Style, however, is nothing of the kind, but something far more spontaneous, deeper, more intimately residing within the soul.

*The Greater Inclination.* By Edith Wharton.  
(John Lane. 6s.)

THIS book of short stories comes out of America, and it is good. It is very good. Mrs. Wharton is one of the few to grasp that obvious but much-neglected fact that the first business of a writer is to be able to write. Mrs. Wharton writes with the finished ease of the skilled craftsman, and with the feeling and distinction of an artist. Her imaginative talent is therefore absolutely at her disposal, a force which she can control perfectly and exploit to its fullest. Such a phenomenon is rare, especially among women writers.

She is clearly of the school of Mr. Henry James. Her subjects are chosen similarly to his—dramas of sentiment, of the soul; excursions into the obscure recesses of psychology. But there are exceptions, and it must be said that though she is subtle she is much less subtle than Mr. James, and — may we utter it? — possibly more articulate. She, at any rate, has divined that the expressiveness of language has limits.

The story which pleased us best is "The Pelican," being the history of a lady-lecturer, a widow who began to earn a living "for the baby," and couldn't give up posing pathetically as a stressful sacrificial mother even when the baby was a rich financier with a wife and family.

They began by being drawing-room lectures. The first time I saw her she was standing by the piano, against a flippant background of Dresden china and photographs, telling a roomful of women pre-occupied with their spring bonnets all she thought she knew about Greek art. The ladies assembled to hear her had given me to understand that she was "doing it for the baby," and this fact, together with the shortness of her upper lip and the bewildering co-operation of her dimple, disposed me to listen leniently to her dissertation. Happily, at that time Greek art was still, if I may use the phrase, easily handled : it was as simple as walking down a museum-gallery lined with pleasant familiar Venuses and Apollos. All the later complications—the archaic and archaistic conundrums; the influences of Assyria and Asia Minor; the conflicting attributions and the wrangles of the erudite — still slumbered in the bosom of the future "scientific critic." Greek art in those days began with Phidias and ended with the Apollo Belvedere; and a child could travel from one to the other without danger of losing his way.

Throughout this tale the phrasing is of the finest, the

analysis unerring, the satire kindly keen, and the form without flaw.

What Mrs. Wharton lacks, and we feel the shortcoming to be grave, is a sense of the dramatic. Her themes are dramatic enough, but the drama seems to be decentralised, frittered away, instead of being gathered up (as surely the short story demands) into a single resounding stroke. This is so with "The Pelican," where the scene in which the "baby" makes his mother confess her duplicities distinctly does not show that effectiveness which is latent within it. "A Journey," again, suffers in the same way : the plight of the woman travelling with the husband whose death she must at all costs keep secret from the other occupants of the Pullman, is tremendous; but there is no *clou*, no adequate culmination. On the other hand, "Souls Belated" has a climax which is at once legitimate and striking.

*The Greater Inclination* may impress itself on neither the English nor the American public, but it is none the less distinguished and delightful; and if Mrs. Wharton continues to write up to the level of it, she cannot fail ultimately to make her mark.

## Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THE STRANGE STORY OF HESTER WYNNE. BY G. COLMORE.

Throughout this novel we are ever on the verge of horrors. The prologue describes a drunkard's death, and then come such chapters as these: "The Beginning of the Dread," "The Door that Moved," "The Figure in the Moonlight," "The Groping Hands," "The Figure by the Bed," "The Dread draws Nearer," "The Terror by Night," "The Scream." (Smith, Elder & Co. 6s.)

A ROMANCE OF CEYLON. BY E. O. WALKER.

Ceylon has not been overdone in fiction. In this story a beautiful Cinghalese girl, Kirimanica, loves and is loved by an English official named Gray; and the author elaborates—too much, perhaps, for the taste of impatient readers—the differences of custom and religion between her country and his. Ceylon is no mere titular background to the book, but a part of it. (Unwin. 6s.)

THE MAGIC OF THE DESERT. BY W. SMITH-WILLIAMS.

A brightly-written story of English upper-class country life, and skirmishing off the Spanish coast. Aunt Julia, who keeps the early chapters lively by her unceasing chatter and oddities, is a pleasant addition to the long roll of attractive aunts of fiction. Afterwards we say goodbye to frivolity, and settle down to the stern duties of the warrior. (Blackwood. 6s.)

BONNIE MAGGIE LAUDER. BY ALAN ST. AUBYN.

The author of *A Fellow of Trinity* may be counted on with certainty for the kind of story which romantic young misses enjoy. Here he has done it again. *Bonnie Maggie Lauder* is a tale of Exmoor, of squires, of impoverished estates, of frustrations and difficulties, and finally of happy affection. (White. 6s.)

FROM THE LAND OF THE WOMBAT. BY W. S. WALKER.

The land of the Wombat is Australia, and this is a collection of Australian yarns by a writer known as "Coo-ee." He dedicates it to Rolf Boldrewood. The stories are of colonials and natives, and their local colour is very strong, and their interest often quite lurid. (Long. 3s. 6d.)



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## The Light Behind the Veil.

CHAUCER, Shelley; Botticelli, Turner; Crabbe, Blake; Michael Angelo, Whistler: those who love the sharp sweetness of definition, and those who love the mystery and mysticism of the dazzle of light that is a veil—I found a brief treatise on their opposite methods in two diverse aspects of Hastings fishing village, viewed first from one cliff, and then from the other.

From the Castle cliff the picture presented was one of exquisite minutiae, crusted with definition, rich with the full-blooded colour of time. The daring combination of fierce red roof, deep azure sea and green cliff, was fused into a harmony like the splendid perfection of a parrot's wing. The clear-cut outlines of tile and wall and wave edged and sharpened the mellow glow which they confined, so that the senses apprehended a limited exactitude which seemed almost pre-Raphaelite, an angularity of beauty at once stiff and sweet. It was an incarnation of mediæval art.

From the opposite cliff there was nothing to be seen in the valley but a vague, uncertain shimmer beneath a sunlit haze—a shimmer that was a dim tremble of blue where the sea was, and that touched, with casual light tinges of red and green, the mist between the hills. The whole world tingled with indefinite light, faded in excess of radiance: its muffled vistas suggested infinite distance; its limitations were lost in the mystery of a loveliness that was elusive and remote. Here was an embodiment of a modern conception of art—the art of the mystics, the art of the Celts—which strives by veils and symbols, glimmering and vast, to suggest that beauty whose essence is too subtle for words.

The mediæval and the modern! They are, roughly speaking, like those two infinities of Edward Dowden's sonnet: the infinitely little, the speedwell plot wherein he loves each separate flower; and the infinitely great, the shining plain, the mountains, the sky, "fathomless and broad." And one infinity is not more marvellous than another; and each loving mediæval grass-blade is as exquisite as Turner's last ecstatic remoteness of sun-suffused distance—only the distance, the remoteness, appeal to us more closely in this age of prosaic ugliness, wherein reaction drives our thoughts back along the dim, hazy corridors of the past or into the shadowy halls of Eastern or Celtic mysticism, wherein our souls hunger beyond the reach of our eyes, so that for us to-day the beauty that is half concealed beneath a veil exceeds in significance and potency the beauty of fullest definition.

Draw a veil over the most commonplace landscape, and immediately it becomes fraught with a mysterious extension: all its features undergo a subtle transfiguration. It conceals, not the familiar fields and trees, but a beauty too delicate for the gross sight of man; it is a mist, not between the eyes and the material world, but between the soul and infinity. It is beneath the heat-haze that Swinburne divines the most perfect beauty:

Sleep lies not heavier on eyes that have watched all night  
Than hangs the heat of the noon on the hills and trees.  
Why now should the haze not open, and yield to sight  
A secret fairer than hope or than slumber sees?

Are not our veiled moons lovelier to us than their naked sisters? I will not take that most barren of all similes, wherein Alfred de Musset likens the moon above the "clocher jauni" to "un point sur un i"; but those weary, slow-climbing moons of Sir Philip Sidney and of Shelley, and the love-heavy moon of Walt Whitman—these do not equal in beauty the moons of Wordsworth, veiled by trees:

Light birch, aloft upon the horizon's edge,  
A veil of glory for the ascending moon.

Or in the following lines, where the light behind the veil is made to stand as a symbol for the celestial spirit of man:

As the ample moon  
In the deep stillness of a summer even,  
Rising behind a thick and lofty grove,  
Burns like an unconsuming fire of light  
In the green trees; and kindling on all sides  
Their leafy umbrage, turns the dusky veil  
Into a substance glorious as her own. . . .

The veiled vision in *Alastor* is more exquisite by sheer reason of her veiling than the more definite vision in *Endymion*; though both these fade before the vague purity of Milton's vision, wherein are no "glowing limbs," no "beamy bending eyes," no "pearl-round ears," no "blush-tinted cheeks"—nothing but the abstract light behind the veil:

Came vested all in white, pure as her mind:  
Her face was veiled, yet to my fancied sight  
Love, sweetness, goodness in her person shined. . . .

In these lines we approach a more subtle mystery of veiling, wherein the physical becomes in itself the veil through which we penetrate to the light behind. And there seems little doubt that flesh made transparent shows us loveliness infinitely more ravishing than the most delicate perfection of its opaqueness. Gather together the tenderest descriptions of physical beauty, call up the Loves of the Poets, with their lips of geranium, of coral, of poppy; their eyes of pansy, of the blue of still waters; their cheeks like rose and lily, skin of ivory, snowdrifts of breasts; and say if among them all there is one to equal the loveliness of Milton's Alcestis, or of that St. Bride "whose soul was like sunlight behind a white flower." Marlowe knew better than to hamper with physical detail his Helen of ideal beauty; huge similes suggest the light that is in her:

O, thou art fairer than the evening air  
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars;  
Brighter art thou than flaming Jupiter  
When he appeared to hapless Semele;  
More lovely than the monarch of the sky  
In wanton Arethus's azur'd arms. . . .

And beside this splendid piling of imagery we may place another star-comparison, the quietest of all star-comparisons:

Her face was like the milky way i' the sky—  
A meeting of gentle lights without a name.

Spenser, who has all the Elizabethan delight in physical perfection, yet veils his Una; and when she undoes her fillet, and lays her stole aside,

her angel face,  
As the great eye of heaven, shined bright,  
And made a sunshine in that shady place,

—the light of the soul shining through the veil of the flesh. Light radiates from Juliet on the moonlit balcony:

But soft! what light from yonder window breaks?  
It is the East, and Juliet is the sun. . . .

Wordsworth's "phantom of delight" has in her the light of the cheerful dawn, though her eyes are like stars of twilight, and like twilight her hair, which last com-

parison is one much used by Mr. W. B. Yeats. Then Marian Erle: her very flesh is light:

The small fair face between the darks of hair  
I used to liken, when I saw her first,  
To a point of moonlit water down a well.

The light not only shines behind, not only shines through, but makes a halo about the Michal of *Paracelsus*:

And Michal's face  
Still wears that quiet and peculiar light,  
Like the dim halo floating round a pearl?

Pompilia's face has also pearl-light in it—that loveliest of all women's faces, "shaped like a peacock's egg and pure as pearl."

Pompilia! the heart fills with worship towards the man who has given us so exquisite a piece of womanhood. She lives shrined in the inmost part of us—shrined as Guiseppe saw her at the window,

Framed in its black square length, with lamp in hand,  
Pompilia; the same great, grave, grief-ful air  
As stands i' the dusk on altar that I know,  
Left alone with one moonbeam in her cell,  
Our Lady of all the Sorrows.

And she too, where description reaches its final perfection, is veiled; but there never was a lovelier light behind:

. . . till at last  
Began a whiteness in the distance, waxed  
Whiter and whiter, near grew and more near,  
Till it was she; there did Pompilia come:  
The white I saw shine through her was her soul's  
Certainly, for the body was one black,  
Black from head down to foot. She did not speak:  
Glided into the carriage; so a cloud  
Gathers the moon up.

E. W.

## Things Seen.

### "Ships that Pass —"

My hired wherry-yacht—ugliest of hermaphrodite craft—lay moored to the bank. There was nothing moving on river or land save a couple of red cows making their leisurely way across that stretch of emerald-green velvet. The remains of a deserted windmill stood up gaunt and grey against the pale blue of the early morning sky. On the other side of the sluggish river the undrained reed-marshes stretched away to the twin churches just visible on the horizon, a dark ridge of taller reeds tracing the course of the dyke leading to a hidden, half overgrown broad. A tiny ripple chattered against the ugly slab side of the "yacht." The rattle of frying-pan against stove came from the galley forward; the dinghy's painter squeaked a little. Suddenly there were new sounds added to these: the splash and "suck" of a quant, and the louder, fussier ripple made by the bows of a moving boat. I looked up—and there, floating gaily down stream, were Monsieur, Madame, et Bébé. Their home was something between a very small house-boat and the cabin of a launch mounted on a man-o'-war's cutter; it was diabolically gaudy with black and scarlet paint, fresh and glistening. Madame, in black and scarlet—like her ship—leant against the long tiller, and steered by the lithe inflections of her young, trimly belted figure, her fingers busy the while with gleaming steel pins and a rudimentary grey sock; Monsieur, short and just a little stout, holland-coated and spectacled, one moment struggled with his over-long quant, the next ran forward to manipulate the sail; Bébé, fat and stolid, sat in his chair, tethered by scarlet cords to a stanchion on the cabin-roof, watching with placid eyes his mail-cart towing in the dinghy that curvetted behind. The paraphernalia of an artist littered the deck aft; forward a pile of tin pots and pans shone like silver in the sunshine. As the clumsy argosy came abreast of me a

tiny breeze caught the red-brown rag of sail; it filled; the drowsy babble of the water round the boat's bluff bows grew more insistent, and Monsieur, breaking into a cheery whistle, drew in his quant, its wreaths of dripping green weed sprinkling the deck with silvery drops.

Five minutes later I had the river and the June morning to myself again.

## Conquest.

SOME little girls were busy over the piece of poetry set for learning by heart. It was Cowper's "Lines on Receiving His Mother's Picture."

One of them wore a black dress in memory of a dead mother. She loved poetry, and had even written little rhyming verses which that mother had praised. She was only twelve years old, but these lines of Cowper's showed her, as in a picture, the whole misery of orphanhood.

Yet her pride rebelled at the thought of exposure: she would learn them and say them, and no human eye should discover that it was her own aching heart that was crying aloud.

Perhaps after all she did not really care so very much. No one at least should know that she cared.

And so the time came for the repeating of the lesson, and the children, with hands behind them, stood ready.

O that those lips had language! Life has passed  
With me but roughly since I heard thee last

came rather coldly from the lips of a rosy creature whose life had been along the primrose-way. One after the other took up the cue, and at last came the orphan's turn:

My mother! when I learned that thou wast dead,  
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?  
Hovered thy spirit—

And then followed hesitation, a droop of the head, and choking tears.

## Paris Letter.

(From our French Correspondent.)

*La Vogue* is a tiny monthly magazine, robed in yellow. On my return from Italy, I find the two last numbers upon my table. I open one, and alight upon a criticism of the Anglo-Saxon idol of the hour. I translate portions:

Much noise has been lately made round Mr. Rudyard Kipling, which causes naive souls to believe that he has a great deal of genius. When I have said that Mr. Kipling has a good deal of talent, I believe I remain strictly within the limits of truth; and when I add that he owes his popularity to reasons foreign to literature, I am sure of advancing nothing false. Mr. Kipling writes as we box, with the robust intention of knocking his reader down. He has the alert and insolent pen of the journalist he was, even when he rises to a kind of verbal lyricism which is not without a slight echo of Bret Harte. Behind his eye-glass he shows the imperturbable glance of the Yankee reporter—whose nervously impressionable retina he possesses. Agitated in repose, calm in effort, Mr. Kipling is a man of action. He is the poet of men-of-war, agents of destruction, as Walt Whitman was the poet of steam-engines, instruments of regeneration. Absolutely lacking in general ideas, he shares, with sincere enthusiasm, which at the same time makes his fortune, all the prejudices of the crowd. . . . He refused to enter a university, which refusal explains, without excusing, his bad style. . . . In London he wrote *The Light that Failed*, a novel which widely established his reputation, though it hardly rises above the stories of Rider Haggard. What have we to say of this young man, who, lately ill, received at New York daily thousands of telegrams from England, Canada, India, Australia, the Cape of Good Hope, and the Emperor of Germany himself? Now that he is cured, we dare affirm that he should be named poet-laureate to Mr. Cecil Rhodes.

Writing of the *Jungle Book*, this critic says :

Mr. Kipling sometimes deserves better than his universal popularity. He sometimes earns the esteem of writers . . . in lending himself to comparisons, more ingenious than just, with Pierre Loti and Leconte de Lisle. Mr. Kipling is quite original in these tales, whose heroes are wolves, panthers, tigers, pythons, elephants, and even seals. But spare us all comparison with La Fontaine, whose genius was made up of grace, of malice, and of moderation.

A new French book to be recommended is *Passage de Bédouins*, by an unknown writer, Myriam Harry, evidently a pseudonym. Like Mr. Kipling's *Plain Tales from the Hills*, these delightful short stories deal altogether with Eastern life. But they deal with an Oriental race less mysterious, less complex, and different in quite another way from the Indian race. These children of the desert make very simple, slightly monotonous studies. The stories lack in treatment, the variety, the compelling force of Mr. Kipling; but, on the other hand, they possess what *Plain Tales from the Hills* cannot lay claim to : grace, distinction, and elegance. Their style is very charming, even when the subject is extremely thin. When the writer, towards the end of the book, leaves the desert, with its animal and fugitive loves, so delicately recorded, and its terrible hates, it is to take us to Jerusalem, where we read a pathetic and softly satirical tale of a mad woman, claimed by all the rival religions, because successively she patronised each one, was baptized by the pope, confessed to the priest, and was confirmed by the Protestant minister, and was denied by all in her death, when she was found drowned in her cistern. Of Jerusalem Christmas Myriam Harry writes :

The Grotto of the Nativity is invaded by wealthy Americans, who have paid for their seats with gold, while the poor and humble recite their prayers in the courtyard. There, where once knelt simple shepherds, priests, a blaze of gold, carelessly recite the Christmas Gospel, and above may be heard the drawl of a pope reciting a rival Mass. The straw on which Christ was born is replaced by a marble bed, on which you are shown the impress of his mother's body. Instead of the crib so humanly miserable is an altar of porphyry, outrageously inlaid with jewels, royally profaned with lace and ermine. An alabaster slab indicates the spot where the Magi knelt, they who worshipped in the dust ! And one thinks if Christ were to appear He would tear away those jewels from the walls, and distribute their price among the poor who pray without in the courtyard.

Those fond of travelling sketches, written with gravity and delicate skill, M. Ary Renan's *Paysages Historiques* will please and interest. The essays are off the beaten track, and embrace half-a-dozen of historic spots from Torcello, the cradle of Venice, to the torrents of Upper Lebanon. M. Renan's prose is distinguished and precise, as befits that of a son of the most exquisite writer of prose this century has produced; but when we remember the father the son seems a very small person indeed. Strange to sign a page "Renan" and lack charm, lack that wavering, serpentine, almost fluid enchantment of atmosphere, that cadenced beauty of phrase which make Renan's prose a delight far above poetry, because it is, as well as lovely, clear and intelligent, and smiling and softly satirical and beguiling with witchery. M. Ary Renan, in his interesting essay on Torcello, quotes most solemnly George Sand from her description in *Lettres d'un Voyageur* of her visit to this mournful island of the Lagoon. The French guide-book to Venice also largely quotes from these letters, by no means worthy of George Sand. Like all hasty and prolific writers, the mighty and admirable George wrote a vast amount of rubbish along with some very delightful masterpieces. The best she ever wrote of Venice are the opening chapters of *Consuelo*. "Madame Sand," says M. Ary Renan, "looked at Torcello with an absent eye." In her *Lettres d'un Voyageur* she certainly did not look upon Venice, nor thought about it, with the eye

or mind of an artist. She was too busy acting her transparent comedy of "George," and trying to take in a public only too well acquainted with her sex and her idle loves, with her schoolboy strut, her trousers, and her collegian's cap.

The South of Europe has apparently conquered Paris. Quite a horde of lions has invaded us, coming by the Pyrenees and by the Alps. First Duse, then Annunzio, Novelli, Foggazzaro, Giacomo; then Guerrera (the Spanish actress), Emilia Pardo Bazán; and, last, Mathilde Serao, the Italian novelist, who has been interviewed, partaken of banquets enough to be ill for the rest of her life, and has just left us for repose in her native land.

H. L.

## Memoirs of the Moment.

DEBATES in the House of Commons are sometimes amusing, despite the dullness of the record of them made in the daily press. The other evening, for instance, when the vote of £39,000 was being taken for the Public Record Office in Dublin, the whole proceedings formed a very sprightly footnote to current Irish history. From the Irish benches there was an allegation of favouritism in the permissions given to applicants to search out documents in the Record Office's historic archives. Mr. Gerald Balfour said that such permission, while it was given to eminent and impartial historians like Mr. Froude and Mr. Lecky, must be denied to mere politicians whose history was necessarily partisan. The impartiality of Mr. Froude! Mr. Lecky supported the proposition. He had used the privileges of inspection gingerly, he had not inflamed men's minds, he had exercised a wise discretion which could not be expected from mere ordinary mortals, and he gave his support to the Government in its refusal to open its doors to political or historical writers who approached the documents with a bias.

THEN Mr. Swift MacNeill, who had sat opposite feasting his ears on these acerbities of feeling expressed in tones of dulcet monotony, sprang to his feet. "The right hon. gentleman," he said, shooting out a finger at Mr. Lecky, who shook his impartial head to deny in advance anything an Irish member on the other side might blurt out—"the right hon. gentleman has a most remarkable memory [more shakes of the head from Mr. Lecky], for the description he has just given of the partisan historian, intended to justify the Government in its refusal to allow me to see these documents, reproduces almost word for word a footnote of his own, published years ago, in criticism of the methods of Mr. Froude." (More, but feebler, shakes of Mr. Lecky's head.) Then Mr. MacNeill went on to say that when he made his first visit to the Dublin Record Office, many years ago, he made it in company of a man whom "even the Superior Person 'opposite' would admit to be a civilised human being—the late Dean of Christ Church, Dean Liddell. (The *Times*, by the way, is the only paper that tried to report the name, and then it came out "Little.") The Dean and his companion were received by Sir Bernard Burke, who, in a certain room, said: "This is where Froude and Lecky work; but I never let them in together, for fear they'd take to boxing." The loud laugh which went up from both sides of the House found Mr. Lecky still shaking his head, his dissent on this occasion finding further expression in the hardly relevant remark that he and Froude were never in Dublin together. Mr. Swift MacNeill had made his point. If he, one of Her Majesty's Counsel, a professor in an Irish university, and the author of a *History of the Irish Rebellion of '98*, was to be refused access to public documents because his published result would, as Mr. Gerald Balfour said, "inflame public passions," then it was monstrous to say that Mr. Froude

should have been made free on the papers. Not even Mr. Lecky would say that the only "impartial" historian known to Mr. Lecky was Mr. Lecky himself. Not only Mr. Dillon and Mr. T. P. O'Connor, but Mr. Asquith and Mr. Bryce, insisted on the absurdity of the censorship; and the good-humoured encouragement given by a group of Conservative members to all Mr. Swift MacNeill's sallies at Mr. Lecky the monopolist found expression in a little speech of protest directed by Lord Charles Beresford against Mr. MacNeill's exclusion. If the political opinions of applicants to see public records in Ireland are to be considered, why not the literary opinions of applicants for readers' tickets in the British Museum? The task of the censor is as absurd in the one case as in the other; and the boycotted debate on the boycotted Mr. Swift MacNeill will probably prove an effective protest against the official gagging of historical inquiry, and will end Mr. Lecky's momentary appearance in the character of an inquisitor.

WHEN you see B with a dash after it, B—— in fact, and this literally on every page of a good-sized book, you naturally think that the diction is that customary, according to a recent witness, among Masters of Hounds. But a second glance will persuade you that you are quite mistaken as to the character of *The Alleged Haunting of B—— House*. It is an absolutely correct book, so far as propriety goes, whatever may be divined by the unsympathetic reader as to its accuracy. Above all, it is a book of mystery. If B—— House, on the T—— River, is haunted, people known by half the letters of the alphabet shall bear witness to it, though its owners, the S—— family, who like to let the house as if ghosts did not already inhabit it rent free, may object to the exposure. Frankly, is not this assumption of initial mystery in a book edited by the Marquis of Bute and Miss A. Goodrich-Freer (one is glad to get an honest name or two somewhere) a little unnecessary and not a little provoking? And the futility of it all! For there, to the undoing of the "B——" upon the binding, of the "B——" upon the title-page, of the "B——" on every headline of every page, of the "B——" a hundred times repeated in the text—to the deleting of all these dashes, upon page 82, the —— is let out of the bag, and by an oversight the name is printed in full—BALLECHIN. This, of course, is the doing of no ordinary printer's demon, but of a "malignant influence." No doubt Lord Bute will cancel the edition, a very prettily printed one, published by Mr. Redway; for a British marquis is not going to own himself beaten by a sprite. The reader, for his part, would prefer to have the blanks everywhere filled: Ballechin in place of B——, the Steuart family for the S—— family, the Tay for the T——, Dunkeld for D——, and so on through all the maze of dashes that stand for proper names, sometimes to the number of fourteen upon a single page.

A COINCIDENCE may be worth recalling. In *Lothair* Lord Beaconsfield made, on one page, precisely the same betraying slip of the pen, when instead of "Monsignor Catesby" he wrote "Monsignor Capel," the original from whom his Catesby was drawn. And Lord Bute was the hero of that book.

A STORY is none the worse because it is not new, as Mark Twain's recent efforts in oratory have proved. Hence one feels quite justified, if only that Mark may care to add it to his repertory, in telling again the tale of the 'bus conductor and the watch chain. All down the Strand the conductor, at intervals of a few yards, dangled his watch chain before the driver of the 'bus behind him. "Why do I do that?" he said, in reply to a passenger. "Oh, it's only a little joke between me and Bill: his father was hanged."

## Correspondence.

### Mr. Silas Hocking's Popularity.

SIR,—I hope I am not insensible of the honour you have done me in devoting a special article to an inquiry into the cause or causes of what you are kind enough to call my "popularity." Nor do I complain of the measure of praise or dispraise meted out to me. I cannot help thinking, however, that the writer of the article has done less than justice to the great body of Nonconformists to which I have the honour to belong. He appears to accept without qualification the traditional idea that they are "Philistine" to the core—that they have neither refinement nor culture nor education.

"The other arts, by the way," he says, "scarcely exist for them: they eschew the theatre; music means hymns, anthems, and sometimes 'The Messiah'; to painting they are completely indifferent; architecture as an art has never occurred to them."

Now, however true this may have been in the past—say a hundred years ago—it seems to me incredible that any man can believe that it is true to-day. For good or ill, I fancy that Dissenters know as much about theatres as other people; nor have they failed in appreciation of art or in artistic achievement, nor shown themselves deficient in the higher branches of learning. I admit that many of our chapels are irremediably ugly; but it must be remembered that most of them were built by the freewill offerings of the poor, without a farthing's help from the State, and art in architecture is a luxury that only the rich can command.

In creative literature also I claim that Dissenters have not fallen a whit behind. It is no secret that Barrie and Crockett and Ian Maclaren, and Miss Thorneycroft Fowler and John Oliver Hobbes, and even Kipling, are all of them Nonconformists, or the children of Nonconformists. Hence it is unfair to gird at Nonconformists as though education and culture and refinement were all a matter of going to the Established Church, or not going. I can quite believe that fashionable Kensington knows me not; but the explanation of that is not to be found in the fact that I am a Dissenter, for in other parts of the country Churchpeople have bought tens of thousands of my books, and the question of sect or creed, as far as I know, has never been raised. Perhaps even Kensington may condescend to notice me some day.

But the truth is, I have not attempted to write for the fashionable few. Most likely I should fail were I to try. I have aimed at the multitude—the middle and working classes; have written about what I think I understand. How far I have succeeded is not for me to say.

One other point. The writer of the article says: "It [the novel] must on no account be realistic, for these people [the Dissenters] seek in art a means, not of getting closer to life, but of receding from it—so mean and unlovely as life is to their unseeing eyes." This—not to put too fine a point on it—is not flattering to the Dissenters. Yet I would like to remark that my book, *God's Outcast*, which some critics described as too painfully realistic, has run through eight large editions in as many months.

In conclusion, I have only to add that I am quite convinced, from the whole tenour of the article, from its sympathetic references to myself, that the writer would not intentionally do an injustice to any section of the community. It is still the misfortune of Nonconformists to be misunderstood. The traditional caricature still holds the field. Prejudices die hard. But literature and the arts should know nothing of Episcopacy or Dissent, and the reading public cannot be classified by any reference to Church or Chapel.—I am, &c.,

SILAS K. HOCKING.

Highgate: July 3, 1899.

## An Author's Complaint.

SIR,—It is impossible to allow Sir Martin Conway's letter, published in your issue of July 1, to pass unchallenged. He states that the Society of Authors might have interfered in the case of my boycotted novel to the extent of making a protest "if the question had been one of literary censorship."

Surely the correspondence in the June *Author* clearly establishes that the veto of my novel was a particularly clear case of literary censorship. Mr. Kingdon (the departmental manager of Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son) told me personally that he "could not permit a novel with such a title to appear amongst other books on their stalls," and he distinctly gave that as his reason for not taking the book into stock.

I directly challenged Mr. Kingdon to deny this in my letter to Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son of October 24, 1898 (see June *Author*). It was impossible for him to make any such denial, and he has never denied the accuracy of my statement, although, in consequence of this case, leading articles condemning the Smith censorship appeared in the *Morning Post*, the *Daily Chronicle*, the *Daily News*, and many other journals. Not only so, but a number of gentlemen, electors of the Strand Division, invited me to contest the Hon. W. F. D. Smith's seat in Parliament upon this very question of the censorship, as it arose in my case; and an account of these proceedings was reported at length in the leading newspapers—still without provoking the denial which I had challenged Mr. Kingdon to make, and which it was his bounden duty to give had he been able to do so.

The literary censorship is thus, in fact, admitted; and it is not open to the Society of Authors to take the view which Sir Martin Conway expresses.—I am, &c.,

T. MULLETT ELLIS.

Savage Club: July 3, 1899.

## "Man Past and Present."

SIR,—I am sorry if I have misrepresented Prof. Keane, and certainly I admit the slip by which I called his earlier book "Anthropology" instead of "Ethnology," although I did not, as a matter of fact, confuse him with Prof. Tylor. With regard to the route of the Kelts, I am afraid there is some vagueness and inconsistency of statement in Prof. Keane's own account of the subject. Shortly before the passage he quotes in his letter to you, he says (p. 511):

Europe would appear to have been reached by two routes, first . . . across the Mediterranean, . . . then round by Asia Minor and the Eurasian steppe. . . . Both routes were followed by both types.

However, I now understand that Prof. Keane's full meaning is, that the round-headed Keltic type went by Asia Minor, and the long-headed Teutonic type by the Eurasian steppe. Only, surely, the farther apart you keep round-heads and long-heads the more difficult it becomes to explain the conjectured adoption by the round-heads of the long-head language. Under what conditions does one people adopt *en masse* the language of another with which it does not coalesce, and with which it is carefully prohibited, during one period of its wanderings at least, from even coming into contact?—I am, &c.,

THE REVIEWER.

## Giving Satisfaction.

SIR,—Mr. Beavan, as a logician and historian, is beyond my calibre. He says that Horace Smith could not have been ignorant of the construction usually placed upon the expression "the satisfaction due to a gentleman." He then sees no conceivable harm in Mr. Smith's use of that phrase "satisfaction" when he meant something totally

different from the common construction. I have no hope of making Mr. Beavan understand the situation. Either he has read the contemporary documents in the case, or he has not. If he has read them, let him not "suggest" that I have used them "rather too exclusively" in Lockhart's interest; let him prove his point by citation. If Mr. Beavan has *not* read the documents, he has no *locus standi*, and I have no more to say to him.—I am, &c.,

1, Marloes-road, W.:

A. LANG.

July 2, 1899.

## The "High History."

SIR,—When Mr. Alfred Nutt lectures your reviewer on the incorrectness of his "critical attitude," and the *Athenæum* takes me to task for the defect of my "critical method," will you kindly allow me to call the attention of these eminent "Celticists" to the extremely "critical position" of the theory they patronise? This theory is that the legend of the Holy Graal has its origin in Celtic tradition. Celtic folklore and mythology have accordingly been ransacked for parallels to certain episodes and personages in the story of the Graal, and the search so far has been successful in "equating" Sir Perceval with the "Great Fool" of Celtic nursery tales and the Graal with the Cauldron of Keridwen, or some other such highly-gifted utensil honourably mentioned by Cambrian or Hibernian rhapsodists. These are, I believe, the very closest correspondences yet detected between the legend and Celtic tradition, and few, I imagine, will be found to deny that the bond which connects the romance with pre-Christian story is as cogent as that which unites the ace of spades to the Great Mogul. Mr. Nutt somewhat minimises the scope of his own theory when he confines himself, as he does in his letter to you, to stating his belief that "the Graal legend contains elements immeasurably more antique than our greyest cathedrals," and that "the framework and many essential incidents of the legend are largely pre-Christian." As to its containing "elements" of pre-Christian or even pre-historic antiquity, I apprehend that the same might as truly be predicated of Mr. Kipling's latest batch of tales as of the Graal legend. The *pâté de foie gras* does not owe its origin to the truffles it contains. But to maintain that the framework and many essential incidents of the legend are largely pre-Christian and Celtic—for this is Mr. Nutt's real contention—is simply, as Prof. Courthope has well said before me, "to advance a proposition that can hardly be sustained by argument." Argument, indeed, is out of the question. The *High History* gives the legend; the Celtic framework and corresponding incidents are simply non-existent. A "critical method" capable of discerning the germs of the Graal legend in any of the imaginary parallels cited by Mr. Nutt in his *Studies* is equally capable of finding the central idea of *Pickwick* in the Hittite inscriptions, or reading adumbrations of *Tom Jones* between the lines of the Rosetta Stone. Had the Celticists ever unearthed a single real likeness, comparable, for instance, with the likeness of Shakespeare's "Hamlet" to the Amlethus of Saxo Grammaticus, their case would have been impregnable. But such a likeness they have not found, and, it is safe to prophesy, will not find. For of what is the Graal the symbol and representative? In mediæval romance, the Graal is always and everywhere the emblem, not merely of the Eucharist, but of the Eucharist interpreted according to the dogma of Transubstantiation. The whole story, warp and woof, belongs to an age when that dogma was in the very air men breathed, when the religious sentiment of Christendom demanded that it should be formally declared a necessary article of faith. To look for its origin in pre-Christian ages is to dig for coal in the primeval granite. It is not there, and cannot be there. The "Celticists" may perhaps be adepts at boring, but their knowledge of literary geology is at fault. The "Celtic theory," in fact,

as applied to the Graal legend, is played out, and the sooner the fact is recognised, the better. It is heart-breaking to see good hard work and wide erudition wasted in futile attempts to bolster up an hypothesis never supported by any argument founded on fact or likelihood, and now rendered obsolete by the establishment of a *fait nouveau* wholly unknown to its exponents. This "new fact" is that the prose romance printed by M. Potvin, and translated by me as the *High History*, is the identical work which, as early as the middle of the thirteenth century, was known as "The Graal, the Book of the Holy Vessel." The centre of gravity of the whole controversy as to its origin is, in fact, shifted, now that the legend itself is proved to be something quite different from what the controversialists believed it to be. Mr. Nutt's own "critical attitude" towards the *High History* I do not understand. If he had read the French romance, or Mr. Williams's translation of the Welsh translation, when he wrote his *Studies*, why did he not give an abstract of the version as he did of all the other known versions? Why did he leave it to me to point out for the first time that this and none other is "the Graal, the Book of the Holy Vessel"? On the other hand, if he had not read it, how came he not to make himself acquainted with a document so vitally connected with his subject? The French, the Welsh translation of the French, and the English translation of the Welsh, had been under his very nose for years, yet he failed to show the slightest appreciation of their bearing or value. Even now, both he and the *Athenæum* magisterially inform the world that the *High History* is, after all, nothing more than a mediæval French romance, neither better nor worse than many others, as if this were the point at issue. The point is really whether or not it is the Book of the Graal. If it is, let it be accepted as such, whatever its literary merit may be. It is significant, however, that these high authorities scrupulously refrain from naming any other French prose mediæval romance which can bear a moment's comparison with the *High History*. Their reason for this singular omission is, I admit, quite conclusive, though undivulged. They cannot. The *High History* remains as I described it, "not only the most coherent and poetic of all the many versions of the legend, but also the first and most authentic." It is hardly "cricket" for even "Celticists" to run down the real legend of the Graal simply because it does not suit their theories to acknowledge the fact that it is the legend. Here, for the present, I take my leave of the "Celticists." When they have produced any proof that there exists or ever has existed any version of the Legend of the Graal of an earlier date than the *High History*, any proof that it has been interpolated or tampered with, any proof that it is not the work known in the Middle Ages as the "Book of the Holy Vessel," I am quite prepared cheerfully to admit that it is not what I take it to be—"the original story of Sir Perceval and the Holy Graal, whole and incorrupt, as it left the hands of its first author."—I am, &c.,

SEBASTIAN EVANS.

### Charles Darwin.

SIR, — In looking over last week's number of the ACADEMY, I find that you have awarded a prize for an epitaph which asserts that Charles Darwin demonstrated the law of evolution. Is there not something wrong here? The law of evolution, as far as I can understand the history of science, has been demonstrated by nearly all scientists since Aristotle. What Charles Darwin did do was to attempt to explain the law of evolution by natural selection.—I am, &c.,

A. STODART WALKER.

30, Walker-street, Edinburgh.

[Dr. Walker's remonstrance is quite to the point. But it must be borne in mind that in these Competitions the prize goes to the best, and the best is not necessarily perfect.—ED. ACADEMY]

## Mr. Labouchere's Imaginary Poems.

### Our Prize Competitions.

#### RESULT OF No. 39.

THE terms of last week's competition were thus explained:—"In Mr. Lang's story 'A Bookman's Purgatory,' in *Books and Dooms*, we read: 'Blinton was wont to say he expected to come across "Triplets of a Tribune," by Mr. John Bright, and "Original Hymns for Infant Minds," by Mr. Henry Labouchere, if he only hunted long enough.' Let us suppose that he did hunt long enough, and came upon Mr. Labouchere's work. For the best selection from its pages, not exceeding 21 lines, we offer a prize of a guinea."

In reply, several very interesting extracts from Mr. Labouchere's imaginary work have reached us. The best is the following, contributed by L Kent, Southwood, Highgate, N.:

#### NO. 15 OF MR. HENRY LABOUCHERE'S ORIGINAL HYMNS FOR INFANT MINDS.

Good little children are not proud;  
Their meekness they proclaim aloud:  
And this is still their infant song:  
"Our side is always in the wrong."

Our mothers are not good nor kind;  
They slap us if we do not mind,  
And put us in the corner too—  
A thing they have no right to do."

And though each child would dearly love  
Its father's actions to approve;  
Yet must it see, with pained surprise,  
That they are neither just nor wise.

"The other children's parents are  
Better," it moans, "than my papa.  
I fear he is a greedy man,  
Getting and keeping what he can."

But I, with all my little might,  
Will do my best to set him right;  
And weekly raise, both loud and high,  
My truthful and condemning cry."

Thus runs the virtuous infant's lay.  
Its parents it will not obey;  
But still proclaims in tireless song  
That they are always in the wrong.

Other hymns follow:

#### GOLDEN RULES FOR LITTLE ENGLANDERS.

Come, little children, list to me:  
Learn my Commandments Ten.

- I. Love all your fellow-men, except  
Your fellow country-men.
- II. Don't thank the goodness and the grace  
That on your birth have smiled—"—  
A Matabele's better far  
Than a mere "English child."
- III. When waging war 'gainst savage hordes  
Greet their defeat with tears—  
Politely hand them Maxim guns,  
And take your chance with spears.
- IV. Hate all who seek your country's weal.
- V. Love all who work her woe.
- VI. Remember, an "Imperialist"  
Is your most deadly foe.
- VII. Foreign aggression meekly meet  
With "Please, sir, step this way."
- VIII. Never resort to force of arms.
- IX. All demands gladly pay.
- X. Cultivate peace at any price.  
(No need to win your spurs.)  
Do all these things, and you shall be  
Great "Little Englanders."

[G. N, Clifton.]



God bless Harcourt. God bless me,  
And save our precious souls !  
God keep Her Gracious Majesty,  
And God bless Tommy Bowles.

God bless our little English isle—  
It's spreading *much* too far—  
And make me, in a little while,  
A Minister of War.

Oh, straighten out our crooked Rhodes,  
And make the rough ways plain ;  
Wipe out the *Daily Mail*-y codes,  
And build up TRUTH again.

[B. B., Birmingham.]

I love my Little England,  
So prosperous and free ;  
The Rhodes that lead to Empire  
Are not the roads for me.

Though Tory Bumbles bungle :  
Though pushing paupers cheat,  
I love my Little England  
(But *not* her costly fleet).

I love to watch her rulers  
Their little faults to find.  
I love my Little England,  
She suits my little mind.

[E. M. B. U., London.]

Little England, Little England,  
Ere you grow to man's estate,  
Learn from me this humble lesson :  
It is folly to be great.

Primrose paths that lead to glory  
It is foolishness to roam ;  
Are there not for young explorers  
Labyrinths of Truth at home ?

Should they tempt you with an atlas,  
Show you where the Transvaal lies ;  
Listen with polite attention,  
But with pity in your eyes.

Tell them that they really shouldn't  
Try to teach geography—  
"Boots are made in gay Northampton,  
That is quite enough for me!"

[N. P., London.]

Replies received also from : J. H., Tunbridge Wells ; T. C., Buxted (?) ; J. D. A., Ealing ; Miss C., Redhill ; M. A. C. M., Wells ; H. P. B., Glasgow ; J. H., Tavistock ; A. H. B., London.

### Competition No. 40.

IN a letter from Robert Louis Stevenson to Mr. Henley, written in 1884, and quoted in part on pp. 28, 29 of this number of the ACADEMY, the writer complains that novelists will not produce the brave romances his soul loves ; nor do their books open in the right way. He then gives three openings of his own invention as specimens of what he likes. This is one :

#### CHAPTER I.

The notary, Jean Rossignol, had been summoned to the top of a great house in the Isle St. Louis to make a will ; and now, his duties finished, wrapped in a warm roquelaure and with a lantern swinging from one hand, he issued from the mansion on his homeward way. Little did he think what strange adventures were to befall him !—

We offer a prize of a guinea to the author of the best adventure which befell the notary, Jean Rossignol, on this occasion. The account or summary of the adventure must not exceed 250 words, and it ought to be remembered by competitors that the adventure should be likely to please Stevenson.

#### RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, The ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, July 11. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found in the first column of p. 48 or it cannot enter into competition. We wish to impress on competitors that the task of examining replies is much facilitated when one side only of the paper is written upon. It is also important that names—both Christian name and surname—and addresses should always be given : we cannot consider anonymous answers. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon, or stamps for the same ; otherwise the first to be looked at will alone be considered.

### Horoscopes.

*From the French of François Coppée.*

BEFORE the sibyl with her haunted eyes  
Two sisters sat with delicate arms enlaced ;  
Watched as she dealt the cards, and, without haste,  
Spelt out the rune of their two destinies.

Brown-haired and gold-haired, fresher than the dawn,  
Poppy and white anemone were they,  
A flower of autumn and a flower of May,  
They watched to see their fates from darkness drawn.

"Life will be sad for you and yours, heigho !"  
The sibyl told the autumn-coloured maid.  
"But will my lover love me ?" "Ay," she said.  
"Why, then, I shall be all too happy so."

"With earthly love you never shall be fed,"  
The sibyl told the lady white as snow.  
"But shall I love at all ?" "Ay, even so."  
"Then happy I shall live and die," she said.

NORA HOPPER.

## Books Received.

Week ending Thursday, July 6.

#### THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

Nash (H. S.), *Ethics and Revelation* ..... (Macmillan & Co.) 6/0

#### POETRY, CRITICISM, BELLES-LETTRES.

Deluscar (Horace), *Deluscar's Morris, and Other Poems* ..... (Gay & Bird) 3/6  
Moore (T. Sturge), *The Vinedresser, and Other Poems* ..... (Unicorn Press) 2/6  
Cornwallis (K.), *The War For the Union* ..... (New York : *Wall-street Investigator*) 2/6  
Lee-Hamilton (Eugene and Annie), *Forest Notes* ..... (Grant Richards) 3/6  
Mansfield (Charlotte), *Flowers of the Wind* ..... (Elkin Mathews) 2/6  
Beeching (H. C.), *A Selection from the Poetry of Samuel Daniel and Michael Drayton* ..... (Dent)  
Aveling (H.), *Poems and Paragraphs* ..... (Digby, Long)

#### HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Trent (W. P.), *John Milton* ..... (New York : The Macmillan Co.) 3/6  
Elson (H. W.), *Side Lights on American History* ..... (New York : The Macmillan Co.) 3/6  
Blackman (W. F.), *The Making of Hawaii* ..... (New York : The Macmillan Co.) 7/6  
Narfon (Julien de), *Pope Leo XIII. Translated by G. A. Raper* ..... (Chapman & Co.)  
Zimmermann (Father B.), *Carmel in England* ..... (Burns & Oates) 6/0  
Sidney (Philip), *Memoirs of the Sidney Family* ..... (Elkin Mathews) 10/6  
Bridge (Edited by Cyprian A. G.), *The Russian Fleet during the Reign of Peter the Great* ..... (Navy Records Society)

#### TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

Miller (W. J. C.), *Essays and Nature Studies* ..... (Elliot Stock) 10/6  
Baker (H. B.), *Stories of the Streets of London* ..... (Chapman & Hall) 7/6  
Lynch (Hannah), *Toledo* ..... (Dent) 3/6  
Teignmouth-shore (The Rev. Canon T.), *Worcester Cathedral* ... (Isbister) 1/0

#### SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

Shelley (H. C.), *Chats About the Microscope* ..... (Scientific Press) 2/0

#### EDUCATIONAL.

Cutting (S. W.), *Lessing's Minna von Barnhelm* ... (The Macmillan Co.) 3/6  
Fairgrieve (Clara A.), *Sequel to the Child's French Grammar* ..... (Edinburgh : Oliver & Boyd)  
Smith (Charles) and Bryant (Sophie), *Euclid's Elements of Geometry. Books III. and IV.* ..... (Macmillan) 2/0  
Berthon (H. E.), *Specimens of Modern French Verse* ..... (Macmillan)

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

Murray (Edited by Dr. James A. H.), *The Oxford English Dictionary. Horizontality—Hywe* ..... (Clarendon Press) 8/0  
Lockie (Katherine F.), *Picturesque Edinburgh* ..... (Lockie) 3/6  
Sturpe (H. R.), *Calendar of Letter Books of the City of London. Letter Book A.* ..... (Francis)  
British School at Athens, *Annual of the* ..... (Macmillan & Co.) 7/6  
Schreiner (Olive), *An English-South-African View of the Situation* ..... (Hodder & Stoughton) 1/0

#### NEW EDITIONS.

Dale (R. W.), *Laws of Christ for Common Life* ..... (Hodder & Stoughton) 3/6  
Parr (Mrs.), *Robin* ..... (Macmillan) 3/6

*\*\* New Novels are acknowledged elsewhere.*

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WILLIAM COOPER, Honorary Secretary.  
Derby, June 24th, 1899.

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THE action which the *Times* is bringing against Mr. John Lane, as publisher of Lord Rosebery's collected *Appreciations and Addresses*, is, we understand, in the nature of a test case, the object being to obtain an authoritative judgment, once for all, on the vexed question to what extent it is permissible to quote reports, telegrams, or articles that have been published in a newspaper. We are informed that only a portion of the speeches in the volume were set up from the *Times*' reports, and that all the proof-sheets were revised by Lord Rosebery's secretary, before publication, from the original manuscripts.

THE author of the poem which we quoted last week from the *Pall Mall Gazette*—beginning

So I have harvested my womanhood  
Into one tall green bush of southernwood

—is, we understand, Miss Nora Hopper. Indeed, some of the best poetry that is now lightening journalism is from Miss Hopper's pen.

PREBENDARY WARNER writes concerning a recent comment in our "Notes on Novels": "In the *ACADEMY*, July 1, p. 16, the reviewer of *The Untold Half*, by 'Alien,' speaks of the glowing colours in the second sentence as 'more suggestive of an artist's colourman than of landscape. The description vividly recalled a sunset effect of surpassing grandeur which I witnessed in passing through the Straits of Bonifazio, November 20, 1895. The colours are noticed in my diary in identically the same terms:

*The Untold Half.*

DIARY.

The mighty mountains flanking the lake touched the crimson sky, and the blood-red west poured its colour into the silver of cascades tumbling from indigo rocks to meet the purple and russet waters below.

5. Dioramic View of Mountains of Sardinia: sun, like crimson ball of fire, broke through black clouds; grand appearance of black mountains against blood-red sky. 7 o'clock. Pathway of silver moonlight on black waters; phosphorescent lights.

It may be thought that I, like "Alien," laid on the pigments rather thickly, but they describe the landscape as seen by me."

THIS verification of the accuracy of the colours noted by the author of *The Untold Half* is very interesting; but the point at issue is not touched by it. That point is that in literature a catalogue of colours is not enough. An impression must be given. The passage quoted from the novel in question conveys to our mind no sudden picture of the scene; and, failing to do so, is therefore unjustified. The author has still his work to do. To remember the scene himself and record it for the satisfaction of his own memory is not enough: he must now pass it on. It is this passing on which constitutes descriptive literature.

WITH the object of giving to unknown play-writers and actors a chance of showing their quality, a project is afoot

to establish a Play-Writers' Theatre. The circular which has been distributed gives various other reasons for the existence of the proposed theatre, one being that there are many plays relegated to the shelves admittedly through no fault of their own, but because there is no room for them in the actor-manager's system. It is proposed to produce four plays during the first year, provided that the scheme meets with support. The principal mover is Mr. Charles Hoppe, from whom full particulars can be obtained.

COLONEL THEODORE ROOSEVELT's history of his *Rough Riders* and their prowess against Spain has now reached this country. With what intrepidity the Rough Riders faced the camera's mouth! The gallant Colonel, hand on hip, frowns at us from the frontispiece. We find him again at page 8, on horseback; at page 38, full face; his War Horse figures at page 128; the Colonel himself and his men group themselves at page 168; at page 196 he visits Colonel Turner; at page 234 he bids his Rough Riders farewell; and nothing but the fact that the rest of the book is needed for appendices saves us from moving incidents on his return to the irksome privacy of peace.

WHAT they went through, those Rough Riders! At page 120 there is a photograph of the devoted fellows fording a river, the water quite up to their ankles. Now they are at rest in the vicinity of Muscogee, Ind. Ter. For on the last page is a letter from a lady at Muscogee, Ind. Ter.: "I am planning to entertain all the Rough Riders in this vicinity some evening during my holiday vacation. I mean to have no other guests, but only give them an opportunity for reminiscences."

THE life of George Sand is being written on a scale of magnitude to which English authors are unfamiliar. Her biographer, M. Wladimir Karenine, has just produced, through the firm of Ollendorff, the first two volumes. They are very bulky, but carry the story only as far as 1838. Considering that George Sand lived until 1876 the prospect is somewhat disquieting.

THE project for the School of Booksellers, which the Paris Cercle de la Librairie is now considering, gains in distinctness. The proposals include a three years' course at the School; and the budding bookseller is to be turned out with a thorough grounding in French literature; mastery of one or two foreign languages; and a thorough knowledge of practical book production, commercial law, and so forth. We do not ourselves see how a man, equipped by this training, will sell one a book any better than a man who has had it not. But he might certainly be more interesting to chat with.

THE quotation chosen for the back of the title-page of the new volume on Insects in the *Cambridge Natural History* is happy: "'Men are poor things; I don't know why the world thinks so much of them.'—Mrs. Bee. By L. & M. Wintle."

THE July number of the *North American Review*, which is now under new control and ownership, is remarkable for a long poem of the sea, his ancient love, by Mr. Swinburne. In 1855, it seems, in crossing the Channel at night, his vessel encountered a tremendous thunderstorm. It is this storm which Mr. Swinburne describes—a subject directly to his hand. We detach two stanzas:

And the night was alive and anhungered of life, as a tiger  
from toils cast free:  
And a rapture of rage made joyous the spirit and strength  
of the soul of the sea.  
All the weight of the wind bore down on it, freighted  
with death for fraught:  
And the keen waves kindled and quickened, as things  
transfigured or things distraught.  
And madness fell on them laughing and leaping; and  
madness came on the wind:  
And the might and the light and the darkness of storm  
were as storm in the heart of Ind.

The leaping and luminous blossoms of live sheet lightning  
that laugh as they fade  
From the cloud's black base to the black wave's brim  
rejoiced in the light they made.  
Far westward, throned in a silent sky, where life was in  
lustrous tune,  
Shone, sweeter and surer than morning or evening, the  
steadfast smile of the moon.  
The limitless heaven that enshrined them was lovelier than  
dreams may behold, and deep  
As life or as death, revealed and transfigured, may shine  
on the soul through sleep.

FROM Mr. Lang's article on "Golf at St. Andrews" in the same review:

In Scotland, Prince Charlie had little time for golf, but, before 1745, he had introduced the game into Italy, and played in the Borghese Gardens. This showed that his heart was in the right place. Golf is now established in and near Rome, and the learned archaeologist, Signor Lanciani, is a golfer. With the purpose of improving his style, he means to take lessons, at St. Andrews, from old Tom, or Auchterlonie, in winter (I cannot wish him better or more courteous and agreeable instructors), and, incidentally, he will deliver the St. Andrews Gifford Lectures on Natural Religion. If he could introduce a lecture on the old Roman game of *Cambuca*, and its relations to golf, I dare say Tom Morris would attend the lectures. As a rule, Tom is content with revealed religion, and gives the lectures a wide berth.

Heresies, of course, began to abound. *The English count their strokes!* . . . They brought in women. Here I am not wholly guiltless. The day before I and a reading party left St. Andrews, about 1873, we played the first foursome with ladies recorded since Queen Mary and Lord Lindsay played Mary Seaton and Maitland of Lethington; against which Knox (probably) thundered from the pulpit. Next morning early, I fled into the wilds of Atholl, with a price on my head; while my male opponent (English) put Tweed between himself and mischief. We only retreated just in time; our partners were left to the female tongues of St. Andrews. I was much the oldest of this nefarious foursome, and ought to have known better; anyway, my side lost, and I had to pay the stakes.

I do not, for my part, regard women as nearly so objectionable as small school-boys. My friend, Mr. —, offered half a sovereign for the head of a small golfing school-boy. The reward (like the thirty thousand pounds for Prince Charlie) was unclaimed, but the proclamation had some effect.

AMONG the unpublished novelists, it seems, is Mr. Bryce, M.P. In his speech at the Authors' Club on Monday he owned to having begun to write a novel. He was sorry to say that he had never finished it. He had got a good plot and a good title, which had never been thought of before. He had reason for not publishing that

novel now, because the writing of fiction has gone through so many changes since he began it. The novels which seemed to be most in vogue now were those of pure—that was to say, of highly improbable—adventure; and he should wait, Mr. Bryce added, until the wheel of fortune came round and brought again the particular phase in which his novel was conceived, and then he should finish it, but anonymously.

AN article by Mr. Stephen Gwynn in the *Cornhill*, on "The Decay of Sensibility," has met with very prompt rejoinders from other critics. Mr. Gwynn dared to treat Miss Austen with less respect than she is accustomed to, and even to remark that he does not want to meet her in Paradise. A few days elapsed, and then down upon him, like a thousand of bricks, as the threadbare simile has it, came Mr. Lang in the *Daily News* and Mr. Walkley in the *Daily Chronicle*. Mr. Lang, in the interests of Miss Austen, is almost rude. He says, apropos of Louisa Musgrove's fall at Lyme Regis and Mr. Gwynn's treatment of it: "Mr. Gwynn may try taking a header from the Cobb on to the hard stones (which was what Louisa did, in effect) and then estimate the results. A very dull priest once fell out of a window, lit on his head, became a clever man, and ended as a Pope. Mr. Gwynn's experiment may have a similar and salutary effect on his brain." This is hard hitting, but in the defence of Jane Austen from even the lightest aspersion all is, perhaps, fair.

MR. WALKLEY, except for the fact that he calls Miss Austen Jane, is an even keener champion of her infallibility. Mr. Gwynn declares that Miss Austen was unlovable. Says Mr. Walkley: "The gentle Jane unlovable! How could an unlovable woman create those lovable women, Emma and Anne and Elizabeth and Catherine?" Mr. Gwynn writes of Emma: "Emma, the unreformed, undisciplined Emma, is a nice, cheerful, pretty girl, but after she subsided into being Mrs. Knightly [Knightley] I fear she fell away sadly into conformity with the discreet and dull ideals of her creator." Says Mr. Walkley: "This 'I fear' is dastardly. Unable to pick holes in the lady as he knows her, and we all know her, our discontented gentleman is driven to hint that she 'fell away' in the condition in which he doesn't know her and nobody knows her. This is exactly the insinuation which the Rev. Mr. Elton would have made." And so the battle rages. Such wariness on the part of Miss Austen's friends is pleasant indeed to watch.

WE find the following story of Matthew Arnold as sportsman, in "S. G.'s" notes in the *Pall Mall Gazette*: "Within almost the last year of his life, Matthew Arnold went down to stay with a friend on the Wye, and expressed his desire to catch a salmon. There was some doubt as to whether he had thrown a line before; but he had bought a rod, reel, and some rudimentary tackle. A visitor in the house—for his host did not fish—set him up with a fly, and undertook the charge of his efforts. The keeper was summoned, and, having been consulted, indicated a pool with a lawn sloping to it where no chance of fouling trees interposed and where a salmon had been lying in the low water for a considerable time. By all reasonable probabilities the fish was certain not to rise, so the mentor sat down and smoked peaceably. To his utter amazement the miracle happened; he saw the fish come for the fly, seize it before the poet could snatch it away, and immediately the fight began. Arnold was adjured to 'give him the butt,' and the salmon, as luck directed, ran down by the bank. The friend looking on thought no chance should be wasted, made a wild dive with the landing-net, and in a moment the salmon was on the bank. It was summary, but sufficient. The poet was so excited that he actually



wept; and his friend persuaded him that, as Providence had specially intervened to let him know for once the joys of the barbarian, he had better let well alone and go home with his prize. That was Arnold's first and only salmon."

A CURIOUS circular reaches us from Mr. Herbert Haes. He has, it seems, written a book, entitled *The Past Shower*, describing an imaginary invention for bringing the past in the form of a panorama before one's eyes. The book has just been published, but, for some reason not made clear, he declines to send out the work for review. Instead, he distributes a portentous circular. We have not read the book, but we have read the circular; and of the two we prefer the book.

In the confident expectation that admirers of *Dr. Nikola Across the World for a Wife*, and *Pharos the Egyptian* will like to see how Mr. Boothby works, we reproduce the accompanying photograph. It is difficult to look upon the



MR. GUY BOOTHBY DICTATING A NOVEL INTO THE PHONOGRAPH.

Photograph by T. Fall.

luxurious parlour here depicted, and refrain from giving a thought to Goldsmith's "Description of an Author's Bed-chamber." But then, Goldsmith's author had no opportunity of taking Mr. Kipling's advice to Mr. Boothby and "putting his trust in Watt."

THE editor of a new magazine for Italian book-lovers, *La Bibliofilia*, writes asking us "with benevolence" to speak about it. The work is interesting and curious. One number is remarkable for an illustrated article on Durer, and many quaint old cuts are reproduced. The publisher editor is Signor Leo S. Olschki, Florence and Venice.

MR. ELLIOT STOCK is engaged in producing a facsimile of the *Germ*, the magazine of the P. R. B. All the topographical details of the periodical, including its errors, will be preserved. Mr. W. M. Rossetti has written an extended introduction to the facsimile, which, while incidentally touching on the Brotherhood, will be devoted mainly to the history of the *Germ* itself. Many little known and interesting details concerning its conception, starting, and management, are given in it, and some particulars concerning the authorship of the various articles that appeared in the *Germ* occur which have not been published before.

THE papers have printed this week the literal translation of a quaintly simple letter from a Uganda chief to Sir H. M. Stanley, the explorer. Is not this pretty?—

To my much beloved of great honour, and, Sir, my father in much love. Chief Stanley, who has honour, thanks for my letter which you wrote to me on December 17, 1898, as you had just got off your bed. Sir, that—to rise from your bed on two occasions to write to me—makes your love to me apparent. Well, Sir, thanks for telling me the many works which you do. Sir, well done, "because it is the trouble taken by the parent that makes the child fat." Because it is the care taken by England which delivers us Baganda, and the other lands guarded by England.

And this is the expansive but childlike conclusion:

Well, then, my great friend, and father in very much love, salute for me Mrs. Stanley, my mother, and my little brother, Denzil, and the other children. My wife, Elizabeth Kizito, and the children of my brother, and my people salute you. Salute your wife and children for us. Well may the Lord make the light of his countenance shine on you. Again, Sir, Farewell, I, your favourite child, Zakaria Kizito, Kangao, Regent, Uganda.

THE first two volumes of the new uniform edition of Mr. Kipling's works are now ready. A plain and attractive red cloth has been chosen, and on the front cover, embossed in gold, is an elephant's head from a design by Mr. Lockwood Kipling. The title-page is in red and black, and bibliographical information is printed on a fly-leaf of each volume. We do not prefer it to the blue edition, but probably that is because of the power of association. We are tempted to quote once again, from the preface to *Life's Handicap*, Mr. Kipling's account of the origin of his stories: "These tales have been collected from all places, and all sorts of people, from priests in the Chubára, from Ala Yar the carver, Jiwun Singh the carpenter, nameless men on steamers and trains round the world, women spinning outside their cottages in the twilight, officers and gentlemen now dead and buried, and a few, but these are the very best, my father gave me."

MR. CHARLES JOHNSTON, in a thoughtful article in the *Atlantic Monthly* on "The True American Spirit in Literature," subjects Bret Harte, Mark Twain, Miss Wilkins, and Mr. Cable to examination in order to arrive at the constituents of this spirit. We quote some of the results:

I think I have found at least a tentative expression for the American spirit, though no one will suppose it is in any way final, or more than a mere indicative word for the future. It falls into two parts—one positive, the other negative. The negative characteristic of American literature is a total absence of atmosphere; the positive characteristic is the presence of power.

The charge of possessing no colour sense is brought against the four authors named, who may be considered typical. Mr. Johnston thus writes of Bret Harte:

What floods of sunlight are everywhere through his books—the "staring sunlight," as he himself calls it. Yet, at the same time, what a poverty of colour!

Of G. W. Cable:

There are white roads lined with dusty willows, sunlit plantations bordered by sunbleached swamp, streets that glare and blink at you in the brightness, but of broad and definite colouring very little.

Of Mark Twain:

If we leave New Orleans, and go up the river, piloted by the greatest writer of them all, the greatest that this New World has yet seen, we shall still find ourselves sailing on through abundant sunlight.

And of Miss Wilkins:

Floods of light that bring the whole landscape close up to one's eyes, making every detail stand forth strong and definite, with no great richness of colour, and no atmosphere at all.

THE next point is the presence of power, of self-sufficiency. Mr. Johnston finds neither the religious nor aristocratic spirit in American literature:

It is enough to speak of the religious sentiment, the great tradition and mystery of the Church, to make evident how wholly these elements of moral atmosphere are absent from the American spirit, and therefore from all genuine American books; and to try to import them is like importing Strassburg Cathedral.

We shall still have writers like Marion Crawford, who cannot get away from the Vatican and the Quirinal, with their cardinals and their princes, whether black or white or gray; or writers like Henry James, with his Princess Casamassimas. But these are merely pathetic attempts to fight against fate. The aristocratic atmosphere has no place in American literature, and writers who cling to it are cutting themselves off from their nation.

And this is the writer's forecast:

The writers of the future must give up everything which depends on the atmosphere of the Church, with its mystery and tradition, and the atmosphere of the palace, the castle, and the court. All these things will be stripped off, as the mist vanishes before the noonday sun; and we shall have plain humanity, standing in the daylight, talking prose.

That is to say, the American novel of the future will, to a very large extent, resemble the novel of Mr. Howells's to-day—Mr. Howells, of whom Mr. Johnston says nothing.

To a new work on *The Message and Position of the Church of England*, by Mr. Arthur Galton, Mr. J. H. Shorthouse, the author of *John Inglesant*, contributes an introduction. This is the conclusion thereof:

Viewed in the light of history, of the too obvious state of personal religion in Italy and France and Spain, that proud boast of Rome "everywhere and by all people and through all time" would seem to be more truly expressed by "believed nowhere, is believed by none, never was believed." Springing from the worst traditions of decadent Pagan Rome, the Papal system never was a Church. It never was anything but a propagandist machine for extracting forced obedience and alms from an ignorant, a deceived, and a terrified world. The Papal Curia is founded upon falsehood, and falsehood enters, consciously or unconsciously, willingly or unwillingly, into the soul of every human creature that comes under its influence. It has poisoned the wells of religious life. Its story is one of horror, and of crime, and of cruelty. As I have said elsewhere, it always has been, and is now, the enemy of the Human Race.

The defence of creed is not within our province; but we must say that it seems a pity that a writer like Mr. Shorthouse should let himself be thus carried away. If he would let his fervour carry him instead in the direction of another romance, spiritual or otherwise, how much better!

THE most popular of the regular features of the ACADEMY is undoubtedly "Things Seen," as we gather not only from statements to that effect which have been made to us, but also from the number of "Things Seen" submitted. Among these are many which are not what we want. For example, in the ordinary way the attempt which follows would have been returned, but thinking that it may interest other contributors to see something that is not suitable, we print it below:

#### ADORATION.

It was near the middle of the afternoon, and the drowsy thoroughfare was deserted, except for two ragged little gutter boys looking at the photographs hanging outside the theatre. I stopped and watched them moving from one frame to another, intent in their criticism of the charms of the various actresses.

Suddenly one of them stopped in front of a large portrait of the leading lady, and beckoned his companion to him. He stood for a moment or two with his arm round the other's neck, their bare heads together, absorbed in silent worship, and then, leaning forward, he kissed her gently on the lips.

## Bibliographical.

WHAT is likely to be the literary future of Mortimer Collins? An essay in his praise has just been printed, and its appearance gives one a mild sort of shock. I had thought Collins practically forgotten. I find that during the last decade only one of his works was reprinted, and that was *Who is the Heir?* During the same period there was no reprint of any of his verse. What does this imply? The moral seems only too obvious. Yet a book containing not only a selection from Collins's lyric output, but the whole of *The British Birds*, a satirical poem, semi-lyric, semi-dramatic, into which the author put some of his best work, might still find readers. It was in *The British Birds* that the skits on Tyndall and the Positivists originally appeared. A good many pretty stanzas could be gleaned from Collins's novels, which, however, were the merest syllabub, and could not be expected to live until, or through, such strenuous days as these.

Mr. Robert Buchanan's publisher announces a book entitled *The New Don Quixote*; but whether it is to be a poem, or a novel, or a collection of essays, or perchance a drama, we are not informed. How indestructible, how unfailingly fresh, is the idea inherent in Cervantes' creation! It has caught the imagination of mankind, and one cannot get away from it. Already it has suggested several books—for example, *The Spiritual Quixote*, by Richard Graves; *The Female Quixote*, by Mrs. Lennox; *The Amiable Quixote*, by an anonymous writer of last century; and the *Donna Quixote* of Mr. Justin McCarthy. Early in this century, too, there was issued in England a literary miscellany called *The Knight-Errant*, supposed to be edited by a Sir Hercules Quixote, who, "following the example of his illustrious namesake and ancestor of La Mancha, has, with the assistance of his friends, commenced an era of Civil Knight-Errantry, and zealously devoted himself to the comforting of Distressed Damsels and Disconsolate Widows, the fathoming of wronged and destitute orphans, the promotion of Virtue and chivalrous feeling generally."

So there is now a sixth edition of Helen Faucit's *Some of Shakespeare's Female Characters*. The first appears to date from 1885, when the price was one guinea; then came editions at nine shillings and seven-and-sixpence respectively, followed by editions (at the latter price) in 1891 and 1893. I am not surprised at the popularity of the book, for much interest must inevitably attach to a famous actress's comments upon rôles which she has herself enacted and in which she has made remarkable successes. It must be remembered, too, that Lady Martin's book is to a considerable extent autobiographic. It is no mere work of exposition. It has a large personal element, and that, I think, is why we find it arriving, after all these years, at a sixth edition.

Mr. J. H. Shorthouse, to whose remarks on the Church of Rome we refer elsewhere, has been silent, till now, for the best part of ten years, his latest story—*Blanche Lady Falaise*—having been brought out in 1891, a year which saw the issue of new editions of *John Inglesant*, *Sir Percival*, and *Countess Eva*. Has Mr. Shorthouse fallen out of fashion? His record is not a long one: to the four tales above-named one has to add only his *Little Schoolmaster Mark* (1883) and *The Teacher of the Violin*, &c. (1888). He will not take much baggage with him down to posterity.

I have seen scarcely any reference to those books by the late Victor Cherbuliez which arrived at the distinction of an English translation. Let me name a few of them. Thus in 1881 we had *The Low-Born Lover's Peerage*, *Meta Holdensis*, and *A Stroke of Diplomacy*; in 1886, *The Trials of Jetta Malaubret*; in 1893, *The Tutor's Secret*; in 1894, *A Phidian Horse*; and in 1897, *With Fortune Made*.

THE BOOKWORM.

## Reviews.

## Pepys Pigeon-holed.

*The Diary of Samuel Pepys, M.A., F.R.S.* Edited by Henry B. Wheatley, F.S.A. *Pepysiana. Index.* (Bell.)

THESE two volumes bring to a close Mr. Wheatley's monumental edition of Pepys's Diary, although the editor expresses a hope, which his readers will certainly share, that he "may still have some other occasions to place his name upon the same title-page with that of Samuel Pepys,"



SAMUEL PEPYS.

From a Painting at the Admiralty, Whitehall.

in the publication of the Tangian Diary and a batch of unedited letters. In any case Mr. Wheatley has full reason to be proud of his achievement, which makes a third with Dr. Birkbeck Hill's *Boswell*, and Prof. Bury's *Gibbon*, in the list of really great modern editions of post-Restoration classics.

The diary proper is complete in the eight volumes previously published. The ninth volume is the index. The tenth, *Pepysiana*, contains a vast *olla podrida* of jottings on

more interesting topics of the diary, and of other miscellaneous matter illustrative of the life and writings of Pepys. It is all learned, and much of it entertaining, though one could wish that Mr. Wheatley had thrown some of it into the form of a "study" of the Diary, and kept this apart from the documents and other extrinsic comment. It will be fair to give readers a general idea of what they may expect to find in this supplementary volume, and we therefore extract the following from Mr. Wheatley's introductory chapter:

The second chapter contains pedigrees and notes as to Samuel's relations and to Mr. Pepys's family, and some information respecting their constantly changing servants. The third chapter is devoted to some personal notes of Samuel at school and college, and in business, and an account of his book-plates, portraits, &c. In the fourth chapter, various points relating to the Diary are dealt with, and additional illustrations of some of the words used by Pepys are added. The fifth chapter contains notes on friends and acquaintances. The sixth chapter is devoted to the Navy, the seventh to London and local allusions, the eighth to folk-lore, and the ninth contains an appreciation of the man. Nine appendices complete the volume.

We can only touch here upon one or two of the multifarious topics always sensibly and exhaustively treated by Mr. Wheatley, and frequently, as when he touches upon book-plates or London topography, with the knowledge of an expert. A good deal of light is thrown by the Diary upon London tavern life in the seventeenth century. Mr. Wheatley gives an astonishing list of no fewer than a hundred and twenty-four inns, which, with a few places of more disreputable resort, are named as visited by Pepys. A number of these, including the "Dog" and the "Sun," mentioned in Herrick's famous lines to Ben Jonson—

Where we such clusters had,  
As made us nobly wild, not mad  
And yet such verse of thine  
Outdid the meat, outdid the frolic wine

—were situated in King-street, Westminster, formerly the great highway to the Abbey, of which the last houses are to-day in the hands of the housebreaker. At such

taverns the Admiralty clerks used to take the chief meal of the day, a twelve o'clock dinner. A good deal of wine was drunk, and not much government was got through in the afternoon. Indeed, our Restoration ancestors were apt to "sell sobriety a sacrifice," not only oftener, but earlier in the day than we do. Pepys notes that on September 9, 1661, he was taken into the king's privy kitchen, where Mr. Sayres, the master cook, gave him a slice or two of beef for his breakfast, and then took him into the wine-cellar, where, he adds, "we were very merry, and I drank too much wine, and all along had great and particular kindness from Mr. Sayres, but I drank so much wine that I was not fit for business, and, therefore, at noon I went and walked in Westminster Hall a while." On festive occasions a tavern dinner was expensive, but not necessarily so at other times. In Threadneedle-street there was the "Cock," next door to a butcher's. Here you might buy your chop or steak, and bring it to the tavern to be cooked. For this you were charged one penny. An eccentric Duke of Norfolk used to frequent this house. At last a chance customer told the innkeeper the rank of his guest. Next day a silver knife and fork were placed for him; and after that he came no more.

Naturally we turn to the pages in which Mr. Wheatley sums up the character of the man with whom, for so many years, he has been intimate. It is not perhaps a very elaborate or subtle appreciation. Like a preacher of an extinct type, Mr. Wheatley finds it "necessary to catalogue Pepys's character under the following heads: (1) husband and friend; (2) official; (3) patriot; (4) curioso or dilettante; (5) collector; (6) philanthropist." This is not very promising, and the entry under head (6), "Pepys was a philanthropist, although it was not until his later years that he had the time to spare for the active pursuit of philanthropy," is lacking in humour. Nor does Mr. Wheatley tackle the difficult psychological question of how the Diary came to be written at all; and if so, why in cipher; and if in cipher, why it was preserved. On the other hand Mr. Wheatley rightly claims for Pepys that against his follies and frailties, and even against his imperfect morality on the subject of bribes, should be set the sound official work which he did at the Admiralty, and his unwearying efforts to give England a navy worthy of the name.

Among the new illustrations of Pepys's life brought together by Mr. Wheatley, perhaps the most interesting is an account of how the diarist fell into the hands of highwaymen. The facts are recorded in the Sessions Papers of the Old Bailey:

Mr. Pepys gave evidence. That as he was Riding to Chelsey in his Coach, accompanied with Mr. Jackson and his Lady, and some other Ladies, on the 29th of September last, in the dusk of the Evening, three Persons (having their Faces covered with Vizard Masks) met his Coach (being all on Horseback) and holding a Pistol to the Coachman's breast, and another against Mr. Pepys, commanded the coach to stand, demanded what they had, which Mr. Pepys readily gave them; which was a Silver Ruler, val. 30.s. a Gold Pencil val. 8.l. Five Mathematical Instruments, val. 3.l. a Magnifying Glass, value 20.s. a Gold and Silver Purse val. 10.s. Two Guineas and 20.s. in Money, these were Mr. Pepys Goods and Money. The things they took from Mr. Jackson were, a Silver Hilted Sword, val. 50.s. a Hatband val. 2s. 3d. Mr. Pepys and Mr. Jackson could not Swear the Prisoners were the men that Robbed them, because they were Masked; Mr. Pepys conjured them to be Civil to the Ladies, and not to Affright them, which they were; and by their demeanour of themselves, my Lady Pepys [? Jackson—Mrs. Pepys was dead] saved a Bag of Money that she had about her: Mr. Pepys desired them to give him a particular Instrument that was of great use to him: and one of them told him, Sir, you are a Gentleman, and so are we; if you will send to the Rummer Tavern at Charing Cross to Morrow, you shall have it there. Mr. Pepys did send, but there was nothing left.

The highwaymen received sentence of death.

Needless to say, the vain Pepys was always having his portrait done. Mr. Wheatley reproduces as a frontispiece to the *Pepysiana* an interesting and little known picture which hangs in the dining-room of the First Lord of the Admiralty at Whitehall. It was painted by an unknown artist in 1687, and is probably the latest Pepys portrait in existence. Pepys as a young man by Lely is at Magdalene College, Cambridge, and several Sir Godfrey Knellers are known to exist. One of these was engraved for a book-plate, and appears as a frontispiece to Mr. Wheatley's *Index*. Indexing, like book-plates and like London, is one of the topics on which Mr. Wheatley is an acknowledged authority; and the *Index* prepared under his supervision for the *Diary* is a fine specimen of the art. It is very full, and the entries under each head are carefully classified so as to give every possible assistance to the student. The singularly multifarious contents of the book make a good *Index* a matter of the first importance. Consulting Mr. Pepys on any topic of Restoration life will in future become no trouble, but a pleasure.

### A Colourist in Poetry.

*The City of the Soul.* (Grant Richards. 5s.)

IF we may use the oft-abused, but sometimes illustrative, expedient of comparing one art with another, the anonymous author of *The City of the Soul* is a decided colourist in song—that is to say, he belongs to the school of Keats and the early Tennyson and Rossetti. Thought he has not, and does not attempt. He would, we may safely say, disdain it as an outrage on poetry pure and simple. Most young lovers of poetry at the present day pass through that stage, which is natural to all young poets. To begin with, the beauty of the world seems all-sufficing, and therefore the beauty of poetry. Why should you ask its meaning of a world so lovely?

Beauty is truth, truth beauty, that is all  
Ye know on earth, or that ye need to know.

So you are inclined to say with the young Keats. Consequently you regard quintessential poetry as just quintessential beauty. Shakespeare passed through this stage when he wrote "Venus and Adonis," "Romeo and Juliet," and "A Midsummer's Night's Dream." He had grown beyond it when he wrote "Hamlet" and "The Tempest." At such a stage we love not only Keats (as he is most worthy to be loved), but also Coleridge and Shelley, for their pure beauty, not discerning that both had ideals beyond mere beauty. Indeed, Shelley's ideals were not very sound. Nevertheless, his beauty was the product of his ideals. As we grow older, if we grow wiser, we begin to seek a meaning in this beautiful life, and to ask a meaning in the beauty of poetry. We are still grateful enough for mere beauty in song, as in existence. But we are more grateful for song which has both beauty and conscious significance. In truth, no verse which has deep meaning can be destitute of beauty, if it be poetry; whereas verse which has beauty of an external kind may be devoid of much significance. For beauty is the handmaiden of truth; truth not always the handmaiden of outward beauty.

But in a young poet mere external beauty is most natural, and a thing to be accepted with hearty thanks. For it is a great gift, though not the greatest gift. And of such beauty this anonymous author is lavish. In imagery he is not remarkably affluent; but he has a rich sense of language, a true gift of mellifluous versification. Few poems are without cunning and iridescent diction; and all have a rich youthful passion for beauty which is itself an inspiration. Nothing could be a more remarkable proof of his instinct for pictorial diction than the ballad of "Perkin Warbeck." Anything barer, less of an incentive to

a luxuriant young imagination, than the meagre historical account of that hapless young pretender could not be conceived. We do not say the ballad is one of the author's best achievements; but the amount of colour and life he has contrived to infuse into it is remarkable, and it is mainly the result of diction. Then, even his imagery is sometimes fresh and felicitous to a degree. "Jonquil and Fleur-de-Lys" has next to no story, and therefore cannot be considered a successful poem. But it contains some of the author's most jewelled description, and such imagery as this:

Jonquil was a shepherd lad,  
White he was as the curded cream,  
Hair like the buttercup he had,  
And wet green eyes like a full chalk-stream.  
His teeth were as white as the stones that lie  
Down in the depths of the sun-bright river,  
And his lashes danced like a dragon-fly  
With drops on the gauzy wings that quiver.

The liking for green eyes we do not share; but the rain-like freshness of the image is excellent. And the "lashes danced like a dragon-fly" is original and felicitous in the most poetic way. No poem at once complete and brief enough for quotation will exhibit altogether the glow of his diction, the luxuriance of his fancy, and the melodious quality of his verse. But we may quote two: one characteristic, the other a sonnet conspicuous for true sentiment and happy criticism, not paralleled elsewhere in the book. The first poem is a very fine impression of London by night, striking to all who know the brilliant mystery of the lamp-lit West.

See what a mass of gems the city wears  
Upon her broad live bosom! row on row  
Rubies and emeralds and amethysts glow.  
See! that huge circle like a necklace, stares  
With thousands of bold eyes to heaven, and dares  
The golden stars to dim the lamps below.  
And in the mirror of the mire I know  
The moon has left her image unawares.

That's the great town at night: I see her breasts,  
Pricked out with lamps they stand like huge black towers,  
I think they move! I hear her panting breath.  
And that's her head where the tiara rests.  
And in her brain, through lanes as dark as death.  
Men creep like thoughts . . . The lamps are like pale flowers.

What a fine image is that in the last two lines—"Men creep like thoughts!" The poem ought to adorn the next edition of Mr. Whitten's London anthology. Dignified, and excellent in craftsmanship is the sonnet "To Shakespeare."

Most tuneful singer, lover tenderest,  
Most sad, most piteous, and most musical,  
Thine is the shrine more pilgrim-worn than all  
The shrines of singers; high above the rest  
Thy trumpet sounds most loud, most manifest.  
Yet better were it if a lonely call  
Of woodland birds, a song, a madrigal,  
Were all the jetsam of thy sea's unrest.

For now thy praises have become too loud  
On vulgar lips, and every yelping cur  
Yaps thee a psalm; the whiles little men,  
Not tall enough to worship in a crowd,  
Spit their small wits at thee. Ah! better then  
The broken shrine, the lonely worshipper.

Imaginative and new, that concluding image of the octave; fine, terse, and reticent, the scorn of the sestet; just in judgment and balanced in utterance, the entire sonnet. Admirable also is the author in his two versions of Baudelaire, which are just what metrical translations ought to be—transfusing the spirit of the original; or, rather, catching in it something sympathetic to the spirit of the translator, and making the poem verily his own. The weakness of the book lies in want of substance, of backbone. The robes are rich, but they lack a man to fill them. Of the poet's spirit, the poet's art, there is no lack.

## Wild Life in Southern England.

*Wild Life in Hampshire Highlands.* By George A. B. Dewar. (Dent.)

*Bird Life in a Southern County.* By Charles Dixon. (Walter Scott.)

BOTH of these books appear to have taken their inspiration from *Wild Life in a Southern County*, and it would almost seem as if the respective authors experienced some difficulty in getting away from the title of Jefferies' book. Each uses half of it. There the resemblance between the two ends. They form a contrast in externals which is not greater than the contrast in substance. The co-editor of the "Haddon Hall" series has had the luck to have his book printed and illustrated in the best style of the Constables. It is equally agreeable to sight and touch—light to handle, restful to look upon. Mr. Dewar's work is not unworthy of its setting. "Homely Hampshire," though not one of the most picturesque of English counties, has many features that endear it to the naturalist and sportsman. It was the home of Gilbert White, who is often cited here; and of a scarcely less famous personage, Colonel Peter Hawker, who is never mentioned, though the author seems familiar with Longparish. Hawker caught hundreds of trout in the Test before the dry-fly was invented.

There are some other curious omissions in Mr. Dewar's book. For instance, he devotes considerable space to the apparent object of discrediting Dr. Jenner's account of the manner in which the young cuckoo ejects its foster-chicks from the nest. He quotes, as if to revive, the doubt thrown on it by Waterton (a very jealous naturalist, as is shown by his life-long hatred of Audubon); but he makes no mention of the confirmatory evidence of Mrs. Hugh Blackburn, which was strong enough to convince so cautious a naturalist as Charles Darwin. He does not venture so far as to insinuate that Jenner was romancing, but as an alternative suggests that "he was mistaken or misinformed as to the age" of the young cuckoo. Mr. Dewar's point is exactly that of Waterton's—viz., that the newly hatched chick could not possibly accomplish this feat. But Darwin's words are very definite. He describes the young cuckoo in the act of ejection as "still blind and not even able to hold up its head." Mrs. Blackburn herself asserted that it was "newly hatched." Another very well-known observer, the late Mr. John Hancock, witnessed the act of ejection on June 28, 1884, the young cuckoo having been hatched out on the 27th. These facts seem to be decisive.

Another omission is that Mr. Dewar has nothing to say about truffles. He describes minutely a great number of eggs, birds, and insects that are common all over England; but the truffle is found only in a very few Southern counties, of which Hampshire is one. He does, indeed, remind us that Gilbert White was interested in these curious underground fungi, but has nothing further to say. One would have fancied that a day with the truffle-hunter would have been an agreeable means of introducing some of the autumn landscapes of that delightful county, since it is when leaves are discolouring in wood and spinney, when stackyards are full and corn-lands bare, when partridge shooters are on the turnips but the pheasants are still being fed in cover, that this pastime or occupation begins.

Partly, no doubt, the neglect is due to our author's predominant love of spring and early summer. "Of all the months for the wood or for the riverside," he says, "give me June, and of all times the first week or ten days of that month." Out of 296 pp., he devotes no fewer than 221 to this season of the year. And undoubtedly he has caught something of its freshness and charm. Some of us, as George Eliot did, love the softness and melancholy of autumn, the coloured and falling leaf, the quiet and rest that seem to brood over "the happy autumn fields" when the year's labour is ended and all things are beginning to turn towards decay. It is a matter of temperament purely

and simply, though the pursuits one likes best must also create associations of their own. Mr. Dewar is an adept at dry-fly fishing, which means that he frequents the chalk-streams at the time of the nightingale and wild rose. He is keen on oology, and therefore haunts wood and lane when wild blossoms are out and leaves expanding; an entomologist, and therefore familiar with down and field when they lie under the summer sun. There is nothing better in the book than the chapters on butterflies and birds-nesting. In regard to collecting, he delivers a sensible protest against the overdone sentimentality of the present time. Recognising to the full the value of the movement in favour of kindness to wild animals and against the practice of women who decorate themselves with the feathers of rare birds, he has the courage to add:

A lad who devotes his whole or half-holiday to a birds-nesting or butterfly-hunting expedition in the woods, fields, or downs is not in the way of turning out a very bad man, and he is often learning a love of nature which will prove a constant joy and a never-failing interest through life. I would not lift up my hands and eyes in too pious horror if he did now and then rifle a coveted nest instead of taking one or two eggs.

For purposes of study—to investigate the baffling question of colouration, for example—it is mere hypocrisy to assert that the collector should not take whole clutches and many of them. On the other hand, Mr. Dewar does not hesitate to censure those sportsmen who make a boast of their large bags. When it comes to be a matter of over four thousand birds killed in four days, sport no longer has the excuse of affording stimulating exercise and recreation—it has degenerated into mere butchery.

In regard to butterflies, it is extremely doubtful whether or not the collector does anything like the harm usually attributed to him. Species appear and disappear and the causes never have yet been satisfactorily ascertained. Pleasanter than Mr. Dewar's talk of rarities is his enthusiastic eulogy of the purple emperor: "You do not know the wild life of the summer oakwoods until you have watched the emperor with wings shot over with a changing gloss of intense purple soaring and towering in the sunshine of a perfect July day." Is the sight really more beautiful than that of two common whites fluttering their love flight above one of these quiet downs where the tumuli hold all that is left of men whose eyes a thousand years ago witnessed exactly the same sight?

We hope there is no need to tell the reader that though we have found some fault with this book, and could find very much more, it makes very pleasant reading. The sins of commission and of omission alike are incidental to its merits—that is, they are such as are likely to be made by one who tries to convey his own direct impressions and is not too solicitous to learn what others have said and done. It will be heartily welcomed by all lovers of the open air.

Mr. Dixon's book is of another cast. Here we have a naturalist whose literary power never does credit to his knowledge and industry. He has written and written about birds; he has gone on scientific expeditions; he has enjoyed the friendship of great ornithologists; he is saturated with bird lore, and yet he never seems quite to "come off." One wishes it were otherwise. There are purely museum naturalists who write learned books about birds, and show on every page that their knowledge is derived solely from the museum, the dissecting room, and the text-book. With these Mr. Dixon is not to be numbered. His books all come direct from the fields; he has listened to the songs of the birds and seen their nests and observed their habits, and his books ought to be absolutely delightful, but they are not. What he lacks is literary inspiration: that want is strikingly exemplified in this Devonshire book. A born writer could not possibly have tried to describe its scenery, its coast and rivers and hills, its trim fields and snug farms, without his enthusiasm catching fire. It is a county of counties, full of history,



full of tradition, full of poetry and romance—it is Mr. Blackmore's county; but you cannot feel that in Mr. Dixon's page: he lived, he says, eight years in Devonshire, and you feel that eight or eighty it makes no difference, the *genius loci* is absent. If his book were offered as a mere contribution to science that would not matter, a kestrel in one place is the same as a kestrel in another; but this is not a county bird-book in the ordinary sense, it does not give a single list of any kind, and is avowedly intended for the general reader. Every county in England has its own special charm, and whoever can find that has a spell to conjure with. Let a Moonraker praise Wilts, let a Tyke glorify Yorkshire, let a Cornishman praise his Cornwall, let the Devonian wax eloquent over Devon, and each is interesting; he sees his native place in a magical light. And this is where Mr. Dixon fails: he is a capital ornithologist, but only a middling writer; his work has no magic in it. His smug phrases about "this favoured South-Western county" may be quite right and exact, but they deprive Devon of that halo of romance with which poetry and tradition have invested it: he presents us with a Devonshire of prose. Nor can we honestly say that his book has any scientific importance; its sketches of bird-life are exactly such as Mr. Dixon has presented in several of his other books, and ninety-nine out of a hundred of them might have been written in any other shire as easily as in Devonshire. The value of the book lies in its illustrations. Mr. Charles Whympster has seldom done anything better.

### The Man in the Iron Mask?

*Nicolas Fouquet.* By Alan B. Cheales, M.A. (Simpkin, Marshall & Co.)

THE career of Nicolas Fouquet is a striking instance of the Nemesis that waits on courtiers. When Louis Quatorze began his reign Fouquet was Surintendant de Finance, and practically ruler of France. But he had bitter enemies, notably Colbert, on the look-out to effect his ruin. Fouquet's own overweening ambition gave them their chance. Mr. Cheales gives many illustrations from old prints of the great *château* of Vaux, near Melun, the precursor of, and model for, Louis's own Versailles. This was built by Fouquet. The King had no palace to equal it; and Nicolas, in the loftiness of his heart, invited his royal master to a sumptuous banquet, or house-warming. Colbert was there, and discreetly pointed out to Mlle. de la Vallière, who was on the King's arm, how the Fouquet arms—a squirrel springing up a tree with a snake in pursuit—and the motto—"Quo non ascendam"—were worked into the decorations of the *salon*. "It signifies, 'To what height may I not attain?'" Madam; and it is easily understood by those who know the boldness of the squirrel, or that of his master!" sneered Colbert. At that moment Fouquet's secretary, Pélisson, passed by. "Your Majesty has probably not remarked," he hinted, "that in every instance the squirrel is pursued by an adder." An adder formed the arms of Colbert himself, who obviously, therefore, did not come off the better in the exchange of wits. From that day, however, dated the fall of Fouquet. Either the splendours of Vaux had excited the envy of Louis, or, as Mr. Cheales suggests, the minister had attempted not only to outbuild the King, but also to outbuy him in the affections of the mistress of the day. A fortnight later Fouquet was arrested at Nantes, and hurried from prison to prison until he finally died in the Bastille. The exact date of his death is not known, and Mr. Cheales will have it that he was the famous and enigmatic "Man in the Iron Mask," whose identity, like that of Junius, is one of the puzzles of history. He builds his theory upon a card, said to have been found a century later at the fall of the Bastille, on

which was written: "4,389,000: Fouquet arrivant des Iles de Ste. Marguerite avec un Masque de Fer."

While imprisoned at Pignerol Fouquet wrote a volume of meditations, entitled *Les Conseils de la Sagesse*, which was "done into English by a gent" in 1736. From this Mr. Cheales has made some not uninteresting extracts. His own comment upon the book is, that it is "a wonderful production for one brought up a member of the Gallican Church, one living all his life among the errors of Romanism!" and that "you will hardly find trace, in the thick volume, of any one of the erroneous doctrines of that spurious form of Christianity." We do not know how this may be. The fault of the "conseils," or "pensées," is, that they lean a little too much towards the copy-book or platitude type; and that, apparently, Fouquet only thought of them when it was already too late to put them into practice. Here are some samples:

Make a good choice before you carry your spouse to church. When you have her sure, neither adore nor neglect her.

Take great care not to provoke her, or indiscreetly to raise her anger by unjust or outrageous severities; neither make her proud by too much complaisance, or ill-timed civilities.

Live in your family as would an angel; but if that exceed your power, live as a sociable creature.

The wise man is steady and constant. His soul is unchangeable and immortal, but his determinations are not so. 'Tis the business and excellency of the gnomon, the index-pointer of a sun-dial, to continue fixed and never change place; but it would cause great confusion if its shadow were to do so too.

The ladies who have made themselves most renowned, and have been best beloved in the world, are not those who have been the most beautiful, the most witty, or the most knowing. The perfect woman of Solomon was perfect mistress of three sorts of knowledge:

1. She understood how to ask proper questions, and to give others happy and proper occasions for telling what they knew.
2. She had capacity enough to conceive readily and clearly the answers they gave her.
3. She knew when to admire, and express her admiration in such terms as testified to all the strength and sincerity of her mind.

Mr. Cheales has illustrated his monograph with some good photographs, but we could wish that he had refrained from putting his relatives in the foreground of every vista of Vaux.

### Napoleon's Invasion of Russia.

*Napoleon's Invasion of Russia.* By Hereford B. George. (Fisher Unwin.)

A GOOD many books deal with that expedition to Russia which was the beginning of the end of Napoleon's power, but it has been Mr. George's good fortune that there is no one work which deals satisfactorily and impartially with that turning-point in history. An enormous mass of material lies ready to the hand of the historian—Napoleon's correspondence, State papers, memoirs of those who took part in the expedition, and military histories—but it all needed to be sifted and digested and reduced to an intelligible and coherent story. This Mr. George has done, and with excellent results. He has especially explored the archives of the British and Austrian Foreign Offices, and has thus been enabled to throw light on many of the tortuous intrigues which obscured the inception and the carrying out of the campaign.

The idea of invading Russia seems to us now like the scheme of a madman, but in 1812 Napoleon was the master of Europe with the exception of England and Russia, and he expected that the Czar would sue for peace after a battle somewhere near the frontier. The Emperor did not imagine that he would be lured on to Moscow. It was at



England that he intended to strike through Russia, for when the Czar refused to adhere any longer to the Continental System, which, though aimed at England, meant material ruin to him, Napoleon had either to confess himself powerless to enforce his system or to attack Russia. The road to Moscow was the *Chemin d'Angleterre* dreamed of so long. The Continental System, which was designed to crush England's trade, was only possible if every nation in Europe concurred; but none of them had any motive for suffering serious privations in order to please the conqueror who had already trampled on them, and to injure a nation which only desired peacefully to supply their wants. Russia alone was in a position to venture to repudiate it, and the Czar came gradually to the conclusion that the risks of war were more endurable than slow strangulation by the stoppage of all external trade.

But to reach Russia Napoleon had to settle with Prussia and Austria. He could not attain his object without crushing the two central European states or having their co-operation, and this, though grudgingly, he obtained from Prussia because she was helpless to resist, and from Austria because she calculated that submission would be safer than resistance, as the Czar was not to be depended upon to fight outside his own borders. Still both Prussia and Austria hated their oppressor and had secret understandings behind his back with one another, and even with Russia. But much as the three Powers hated Napoleon they also mistrusted one another, and so Napoleon by dextrously taking advantage of this situation was able to march his huge army across the frontier.

The story of the campaign and retreat is well told, with, perhaps, too great a luxuriance of detail in some parts. But Mr. George makes it clear that the story of the failure of the invasion being due to the cold was a mere fiction. The cold did no more than convert defeat into destruction, and ruin whatever faint chance may have been left of partially redeeming the failure at the last moment. Before he started Napoleon's power was beginning to totter. England, which he could never subdue, had followed up Trafalgar with the Peninsular War, and France was wearying of the drain on her resources. Napoleon's management of the campaign was not faultless, but his enemies made more and greater mistakes. He achieved a considerable measure of success, perhaps greater than any other man could have obtained, but he could not overcome time and space. He made his commissariat arrangements with consummate skill, but it was impossible to bring the supplies to his troops unless they had moved too slowly to be able to achieve anything. He was beaten before the first snow-flake fell.

The book is supplied with excellent maps and plans, which make the course of events perfectly clear. There is also a good index, which renders the book all the more valuable as a work of reference. As to its relation to current politics, Mr. George's book shows clearly that if Russia keeps up an enormous army, it is not because she needs it for defence. Her natural position makes her invulnerable.

### “Johnny Cope.”

*Sir John Cope and the Rebellion of 1745.* By the late General Sir Robert Cadell, K.C.B. (Blackwood.)

In the mind of the ordinary reader every circumstance connected with the movements in favour of the Stuarts remains invested with a quite disproportionate interest. The natural sympathy of generous hearts for the unfortunate has gone out to the infatuated advocates of a romantic cause. It is certain that some of the upholders of the reigning dynasty have met with less than their due meed of praise. A distinguished Indian officer whose home was in the Lowlands has recently made an attempt to rescue the memory of one such upholder from the

obloquy heaped upon him by the writers of memoirs, songs, and histories. To nothing do historians so much attribute the proportions attained by the '45 as to the bungling incompetence of the commander in Scotland, the “Johnny Cope” of satirical song. Yet even Scott does not deny him some virtues. He “was by no means a poltroon, as has been supposed; but he was one of those second-rate men who are afraid of responsibility, and form their plan of a campaign more with reference to the indication of their own character than the success of their enterprise” (*Tales of a Grandfather*). It is the truth of such a judgment as this that Sir Robert Cadell has set out to arraign before the bar of historical fact. The result is a carefully written account of the course of the rebellion of 1745 until the defeat of Sir John Cope's force at Preston Pans. It is so interesting that we should not have been sorry to see the narrative continued to the end of the whole movement. With a self-restraint that cannot be too much commended, General Cadell never seeks to make a hero of his chief character; indeed, he so little obtrudes the unfortunate commander upon our notice that we are happily able to forget, for the greater part of the book, the special object of vindicating a somewhat uninteresting historical personality which the author has set before himself. We are given good military and political reasons not only for the march of the small English force at the disposal of the Commander-in-Chief into the Highlands for the security of Fort Augustus, but also for the much condemned deflection of its course to Inverness when it was discovered that the Jacobites had secured the important road up Corryarrick mountain. The careful military disposition of his troops is pointed out both on this trying march and subsequently in the important movements which preceded the battle at Preston Pans. If Sir John Cope was blameworthy in the matter of the northern expedition, it is a blame which the other members of the Regency charged with the management of Scotch affairs must share with him. The onset of the Highlanders at Preston Pans would probably have disconcerted the most able general with the most reliable force; but, in justice to Sir John Cope, it must be remembered that his force was less than half that of his opponents, and that—of the two elements in it which, despite the disparagement in numbers, would have given him the military superiority—the artillery was wholly inadequately served through the jealousy, if not treachery, of the military authorities in Edinburgh, while the cavalry missed chance after chance of damaging the enemy both at the passage of the Forth and during the Jacobite advance on the Scotch capital. After this it did not much matter that the two responsible officers next after Sir John Cope were both eighty-five years of age, whose mutual jealousy prevented any concerted action on behalf of the Government in Edinburgh; and that the Lord Provost could play into the hands of the Jacobites, to whose party he belonged. Finally, Col. Gardiner, who commanded the cavalry—Scott's “good Christian and gallant man”—appears in his true colours as a gloomy fanatic, whose fatalism was increased at the critical moment by ill-health, and whose indecision was in no small measure responsible for Cope's difficulties and ultimate defeat. The garbled narrative of Murray of Broughton on the one side, and Dr. Doddridge's pious memoir of Col. Gardiner on the other, have unduly influenced the current historical treatment of the characters and actions of the early part of this rebellion. As an antidote, Sir R. Cadell refers us to the evidence taken at the trial which at his own request was granted to Cope. This was subsequently published by an anonymous gentleman, who had begun his attendance at the trial prejudiced against the unsuccessful commander, but who was converted to his side by the testimony of those who had served under Cope throughout the campaign in Scotland. It is to be regretted that our author has not reprinted in an appendix the whole or some portions of that evidence.

## Other New Books.

THE ARCADIAN.

BY H. C. MINCHIN.

A bright and amusing series of sketches of gay and happy people. No one is very serious, no one is too witty, no one is poor. And they propose to each other, and jest with each other, and read and write poetry, and a cheery spirit of Anthony Hopefulness is over all. The author writes sufficiently neatly, both prose and verse, to make us sorry that his beginnings are derivative. But the time seems to have gone by for young men to be themselves. We quote a passage. The hero and Candida are seated by the river. Says he :

"There are republics in South America that I would like to see, for their natural beauties : and I would like to see Vesuvius—but I wouldn't choose to live in one of those republics, nor on the slopes of Vesuvius. No, I would conjugate the verb of my life in a very different clime !"

"The verb again !" said Candida.

"In a clime that is to me the most genial of all—that is the only one where I can thrive—you know its latitude as well as I do. Present tense, 'I love —'"

"Won't some other verb do as well ?" said Candida.

"Perfect, 'I have loved' ; future, 'I always shall —'"

"Stop !" said Candida, "it is a defective verb !"

"I know it," I said ; "it has no imperative mood. But it has a conditional mood, Candida ; and if I only thought that some day, some day 'you might —'"

The chapters, as they were published serially, have already had some vogue in Oxford, where they were written. (Unwin. 3s. 6d. net.)

FOREST NOTES.

BY E. AND H. LEE-HAMILTON.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Hamilton, who write this little book together and dedicate it to each other, are authors independently too. Mrs. Lee-Hamilton, under the name of Annie Holdsworth, is known for her novels, and her husband recently translated the *Inferno* afresh. The pretty book before us contains a number of brief lyrics of the open air, neat and scholarly in form and happy in sentiment. We may quote this, by Mrs. Lee-Hamilton :

## SUMMER'S LIFE.

When buds are green, and June is won,  
The Summer's life is just begun ;  
Her dimpling fingers press at will  
The swelling breasts of meed and hill.

When flash the scythes and grass is mown  
The Summer comes into her own,  
And roams the meadows free of care ;  
A maid with poppies in her hair.

When every copse for song is made  
The Summer queens it through the glade,  
With sceptre of the bulrush green,  
And radiant challenge in her mien.

When reapers sing and stooks arise  
The Summer in the cornfield lies,  
And yields her body up to Death  
Browned with the Autumn's reddening wreath.

And this by Mr. Lee-Hamilton :

## THE SQUIRREL.

Among the English oaks, where great boughs spread,  
My wee friend wore a coat of foxy red,  
And with his brush held high, from overhead  
He watched us, peeping.

In Kansas woods, a year ago to-day,  
His little coat was unfamiliar grey,  
And like a silver flash he crossed the way  
Up maple leaping.

And here amid these dark Bavarian firs  
His coat is black ; a mourning garb he wears  
Munching a fir-cone, from the boughs he peers,  
While noon is creeping.

The book is altogether a pretty specimen of amateur poesy. (Grant Richards. 3s. 6d. net.)

SONGS TO MORRIS.

BY HORACE DELUSCAR.

The name Horace Deluscar is, we are informed, a pseudonym. The author is Glasgow-born, Berwickshire-bred, and of Midlothian and Fife extraction. Also he warns us that in his book the deep, full-mouthed words of the Elizabethan days must not be looked for. We find, however, a number of sonnets of a more or less emphatic nature, a few songs and ditties, and certain epigrams upon, we conjecture, local acquaintances of the poet : D—— and Joe V——, and so forth. The author's quality is not of the highest, but he has more vigour than forty-nine out of fifty of the minor poets who publish their verses, and there is never any doubt as to his meaning. Here is a sentiment from one of the sonnets :

And after all, what is the crux of life ?  
Not to be rich and die at thirty-five,  
But to live long, clean-handed in the strife,  
A pure straight filler in the national hive.  
There is no gain nor sense in undue haste—  
The best of life comes to the even-paced.

Here is a piece of literary criticism from another sonnet :

The greatest, and the most worth reading now,  
Of our belauded poets lately dead,  
Are Matthew Arnold and eccentric Clough,  
Who in their lifetime were but little read.  
The ramping, millioned mob, beyond redress,  
Prefer to Shakespeare's works a bunch of cress.

And here is an epigram :

## REPLY TO SYDNEY SMITH.

You need it—bring your keenest chisel,  
Our heads, not hearts, are hard as Twizel,  
Impervious to your pointless wit,  
Which is but slattery mental *spit*—  
But as for hearts, yours might be golfed  
From star to star, and ne'er get soft !

The book has a personality behind it, at any rate, and that is something. (Gay & Bird.)

FLOWERS OF THE WIND.

BY CHARLOTTE MANSFIELD.

The poets just now are in love with the wind. Mr. Yeats has given us *The Wind among the Reeds* (a title, by the way, previously used by Hawker, of Morwenstow) ; Mrs. Hinkson called a charming collection of lyrics *The Wind in the Trees* ; and now comes the volume before us. Miss (or Mrs.) Mansfield is a modest poet, with a few gentle thoughts on life and beauty. We quote a poem on "Friendship" :

To moisten with one's tears the other's brow,  
If needs be.

To turn one's back on pleasure, maybe life,  
To take and hold all troubles, burdens, strife,  
If needs be.

To bind oneself with an unwritten vow,  
If needs be.

To ever yield a sympathetic ear,  
If needs be.

To laugh when laughter onward flies,  
To laugh, though for us mirth but cries,  
If needs be.

To bravely face, and show no cowardly fear,  
If needs be.

To be stone deaf when censure's in the air,  
If needs be.

To lose one's wit and give no apt reply,  
To seem a fool, rather than draw a sigh,  
If needs be.

To yield in all thy dealings double share,  
If needs be.

The little book is so small that it may be slipped in the most shapely coat and not injure its "set." (Elkin Mathews. 2s. 6d.)

## Fiction.

*The Market-Place.* By Harold Frederic.  
(Heinemann. 6s.)

THIS is the last of Harold Frederic's work. It marks the premature close of a career of which one can only say with certainty that it had begun. Mr. Frederic's quick and universal sympathy with life, his original and witty observation, his iconoclastic humour, gave to his novels, especially the later ones, a charm and a real vitality which it was impossible to withstand. One approached them with zest, confident that, whatever else they were, they would be neither perfunctory nor insincere. They had faults. The style was sometimes undignified, and it lacked that last finish which one would have expected from such a talent. The construction was liable to be loose, ex-crescent in parts; and there were usually passages where imagination had obviously failed. Yet, with all this, how good they were!

*The Market-Place* is good. It may be a little inferior to both *Illumination* and *Gloria Mundi*, but it is good. It is alive. It has spontaneity, force, freshness, and all the old charm. The theme is "the City," and the hero, Joel Thorpe, is a man who, after being a failure on the face of the earth for just forty years, suddenly found the Napoleon concealed within himself, and in a few months scooped out of a Jewish ring of "operators" a fortune yielding eighty thousand a year. The wolves had thought to gobble him up, but this "surprising and bloody-minded lamb" turned upon them and "bled them white." The scheme by which he did so is narrated with singular dramatic power. The colossal episode—the whole book is an episode—genuinely thrills, and one does not breathe freely till Thorpe has withdrawn his vast winnings from the kingdom of speculation and invested them in tame securities. The tale is full of curious financial lore and colour, and the writing of it must have been preceded by much research. But Frederic was one of those who can breathe into the dry bones of documentary material the breath of life.

The book contains a good deal besides Thorpe's grand coup and the complicated psychology of Thorpe. It contains, for example, his sister, Mrs. Dabney, the admirable and intrepid woman who never believed in her brother, and who, secure in the competence of a bookselling business, consistently refused his patronage. It also contains Celia Madden, out of *Illumination*. Celia here consorts with the English aristocracy, and her views upon the feminine part of it are rendered with rare *verve*. She was intimately candid with Lady Cressage, the most "beautiful woman in England," and afterwards Thorpe's wife:

"Oh, I never wholly know what you're thinking," Miss Madden declared. . . . "It is not you alone, Edith—don't think that—but it is ingrained in your countrywomen. You can't help it: it's in your blood to keep things back. I've met numbers of English ladies who, I'm ready to believe, would be incapable of telling an untruth; but I've never met one of whom I could be sure that she would tell me the whole truth. Don't you see this is a case in point?" she pursued with a little laugh. "I could not drag it out of you that you disliked the Simplon idea, so long as there was a chance of our going. Immediately we find that we can't go, you admit that you hated it. . . . I never can find out what you do want, what really will please you! You never will propose anything; you never will be entirely frank about the things I propose. It's only by watching you out of the corner of my eye that I can ever guess whether anything is altogether to your liking or not."

This is American and acute.

As for the faults, each by itself is unimportant. There are incidents here and there insufficiently motivated, one or two characters not realised or realised only at intervals, and the style is marred by clumsy locutions, an occasional divided infinitive. . . . But what of these? *The Market-Place* is a book to be thankful for, a book to shake hands with.

*An Obstinate Parish.* By M. L. Lord ("Sydney Christian.")  
(Unwin. 6s.)

Mrs. LORD has sought and found her material in the trifling quarrels of a village parish over questions of ritual and the limit of ecclesiastical authority. It is usual to say that an author must have had difficulty in making agreeable fiction out of such a theme. But we do not think so. We are not surprised that Mrs. Lord's book is agreeable. The theme was admirably chosen, and it has been treated with a full appreciation of its merits as a vehicle for displaying character. The animosity between two extremes of a creed is only a fleeting expression of something absolutely eternal, and we like the way in which Mrs. Lord has darkly implied this throughout. Yet, curiously, she is one-sided, superbly one-sided. She gives the ritualistic party no tittle of a fair chance. Her vicar, Cyril Robertson, the standard-bearer of that party in the village of Hurstwell, is accurately studied, powerfully drawn, but quite without sympathy. One cannot fail to recognise him, with his handsome face of brass, his gorgeous conceit, his heart of cast-iron, and his perfect unhumanity. He is the most life-like figure in the book. And the reader who does not end by despising him and all that he stands for must be singularly impervious to the persuasion of Mrs. Lord's talent. The two heroines, Sylvia and Nellie, alike only in their extreme beauty, and both malignly influenced, though in totally different ways, by the imposing Cyril, are distinct creations; but each seems somehow to fall short of that impressiveness which the author intended. It is Mr. Aske, the Evangelical parson of a neighbouring parish, who impresses. In drawing Mr. Aske Mrs. Lord's skill has been at the service of her sympathy; he is indeed lovable, and at once pathetic and dignified. He is, as Nellie's father said, "a man."

The old Adam leapt up in Henry Aske. "There, I am glad you have said it; it has always been expressed in your manner towards me, and in your daughter's, and in that of many other people. There is a whole set of you, who think that because a man lives in an ugly house, and pursues commonplace duties, and has plainly dressed relatives, or wife and children, that he has no love of art or beauty, of which you have a monopoly. More especially you think so in the case of us parsons. Not if we are great dignitaries, with a commanding presence, and a taste in wine and women, and care to spice our conversation with a joke, whose only point lies in its irreverence, or with an apt quotation from the Scriptures at our own expense. No, you can get on with a parson of that sort. You say, 'Give him a bishopric, make him a dean—he will look the part.' But for us common herd there is the smile of contempt. . . ."

Unassuming and full of quiet excellence, *An Obstinate Parish* is one of those novels which do not make the critic vocal. The author knows her power exactly. She also knows her aim, and reaches it with precision. That aim, imaginatively, is not a high one. The reader is never deeply stirred. The critic therefore cannot passionately laud. And he certainly cannot blame, for—accepting the plane on which it moves—*An Obstinate Parish* is entitled to be called faultless. And so the critic just says: This is good.

*On the Edge of the Empire.* By Edgar Jepson and Captain D. Beames. (Heinemann. 6s.)

ONE naturally assumes from the title-page that Captain Beames has supplied the material for this volume of Indian sketches, while Mr. Jepson, in his capacity of literary craftsman, has settled details of form and contrived the nice flow of sentences. A perusal of the book supports such an assumption. It is a good book, well done, dignified, fairly effective. What it lacks is spontaneity and freshness of impression; at times one is conscious of a certain heaviness. The authors have got hold of a

number of excellent subjects—subjects similar to those which you will find in *Plain Tales*, in *Life's Handicap*, and in *Soldiers Three*. Let us mention, by way of example, "The Feud and the Regiment," "Calling the Camels Home," "Cagliostro," "The Humour of Bibi Jan," "The Storming of Chandarnagore," and "The Tribute to the Elements," which are all of them Kiplingesque themes, precisely, exactly. Mr. Jepson and Captain Beames have been too sensible to attempt any rivalry of Mr. Kipling's treatment. They have chosen quieter methods, relying for effect chiefly upon the inherent strength of their subjects. Their success varies. "The Feud and the Regiment" might have become epic in the hands of Mr. Kipling; as it stands, it is dull. On the other hand "The Humour of Bibi Jan" and "The Tribute to the Elements" are entirely admirable. These two sinister and terrible narratives, in the mind of Captain Beames, must have called aloud to be set down plainly, without decorations, without *tours de force* of technique; just told and nothing more. And certainly they are here handled with all imaginable discretion.

Throughout the volume there is a great deal of carefully wrought description. Here is a good passage describing the pursuit of some camel-thieves:

The path was a succession of boulders over which goats might jump or a man scramble, with a sheer drop of two hundred feet on one side, terrible going for horses sure-footed though theirs were. The men dismounted and led them down, walking in front with the reins behind their back; but they showed weaker nerves than their masters. An agony of fear brought out the sweat on them as the galloping had not done; their fear-distended nostrils and glaring eyes were horrible to see; their snorts grew veritable groans; and the clash of the hoofs and the ominous slide, when the hard iron struck the unrelenting boulder, thrilled man and horse alike with dread. Nothing but the lust of blood, when man hunts man, could have steeled the heart of the pursuers; nothing but blind long-founded trust in their masters could have enabled the horses to compass that climb. It is likely that no human suffering could have touched the heart of Bakahan Khan, but at the agony of his beloved mare his lips were twitching, and he and his white brother were venting their feelings in an undertone of cursing.

Without Mr. Kipling, *On the Edge of Empire* would never have existed. Nevertheless, though in a sense derived, it perfectly justifies itself.

### Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

GILES INGLEBY.

By W. E. NORRIS.

The first new "Norris" for some time. We meet with Giles Ingleby lying on his stomach, with a rook rifle in his hand, soliloquising thus: "The conies may be a feeble folk, but their diabolical cunning and miraculous intuitions make them what the hymn-book calls 'stronger than the strong,'" and so forth. Giles was a poet, in spite of the fact that his mother considered the average rhymester godless, sensuous, and self-indulgent. The literary life may be studied in this novel. (Methuen. 6s.)

LIKE ANOTHER HELEN.

By SYDNEY C. GRIER.

The full title is "Like Another Helen: The History of the Cruel Misfortunes and undeserved Distresses of a Young Lady of Virtue and Sensibility, resident at Bengall during the Years 1755-57, which is contained in her Letters, written to a Friend of her own Sex, and carefully preserved by the Lady to whom they were addressed. Edited by Sydney C. Grier (who has added one or two Letters from other Sources for the better Elucidation of the Narrative)." To this we may add that Sydney C. Grier is the lady who wrote *An Uncrowned King*. (Blackwood. 6s.)

IONE MARCH.

By S. R. CROCKETT.

This is a revision and extension of the story which, under the title "The Woman of Fortune," has been appearing in *The Woman at Home*. Herein Mr. Crockett makes a departure, and writes about Americans. Ione March is American, and Marcus Hardy is an undergraduate from Trinity Hall, and after many high-spirited pages, and much pleasant, if rather superficial, humour, they become man and wife. A holiday book. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.)

THAT FORTUNE.

By CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

A novel by the author of *My Summer in a Garden*. That fortune was Evelyn Mavick's. Evelyn was the "biggest heiress in America and a raving beauty, the only child. She has been brought up like the Kohinoor, never out of somebody's sight." A quiet American story, urbane and lightly humorous, of love and authorship and other matters. (Harpers. 6s.)

DEAD OPPRESSORS.

By T. A. PINKERTON.

The curse of heredity is the subject of this new novel by the author of *John Newbold's Ordeal*. Hence it is not another exercise in comedy, such as we look for from his pen, but something graver. The story has indeed an Ibsenitish flavour. (Sonnenschein. 6s.)

ON ACCOUNT OF SARAH.

By EYRE HUSSEY.

"Did you ever read a Greek play?" is the question with which this book opens. "If not," the author adds, "I humbly opine that you have lost very little fun." Mr. Hussey then explains the nature of the chorus, in order that he may have recourse to it later. The story is a comedy, played on a somewhat crowded stage, but amusing and skilful, with pleasant character studies. (Macquenn. 6s.)

THE PERILS OF JOSEPHINE. By LORD ERNEST HAMILTON.

Josephine herself tells the story. She dwelt at the beginning in Chelmsford, with two aunts, who wore mittens and had genteel coughs. Afterwards we come to melodrama, mystery, and love, and a kind of "Uncle Silas" flavour. "Suddenly he drew the knife from his teeth, and flourished it within an inch of my face. 'Gurrr!' he yelled, mouthing at me hideously, like a maniac." (Unwin. 6s.)

THE CRAZE OF CHRISTINA.

By MRS. LOVETT CAMERON.

Another society story by this brisk and busy novelist. It tells of Mark Clifford, a young journalist starving in the Tottenham Court-road until he suddenly inherits a mansion, £8,000 a year, and a family butler. At this juncture enter women, and the story is launched. (Long. 6s.)

THREE BACHELOR WOMEN.

By E. COSBY.

A volume of stories and sketches. Among them is "The Blue Chrysanthemum," a parody of *The Yellow Aster*. "Unappropriated Womanhood," says the author, "may, roughly speaking, be divided into three great classes: the Romantic, the Antagonistic, and the Unappreciated." (Sonnenschein. 2s. 6d.)

THE BLACK TERROR.

By JOHN K. LEYS.

A romance of Russia. "I am not prepared to deny," says Von Mitschka, "that our principles, our aims, and to some extent our methods, are similar to those of the Nihilists, whom we have succeeded." (Sampson Low. 6s.)

WHEN KNIGHTHOOD WAS IN FLOWER. By E. CASKODEN.

This is one of the books which all America is reading. It tells the love story of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, and Mary Tudor. The period "when knighthood was in flower" is thus the reign of Henry VIII.; which may be a surprise to some students. The historian purports to be Sir Edwin Caskoden, Master of the Dance. (Sands & Co. 6s.)

## THE ACADEMY.

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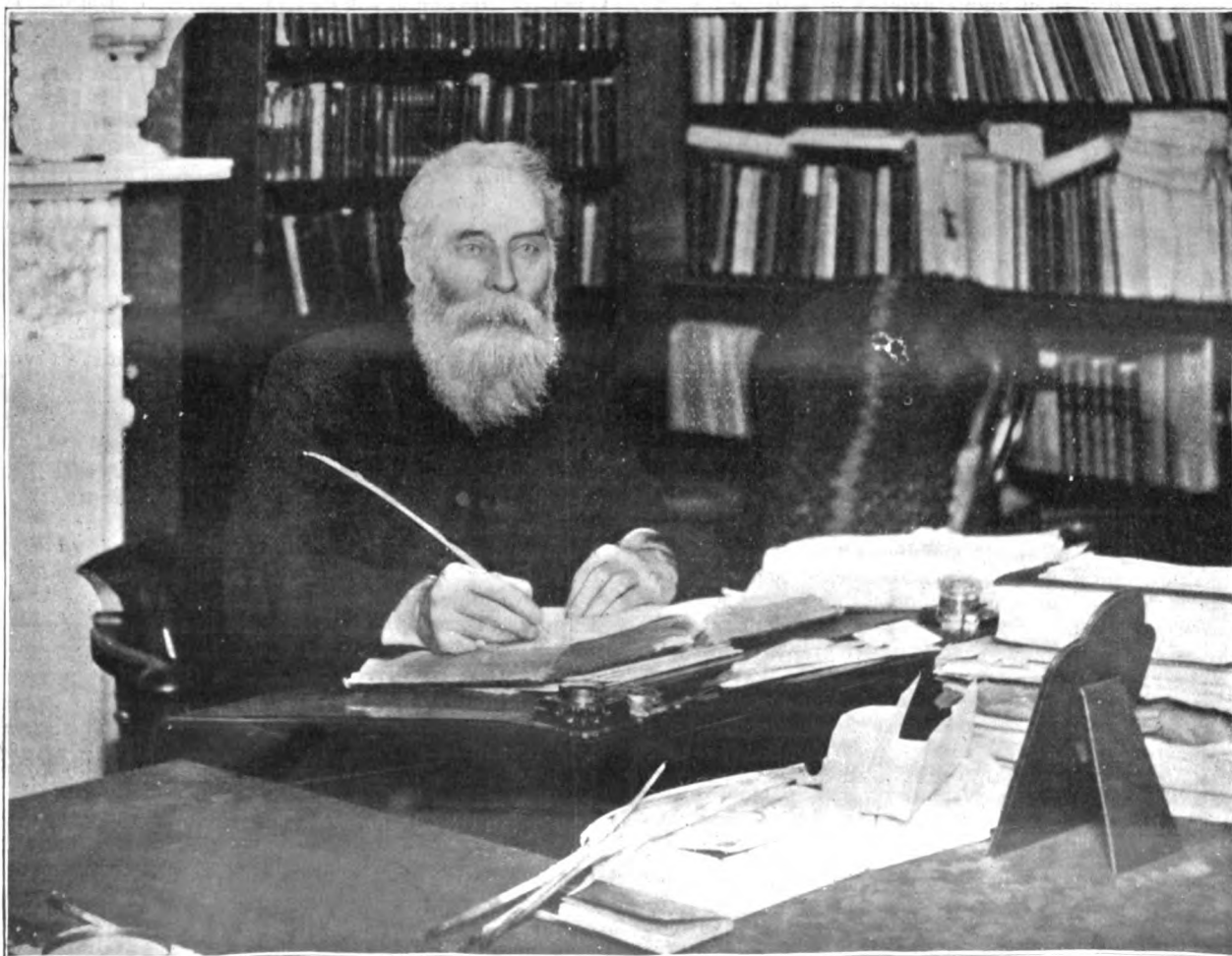
*American Agents for the ACADEMY: Brentano's, 31, Union-square, New York.*

## The Roots of Language and Professor Skeat.

THE kindness of the Rev. Prof. W. W. Skeat, of Cambridge, is, perhaps, as much trespassed upon as that of any scholar of eminence in the country. As though it were not enough to be Elrington and Bosworth Professor of Anglo-Saxon, the author of an Etymological Dictionary of the English language now in a third edition, and a voluminous and always illuminating author, he must needs be constantly asked to assist some one out of the thickets of investigation. It was not, however, even as a flounderer in investigation—being merely a stroller by the wayside—that I first ventured to draw upon his known good-nature. It was simply to ask him, as the editor of Chatterton, in the "Aldine" series, if he knew what had become of the famous picture, "The Death of Chatterton," which, with another, "The Three

Marys," are the best remembered of the paintings in the Manchester Art Treasures Exhibition of 1857. It is forty-two years since then, and Mr. Skeat had not taken his degree; nor had he even dreamt of those studies, which were the resources of his leisure, becoming the serious studies of his life. His chosen career was that of a country clergyman, but severe illness intervening rendered a long rest necessary, also a change in his pursuits. Yes, Prof. Skeat told me, he had seen the picture, "The Death of Chatterton"; he had seen it at Manchester, and his recollection of it was the same as mine. But into whose possession it had passed he could not say. Speaking of Chatterton, while regarding the Rowley Poems as the best, he thought a few of the "modern" poems remarkable. "I rather wish," he added, "that there were more of them. Had Chatterton taken as much trouble with these as with the other, and had he lived, he might have done well. Some think one of his best pieces is 'The Bristowe Tragedie,' which, although he placed it among his Rowley Poems, is practically in modern English and a modern ballad."

Although Mr. Skeat had to shape a new course for himself at twenty-eight, it is evident that the bent of his inclinations was, very early in his life, towards English scholarship. Indeed, he confesses that he imbibed his first notion of scholarship at King's College School, in the Strand, his class master, the Rev. Oswald Cockayne, being an excellent Anglo-Saxon scholar. And it is not without interest to find the pupil become a professor after finishing his edition in Anglo-Saxon, with a literal translation, of Ælfric's *Lives of the Saints*—a work he had in hand seventeen years—acknowledging in the handsomest way the usefulness of a transcript, by his old class master, of



PROFESSOR SKEAT.

*From the Copyright Series of Portraits of Contributors to the "Encyclopædia Britannica."*



*Ælfric's Lives*. So that, though under the impression that his lines were to be cast in some country parish for which his serious studies, especially theology, would provide the best equipment, he appears quite early—at any rate, from the time he could read the quotations from Chaucer and Langland in Mrs. Markham's *History of England*—to have begun to get together his outfit for his own proper work—that of editor of Early English literature. So much may be inferred from his answer to the question often asked, how he came to think of studying English. And it is significant of the fulness of his information that, in answering this or any other question, he always gives over-measure, especially if it be of something which, having found useful himself, he may think would be useful to you. Ask him, for example, how English may be best studied. He will tell you that as English grammar is dependent almost wholly upon that of Anglo-Saxon, instead of one's having recourse to, or rummaging through, dictionaries or grammars, the better way of studying English is to read some good standard author of the Elizabethan period, such as Shakespeare or Spenser or Bacon. "All peculiar phrases should be carefully noted," he tells you, "and, if possible, remembered; after a while the reader will find himself gradually enabled to account for, and explain, some of them; and then he will have made a considerable advance." The value of hints such as these is obviously this: that instead of having to spend the freshest years of your life in drudgery to acquire a knowledge of older English, you have opened for you the floweriest paths to knowledge and to its purest springs. It occurs to one that, although it would seem that Prof. Skeat had drawn from those springs without the slightest exertion, and in the happiest mood—as if, indeed, it had only been child's play to him—he must have done a tremendous amount of hard work in making work easy and pleasant for others. This is indicated, surely, in the account of his books and papers, the research manifestly involved in their preparation being prodigious. To take only one from the long list entered in the British Museum catalogue—that of his *Mæso-Gothic glossary*—it will be seen that he must have trained himself to exact the uttermost moment of his leisure to gather the materials for such a work, to say nothing of the vast labour and penetrating diligence required in turning those materials into a work of reference valuable to scholars. And this, too, with the certain knowledge that his glossary, except to philologists, would be a sealed book. There could be no popular edition of a work with the title *Mæso-Gothic*. Yet within the space of Prof. Skeat's small quarto he sounds the depths of the language of *Ulfilas*—that which, according to Sir Francis Palgrave, affords the best materials for an investigation of the origin and structure of the English language. It is a curious thing that this old language—*Mæso-Gothic*—invaluable as it is declared to be in any adequate study of English, lies so far aside from the familiar highways of literature that not even the labours of the late Dr. Bosworth, Prof. Max Müller, and Prof. Skeat himself have made it quite clear to readers outside the philological circle what *Mæso-Gothic* is. Perhaps a rough-and-ready answer, though it may horrify the fastidious, may be given, that it was the language of *Mæsia*, and that *Ulfilas* was its bishop; not that this makes one any wiser until it is found that *Mæsia* is the ancient geography name for the *Servia* and *Bulgaria* of the modern map. This brings us to familiar ground, and, *Ulfilas* being known to scholars as a most learned bishop, and a presumably pious man, he having translated the Scriptures into *Mæso-Gothic*, it will be felt, though the extent of the debt may be difficult to appraise, that Prof. Skeat's glossary is a gift to English literature of great value.

It was while regaining strength, after the illness which had prostrated him in his Godalming curacy, and later withdrew him permanently from clerical work, that it occurred to Prof. Skeat to take up the study of Anglo-

Saxon seriously. He had returned to Cambridge, where he was appointed mathematical lecturer at Christ's College with a good deal of spare time. And finding no one with anything like a competent knowledge of Anglo-Saxon, it seemed to him that he had found the proper field within which to cultivate it himself. It so happened that in the same year, 1864, Dr. Furnivall had started the Early English Text Society, and acting on the suggestion of a friend that he would find in Mr. Skeat, if not as yet experience as an editor of the Older English, at any rate an exceeding fondness for the work, he entrusted him with the re-editing of one of the Society's publications, the poem *Lancelot of the Laik*. Being urged to take up more important work, Mr. Skeat entered upon an examination of the available MSS. for a new edition of *Piers Plowman*, completing the edition of the three principal texts of Langland's poem, with a reproduction of the notes and glossary in 1885.

His work in Middle English includes the re-editing of Barbour's important poem "The Bruce," or, to give it its quaint title, *Robert-de-Broyes, King of Scots*, which, one need hardly say, took many years to complete. Needless to add that Chaucer is the third of the great authors of the fourteenth century edited by Prof. Skeat. "Future editors may do better," he says, "but my work will never (I hope) become quite superfluous." This is his simple way of putting it. His other works, as well as those mentioned, lovers of English literature greatly admire. We may name one specially—his complete edition of all the MSS. of the Anglo-Saxon and Northumbrian Gospels. But his best and most enduring title to the respect of his countrymen is that he has given them interpretations, in the truest spirit, of the poems of Barbour, Langland, and Chaucer. As one of the editors of the Early English Text Society, Prof. Skeat can tell the world, as well as any one of the living group of English scholars, how the New English Dictionary was first conceived, and what the difficulties were which the first promoters had to face. But it is an old story now. And although there are incidents in connexion with the undertaking which can never be without interest, as, for example, the death of Mr. Herbert Coleridge, one of the first two editors—who died with slips of the Dictionary in his hands—or the first reception of the good news that at last, after some twenty years of unrealised expectation, publishers had been found willing to undertake the work, the time has not yet come for the retelling of the story, as it will be told some day, from the beginning to the finish. While the promoters were without a glimpse even of the stocks on which the frame of the work was ultimately to be laid, and had barely more comfort in their reflections than that they were engaged in a most noble pursuit—on a work it was hardly likely they would ever see in print!—they were aided with almost incredible enthusiasm and industry by scholars in all parts of the country. Of that band Prof. Skeat was one. He practically formed the English Dialect Society in order that an adequate collection of provincial words might be made available for the needs of the New English Dictionary. In many other ways, indirectly, he has helped it forward; and in his latest service, in his tribute to the courage of Dr. J. A. H. Murray, in the *Modern Quarterly*, he administers a severe slating to those reviewers who have girded at the slow progress. For so mild a mannered man it is a revelation. Prof. Skeat claims, and claims fairly, to have made it his particular endeavour to promote English studies from a sincere wish to see the great name of England held in due respect by scholars—not that he wishes to reserve to himself any credit for this, but only as one of many other scholars animated with the same desire.

R. S.



## Things Seen.

### Saluting the Conqueror.

At the fag end of the Rue de Rivoli, close to the Hôtel de Ville, I saw a crowd on the pavement. In the roadway a simple hearse waited. The funeral was a humble one, but the undertaker wore a splendid sash, and his men attached the wreaths of the mourners to the coffin with speed and circumstance. Almost before I knew, the little procession had set out. The young widow, with only a girl—a sister, perhaps—to support her, walked first. Her grief was too pitiful in the harsh daylight. The neighbours followed by twos, and I thought a real current of feeling flowed along the line to the chief mourner, whose thoughts seemed to be now before her and now behind, and her reason at fault between them.

To Montparnasse! The little line had straightened itself, and the severance from the Rue de Rivoli had been made: there seemed no more to the picture. But at the moment when the funeral was set in the broad, empty Place de l'Hôtel de Ville the soldier on guard under the great building stayed his march to and fro and presented arms to the dead. . . . Ah, that uplifted rifle, and that natty, rigid figure in which the Army of France lived! A great idea hung over me. Then the sentry resumed his march, the poor funeral went wavering over the Pont d'Arcole, and I remembered that in my country they salute nobody below the rank of a fiery officer.

### The White Man's Burden.

In the afternoon a white man came aboard, and he was followed closely by a Moor, who carried two battered leather kit-bags. A passenger, and from Hassi Moul el Bab! The new arrival caused quite a sensation. But he paid his fare to London, a stiff one, in English gold, he spoke as a gentleman speaks, and the purser could find no reason for refusing a cabin, though he looked askance at the passenger's cracked brown riding boots and ancient suit of kakhi, torn and worn.

That the *Lorelei* should have called at Hassi Moul el Bab at all was odd. The visit did not appear in the advertised itinerary, and big pleasure steamers do not make a practice of dropping haphazard into tiny Moorish ports, much as worthy Riffians and other good pirates would enjoy meeting them there.

No. 94 was the cabin allotted. "Just to the left of the companion," said Mr. Purser, with explanatory condescension. The stranger moved towards the saloon entrance, beckoning his stately Moor to follow him. The ship was as fine as a lady's-maid at a theatre; all a-glitter with bright-work and brass, as a pleasure yacht should be.

"Hi, there! Where's that darky going?"

It was the spruce and gallant chief officer who spoke; and, speaking, he stepped forward and laid one hand, brusquely, upon the dust-encrusted but finely-embroidered djellab of Haj Absalaam Eshun, Arab Halal, the mountain-bred Moor who followed the new passenger. Haj Absalaam dropped the Englishman's two kit-bags, as a man might who had been shot in the back; a toss of his fine head threw the djellab-hood flat on one shoulder; his two sinewy brown hands were clenched at rigid arms' ends, and his black eyes appeared to break through smouldering to blaze; it almost seemed they started flames a playing about the popular officer's forehead. The Moor did not speak in words, but—. However, at that moment the white man in the companion way turned, and pushed past Absalaam, with three muttered words, which sounded soothing and apologetic.

"What's the matter?" he asked. The first officer smiled with bland dignity, and, assuming then the tone he kept for passengers, "Oh, nothing!" he said. "But

we don't allow these beggars past the companion way, you know."

The Moor's right hand moved, as a leopard pounces, to the girth opening in his djellab, where showed the gleam of a chased silver hilt. He had some English, the mountain man. The new passenger twisted one end of a ragged, corn-coloured moustache into his mouth. His blue eyes suggested the shining desert—sand, sun-glare, a limitless outlook.

"Ah," he said, very gently. "So you don't allow these beggars below?"

Then this wiry, thin-flanked man turned on his heel, showing a fine breadth of thinly clad shoulder to the officer, and to the Moor a half-tired, half-amused brown face.

"Pick up the bags, Absalaam—my friend. The mules must take me as far as Tangier, after all."

They walked down the *Lorelei's* gangway, these two, without another word, and the assembled passengers watched their little boat pitching shorewards in the swell outside Hassi Moul el Bab. The *Lorelei* made a clear fifteen sovereigns by that transaction, and I noticed an odd thing about it, which I subsequently described at some length to the chief officer. As the white man preceded his Moor down the ship's side he wiped his moustache with a handkerchief. In one corner of that handkerchief, delicately worked, was a tiny coronet. The chief officer seemed annoyed when he looked up in Debrett the name given by the man from Hassi Moul el Bab. Which was what I expected from that gallant seaman.

## The 500 Necessary Words.

AMERICA has just revived an old pastime. Mr. Charles Demery-Robinson, professor of languages, has been compiling a list of five hundred words for the *New York Times*, to illustrate the conversational needs of the ordinary child or "uncivilised man or woman." He claims to have brought to the construction of his vocabulary the experience of twenty years. This is the result:

### THE ELEMENTS OF CONVERSATION.

10. House, roof, cellar, residence, ceiling, workshop, way, place, curtain, floor.
20. Wall, window, pane, door, corner, blind, shutter, staircase, ladder, room.
30. Mantelpiece, mirror, library, clock, stove, cookstove, chest of drawers, money, flower-pot, bell.
40. Watch, table, chair, rocking-chair, arm-chair, sofa, clock, picture, water-pitcher, stool.
50. Chandelier, parlor, pillar, fire, carpet, bedroom, bed, dining-room, bath-room, soap.
60. Wash-bowl, towel, comb, water, wash, sponge, brush, bath, bath-tub, drawer.
70. Cradle, kitchen, room, closet, key, lock, bench, shelf, stable, desk.
80. Pen, pencil, ink, inkstand, book, blotter, penknife, ruler, ticket, letter.
90. Stamp, envelope, eraser, newspaper, basket, scissors, match, lamp, candle, tooth-powder.
100. Suit, coat, waistcoat, trousers, pocket-book, shoe, stocking, needle, pin, suspenders.
110. Thread, button, collar, cuffs, necktie, shirt, drawers, cloak, chain, ribbon.
120. Pocket, slipper, laces, hat, overcoat, shawl, handkerchief, dress, skirt, petticoat.
130. Corset, belt, apron, ring, glove, rubber, wrapper, umbrella, cane, eyeglasses.
140. Wood, glass, silk, paper, leather, stone, iron, copper, silver, gold.
150. Tin, linen, wool, cotton, china, straw, velvet, steel, cloth, fur.
160. Food, appetite, hunger, thirst, meal, breakfast, dinner, supper, lunch, toothpick.
170. Drink, bread, butter, cheese, meat, ham, roast, veal, chicken, duck.
180. Beef, pork, saltcellar, salt, pepper, egg, milk, cake, vegetable, soup.

190. Potatoes, peas, beans, nut, water, brandy, whisky, oil, vinegar, knife.
200. Fork, spoon, coffee, tea, chocolate, cup, saucer, plate, dish, fruit.
210. Wine, apple, pear, lemon, cherries, beer, bottle, cork, oyster, sauce.
220. Sausage, tablecloth, decanter, fish, ice, glass, sugar, flour, corkscrew, cucumber.
230. Young, old, pretty, ugly, thin, thick, miserly, polite, sorry, glad.
240. Quiet, fresh, funny, happy, unhappy, lazy, fat, lean, sick, well.
250. Sad, gay, small, large, low, high, short, long, bad, good.
260. Old, new, square, round, sour, light, heavy, sweet, bitter, wet.
270. Dry, beautiful, tired, sharp, clean, dirty, married, single, narrow, broad.
280. Necessary, possible, honest, poor, rich, careful, warm, cold, deep, hard.
290. Soft, useful, proud, cheap, dear, false, true, full, empty, white.
300. Black, gray, dark, light, red, blue, yellow, green, intelligent, foolish.
310. And, also, almost, during, because, of, why, except, however, once.
320. Sure, soon, ordinary, such, since, perhaps, very, finally, until, especially.
330. Suddenly, accidentally, little, much, too much, here, there, elsewhere, thus, then.
340. Certainly, loud, nevertheless, at, in, on, under, between, everybody, nobody.
350. How much, how many, more, together, but, in spite of, through, several, who, how.
360. Where, although, with, without, near, far, everywhere, nowhere, to the right, to the left.
370. Enough, upstairs, downstairs, sometimes, never, often, only, the same thing, something, nothing.
380. This, that, my, thy, his, our, your, their, badly, well.
390. Slowly, quickly, already, not yet, together, about, right away, behind, even, alone.
400. Before, yesterday, to-day, to-morrow, now, long ago, early, late, opposite, in vain.
410. Man, woman, father, mother, husband, wife, uncle, aunt, brother, sister.
420. Son, daughter, friend, neighbour, boy, girl, niece, nephew, child, cousin.
430. Workingman, letter-carrier, messenger, physician, merchant, driver, servant, joiner, stationer.
440. Watchmaker, blacksmith, grocer, jeweller, druggist, landlord, printer, baker, cook, tailor.
450. Carpenter, shoemaker, milliner, dressmaker, hatter, rain, snow, storm, light, time.
460. Cloud, weather, spring, summer, autumn, winter, minute, hour, day, night.
470. Week, month, year, morning, evening, river, sea, sun, moon, star.
480. City, home, world, street, garden, bridge, tree, flower, forest, air.
490. Head, hair, ear, nose, mouth, beard, moustache, tooth, tongue, eye.
500. Throat, face, knee, lip, heart, finger, hand, foot, arm, leg.

It must be remembered that the list was compiled for Americans. The English man or English child in the same position would be able very easily to do without some of the words given: for instance, residence, pane, cookstove, bench, ruler, eraser, suspenders, rubber, tin, nest, oysters, miserly, joiner, and jeweller.

We should understand the present situation better if we understood what the professor means by "uncivilised." What is "an uncivilised man"? Apparently it does not mean an uneducated man, because for the needs of the uneducated man the professor says we must add another five hundred words. But what has an uncivilised man to do with handkerchiefs and saltcellars, decanters and stationers? In the direction of civilisation the list is surely too strong. On the other hand, suppose the uncivilised man takes an interest in politics or wishes to abuse his employer, what does the list do for him then? But such list-making is, of course, only a game.

## Burns's Kilmarnock Editions.

### Is Their Market Value Falling?

THE sale of a Kilmarnock (1786) edition of Burns's poems at Sotheby's the other week for £96 has, oddly enough, aroused little or no public comment; yet Mr. Sabin could not, we suppose, even in his most sanguine moments, have anticipated the capture of this volume at a figure under £200. It was, of course, by no means a perfect copy—one of the covers was damaged, several injured pages had been repaired, and pp. 234 and 235 were thought by experts to be insertions from the reprint. In spite of these defects, however, the copy was a good one, and the lack of competitors at the sale must be taken to indicate a falling-off in the market value of Burns. After the exciting contest at Dowell's Rooms, Edinburgh, in February, 1898, when the irrepressible Mr. Sabin carried off the late Mr. A. C. Lamb's copy at the record price of 545 guineas, it was anticipated that this latest Kilmarnock edition, imperfect as it was, would have thronged Sotheby's auction-room with eager Burns's collectors or their agents. But it did nothing of the kind. The competition was sluggish from the first, and Mr. Sabin's leisurely bid of £96 brought down the hammer.

Here is a list of prices fetched during the last twenty-five years for the original edition of *Poems, Chiefly in the Scottish Dialect*, by Robert Burns. Kilmarnock: Printed by John Wilson. 1786:

Name of Copy	Condition.	Place of Sale.	Date.	Price.
Unnamed ...	"Sound" ...	Edinburgh	1874	£ 19 0
Unnamed ...	"Sound" ...	London	1875	34 0
Laing's ...	Good. Lines in poet's writing, and letter from J. G. Lockhart inserted ...	Sotheby's	1879	90 0
Mayrick's ...	Last leaf of glossary wanting ...	Sotheby's	1887	18 0
Shaw's ...	Good ...	Sotheby's	1887	66 0
Craig's ...	Some uncut leaves ...	Sotheby's	1888	111 0
Duff's ...	Good. Burns's autograph on title-page...	Sotheby's	1888	86 0
Unnamed ...	Two leaves stained ...	Pattick's	1889	71 0
Streetfield's...	Title in facsimile. Several defects repaired ...	Sotheby's	1889	46 0
English Amateur's	Very good ...	Sotheby's	1890	107 0
Gaisford's ...	Very good ...	Sotheby's	1890	120 0
Young's ...	Spotless condition ...	Sotheby's	1890	100 0
Country Gentleman's	Dedication, title, and first leaf of preface wanting. With all faults ...	Puttick's	1891	27 0
Brayton Eves'	Good ...	New York	1891	86 0
Lakeland's ...	Preface and last leaf of glossary reprinted. With all faults ...	Sotheby's	1891	21 0
Unnamed ...	Portion of title, preface, and last leaf in facsimile. All faults ...	Sotheby's	1891	16 10
Auchinleck ...	Ink cross opposite some of poems in contents ...	Sotheby's	1893	102 0
Baronet's ...	Very good ...	Sotheby's	1896	121 0
Unnamed ...	Good ...	Sotheby's	1897	80 0
Burra's ...	In original publisher's sheep. Two leaves with jagged edges ...	Sotheby's	1897	86 0
Lamb's, No. 1	Original paper covers as issued. Uncut. Last page not cut open. In crimson morocco case ...	Edinburgh	1898	572 5
Lamb's, No. 2	Pp. 11-238 (pp 223-4 and 233-4 wanting), loose in morocco case	Edinburgh (same sale)	1898	13 0

All these copies, with the single exception of Mr.

Lamb's, were neatly bound in calf or half-calf, with gilt edges, and all the rest of it, and with the original broad margins cut down in many cases to the smallest compass. This edition of Burns's poems was one of the most elegant books Wilson, of Kilmarnock, ever turned out. It was beautifully printed, bound in blue paper boards, with white backing, and had very wide margins, making an octavo volume (9 in. by 5½ in.). Many of the copies now in existence have been cut down by the binders, into whose hands they fell, to 8 inches and even 7½ inches in height, thus disfiguring the book entirely. The tallest cut copy is that presented to the Kilmarnock Museum by Dr. McLaren. It measured 8½ inches in height. Those in the British Museum measure 8 and 8½ inches respectively, the former, purchased in 1850, having certain blanks filled in and misprints corrected by the poet.

Mr. Lamb's No. 1. copy, which brought the phenomenal price of £572 5s., was, however, unique. It was in every sense a perfect copy. It was uncut and in the original paper covers as issued from the printers, and the bidding at Dowell's was altogether sensational. The copy had, moreover, quite a romantic history. During the first half of the century it was owned by a Glasgow family named Drummond, who seem to have set little store upon it, for at the Drummond sale in 1850 it went "for a song" to Dr. Burns, of Rochester, among a lot of odd volumes. Twenty years later Dr. Burns, who was a native of Forfar, offered the volume for sale as a contribution towards the Free Public Library of his native town, when it was purchased by Mr. Simpson, Broughty-Ferry, for £6 6s., which was then considered a very big price for a Kilmarnock edition. The advertisement of the sale published in the *Dundee Advertiser* of the time stated that "about a dozen years ago a similar copy was sold by auction in London for £3 10s." In 1879 Mr. Simpson offered to sell his copy along with several other volumes to Mr. A. C. Lamb, Dundee, who became their purchaser at £124, of which he allowed £100 as the price of the Kilmarnock "Burns." This is the copy which nineteen years later fetched £572 5s. at the Edinburgh sale—nearly eighteen times as much as Burns paid Wilson for the whole edition of 600 copies!

Since this fabulous price was obtained last year the copy disposed of at Sotheby's on the 4th inst. was the only one that has come into the market, and that it should pass into Mr. Sabin's hands, almost without competition, for £96 is not without significance.

## Drama.

### "The Weather-Hen."

WHEN "The Weather-Hen" was produced at an experimental matinee at Terry's a couple of weeks ago, it was generally recognised to be an extremely clever piece of work. Now that it has been put into the evening bill at the Comedy, a second visit more than confirms the favourable impression created by the first.

"The Weather-Hen" is something more than merely clever—it is also extremely bold. Its authors, Messrs. Berte Thomas and Granville Barker, have chosen their subject courageously, handled it in a manner almost audacious in its originality, and faced the issues it raises with a sincerity and a directness very rare on the English stage. They have set themselves resolutely to draw from the life; to see things and people as they are, and not as they are conventionally represented to be. They have not sacrificed truth to stage effect. On the contrary, at times they have boldly sacrificed stage effect to truth, and thereby secured a higher effectiveness, which the mere accomplished craftsman of the stage usually misses.

How is it that these two young men, who have never, to my knowledge, written for the stage before, have succeeded where so many more experienced playwrights fail? I am inclined to think that it is to this very inexperience of theirs that they owe their success. They have had the courage of inexperience, the rashness of the beginner. They have not flinched from difficult situations, or fallen back upon old or threadbare devices for winning applause or bringing down a curtain. They have set themselves to write a play which shall be sincere, which shall mirror life as it is. They have not been content merely to copy other men's successes, and they have not been exposed to that great temptation of the skilled dramatist—to repeat their own. The experienced dramatist is so terribly handicapped when he wishes to give us original or sincere work. He knows exactly what will "go" on the stage, and he is naturally chary of trying experiments. He has a recipe for a drama—sound, time-worn, well established. It is a great temptation to go on turning out the old dish. As long as he sticks to his recipe success is fairly certain. If he varies it, failure is, at least, possible. He has his reputation to consider—and he does not vary the recipe. The authors of "The Weather-Hen" were fortunate in having a reputation to make, not a reputation to keep. In their case courage was the truest prudence, and I hope the result will justify them financially and otherwise.

Will it justify them? It is dangerous to prophesy. It is possible to be too clever for the London stage and it is very easy to be too original. "The Weather-Hen" is so fresh, so startling even in the novelty of its treatment, that I am afraid it may puzzle more people than it will charm. I am afraid that its audiences may not understand what its authors are doing. What they are doing (as it seems to me) is this—they have tried to put upon the stage certain characters and certain incidents such as, given certain conditions, might be met with in ordinary life. They are realists, in fact. But they are realists with a sense of humour. They have taken for their principal characters an unhappy wife, an unfaithful husband, and a chivalrous but callow youth who wishes to rescue the wife from her husband's ill-treatment. Here is an excellent subject for "serious" drama, for reproaches, recriminations, for the business of the ordinary kind. But in ordinary life these momentous events settle themselves more quietly than you might suppose. A youth goes off with another man's wife. Tragic, no doubt, but also slightly ridiculous. The youth's parents start in pursuit. Decidedly ridiculous. The youth's conduct is chivalrous and well-intentioned, but he will not improbably look rather silly. Here is our authors' opportunity in "The Weather-Hen." They have drawn their play and their persons from the life, and they have retained their sense of humour. We feel intensely for the wife; but this does not prevent us from seeing that she is rather a vulgar little person. We sympathise with the chivalrous youth; but when he takes too much champagne, and otherwise makes himself ridiculous, our sympathy does not prevent us from laughing at him. We sympathise with his parents; but when his mother falls asleep in her chair, and his father has his encounter with the faithful manservant, we relish the humour of the situation keenly.

And so all through "The Weather-Hen" we are permitted to see both sides of the question, and the serious issues do not prevent us from laughing, nor does the laughter prevent our taking a poignant interest in the serious issues. It is wonderfully clever and wonderfully stimulating to those who like this sort of thing; but the Public —?

Well, time will show. The play is admirably acted, not merely by Miss McIntosh and Mr. Graham Browne, but by the whole company. It deserves success: I hope it will achieve it.

St. J. H.

## Memoirs of the Moment.

It is a pity that Dr. Congreve has been denied the not altogether unique experience of being a reader of his own obituary notice in the *Times*. Nobody would have appreciated more than he the points of the leading article in which his epitaph is summed up in every sentence as "Failure." A fighting-man the writer in question rather picturesquely than truly sketches him; but he would not have sought to set aside the *Times* verdict. Nor need anybody seek to do so on his account; though the thought arises that with Congreve, as with many others, success may come in other ways than from the path in which a man set out to win it. It is true that Congreve had no great congregation; he did not head a visible church, or add to the number of powers upon whom a Parliamentary candidate must call at election times. But the work he did was a work of leavening others; and nobody will deny that his general principles—all tending to the elevation of Man—are those which have triumphed all along the line, in politics, in the pulpit, in literature. On that point the writer in the *Times* strikes a strangely discordant note when he proclaims over the grave of Congreve that "the great teachers of physical science are in no mood to put humanity in a false position of overwhelming importance. Some tenants of the nearest ant-heap," the leader-writer adds, "may hold that the individual ant should worship the corporate ant-heap. It is not the tendency of modern science. There is no sign that it will ever be such." The Worshipers of Humanity, on the strict lines of Congreve, may be few in number, as the *Times* writer says, and says again; but, if numbers are really to be the test, where, after all, will this frank Worship of Inhumanity find its place?

The death of the Duchess of Rutland was quite unexpected, the visit of the Duke and Duchess to German waters being made on his account rather than on hers. The Duke early lost his first beautiful wife; and, after a widowhood of eight years, in which he made politics his distraction, he found his second wife in a lady of most amiable disposition and with tastes and aims similar to his own. The Duchess, now dead, must rank among the many wives whose devotion makes memorable an age which also saw the passing of the Divorce Acts—opposed with fiery ardour by Lord John Manners, as he then was, from his place in Parliament. She loved public life, so far as it affected her husband's interests; she knew the story of the Young England movement by heart; preferred *Coningsby* among the novels of Disraeli; and, while a deeply pious woman (of High Church sympathies), did her best to enter into many mundane interests, particularly those connected with art, as expounded to her by Lady Granby. Of her face, the best records are those made by the delicate pencil of her daughter-in-law.

The Duchess of Rutland was, however, a woman of domestic affairs first, and a votary of the arts afterwards. Her music was mediocre, and her few contributions to magazines and newspapers were frankly evidences not so much of any literary ability as of her good-natured acquiescence in editorial requests. Her simple dressing was done so unostentatiously that it was imitated, not reacted from, by her daughters. The Duke has lost not only an excellent wife, but a most able assistant in the management of his estates, and an accountant on the hearth.

The friends of Canon and Mrs. Basil Wilberforce were entertained this week with that unique sequel to tea and

strawberries in Dean's Yard—music in Westminster Abbey; and, given the venue, the prelude to "Parsifal," and the voice of Miss Clara Butt, this must be pronounced the queen of the afternoon parties of the present season. The cloisters, and then the stalls and transept of the Abbey, bloomed with an audience that stirred softly at the close of music it might not applaud. Miss Butt's voice acquired almost startling force and splendour under the roof of that high nave; and as to the prelude to "Parsifal," Sir Frederick Bridge at the organ renewed one's conviction that of all *phrases* of music, the "Take ye and eat" and the "I shall drink no more of the fruit of the vine," from Bach's "Passion," and these twelve or so notes that begin Wagner's mystic opera, are the most wonderful yet uttered.

THE sale of Arab horses at Crabbet Park last Saturday afternoon brought together a very cosmopolitan crowd. One buyer of horses arrived after a journey of six days and six nights; but a large portion of the company present were neighbours, who came as to a garden party. The literary interest, either by achievement or inheritance, could not be absent where Mr. Wilfrid and Lady Anne Blunt were host and hostess. Lord Lytton, too, was there, and two of his sisters; so was Mr. Evelyn, of Wotton. Two publishers looked on. Life in a tent, with Arabs at hand, was considered very pleasant at luncheon, and especially while Mr. Wilfrid Blunt was speaking. "Once," he said, "he was in diplomacy; but he had now a serious career: that of a horse-breeder." The point was prettily made, particularly as Mr. Blunt had on either hand Lady Lytton and Lady Dufferin, both of them ex-ambassadors, and had just had his health proposed by Sir Hugh Wyndham, freshly settled in his own Sussex after a life spent in Eastern embassies. Mr. Wilfrid Blunt has his own "ideas about India"; and three of its Vice-Queens were of the Crabbet company.

If reporting in the House of Commons is a decaying art, the reporting of daily events does not seem to fare much better. Take the case of a horse sale at Crabbet, and you will find that two leading morning papers make Lord Hampton deliver the little speech that was Sir Hugh Wyndham's. You will find an allusion to "Mr. Evelyn of Woolton," and, what will seem of more consequence to the people who are "in no mood to put humanity in a false position of overwhelming importance," a famous horse mentioned by name as having been offered for sale at the reserve price of one hundred guineas, which was not offered for sale at all, and never would be without a reserve of many times that sum. The man who devotes his life to searching for contemporary proof that the Battle of Agincourt was really fought on a Friday, and not on a Thursday, may well, one supposes, be daunted in his momentous career when he finds the inevitable discrepancy between fact and report in the chronicles of his own day.

To Mrs. Coningsby Disraeli has been devised by her father, Mr. Edward Silva, a fortune of £150,000, subject to the life-interest of her mother. The landed property in Hants, however, which this estimate includes, will not go to Mrs. Coningsby Disraeli's eldest son, who succeeds to Hughenden, should there be another son to inherit it. That division is a very just one, but it may, perhaps, keep the Disraelis as commoners. It has always been understood that if any considerable wealth came to the head of the family during the present reign a peerage would be placed at his disposal, though the title would not again be Beaconsfield—the Queen being the jealous guardian of the uniqueness of her favourite minister—but probably Hughenden.

## Correspondence.

## An Author's Complaint.

SIR,—Allow me to correct the statements made concerning me by Mr. Mullett Ellis in your issue of July 8 under the heading "An Author's Complaint."

I am unconscious of any previous challenge to me personally, and all I have seen of the case appeared to me to be merely advertising matter of an unusual character; but now I wish to say that the words attributed to me are not accurate, but misleading.

Mr. Ellis's book was subscribed here in the usual way on Tuesday, October 4, 1898, and a record was made of it, in case it should be inquired for, as we do with many hundred books every year. There was no apparent reason why we should take it into stock. A few days later Mr. Ellis sought an interview with me to persuade me to put his book on the stalls. I did not know Mr. Ellis, had never heard of him, and I might wisely have limited my answer to the usual one, that we would await a demand for it; but, as the controversy over his book proves, I was over frank when I told him that, in my judgment, the title of his book was open to objection, and was likely to give offence to many of our customers.

The conversation was unduly prolonged, taking time I could ill spare on Saturday morning (if I remember aright), so I closed it by a decisive statement that "I might be overruled, but if it rested with me the book would not be put on the bookstalls for chance sale. All demand for it would, of course, be met as usual." This is the sole ground Mr. Ellis has for his complaint of "literary censorship." He appealed at once to the firm, and received an answer which Sir Martin Conway, and probably most other readers of the correspondence, accept as conclusive of the point.

It is an extraordinary feature of the case that, though the book has been so vigorously and ingeniously advertised by Mr. Ellis, the demand for it, so far as our trade is concerned, has been met by a dozen copies.—I am, &c.,

WM. FRED. KINGDON.

186, Strand, W.C.: July 10, 1899.

[This correspondence must now cease.—ED.]

## "Gaelic Names of Plants."

SIR,—In reply to your correspondent who inquires regarding the above very scarce work, I may say that the author and myself have at present a new, revised, and greatly enlarged edition of the volume in the press, and hope to publish it by the end of this month. It is issued to subscribers at 7s. 6d., and if your correspondent cares to communicate with me I will gladly supply him with prospectus and other particulars.—I am, &c.,

JOHN MACKAY.

9, Blythswood-drive, Glasgow: July 4, 1899.

## Old Wykehamists.

SIR,—Allow me to say that your correspondent Mr. Mercer is in error in saying that T. A. Trollope was omitted from my *History of Winchester College*. He and his book are mentioned on p. 432 and in the Index.

Will you let me at the same time say that I purposely omitted claiming Anthony Trollope as a Wykehamist, because he was a Harrovian, not a Wykehamist. It appears to me ridiculous to claim a man as a product of a school at which he spent a year, which he thought a year of misery, before going to another school at which, though he disliked it, he spent several years. For Winchester to claim Anthony Trollope or Matthew Arnold, or Coryat, as

your reviewer did, is as absurd as for Rugby to claim (as it affects to do) Lord Selborne.

But I may be content to be attacked for omissions when one of them is "the fact that Cardinal Newman *nearly* became a Wykehamist." If one had to mention not only every one who spent a year at Winchester, but also every one who might have spent a year there, if they had not spent it elsewhere, I fear that the *History of Winchester* would resolve itself into a catalogue of names, and if I were to obey your reviewer, a *Catalogus Obscurorum Virorum*.—I am, &c.,

34, Elm-park-gardens:

ARTHUR F. LEACH.

July 8, 1899.

## Mr. Silas Hocking's Popularity.

SIR,—Mr. Hocking's observations on my article call for a short reply.

He has misapprehended me, and if he reads the article again he will admit it. My statements were not applied "without qualification" to "the great body of Nonconformists." They were definitely limited to Dissenters "of the trading and industrial classes"—the "multitude" at which Mr. Hocking himself says he has aimed.

I am as well aware as Mr. Hocking that there is just as much artistic culture in Nonconformity as elsewhere. My acquaintance with Nonconformity is complete. I know it, as Mr. Hocking does, from the inside. I have lived in the very core of it during the most impressionable years of my life. Its traditions are part of me. I belong to the old Dissenting stock. The idea of Mr. Hocking, or even the President of the Wesleyan Conference, teaching me not to "misunderstand" Nonconformity is grotesque.

I quite agree with the author of *Her Benny* that "literature and the arts should know nothing of Episcopacy or Dissent." They *should* not; only they do. Mr. Hocking will not deny that the bulk of his public is a Dissenting public. To ignore that fact in analysing his position would therefore be absurd.—I am, &c.,

E. A. B.

## Letters in Prison.

SIR,—Your reference last week to the prize poets of the Ohio State Penitentiary reminds me that among our own gaol-birds we have here and there a songster. Prison is a home of many talents, and it might be wished that the best of them had better cultivation. At the time that I was helping in the conduct of *St. Paul's*, a friend on the staff of a London prison sent me a selection of verses, grave and gay, written on their slates by convicts, and copied by a warder. I printed ten or twelve, which, if I may trust my memory, would compare not unfavourably with the ACADEMY's American specimens. To one of them a rather curious interest attached. The Home Secretary does not allow ladies to visit the "male side" of a prison, but at about this time exception was made in favour of a certain beautiful princess. The occupant of one of the cells she was shown into either knew or guessed at her identity, and the moment the lock was turned on him again, he left his loom, and wrote the princess a sonnet on his slate. I believe it was handed to her, on the slate, at the prison-gate. If it were not, I am pretty sure it is entombed in a back number of *St. Paul's*. You are, unhappily, right in saying that "the cultivation of letters is rare" in prison; but there are always exceptions. The last time I visited Wormwood Scrubs Prison, the chaplain, who is also the librarian, took me through the library, and I was surprised at the variety and the general excellence of its contents—fiction, poetry, history, science, travels, essays, and no tracts worth speaking of. I found even French and Spanish grammars and dictionaries, and

some Pitman shorthand books. "Was there any demand for these?" I asked the chaplain. He assured me that two or three of his flock had, quite unassisted, mastered the rudiments of French and Spanish, that works on history and science were always more or less in use, and that a few of the prisoners had made themselves very fairly proficient in shorthand. I have always believed that in our English prisons the life of the intellect is under the saddest neglect. The Home Office, I fancy, is not unsympathetic on the subject; but it makes no appeal to the average prison governor, whom I have found the most courteous and the most unblushingly conservative official in any service in Europe.—I am, &c.,

TIGHE HOPKINS.

Maycot, Herne Bay: July 3, 1899.

### Charles Darwin.

SIR,—I feel sure I may rely on your courtesy to allow me a brief reply to Dr. Walker's letter, since the point at issue between us appears to be rather in my use of the word "demonstration" than in any difference of scientific opinion.

Turning to Prof. Skeat's Etymological Dictionary I find the meaning of "demonstrate" is given as "to show, to explain fully." Had I put "memorable for the demonstration," &c., Dr. Walker's criticism would be upheld by many, if by no means all, exponents of scientific opinion.

In order to avoid raising in an epitaph this still debated question, I wrote instead, "memorable for his (i.e., Charles Darwin's) demonstration of the law of evolution"—there may be any number of others.

I may add, in conclusion, that, without my knowledge, the editor of *Nature* has seen fit to reprint my inscription from the ACADEMY in his notes of last week, which could hardly have occurred were the scientific phraseology unsound.—I am, &c.,

EDWIN CARDROSS.

22, Seymour-street, Portman-square, W.:

July 10, 1899.

### "Man, Past and Present."

SIR,—May I ask for a little space in reply to the Reviewer, who now endeavours to fasten on me a charge of "vagueness and inconsistency" by a quotation in which the important words are omitted? Here is what I wrote, omissions now underlined: "Europe would appear to have been reached by two routes, first, *in the Stone Ages*, across the Mediterranean at several points, then round by Asia Minor and the Eurasian steppe, *mainly in the early Metal Age*, or in the period intermediate between the Neolithic and the Bronze Age, the *Enolithic Period* of Italian archaeologists. Both routes were followed by both types," &c. Where now is the "inconsistency"? The two routes here in question are those from North Africa in the early Stone Ages into Europe and into Asia. Then these primeval movements of the proto-Caucasians were followed after an immense interval—in the early Metal Age—by the comparatively recent migrations of the Teutons from the Eurasian steppe, and of the Kelts from Asia Minor, both being of Aryan speech before their appearance in Europe, but of two types, the former long-headed, the latter round-headed. This is the problem which I desire merely to have correctly stated, not discussed, in your columns.—I am, &c.,

A. H. KEANE.

Hampstead: July 10, 1899.

## Our Literary Competitions.

### Result of Competition No. 40.

THE late R. L. Stevenson, in one of his letters, thus drafted the opening of an imaginary story:

The notary, Jean Rossignol, had been summoned to the top of a great house in the Isle St. Louis to make a will; and now, his duties finished, wrapped in a warm roquelaure and with a lantern swinging from one hand, he issued from the mansion on his homeward way. Little did he think what strange adventures were to befall him!—

At this point it broke off. We asked our readers, last week, to narrate one of Rossignol's adventures.

The result has not been so exciting or interesting as we could have wished, and no romancers of high attainments have come to light. The most promising contribution is that of W. M. Ardagh, 23, Inverness-terrace, London, W., which runs as follows:

#### JEAN ROSSIGNOL'S ADVENTURE.

He is accosted by a man as M. le Notaire, and told he is awaited. He is taken to a house unknown to him. His companion gives a password, and he is shown into a room with two priests. From their exclamations of annoyance he gathers that he has been brought by mistake. On his declaring himself a notary, the elder priest suggests that he can do the required work. This is to draw up a deed of gift of Mlle. Marie Vallence in favour of the brotherhood of S. Jacques, on her taking the veil. Mlle. Marie is called to sign. Rossignol insists on explaining to her the technical language of the document. She refuses to sign and demands to see him alone. He affirms her legal right to do so. Marie confesses that she is in love, and asks Rossignol to help her escape. He denies that it is part of his legal duties. She scorns him and tells him that the wine on the table is drugged and intended for him. One priest returns. Marie forces him to drink. He becomes insensible. She takes his cloak and escapes, followed by Rossignol. He knows the password, and they reach the street. They are followed. Rossignol wounds the first pursuer, who has insulted Marie. They reach the quay and take refuge in the hold of a vessel. They are traced, and after an altercation with the captain the hold is searched, but a rat upsetting the lantern the party see nothing. The captain refuses to waste more time as he starts with the tide. The pursuers are turned off, and the fugitives are safe.

Among others are these:

#### SUMMARY OF JEAN ROSSIGNOL'S ADVENTURE.

A woman from a window above tells him that he will be stopped and questioned about the will. She asks if she is right in saying that in it M. D'Aubriot has left everything to Mlle. Germaine D'Aubriot, and that his sons, Michael and Paul, are only mentioned in the entail. He answers in the affirmative, on which she begs him when questioned to divide the fortune between the two brothers, giving Michael the larger sum on account of "the autumn of 1780." He is attacked as predicted, and answers as directed, upon which his capturer, who is Michael D'Aubriot, a notorious scoundrel, persists on his returning to drink to his success. He signals; Paul and other men appear, and all enter the house. The news is told. A lovely girl enters, and Rossignol recognises her as his instructress. She informs Michael that D'Aubriot is dead, and a tumult arises. Paul wishes the will immediately; but Michael, objecting to dead men's rooms at midnight, suggests that Rossignol shall repeat it. Overpowered by wine, Jean confuses names and sums and Michael detects treachery. Paul's terror betrays him. They rush at him. Germaine deluges the lamp with ale [!] and manages to escape with him; she lets him out at a side door, entrusting him with a scrap of paper to Count Keroova. He reads it by a lamp, as follows: "The gold is mine. Arnault is back. Save me. They will make me marry him.—GERMAINE." [G. M. W., Hull.]

#### THE NOTARY.

Summary.—The testator has four nephews: (1) François, (2) Gaspard, (3) Roger, (4) Fernand, married to Rossignol's daughter. Testator leaves all to his "second surviving nephew," so as to exclude François, and keep property together. François waylays Rossignol, compels him to divulge nature of will; Gaspard appears, brothers quarrel, François kills Gaspard, and is shot by police officer in self-defence.

"Mon Dieu!" ejaculated Rossignol, "how wonderful, how deeply interesting, and, ah, how beautifully complicated are the arrangements of Providence. François, Gaspard are alike its tools; my heart bleeds for the worthy Roger, who will do well, however, to submit to its decrees. All goes admirably well; still the old man's constitution is absurdly good, and the thing that happens is the unforeseen; if Providence had seen fit to give me earlier and fuller instructions as to its method of procedure, Marie need not have received so large a *dot*." Thus musing, our worthy Rossignol picked



his steps gingerly across the Camargue with the air of a man who knew perfectly well that if he only succeeded in keeping his shoes clean, his hands, heart, brain, and conscience might be trusted to take care of themselves. Suddenly he stopped short. "Ah," he chuckled, "heaven is kind, my lantern is still alight, and—yes—I hear it—I hear the passing bell." [T. C., Buxted.]

#### JEAN ROSSIGNOL'S ADVENTURE.

He walked briskly for a few moments, then paused. The moon shone out suddenly, and in the shadow of the great Hôtel Lambert he saw a man crouching.

In those lawless days the Isle St. Louis and its neighbour, the Isle de la Cité, were dangerous places at night. Jean Rossignol knew that one reckless man would risk anything could he possess himself of the will just drawn up.

He looked behind him from time to time, and his stout heart quailed. He did not carry the will on his person, but he had a far more important document in a secret pocket next his heart.

He listened. There were footsteps—stealthy, hurried; he was followed.

His precious letter was worth more than life to him, and to the brightest star of the Court of France, the lady he worshipped from afar; in the hands of her enemies it meant ruin.

He hastily took the paper from his pouch, kissed it, tore it to atoms. Some he swallowed, the others he threw into the gutter and trampled them in the mire.

He was only just in time. Four ruffians fell upon him. He was bound hand and foot, gagged—helpless.

Next morning what was once the trim notary lay blood-stained and dazed on the Parvis Notre Dame, murmuring, "She is safe."

Jean Rossignol bore all his life the traces of his adventure on this terrible night.

[Mrs. F., Windlesham.]

Heavy hand on shoulder. "Follow me!" Rossignol led as though hypnotised to dark rock chamber. Dim figures seated round a flat stone. "We know contents of will. Dead man was one of us. To administer the trust properly you must also become a Vaurien." Horrible oaths. Notary stripped to waist. Branded with crossed daggers. "Now read the will!" "Messieurs, there is some mistake; the defunct left his fortune to the Bonnes Sœurs without let or hindrance." Upstart! "Traitor! he has deceived us! We cannot absolve you from your oath. You are now a Vaurien. All your goods and chattels are forfeit to the cause." Rossignol is despatched to the convent to cajole the Sisters to surrender half the dead man's fortune to fictitious relatives, supposed to be starving. Communion at convent. Old garden. White frocks. Lady Abbess is former friend of notary and dead man. Rossignol, having found legal flaw in oaths administered to him, tells her the "true truth." She affects compliance with wishes of Vaurien band. They proceed to allot money, prospectively, to propagation of dark secrets in which they are engaged. Rossignol employed continually as go-between. Brings dead man's strong-box to rock chamber. Opens it in presence of all the Vauriens. Terrible explosion! Bomb concealed in lock! All the Vauriens are killed. Rossignol escapes by a miracle and joins Lady Abbess, who has received from strange hand all the documents entitling convent to property.

[F. S., London.]

Replies received also from G. C. P., London; E. H., Ledbury; L. K., Highgate; J. F. H., London; H. G. H., Aldeburgh; J. D. A., Ealing.

#### Competition No. 41.

No really satisfactory poem on the strawberry exists. The present time gives such excellent opportunity for collecting material for such a poem that we make it the subject of this week's competition. For the best eulogy of the strawberry we offer a prize of one guinea. The poem must not exceed twenty-four lines in length; and if strawberries and cream are mentioned they must not be called "a dream."

#### RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, The ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, July 18. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found in the second column of p. 72 or it cannot enter into competition. We wish to impress on competitors that the task of examining replies is much facilitated when one side only of the paper is written upon. It is also important that names—both Christian name and surname—and addresses should always be given: we cannot consider anonymous answers. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon, or stamps for the same; otherwise the first to be looked at will alone be considered.

#### In a London Alley.

THE gay, strong flare and the long, loud laugh  
Make the dingy street forlorn;  
Blue-eyed, red-lipped, comes six-and-a-half  
With empty jug round the corner.

The little bare shoulder gleams so bright,  
While the red ragged petticoat flutters.  
Ah! how shall the poor little soul keep white,  
Dragged through these London gutters?

ADA B. BAKER.

#### Books Received.

Week ending Thursday, July 13.

##### THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

- Galton (A.), *The Message and Position of the Church of England* (Kegan Paul) 3/6  
 Pennington (Canon), *The Counter-Reformation in Europe* (Elphinstock) 2/6  
 Field (the late F.), *Notes on the Translation of the New Testament* (University Press, Cambridge)  
 Moulton (E. G.), *Bible Stories (New Testament). The Modern Readers' Bible* (Macmillan)  
*Beaurodige Woorden. Voorlezingen Voor De Vastenweken* (S.P.C.K.)  
*Chilid Takwah Tshah Zit. Hymns in Takudh Language* (S.P.C.K.)  
*Adas Lazi Be Lorn. Common Prayer in Nupé Language* (S.P.C.K.)

##### POETRY, CRITICISM, BELLES-LETTRES.

- Longstaff (W. L.), *Weeds and Flowers* (Greening) 2/6  
 Neilson (F.), *Manabozo* (Macquoen) 2/6  
 Crowley (A.), *Jephthah, and Other Mysteries* (Kegan Paul) 7/6  
 Campbell (Edited by J. Dykes), *Coleridge's Poems. Facsimile Reproduction* (A. Constable & Co.)  
 Windle (B. C. A.), *Shakespeare's Country* (Methuen) 3/0

##### HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

- Cleminson (Emily), *Passages from the Diaries of Mrs. Philip Lybbe Powys* (Longmans) 18/0  
 Lucas (Herbert), *Fra Girolamo Savonarola* (Sands)  
 Roosevelt (Theodore), *The Rough Riders* (Kegan Paul)

##### SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- Sharp (David), *Insects. Part II. The Cambridge Natural History* (Macmillan) net 17/0

##### EDUCATIONAL.

- Hall (H. S.), Stevens (F. H.), *Elementary Course of Mathematics* (Macmillan) 2/6  
 Marchant (Edited by E. C.), *Thucydides. Book VII.* (Macmillan)  
 Barnett (P. A.), *Common Sense in Education and Teaching* (Longmans) 6/0  
 Byrde (Rev. R. A.), *High Aims at School* (Stock)  
 More (P. E.), *The Prometheus Bound of Æschylus* (Boston: Houghton & Co.) 4/0  
 Hill (Leonard), *Manual of Human Physiology* (Arnold)  
 Briggs (W.), *The Preceptors' Trigonometry* (Clive) 2/6

##### MISCELLANEOUS.

- Chapman (S. J.), *Local Government and State Aid* (Swan Sonnenschein) 2/6  
 Chance (W.), *Our Treatment of the Poor* (P. S. King) 2/6  
 Garnett (Richard), *Essays in Librarianship and Bibliography* (Allen) 6/0  
 Stuart (Alex.), *Mr. Miggs* (Sampson Low)  
 Cundall (J. W.), *London: a Guide* (Greening) 7/6  
*The Book of Bands. A Scripture-form Story of Past and Present Times* (Williams & Norgate) 3/6  
*Bulace, Ruedok, and the Valley of the Welsh Dee* (Pewtress & Co.) 2/6

##### NEW EDITIONS.

- Kipling (Rudyard), *Plain Tales from the Hills* (Macmillan) 6/0  
*Life's Handicap* (Macmillan) 6/0  
 Welsh (R. E.), *In Relief of Doubt* (Bowden) 2/6  
 Lyte (Sir H. C. Maxwell), *History of Eton College* (Macmillan)  
*The Roman Emperors. From the French of De Service* (The Walpole Press)

\* \* \* *New Novels are acknowledged elsewhere.*

#### Announcements.

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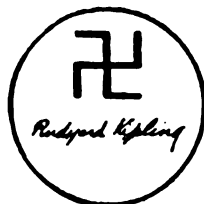
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## The Literary Week.

THE statement that Mr. George Alexander was unwilling to risk the loss that so often follows the production of blank verse drama, and had, therefore, indefinitely shelved Mr. Stephen Phillips's play "Paolo and Francesca," has quickly been denied. Mr. Alexander declares himself a believer in the dramatic success of Mr. Phillips's tragedy, and states his intention of performing it as soon as other arrangements make it possible. Mr. Phillips, we may add, is still at work in adding touches here and there; but, as it stands, the drama is pronounced by good judges to be very noteworthy.



EVERY copy of the new edition of Mr. Kipling's Prose Works which Messrs. Macmillan are now issuing bears the little "trade mark" which we reproduce. The swastika, or fylfot, over the signature, is an emblem of good fortune, and is one of the oldest forms of ornament.

ARRANGEMENTS for a new London daily paper at a penny are now in active preparation. It is to be Liberal in politics, there is much money at its back, and illustrations are to be a regular feature.

THE latest little Irish book to appear—and during the present "revival" there have been many—is *Idyls of Killowen*, or "A Soggarth's Secular Verses," by the Rev. Matthew Russell, brother of Lord Russell of Killowen, the Lord Chief Justice, to whom the book is dedicated. A soggarth, it must, perhaps, be explained, is a priest. Subsequently Father Russell will reprint his serious poems under the title *Vespers and Complines*. To defend his spelling of "Idyl," Father Russell claims that the analogy of "label" from *labellum*, "libel" from *libellus*, "metal" from *metallum*, and "pupil" from *pupillus*, should be sufficient.

At the end of Father Russell's book, which is issued by Mr. Bowden, we find a pamphlet containing particulars of other of Mr. Bowden's publications, together with portraits of their authors and biographical information. That is nothing new; the novelty in this compilation is the analysis of readers likely to be interested in each of Mr. Bowden's books. Thus one book must be shunned by readers who dislike levity; another will appeal to readers of Drummond's *Natural Law in the Spiritual World*; a third (by Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne) calls for perusal from "every lover of Stevenson and Mr. Kipling"; a fourth is for the general reader; a fifth must not be touched by members of the Society of Friends and the Peace Society; a sixth (by Mr. Joseph Hocking) will be voted by school-boys "as good as Stanley Weyman or Conan Doyle." Mr. Bowden has clearly been at much pains to classify his works, but he has yet to learn that comparisons are odious.

ON page 94 of this issue will be found several poems in praise of the strawberry, written in connexion with our prize competition. Hitherto the fruit has been neglected by the poets: possibly they think it is poem enough in itself. But, as one of the competitors reminds us, Mr. Henley has sung its praises, although only incidentally. In his ballade, "Made in the Hot Weather" (that wonderful catalogue of coolnesses), he writes:

Of ice and glass the tinkle,  
Pellucid, silver-shrill;  
Peaches without a wrinkle;  
Cherries and snow at will  
From china bowls that fill  
The senses with a sweet  
Incuriousness of heat;  
A melon's dripping shreds;  
Cream-clotted strawberries;  
Dusk dairies set with curds—  
To live, I think of these!

And he has a strawberry rondeau too.

THE portrait below is the latest that has been taken of M. Jules Verne. Had we appended no name, how many of our readers, we wonder, could have identified the likeness? Indeed, there are many persons who are unaware



M. JULES VERNE.

that Jules Verne still lives. The romancist is now seventy-one. But a life of almost Spartan simplicity has ensured him an old age of extraordinary vigour and faculties undimmed. He still produces his one or two stories a year, which boys are reading both in France and England with the avidity that we ourselves, when at school, kept for them. At the present moment the *Boys' Own Paper* is printing a new Jules Verne serial. May it have many successors!

APPROPOS of the picture of Mr. Guy Boothby, seated in his armchair, dictating a new novel to a phonograph, which we printed last week, we have received the following lines from a correspondent, R. M. :

The old order passes, the new order comes,  
And Fiction to-day as a trade simply "hums,"  
So that Grub Street's inhabitants, once on the rates,  
Are now to be found at their country estates.  
The public, who pay, name the tunes of their choice,  
And the novelist-merchant, by heeding their voice,  
By pouring his tales in the phonograph's ear  
At the rate of four six-shilling thrillers a year,  
And by trusting to Watt (who is Muse number ten)  
Attains the ideal of good business men :  
A mansion (by Maple) with everything fitting,  
And once every week a photographer's sitting.  
Meanwhile, from the humanist's studious work  
The public turn off with intolerant smirk.

Do I blame? Not a morsel. These impotent rhymes  
Are merely to notice a sign of the times.  
Nor do I presume to suggest which is greater :  
George Meredith—King, or Guy Boothby—Dictator.

THE fashion for buying books in hundreds is spreading. Messrs. Bell & Sons are now offering the public the privilege of picking one hundred volumes from the catalogue of Bohn's Libraries in return for twelve monthly payments of a guinea each; or fifty volumes for seven monthly payments of a guinea each. In addition to the Bohns they present a copy of *Webster's Dictionary*.

It looks as though the Cowper Centenary may be a failure. The people of Olney, it seems, view its celebration entirely without enthusiasm, and decline to consider the proposal to acquire the poet's house. Mr. Thomas Wright, of Olney, Cowper's biographer, who is the chief mover in the matter, has been trying to convince his fellow townsmen that their duty is to purchase the house, and, letting the rest of it, keep the poet's parlour sacred to his memory. With the house should be preserved the garden and Cowper's summer-house, and all this should be accomplished by April 25, 1900, the hundredth anniversary of Cowper's death. We quite agree, but the word is largely with Olney.

M. JULES CLARETIE's paper on Shakespeare and Molière, which he read at the Lyceum last week, has, we are glad to note, been secured for the *Fortnightly Review*. It was too good to be heard once imperfectly in a theatre, and then no more. Among M. Claretie's *obiter dicta* were these :

Shakespeare is far more difficult to appreciate in France than Molière in England.

Cassio's speech on drink is the greatest temperance oration ever delivered. Shakespeare ought to be made honorary president of every teetotaler's association.

The women of Shakespeare are models of grace and beauty. The shrewd, practical, clever women of Molière are made to be married.

When Voltaire said that Hamlet was the dream of a drunken savage, that only showed how foolish clever people are. But Voltaire's attack directed attention to Shakespeare's works. Gounod once said, when he heard one of his pieces being played on a barrel-organ : "One can only reach popularity through calumny."

Amid all the inquietudes ranging on the horizon, the eternal Shakespeare is associating, by his masterpieces, the public of England and France. Shakespeare, though long dead, mobilises the soldiers of art who are moving forward to fight for his glory. Nothing is greater, more beautiful, or noble than the art which brings nations together, and stretches its majesty over all quarrels as the sun shines over the conflicts of every day; and as the sun shines for all men, so is art the same for all nations, and a man's genius the great reservoir of human peace.

THIS is the Introduction to Zola's new novel, "Fécondité," prefixed to the opening chapters in *L'Aurore*, where the story is now running :

"Fécondité" is a study, drama, and poem at the same time. It celebrates and glorifies the achievements of a numerous family. Around the central character, who knows how to love and to will, to work and to create, in the midst of a constantly growing family, Zola has grouped more than fifty subordinate personages of the opposite kind, bad and decadent representatives of the modern social-economic order—men and women who carry death and dissolution with them in the lives of Malthusianism, in the terrible mortality of children.

"Fécondité" is the history of the dissolution of the capitalistic industrial system, the history of fatal and deadly poverty; it is the picture of social hell, the result of social injustice, which inevitably entails the ruin of country and humanity.

It is impossible to create a more impressive and striking drama than that contained in Zola's tale of two deliberate murderers, who are depicted in a series of marvellous scenes. At the same time it is difficult to conceive of a more reassuring, more inspiring, and elevating poem than is given here. In the pages of this novel, full of joy and charm, there is the triumphant song of the all-conquering family—the family which conquers by virtue of its numbers, which brings to the country and humanity the hope of to-morrow, health, joy, indomitable energy, in the interest of the coming society and for the erection of justice and truth.

It now seems to be a definite rule that two books of a kind shall always be published together. To give a concrete example, *The Life and Letters of Sir John Everett Millais*, upon which Mr. J. G. Millais has been engaged for a long time, is to be published in September, in two volumes which are likely to cover the ground pretty thoroughly. But none the less we are promised also *Sir John Everett Millais: His Art and Influence*, by Mr. A. L. Baldry. The two books will differ considerably, of course: one takes the man and his art together, and the other the artist only; and yet some confusion between them is probably inevitable.

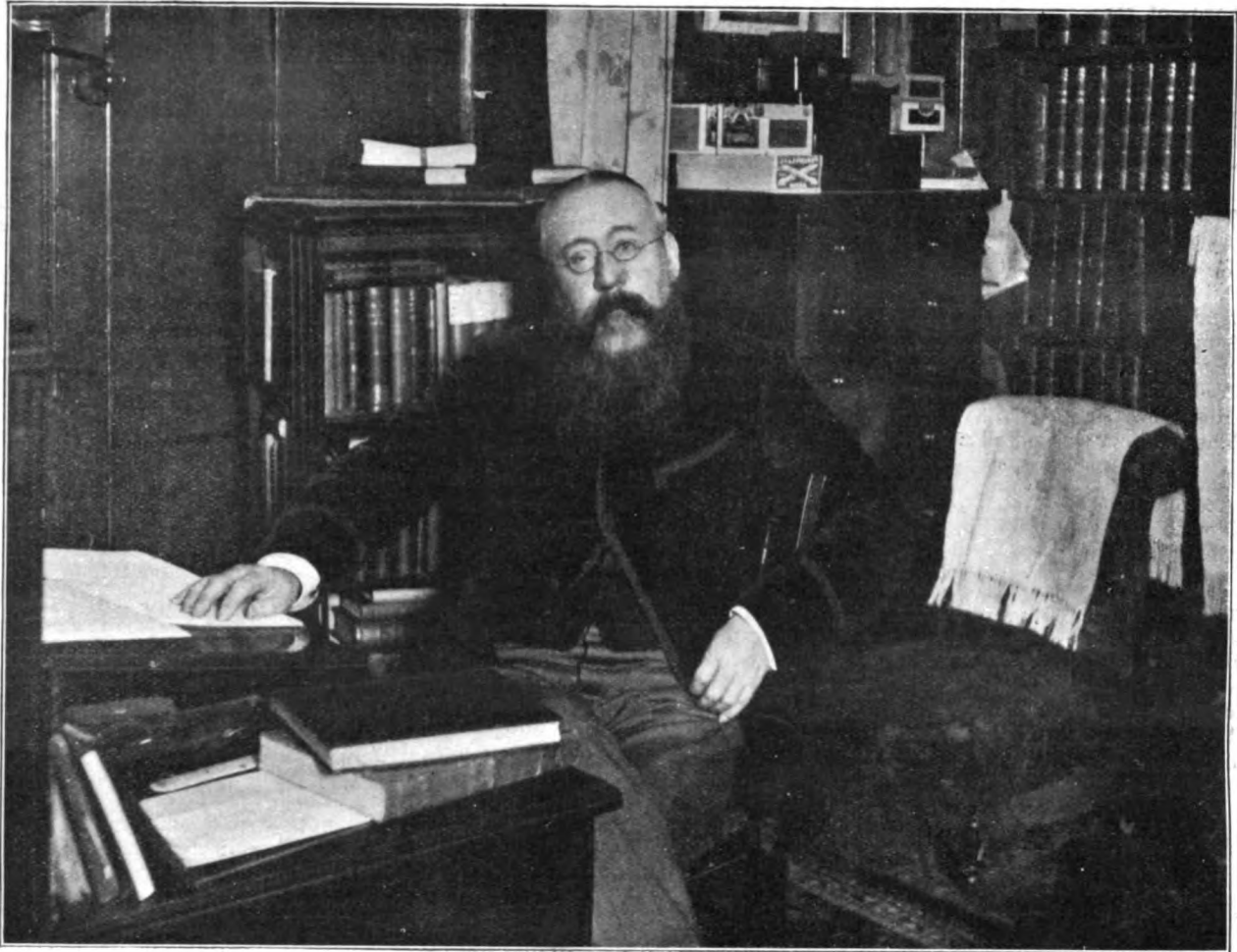
AN intermediary between ourselves and posterity has arisen in the person of a country clergyman, who, through the medium of his parish magazine, circulates the following appeal: "The ancient oak chest belonging to the parish has been restored and placed in the schoolroom. It is over 200 years old. If any parishioners have books or articles of public interest which they would like to give to the parish, and hand down to posterity, they will be welcomed by the rector and churchwardens, and deposited in the chest."

ANOTHER unique English collection has passed into the possession of America. Mr. D. C. Heath, the Boston publisher, has purchased the library of children's books and educational works issued by the house of Newbery from 1740 to 1800, which was brought together by Mr. Charles Welsh when he was writing the biography of John Newbery—Oliver Goldsmith's friend and publisher. The collection is now being catalogued and arranged. It contains many unique treasures, and forms an instructive object-lesson in the evolution of children's literature and of the school-book.

BATH has just erected a memorial to the great Beau Nash. It takes the form of a tablet on the wall of "The Garrick's Head," an old inn on the Sawclose, which is supposed to have been the Beau's house.

WE give this week a portrait of Prof. Saintsbury, with whose Monograph on Matthew Arnold the new series of "Modern English Writers" has just begun. Prof.





MR. GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

*From the Copyright series of Portraits of Contributors to the "Encyclopædia Britannica"*

George Edward Bateman Saintsbury, who is the present holder of the chair of Rhetoric and English Literature at Edinburgh, will be fifty-four this year. Few men can have reviewed more books than he, and for few critics do so many other critics lie in wait. The notices of the Matthew Arnold monograph now appearing in different quarters offer copious illustration to the point. Prof. Saintsbury was one of the stalwarts of the old *Saturday Review*.

To the penny reprints of Scots classics which the Peterhead *Sentinel* issues, have now been added selections from the *Poems and Songs* of Robert Tannahill, the weaver poet. His music is as sweet as ever it was. No one writes like this to-day :

She's modest as ony, and blithe as she's bonny ;  
For guileless simplicity marks her its ain ;  
And far be the villain divested of feeling,  
Wha'd blight in its bloom the sweet flow'r o' Dunblane.  
Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to the e'ening,  
Thou'rt dear to the echoes of Calderwood glen ;  
Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and winning,  
Is charming young Jessie, the flow'r o' Dunblane.

And again :

How lost were my days till I met wi' my Jessie,  
The sports o' the city seem'd foolish and vain,  
I ne'er saw a nymph I would ca' my dear lassie,  
Till charmed with sweet Jessie, the flow'r o' Dunblane.  
Though mine were the station o' loftiest grandeur,  
Amidst its profusion I'd languish in pain ;  
And reckon as naething the height o' its splendour,  
If wanting sweet Jessie, the flow'r o' Dunblane.

ANOTHER of the week's reprints is Leigh Hunt's *World of Books, and Other Essays*, in Messrs. Gay & Bird's tiny "Bibelot" series. Leigh Hunt's happy fancy and genial bibliolatriy are as well suited for a pocket volume as anything is. A booklover on a Sunday morning might without sin slip this little tome in his pocket in place of his manual of devotion. Turning its pages we come on good sentiment after good sentiment, all most prettily turned, and this old favourite :

Jenny kissed me when we met,  
Jumping from the chair she sat in ;  
Time, you thief ! who love to get  
Sweets into your list, put that in.  
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,  
Say that health and wealth have missed me,  
Say I'm growing old, but add,  
Jenny kissed me.

Jenny was Jane Welsh Carlyle.

WE are still waiting for the new satirist, but meanwhile, for our sustenance until the true censor comes, we are offered *Nero ; or, the Trials, Battles, and Adventures of the Sixth Emperor of Rome in Darkest Hades*. The work is described as an allegory, a satire, and a moral ; it is in blank verse ; the publishers are Messrs. Downey ; the length is more than 10,000 lines ; and the author is Mr. Horatio Hunt. This gentleman figures in the frontispiece in fancy dress. The poem is supposed to be the work of Nero himself ; but it is a Nero chastened and humiliated by his surroundings. Incidentally Nero visits Mars, and both Sir Robert Ball and Mr. H. G.

Wells should be interested in his comments on that luminary:

'Tis full of huge volcanoes, and contains  
More water than the earth. The forms of life  
Inhabiting this planet chiefly are  
Of an amphibious kind, of monstrous size.  
All sorts of Saurian reptiles crawl about  
Upon its banks; whilst here and there I saw  
A huge rhinoceros or winged beast  
With several heads; but human creatures there  
Were none; nor any form akin to man.  
The heat was most intense; and though I was  
Not clothed with flesh, yet I distinctly felt  
Th' oppression of the sultry atmosphere.  
A flight of vultures now and then would soar  
Above our heads, and then on some remote  
And lofty cliff would perch. The thundering sound,  
Caused by the terrible volcanic fires,  
Was louder than the everlasting roar  
Of Vulcan's furnace; whilst the constant streams  
Of lava, which the mountains belched, one half  
The globe did darken! This accounts for that  
Peculiar reddish colour which doth make  
The planet Mars conspicuous. The rays,  
That fall directly from the sun upon  
That world, are greatly modified in their  
Intensity of brightness by the fogs,  
And smoke, and sultry firmament, with which  
It is encompassed.

The industry which went to manufacture this amazing book we cannot sufficiently admire.

A LITTLE while ago we printed an article in which the apparent impossibility of at the same time writing about Dickens and maintaining perfect accuracy was illustrated. And now comes "Pickwickiensis" with a long indictment, in the *St. James's Gazette*, of Mr. Lang's inaccuracies in his introduction to the *Pickwick Papers* in the Gadshill Edition. But we cannot take Mr. Lang's critic as seriously as he takes him himself. Indeed, Mr. Lang's humour is at the bottom of the attack, as this extract will denote:

XV. Of the "Bill Stumps" incident, the Editor [Mr. Lang] says that the Brough stone was deciphered as Runic before it was discovered to be Greek—and even part was interpreted: "O Boy, none regretted thee more than those who prematurely buried thee." Incredible as it may seem, the Editor here detects an allusion to the Fat Boy! "as if a natural mistake had been made in the case of the Fat Boy," who was not "lamented" or "prematurely buried," and had nothing to do with the business.

Poor Mr. Lang! And in the *Pall Mall Magazine* Mr. Henley is also at him, and well home.

## Bibliographical.

A WELL-KNOWN writer, it is said, has written for a leading London theatre a comedy in rhymed heroic verse. I doubt very much if this announcement will arouse anything approaching to ecstasy in the bosom of the average playgoer. He gets blank verse in his Shakespeare, of course; but, owing to the way in which it is recited, is scarcely conscious of it. As for rhymed verse (save for its occasional appearances in our acted "Bard") it has dropped out even of the theatrical burlesques—a sphere in which, in the old days, it used to flourish. Of course we shall see what we shall see, but certain it is that the present-day theatregoer is not predisposed favourably to rhymed verse on the stage. Bulwer Lytton made an experiment of this sort in his "Walpole," a three-act comedy which was published in 1869, but has not, I think, been reprinted or publicly performed. For myself, I cannot imagine any audience being satisfied with dialogue of this sort (between Walpole and his "confidant," Veasey, M.P.):

WALPOLE.

George's reign, just begun, your tried worth will distinguish.

VEASEY.

Oh, a true English king!

WALPOLE.

Tho' he cannot speak English.

VEASEY.

You must find that defect a misfortune, I fear.

WALPOLE.

The reverse; for no rivals can get at his ear.

It is something to be the one public man pat in

The new language that now governs England, Dog Latin.

The penultimate couplet in "Walpole" runs as follows:

VEASEY.

How dispersed are the clouds seeming lately so sinister!

WALPOLE.

Yes, I think that the glass stands at Fair—for the Minister.

The well-known writer cannot very well sink below that.

Mr. Arrowsmith, of Bristol, has sent out a little paper-covered book containing a story by Wilkie Collins called *The Guilty River*. There is, however, nothing whatever in the book, from title-page to "finis," to indicate that Mr. Arrowsmith has published it twice before—in his "Bristol Library" in 1884, and as a "Christmas Annual" in 1886. I ask myself whether a humane publisher ought to set these traps for young reviewers, whose acquaintance with contemporary literature began, perhaps, only the day before yesterday.

The *Essays* (by Samuel Roffey Maitland) on *Subjects Connected with the Reformation in England*—of which a new edition is promised—appeared originally in the *British Magazine*. Thence they were republished, with additions, in 1849. To think that they should be called for again, at the expiration of half a century!

There have been several biographies of Dante since, rather more than a century ago, Penrose devoted a book to him and to Petrarch. In 1876 we had Mrs. Oliphant's sketch in *The Makers of Florence*, which no doubt suggested (or was suggested by) the monograph on the poet which she wrote for her own series of "Foreign Classics for English Readers." Then we had the memoir by Mr. Oscar Browning in 1891, and that by Mr. A. J. Balfour in 1895. Since then we have had Miss C. M. Phillimore's little work on *Dante at Ravenna*. All this is pretty fair; yet Dr. Hogan promises us yet another biography of Dante, to be with us next season. And who shall say that it may not supersede all its predecessors?

Mr. Poel's proposal to perform "Hamlet" according to the text of the first quarto (1603) is very characteristic of that industrious enthusiast. No doubt the performance, if it takes place, will cause a demand for copies of the quarto; and the question is, Are there any on the market? Are there any remaining of those published in facsimile in 1880, or of Mr. Timmins's reprint in 1860 of the quartos of 1603 and 1604? The first quarto seems to have been reprinted also in 1825 and 1858, in the latter year by the Duke of Devonshire in a limited edition.

The Hookham Frere correspondence will, of course, be very welcome and acceptable. Frere himself—though I fear few read him nowadays—has had justice done to him in the memoir written, and the collection of *Works* edited, by Sir Bartle and W. E. Frere. His versions of Aristophanes are, to be sure, classical, and were reprinted so lately as 1894 in the "Hundred Books" series. Still, how many people turn to them? Is it not likely that Frere's name will be better remembered by and by in connexion with the *Anti-Jacobin* than in association with Aristophanes?

Has Disraeli's *Life of Lord George Bentinck* been reprinted since 1872, when it came out in an eighth edition, revised? If it has not, there should be a brisk demand for the edition which Mr. Coningsby Disraeli is said to be preparing.

THE BOOKWORM.

## Reviews.

## Ibsen the Man.

*Henrik Ibsen; Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson: Critical Studies.* By George Brandes. With an Introduction by William Archer. (Heinemann.)

In England, France, Germany, and even Denmark—to judge from these *Studies*—it is the fashion to regard Ibsen as neither a man nor an artist, but rather as an impersonal moral force. Dr. Brandes, though we do not agree with Mr. Archer that he is a great critic, is certainly



THE AUTHOR OF 'GHOSTS.'

a fine critic. He knows Ibsen's work thoroughly, and the details of his history. He knows Ibsen himself; has visited him, and corresponded with him for many years. His unsurpassed acquaintance with the literature of modern Europe makes his collations, his comparisons, and his perspectives, of peculiar value. His attitude is essentially sympathetic; and he is not without that magic *seeing* which alone is criticism. Yet, so pre-occupied is he—in a professorial and tremendously fluent way—with the political, social, and moral causes and tendencies of Ibsen's plays, that he has not found opportunity to emphasise the two facts concerning his subject which, to our view, shine out most clear and most alluringly. These facts are: First, that Ibsen is an artist at the beginning and at the end, and a moralist only inci-

dentally; second, that the psychological interest of his figure as man and artist is probably unique in the century.

Ibsen is now over seventy. In fifty years he has produced about half that number of plays—one every alternate year. During the first fourteen years of this period he lived in Norway and published six plays, "in hideous editions, on bad paper, sold to the number of a few hundred copies." Instead of fame he had gained notoriety; instead of applause "a howl of exasperation." And it was inevitable. (To-day Ibsen must be aware that it was inevitable; the bitterness will long ago have passed from him.) For he happened to be, by temperament, of that class of persons who can regard life and its "real, actual horrors" with steady, unblinking eyes. "Nothing awed or frightened him." He tore off all concealments, and talked calmly, but boldly, of what he saw beneath. He was incapable of compromise, either by silence or by equivocation. The possessor of such a temperament is bound to be either a social reformer or an artist. Ibsen was not a reformer. He never showed more than the average man's dilettante interest in reform. He has beliefs, theories, as his printer and his shoemaker have; and probably he can get as warm as they in supporting them by argument. But as for participating in reform, as for sacrificing a single hour of his time for a Cause—Ibsen, like the printer and the shoemaker, was always far too busy with his work for that. Conscious beyond doubt of his vocation and destiny, he utterly rejected altruism, which is an affair for second-rate imaginations. His imagination was first-rate. He was born to be a great

artist, and nothing else. The world, humanity, his own ideals, and the ideals of others: these things were merely material to him.

The fact that his temperament found its outlet in artistic creation made his position, especially in a small country like Norway, much more difficult than if he had happened to lecture from a platform, or personally defy the conventions, or lead a mob against Government uniform. You may throw eggs at a preacher, or ignore a nonconformist, or incarcerate a demagogue; and the action will at once allay your own annoyance and serve to him as a stimulus. But with an artist it is different. You cannot effectively reply to the attack of a great artist. It is unanswerable. He speaks—"in hideous editions, on bad paper"—and your "howl of exasperation" sounds only ridiculous. Then, maddened into a loss of dignity, you descend to the meannesses of your nature and begin to persecute him—and his wife, if he has one. You well know that you are behaving feebly, contemptibly; but you persevere. Now the reformer welcomes persecution: it stimulates him; it almost ceases to be persecution. To the artist persecution is precisely persecution. It interferes with his calling, instead of assisting it, and his calling is sacred. Therefore he will seek an escape at any cost save that of art.

And so Ibsen, when he was thirty-five, came to a momentous and inspired decision. "Love's Comedy" had enraged the whole excellent Fatherland, and in Norway, there was for him "no room to live." Assured of a small regular income, he left his country, and thus purchased his artistic freedom at a price which, its magnitude being obvious, need not be here assessed. From 1864 to 1891 he existed in furnished lodgings, passing at intervals of years from Rome to Dresden, from Dresden to Munich, from Munich to Rome, backward and forward, restless but imperturbable. He made no attempt to form a home; since he could not have the one he desired, he would have none. When Dr. Brandes asked him if anything in the flat was his, "he pointed to a row of pictures on the wall: they were the only things that were his own." He lived the life of the *appartement meublé*, like any bourgeois, seeking recreation at the *café*, where the city could see him daily sipping his particular beer at his particular hour. He may have made acquaintances, but he did not make friends. "Friends," he wrote, "are a costly luxury, and when one invests one's capital in a vocation or a mission in life, one cannot afford to have friends. The expensiveness of friendship does not lie in what one does for one's friends, but in what, out of regard for them, one leaves undone." Marital affection was left, but that meant no more to him than to his printer or his shoemaker; he had no high-flown notions on that subject. "Mill's assertion or confession that he owed much, and that the best, in his writings to his wife, seemed especially ridiculous to Ibsen, with his marked individualism. 'Fancy!' he said, smiling, 'if you had to read Hegel or Krause with the thought that you did not know for certain whether it was Mr. or Mrs. Hegel, Mr. or Mrs. Krause you had before you!'" In this he was more than a little Bismarckian. He declined to connect himself with any magazine, to lend the renown of his name to any controversy, and he only wrote to the newspapers when his rights were threatened—when some absurdity of copyright law touched his pocket.

Look at him as he sits in some Munich square or in his furnished drawing-room—look at this man, short and thick-set, elegantly tailored, gruff, taciturn, lips compressed, slightly embarrassed in manner, content with his beer and his hired sofas, and say whether—apart from his art, his craft, his profession—he is to be distinguished from the ordinary sojourner in Bloomsbury who buys foreign papers and strolls down to the Café Royal of an afternoon for a *quinquina* and a cigarette. Indeed, he himself would not have thanked you to attempt any distinction. Like many great artists, he has had the ambition

to be unusual only in his art. He has sought spiritual solitude, and found it, by losing himself in the crowd. Not for him are fads, peculiarities, cries, causes, aberrations, eccentricities, infractions: such luxuries would distract him from that sublime and inexorable mistress to whom half a century ago he vowed his life.

If you have sufficient detachment of mind to bring to his plays an appreciation purely æsthetic, you cannot fail to perceive that their author is an artist to whom art, in its most exclusive sense, is everything—a man wholly pre-occupied with the opulence of his inspiration and the perfecting of his technique, with the *minutiae* of means and effects, the contrivance of new strokes and the evocation of new beauty. The early dramas must be considered marvellous, but those of his middle and later periods are more; they are miraculous. It was not by chance that *Brand* and *Peer Gynt* came next after his departure from Norway: these were the justification of his self-exile, transcendentally proving the rightness of the choice he had made. Follow the plays one by one, as they regularly issued forth in every alternate year, and you will see in the waxing brilliance of their technique the key to Ibsen's inner history. Other dramatists, though not many, have been more plenteously inspired than he, but none was ever so proudly an artist, none was ever so completely and finally master of his craft. In *Hedda Gabler* is the very arrogance of incredible skill. Before it can be surpassed a new convention of the theatre will have to arise.

This supreme virtuosity is only to be achieved in one way, and that by men whose whole soul is in the business of achievement. Ibsen got it as (less supremely) Flaubert and de Maupassant got it: he laboured. He laboured daily for forty years, without divergence. One can see him, reserved, resolved, sitting down to his desk morning after morning in that flat of which only the pictures are his, handling pen and turning paper with the intimate familiarity of the workman at work, writing and slowly re-writing with the interminable patience of one who is sure of a prescribed result. Though there is no smile on his face it is not hard to divine his private and secret joy as that result nears and arrives, and he confronts the shades of his greatest predecessors and says, pointing to the *opus*: "Learn what skill is."

That is his reward.

In 1891 Ibsen went back to Norway. His nostalgia is at last satisfied. His rôle of martyr to an art is over. The finest of his work was produced in the large freedom of exile. Though the three latest plays are beautiful enough, we can detect in them a certain mannerism, a certain restriction and constraint. Just as his genius burgeoned out when he left his native land, so it drooped and contracted when he returned.

### Ibsen the Force.

I HAVE read Dr. Brandes's Impressions of Ibsen with a sinking of the heart. Here is a critic—able, fair-minded—who has studied everything Ibsen has written, and who knows Ibsen's self; yet all he gets, or all he is able to give us, are these dry bones of criticism. I who, thank God, am no critic, but merely one of those who have been warmed and lit by Ibsen's fire—I say to myself, What on earth should I make of the man had I no other "Impressions" than those Dr. Brandes gives me? I look these long-considered, separate studies through, and all I find of the Ibsen that I know is set down in the few quotations of the poet's own words. They shine out like lamps above a heap of dusty dissertations. I cannot help wondering what does the old poet himself think of these faint echoes of his music and his thunder; for we have heard, and Mr. Archer reiterates, that Dr. Brandes is a critic of European renown, that he has followed every step of the

poet's development, from the moment when his genius attained anything like maturity. "Here, and here only," says Mr. Archer, "has a critical intelligence of the first order been brought to bear in detail upon the poet's creations."

If this is true, then to the lay mind Dr. Brandes's work is a sorry indictment of the critic's function and his value; for do we not read criticism in the same way that we listen to the words of one who, for good or ill, has come into intimate relation with a great man and his work? Do we not feel that the person who publicly and professionally criticises must have got nearer to his subject than those who run as they read? With this belief, and in all docility of spirit, I approached the Three Impressions of the critic who for two-and-thirty years had studied Ibsen and his work. But I realise now that if I had waited for Dr. Brandes to introduce the great Norwegian to me, I should not have pursued my new acquaintance far. I should have heard too much of Ibsen's idiosyncrasy, and not enough of his fascination. I should have been warned that the poem of *Brand*, the great spiritual drama which had made my heart beat and the tears come, was borrowed from Kierkegaard, and hardly worth the borrowing. I might even have availed myself in the case of *Brand* of the privilege the critic so generously bestows: "The least poetical reader may here call the poet to account." I should have been on my guard against mistaking *Hedda Gabler* for a masterpiece of subtlest yet most moving stagecraft. I should have perceived, with the help of Dr. Brandes, that that particular play was an endeavour to show how in the unaristocratic society of Norway "great natural gifts necessarily lead to disaster." It is surely singular that to audiences in Germany, England, and Italy—in Paris, too, as I myself have seen—this supposed endeavour to teach gentility to the Norwegians has held great gatherings spellbound, and made theatres echo with applause. But Dr. Brandes, seemingly impervious to it himself, takes no account of the electrical effect of Ibsen's stagecraft on the public, and is at no pains to give an idea of his power over the emotions. The critic is more concerned to put his readers on their guard against, for instance, the error of making an undesirable acquaintance. This he tries to effect by the amazing irrelevancy: Mr. Lövborg is "no gentleman." Neither would he have us taken in by Lövborg's belief in his own abilities; as though it were not all-sufficient for Ibsen's purpose that Lövborg should convince the persons of the drama. Because Lövborg's treatise deals with the end and aim of all philosophising that aspires to a practical outcome—viz., the social development of the future; because that is Lövborg's subject, he is, in Dr. Brandes's eyes, "no genius" as well as "no gentleman." Does not Ibsen smile to himself to see Dr. Brandes playing the part of the egregious Tesman, and echoing helplessly: "The Future! Dear me! we know nothing whatever about the Future?"

Indeed, this question as to whether Ibsen's exceptional men are really men of genius seems greatly to have exercised the mind of the critic. He is at much pains to prove Borkman's failure to come up to the Brandes standard, although the critic is fair enough to admit that Ibsen has not been as anxious on this point as his commentator. The playwright seems to have contented himself with drawing human beings. But in that he appears as little to have satisfied his critic as he did a certain English actor, also of very refined tastes, who begged that "The Master Builder" might be re-written for our stage, and Solness made into a nice picturesque sculptor who could wear a velvet coat and long hair. Dr. Brandes's contribution to the discussion is a repetition of his haunting fear that "The Master Builder" may not be "actually a genius." This so weighs on his mind, that he offers Ibsen the luminous suggestion, Solness "ought, perhaps, to have introduced a new style of architecture." I would give a great deal to have seen Ibsen's face when he read that.

One turns away from these bald and doctrinaire *Impressions* with a sense that there may be an advantage in approaching a great poet without the assistance of "a critical intelligence of the first order." One recalls with a flush of gratitude the quick uplifting that came of personal contact with the plays that Dr. Brandes sets himself to dissect. The critic gives no smallest hint, to my sense, of the flashing vitality, the bitter wit, the tenderness so deep and *innig* that it moves one first to tears and then to feel all tears should be straightway dried in a world where such infinite gentleness had found a voice. If it depended on Dr. Brandes, few would guess that the plays were more than philosophic discussions upon social life. He never hints that the people in them are alive; that if you cut them they bleed; that they are friends or foes, but always neighbours.

Indeed, personally, I got a faithfuller "Impression" of the greatness, the aliveness of Ibsen from the columns of the *Daily Telegraph*, where, in the fine old fighting days, he was loaded with abuse, but shown, in any case, to be a playwright who, whether you liked it or not, took hold of you and shook you clear of your everyday indifference. Dr. Brandes's Ibsen is as like the Ibsen of the plays as Yorick's skull was to the living face of Yorick. Laying down these skeleton impressions, one says in one's heart: "Alas, poor Ibsen! I knew him a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy. Where be your gibes now?—your hits at human frailty, your balm for aching hearts; your height, your depth, your genius that Dr. Brandes grants, and yet in no word of his own is able to make good." Plainly, the poet's fighting days are not over. He is, at seventy-one, still young, in that he is much loved and much hated, and, even by his friends, both understood and maligned. From that far country where he dwells apart—not Norway, nor any other hedged and bounded—he might quite well to-day send forth the message of forty years ago:

I nerve myself anew  
To face the fight of life with steadfast daring—  
My countrymen, I send you greeting!—you  
Who lent me Fear's winged sandals for my faring,  
Who lent me Exile's staff and Sorrow's pack—  
Lo! from afar I send you greeting back.

There are those (not critics, perhaps; and yet the poet would not despise them for that) who, from all over the civilised world, bear witness in their hearts that the poet's greeting—his gift once in every four-and-twenty months or so—has meant for them a great awakening, an unmatched joy. If people such as these were to register three Impressions, they would be: a memory of personal exhilaration, a conviction of homage due to the Great Exile, and a sense of pride if they might call themselves his humbler countrymen—countrymen because they want no interpreter between him and them, waiting as they do afar off for him to send them another "greeting back"—another great and living play.

C. E. RAIMOND.

### Eighteenth Century Gossip.

*Passages from the Diaries of Mrs. Philip Lybbe Powys.*  
Edited by Emily J. Cleminson. (Longmans. 16s.)

Mrs. Powys (*née* Girle) was a gentlewoman of the last century. Before her marriage she lived in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and thence made several pleasant journeys about England. After her marriage her home was Hardwicke Hall, in Berkshire, where she lived a busy and happy life as housewife and woman of fashion. From what we can gather from the diaries and letters which compose this volume Mrs. Powys was of a sweet-tempered, amiable, easy-going nature, with no very remarkable qualities,

much activity, and a quick eye for externals. Had she lacked that eye this book would be trivial indeed; even as it is, the beer it chronicles is often a fluid of disconcerting pallor.

But to turn these pages lazily, without great expectations, is to be gently amused. They certainly bring back the old leisurely spacious life with some vividness. Here is a Norfolk gentleman of 1756, a Mr. Jackson: "You know how he loves company at home, especially when he can have so good a plea as at present for not having the fuss of dining out, as he styles it. If twenty people came in as we were sitting down to table, his dinners are so good they would need no alteration; but the larder is really quite a sight, and different from any I ever saw. . . . I believe always full of everything in season, and the old gentleman often makes us walk there after breakfast that we may all, as he says, have what we like for dinner. The venison and game now in it is astonishing. The Norfolk mutton, too, you know, is famous; but thoirs particularly so. They kill all their own, and never eat it in the parlour under three weeks." Mrs. Powys makes a note of many things like that; but farther she does not go. For instance, on the next page, she says: "One morning we went to pay a dull visit to see an odd house, of a still odder Mr. Spilman . . . a most strange old bachelor of vast fortune, but, indeed, I'll not fall in love with him. We were introduced to him in the library, where he seemed deep in study (for they say he is really clever), sitting in a jockey-cap and white stiff dog's gloves." And that is all of Mr. Spilman, of whom we want to know everything: the rest is a description of his not very interesting house. Indeed, on the human side Mrs. Powys is sadly weak. However, while at Scarborough in 1757 an opportunity occurred for visiting the Moravian settlement at Pudsey (now more famous as the home of Tunncliffe, the Yorkshire cricketer), and her account of these strange people is excellent. Three houses lodged the sect. In one dwelt the minister and the children; in the others were the single men and the single women. "Those bound by the matrimonial shackles" lived in the neighbourhood, but gave up their children to be educated in the faith. What that was Mrs. Powys had no notion; but she found the minister's sermon "replete with incoherent nonsense." After the sermon the children were admitted, and the minister addressed them for a quarter of an hour, "but on subjects far above the comprehension of their tender years."

The men and boys have nothing unusual in their dress, but that of the women has something in it extremely odd yet pretty, plain to a degree yet pleasing, because accompanied by the utmost neatness, an ornament even adorning to the meanest habit; their gowns white linen, close to the shape, their cap comes over the face like our largest French night-caps, rounding over the cheek and coming down in a peak over the forehead, and sets close to the face, no hair being seen. To distinguish the ladies, all married Sisters tie the cap under the chin with a large bunch of blue ribbons, the widows white, and the single Sisters with pink, but the knots round the caps of all is muslin, broad-hemmed.

In the sleeping room of the women were "eighty beds, each just large enough for one person, all of white dimity. . . . Every night one woman walks up and down this gallery with a lighted taper."

In 1760 Mrs. Powys witnessed the execution of Earl Ferrers at Tyburn. Being an earl he was hanged with a silken rope. He observed that "the apparatus, and being made a spectacle of so vast a multitude, was greatly worse than death itself." She describes the beginnings of the British Museum, opened at Montagu House in 1759. Among other things was "one room of curious things in spirits (but disagreeable)." She was also in the streets when the death of George II. was announced, and was a delighted spectator of the coronation of George III. "At first coming on the platform, as if astonished at sight of



such amazing multitudes, he clasped his hands, and lifting up his eyes to heaven, stood for some moments in a profound silence, and I dare say (for great is his humility) he never had a meaner opinion of himself than at that instant, to think that all this bustle was for one poor mortal, an earthly king. . . . 'Twas moving to see the excessive joy of the surrounding throng, when one knew the good young king deserved their every acclamation, not from being born to the crown he was going to receive, but by his own intrinsic merit."

In 1762 Mrs. Powys married. She and her husband met "at an assembly (for assemblies, you know, are often productive of matrimony) . . . and soon after agreed—he to love, I to love and obey for life. . . . As many say who have known him from his infancy, he was never guilty of any vice, and hardly of any fault." Together Mr. and Mrs. Powys enjoyed a happy pilgrimage to the grave, smiled upon by many of the great ones of the earth. Of her children Mrs. Powys writes: "One finds them the most agreeable *douceurs* when with one." After marriage Mrs. Powys is less interesting, but rather more self-satisfied. In addition to a very busy social life, involving many guests herself and many visits to her friends' houses, with private theatricals and all the other machinery of entertainment, the good lady, says the editor, did many domestic things exceedingly well. She embroidered, worked in cloth, straw plaited, feather worked, made pillow lace, made mosaic lace, dried flowers and ferns, painted on paper and silk, collected shells, fossils, coins, and was a connoisseur in china, and besides this was an excellent housekeeper. Here, for example, is Mrs. Powys's recipe for Lavender Drops:

Six handfuls of lavender flowers stript from stalks, put them in a wide-mouthed glass, and pour on them four quarts of the best spirit of wine, stop the glass very close with a double bladder tied fast down that nothing may breathe out; let it stand in a warm place six weeks, keep it circulating about, then distil it in a limebeck. When all is run off, put to this water sage flowers, rosemary flowers, buglos flowers, betony flowers, burrage flowers, lily of the valley flowers, cowslip flowers, each a handful gathered in their seasons in dry weather; let this stand six weeks, then put to it balm, motherwort, spike flowers; cut some small bay-leaves, and the flowers of each an ounce; distil all these together again, then put in citron peel, lemon peel, dried single piony seed, and cinnamon, of each six drams; nutmeg, mace, candimums, cubels, yellow saunders, of each half an ounce; lignum aloes, one dram: make these into a fine powder and put them into glass, then take junibes, new and good, a pound stoned and cut small, stop all quite close for six weeks more, shaking it often every day; then run it thro' a cotton bag, then put in pre-par'd pearl two drams, ambergrease ditto, of saffron and saunders and yellow saunders each an ounce; put these in a bag and hang them in the water, and close up the glass well; at three weeks end it will be fit to use.

N.B.—When you find any indisposition, or fear of any fit, take a small spoonful with a lump of sugar; it helps all palsies of what kind to cure.

In stories the book is poor; but here is one of Princess Amelia. She asked a remarkably tall young man what he was intended for. "The church," said he. "Oh, sir, you must mistake," said the Princess; "it's certainly for the steeple." Hitherto we have always seen this retort attributed to Curran. The following pun by Pope is perhaps familiar to others, but is new to us: "One day Sir Walter Blunt's father was in Pope's company and talking of punning. Pope said that was a species of wit so triflingly easy that he would answer to make one on any proposed subject offhand, when a lady in the company said: "Well, then, Mr. Pope, make one on keelhauling." He instantly replied: "That, madam, is indeed putting a man under a hard ship."

Mrs. Cleminson, the editor, has done her work of annotation and arrangement with efficiency.

## Weeds of Speech.

*A New Dictionary of the Terms Ancient and Modern of the Canting Crew.* By B. E., Gent. (Facsimile Reprint: Smith, Kay & Co. 21s.)

THIS is a facsimile reprint of the first dictionary of Cant and Slang words published in England—"this it is, and nothing more." No editor comes with obeisance and remarks; no helping word—not even the lost Lenore of the book's date—gives light and direction to the reader. Like the raven that "perched and sat," this dictionary is mute. Who was "B. E., Gent"? It is not known. When was the book issued? It is not stated. However, "B. E.'s" identity can be dispensed with; and the date of his book can, with reason, be put at 1700. Messrs. Henley and Farmer, quoting it in their *Slang and its Analogues*, make the date 1690. But it happens that the year 1695 is tacked to the definition of the word "Punchable"—i.e., old passable money. Let us then adopt 1700. B. E.'s preface is facile and of little worth. He tells us nothing of his aim or method, and his "historical account of the *Beggars* and *Gypsies*" does not suggest that he hob-and-nobbed with either. There was little need for him to do so. For although B. E.'s work is the first formal and self-contained English dictionary of Cant and Slang, it is by no means our first *vocabulary* of the kind. Such vocabularies were open to B. E. in the works of Thomas Harman, Thomas Dekker, Richard Brome, and other writers. The father of Cant and Slang lexicographers, old Thomas Harman, printed his *Caveat or Warening for Common Cursetors* in 1573. This book, which was not a formal dictionary, may have been useful to Shakespeare, as it has been to all succeeding students of slang. Many "Canting Dictionaries," "Canting Academies," "Flash Dictionaries," "Triumphs of Wit," and similar works bestrew the three centuries which have elapsed since Harman's book was new; but the works which stand forth in real importance are those of Dekker (his *Bellman of London*, &c.); Grose's *Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue*, a most valuable production; the *Slang Dictionary* published by Messrs. Chatto & Windus; the *Argot and Slang* of Messrs. Leland and Barrère; and last, Messrs. Henley and Farmer's *Slang and its Analogues*, which, for some time, has stayed its progress at the letter M. These, and the *New English Dictionary* and Dr. Wright's *Dialect Dictionary*, are the students' stand-byes. Nevertheless, great interest attaches to B. E.'s dictionary, and it was worth while to revive it in facsimile. The old wild type and spelling go well with this weed-garden of speech, and the quaint definitions exhale the hot odours of the thieves' kitchens of two hundred years ago.

The title of the collection suggests the distinction between the terms Cant and Slang. These words really mean different things. Cant is the secret language devised by gypsies, beggars, and thieves (the Canting Crew) for carrying on intercourse with each other. Its words have long life. Slang is the tricky, careless, dissipated language which creeps into all walks of life, and is constantly changing. The editor of the *Slang Dictionary* (1874) illustrates the difference between Cant and Slang thus: "A thief in Cant language would term a horse a 'prancer' or a 'prad,' while in Slang a man of fashion would speak of it as a 'bit of blood,' a 'spanker,' or a 'neat tit.'" Cant was devised for secrecy, whereas Slang is often used as a boast of familiarity with life.

At the same time, this distinction is apt to prove cumbersome. Thieves and beggars did not stop at devising words for secrecy; their ingenuity led them to coin words for all occasions, and thus they were makers and adaptors of vulgar slang. Besides, the degree of secrecy varied, and words which were at first intended to be muttered in the hedge-row were soon shouted on the highway. A few Cant words have even crept up the ladder of speech to lips



polite. Filch, which was Cant for steal, is one; and dab, meaning expert, if not good English, survives as respectable slang. Kid, Cant for a child, has enjoyed similar promotion. This Cant dictionary is full of words which were probably never Cant in the strict sense. To "nim" was Cant for steal; but to "cotton," meaning to agree well, had probably a nobler origin. "Dromedary" was Cant for a thief; but "faggots," meaning "Men muster'd for Souldiers, not yet Listed," may be assigned to the Slang division. The blessed light of humour seldom touches thieves' language. Their words are mean, hideous, opaque. To open the door became to "dub the giger"; to lend twopence was to "tip a dace"; to pick a pocket was to "file a cly"; to steal a cloak was to "nim a togeman"; to be expert in any one of these arts was to be its "topping" exponent; while to be accomplished in all was to be a "Dimber-damber"—i.e., "a Top-man or Prince among the Canting Crew; also the chief Rogue of the Gang, or the compleatest Cheat." Some interest attaches to a Cant word like "Abram-cove," meaning a lusty, strong rogue. The word belongs to a group which includes Abram-men, here defined as "the seventeenth Order of the Canting-crew. Beggars antickly trick'd up with Ribbands, Red Tape, Foxtails, Rags, &c., pretending Madness to palliate their Thefts of Poultry, Linen, &c." The name is thought by Nares to date from the dissolution of the monasteries, when numbers of men who had been dependent on the monks' charity turned themselves loose, and became thieving vagabonds. Another explanation connects the Abram-men with the Abraham ward in Bethlehem Hospital. To "sham Abraham," meaning to feign sickness, is still in vogue (Henley and Farmer). "Angler" is an instance of the forcible seizure and degradation by the "canting crew" of a good English word. In their noxious vocabulary an angler is "a petty Thief, who has a Stick with a hook at the end, with which he plucks things out of Windows, Grates, etc., also those that draw in People to be cheated." The word "Ill-fortune" acquired a certain precision in the Canting vocabulary—it meant ninepence.

The number of words signifying a fool or silly fellow is curiously large, and no doubt many of these originally expressed the thief's contempt for his victim. A selection of such words will have interest:

*Addle-pate*, one full of Whimsies and Projects, and as empty of Wit.

*Animal*, a Fool. He is a meer Animal, he is a very silly fellow.

*Ben*, a Fool.

*Booby*, a dull heavy Lob.

*Booberkin*, the same.

*Bottle-head*, void of Wit.

*Bully-sop*, a Maggot-pated, huffing, silly ratling Fellow.

*Clodpate*, a heavy dull Fellow.

*Clunch*, a clumsy Clown, an awkward unhandy Fellow.

*Cock-robbin*, a soft easy Fellow.

*Cod's-head*, a Fool.

*Corky-brained*, silly, foolish.

*Country-put*, a silly Country Fellow.

*Dindy-prat*, a little puny Fellow.

*Dulpickle*, a heavy, dull, stupid Fellow.

*Hulver-head*, a silly foolish Fellow.

*Inspids*, Blockheads.

*Jack-adam*, a Fool.

*Jobber-noll*, a very silly Fellow.

*Nick-ninny*, an empty Fellow, a meer Cod's Head.

*Nigmenog*, a very silly Fellow.

*Oaf*, a Wise-acre, a Ninny, or Fool.

*Paper-skul*, foolish, soft, silly.

*Purple Dromedary*, a bungling Thief.

*Sawny*, a Fool.

*Sup-pate*, a Fool.

*Sheep's-head*, a Fool.

*Simkin*, a Fool.

*Single-ten*, a very foolish, silly Fellow.

*Souse-crown*, a Fool.

*Tony*, a silly Fellow, or Ninny.

*Wise Man of Gotham*, a Fool.

Of racy, curious, and startling phrases there are so many in these pages that we can but glance at a dozen, and end. Antidote is defined as "a very homely Woman, also a medicine against Poyson." A Fortune is "a rich maid or wealthy Widdow, an Heiress." A Foreman of the Jury, is one "that engrosses all the talk to himself." A Habber-

dasher of Nouns and Pronouns is, of course, Cant for a schoolmaster. Similarly, a dancing master was called a Hop Merchant. Flustered means drunk, and a man may become drunk by imbibing too many "Lines of the old Author," i.e., drams of brandy. What was the origin of the last phrase? Contempt for some weak Government probably inspired the term "his head is full of Proclamations," i.e., taken up with idle matters. Windmills in the Head is an expressive (and surviving) equivalent of idle plans. An extraordinary word was Sun-burnt, "having many (Male) Children." A Conger was "a Set or Knot of Topping Book-sellers of London, who agree among themselves that whoever of them Buys a good Copy, the rest are to take off such a particular number, as (it may be) Fifty, in Quires, on easy Terms. Also they that joyn together to Buy either a Considerable or Dangerous Copy." This is not very clear, but one cannot expect the Canting Crew to understand bookselling. And yet they seem to have had leanings to literature, for apart from their "line from the old Author," we find them using the terms "Hobbist" and "Hide-bound-muse." A Hobbist was "a Disciple and fond Admirer of Thomas Hobbs, the fam'd Philosopher of Malmsbury." Hide-bound-muse is defined as "Stiff, hard of Delivery, Sir J. Suckling call'd Ben. Johnson's so." Cramp-words were difficult or uncommon words; and cramp-words are with us still. Fustian-verse was "Verse in Words of lofty Sound, and humble Sense." Under Crown we have the naïve note: "Where the Earth is raised it is said to be Crown'd with Hills in Poetry." Gapefeed was a good word for puppet shows, &c. The two words Gim-crack and Grass-Widow have had vicissitudes; the first was used for "a spruce Wench" as well as a toy; and a Grass-widow was a much less reputable person than she is now accounted. Dust meant money long before the gold-field lurements of modern times. Lastly, Cathedral could be used as an adjective, meaning "old-fashioned, out of Date, Ancient," but we should blush to say that this book is full of cathedral words.

### The "New Thought."

*Methods and Problems of Spiritual Healing.* By Horatio Dresser. (Putnam's.)

SOME months have passed since the general public in this country was made aware, in a sensational manner, of the existence of the doctrinaire sect of Christian scientists; and though the circumstances of the death of Mr. Harold Frederic were not such as to commend the treatment, to which for a fortnight he submitted himself, its apostles, silenced for the moment, are once more evangelising even as we write.

Mr. Dresser has been a student and observer, he tells us, for fifteen years, and his books on *The Power of Silence* and kindred subjects have had, at least in America, a considerable vogue. A good many people, therefore, may be expected to read his latest volume with serious attention. We have done so ourselves, and are not disposed to regret the time so spent. It is, indeed, lax and unscientific; its style is diffuse and rhetorical; and, short as it is, it abounds in vain repetitions. But the tone is convinced and kindly; and though the phrase, "the New Thought," as applied to the nebulous theories of his school, may provoke a smile, the document is of real interest as a tentative expression of a novel phase of (say) thoughtfulness.

In dealing with mystics one is constantly at a loss for want of any precise and definite statement of the doctrines which they suppose themselves to hold. They are too apt to gallop off on the back of a half-broke metaphor. So far as we can learn from Mr. Dresser's pages, and elsewhere, the fundamental principle is that,

in virtue of the diversity of its nature, mind is independent of matter; that man, therefore, may free himself from bodily evil—he has but, by an effort of the will, to cast out the image of pain which haunts him. Where the will is enfeebled or misguided by habit there is the need and the opportunity of the healer. It is his business to sound in his own heart the note of strength, of courage, of faith, which he desires to set vibrating in his patient. The patient “is requested to assume a comfortable physical attitude and to become as receptive as possible.” (Receptivity is essential to a fit disposition. The natural aptitude for it varies, “coldness of intellect and non-receptivity being found together.” “Only-daughters and wealthy ladies who board prove difficult patients.”) The two having “entered into the silence,” the healer suggests such thoughts as: “I am free! I am free from doubt; I am free from care. I am the free and fearless, impersonal, selfless child of God; and what I am, so are you, my neighbour, as myself; I am eternally perfect; I am master of the body and all its functions.” But here Mr. Dresser comes in with a remonstrance and a distinction: perfect potentially, yes; but not in fact. The true key, he says, is that blessed word Evolution. This is how he would speak:

Put yourself entirely in the present, trustfully, restfully, calmly. You are an immortal soul, and have all eternity before you. Time is of no real consequence—it is simply a matter of mathematical convenience. Space, too, has little meaning for the soul. There is no place in the wide universe where there is more wisdom and power than here in the living present. The omniscient God is here, the source of all life and goodness. He is unlimited by space, unhampered by time. You are eternally a part of Him and of His life. You stand individually for some aspect of wisdom and power which no other soul can represent as well. Your experience is a progressive awakening to the consciousness of that power, and with the discovery of greater power comes greater ability to express it. Peace, then. Trust and be receptive to that Power. Do not nervously strive to grow, but let the soul expand. Let Nature and the sub-conscious mind do their utmost for you, while you devote your conscious thought to the realisation of the Divine Presence, to ways and means of making that Presence known among your fellow men.

But if Mr. Dresser fails to persuade us that the grounds of his confidence are firm to the tread, and though his long years of observation ought, we think, to have issued in a clearer and more orderly exposition of his theory, we can at least sympathise with his amiable attitude and purpose. We rather suspect that it is no “New Thought” that he is struggling to express, but just a very old one, and a very good one, that he has approached from a new side and is slow to recognise: “The Father himself loveth you. . . . Little children, love one another.”

## Other New Books.

SHAKESPEARE'S COUNTRY.

By B. C. A. WINDLE.

This little book, one of the most charming guide-books that we have ever handled, might be called a pocket companion to Mr. Sidney Lee's *Life of Shakespeare*. All who, reading that book, are stimulated to visit Stratford-on-Avon and its neighbourhood, to reconstruct for themselves the poet's youth, will find Mr. Windle invaluable. He seems to us to have hit the mean very successfully, his pages being not too antiquarian, not too literary, not too descriptive, and not too many. Mr. E. H. New, who has made the illustrations in his own simple and vivid way, has chosen his subjects well: Stratford Church, Shakespeare's House, the Latin School, Shakespeare's Monument, Anne Hathaway's Cottage, Charlecote, Evesham Bell Tower, Warwick Castle, Leicester Hospital, Warwick, Kenilworth, Coventry's Three Spires, Ford's Almshouses (Coventry), Edgehill Battlefield, and Compton Wynyates. By a happy

thought a map of the Shakespeare country has been pasted in the cover. The book, both for the library and as a travelling companion, is equally choice and serviceable. (Methuen. 3s.)

MR. MIGGS.

By ALEXANDER STUART.

From time to time during the past five years the *Pall Mall Gazette* has printed the opinions of Mr. Miggs, shoe-maker and philosopher. The author has now collected the best of the papers into a volume. We wish, for its own sake, that the book had come sooner. Had it come last year the inevitable comparison with Mr. Dooley, whom, of course, Mr. Miggs preceded, would have been avoided. Yet Mr. Miggs is well done, consistent, human, and absolutely credible. Here is a specimen of his manner. His interlocutor had remarked: “Might I not, indeed, call you the rising hope of the stern and unbending social Democrats of the future?”—

“Puttin' aside the hit at my melancholy habit of temper,” he replied, not without dignity, “which perhaps is nateral in a man that thinks hard and often for hisself, I am a Social Democrat. And what is a Social Democrat? Is he a man what comes to me like a parson, a beadle, and an undertaker rolled into one, and says with tears in his eyes, ‘Miggs, my friend, there's a man lives three streets from you has drunk hisself to death through a excessive fondness for alcoholic beverages; and the same has left a widder and six pore little orphans.’ ‘And I'm sorry to hear of it,’ I says, wondering wot he's up to next. ‘But you must be more than sorry, my friend,’ he says; ‘you must contribute somethink out of your hard-earned money to keep 'em in comfort. It's your duty,’ he says, ‘and your highest privilege.’ ‘Stop there,’ I says. ‘It is a duty and a high privilege. But it ain't none.’ ‘Why so?’ he says. ‘This why,’ I says. ‘But for soborality and hard work I would be a intoxicated corp myself. It ain't in natur that you should come to me, which am a hard workin' man with a wife and family. Go to them as brought him to it. Go to the dukes and aristocracy and the capitalists. But don't never come near me.’”

Mr. Miggs epitomises a large class of public-house politicians. His utterances, however, are more readable evening by evening than in the mass. (Sampson Low. 2s. 6d.)

SARAH BERNHARDT.

By JULES HURET.

The most interesting part of M. Huret's book concerning Mme. Bernhardt is undoubtedly contained in M. Rostand's preface. Here the author records the exact details of a typical two hours of Madame's erratic life. The picture presented is that of the real Sarah; the Sarah Paris audiences pant and struggle over; the Sarah who has allured, repelled, magnetised, or disgusted half the world on different occasions. M. Huret's diary of events—it is little more—is sufficiently dreary. “On September 27 she did such and such, and the critics said so and so.” No new light is thrown upon a character which the least intimate acquaintance, the merest on-looker, must recognise as chameleon-tinted. Sarah Bernhardt is a woman who lives every moment of her life. To what end? Most of us have some object in view, some “ultimate goal” to strive for. Does Mme. Bernhardt join hands with her fellow-artists and try to raise the moral tone of the stage? Not even Huret says so. Sarah herself claims the attainment of a high ideal. She writes publicly that she “has planted the French language in the heart of foreign literature,” and that her “personal aid has been the missionary whose efforts have made French the common speech of the younger generation.” M. Huret, too, speaks of her “incorrigible patriotism.” Does Mme. Bernhardt forget that her language is the language of diplomacy?—and that desire to be well versed in the tongue in which the fate of nations is decided may possibly carry as much weight with the world in general as the wish to interpret some special phrase spoken of a celebrated actress? It has been said of Mme. Bernhardt

that, "for her, charity fills a multitude of empty seats. The only recording angel she cares for is the box office-keeper." Again, on the other hand, a man who has worked with her writes: "She is charitable in the highest sense—even to street cats!" What is one to make of such a manifest bundle of inconsistencies?—of a woman who will rhapsodise equally over a baby grand-child and a pet tiger; who will rescue a starving animal, and disappoint a crowded audience by refusing to appear, at the last moment, at an evening performance, because she has "tired" herself acting before some "aristocratic" gathering earlier in the day? Inconsistency makes for interest, but seldom for greatness. Concerning this last we again quote Mme. Bernhardt. Discussing American scenery, she says: "I don't like it. *Everything is so big, too big . . . nothing but mountains with tops you can't see, steppes that stretch away to the horizon . . . skies that look ten times as high as ours. . .*" To certain minds the invisible "mountain-tops" appeal as heights to gain, and it is to their eyes that an answering brilliance comes from searching the skies—not the human stage!—for stars. (Chapman & Hall.)

WORCESTER CATHEDRAL. BY CANON TEIGNMOUTH-SHORE.

A new volume in the pretty "Cathedral" series by Messrs. Isbister. The letterpress is of the slightest, and yet sufficient to supply any visitor to Worcester with an intelligent understanding of the building and its history. Nothing that Canon Teignmouth-Shore can say is more beautiful than Walton's inscription to his wife's memory, which is quoted as one of the Cathedral's treasures: "Here lyeth buried soe much as could dye of Anne, the wife of Isaac Walton, who was a woman of the *Primitive Piety*, her great and general knowledge being adorned with such true humility, and blest with soe much Christian meekness as made her worthy of a more memorable monument. She dyed (alas! that she is dead) the 17th of April, 1662. Aged 52. Study to be like her." The illustrations by Mr. Hedley Fitton are dainty. (Isbister. 1s. net.)

JOHN MILTON.

BY WILLIAM P. TRENT.

Mr. Trent, who is an American teacher of literature, was forced to write this little book from the conviction that Anglo-Saxons do not honour Milton as they should. His conviction is indubitably right, and we trust that the straightforward and forcible eulogy which resulted from it may have the effect that its author hopes. His work is a mixture of biography and praise, and, considering the space at his command, Mr. Trent has done it very thoroughly. He seems to have read not only Milton himself, but also all Miltonic literature, and hence his book has additional value as a guide to students who propose to examine the subject after him. This passage concerning Milton's prose illustrates Mr. Trent's style and attitude:

Neither Hooker, nor Bacon, nor Jeremy Taylor, nor Sir Thomas Browne, . . . nor any subsequent writer of English gives me the sense of sublime power and variety and nobility—of eloquence in its highest meaning, that possesses me when I read the prose of Milton. Regular it is not, in the way that we properly demand of modern prose, with its multiplicity of duties; it has not the clarity, the neatness, the precision of the French; it does not combine subtle charm and picturesqueness and brilliancy as does the prose of a writer like Chateaubriand; but it is better than all this, better than the stately periods of De Quincey or the regal march of Gibbon, better than the vigour of Macaulay, or the beauty of Ruskin, or the quiet force of Newman—it is either the utterance of a demigod or the speech of an angel.

Mr. Trent, it will be seen, deals in the primary colours. But it is enthusiasm in a fine cause, and may it prevail! (Macmillan. 3s. 6d.)

## Fiction.

*Lesser Destinies.* By Samuel Gordon. (Murray. 6s.)

THIS is the first novel that Mr. Murray has recently published, and it may be stated at once that the selection is good. It is a story of obscure people and mean streets, of folk that work in factories and live in Montague Dwellings. But the obscurest person is interesting if only we know enough about him, and Mr. Gordon has a sure insight into character, writing, except when he lapses into undue moralising, with crispness and force. Here is an example of dialogue between a couple of work-girls:

"Yes, they do come hanging round, somehow," said Maud scornfully, "but there isn't one of them I'd care to speak to twice. Bank-holiday-in-the-brake sort of chaps; play the concertina, and talk of 'walking-out' till their governor 'll give them a rise. Good company or none, that's my motto."

"Quite right, too; time enough for you to settle down. You've a comfortable home, I'm told," remarked Tabitha.

"Scrumptious," said Maud curtly.

"And your stepfather's very fond of you."

"Too fond."

"How's that?" asked Tabitha, struck by her tone.

"Promise me not to tell anyone? Well, then, I don't like the way he looks at me when we're alone."

Tabitha pondered for a moment. "The brute!" she said, as she caught Maud's drift.

"And that's why I've got to strike out for myself," went on Maud hurriedly. "I want to get away before there's more mischief."

We are chiefly concerned with Tabitha, the faded spinster who clutches pathetically at the phantom of love as it passes her by; and Tabitha in Mr. Gordon's hands is real. So, too, is the deformed youth who does odd jobs about the fifth-rate music-hall; so, too, is Tabitha's brother Jimmy, laid helpless on his back by an injury to the spine. A melancholy cast for the book's drama! But the author does not make the mistake of supposing that the poor have no pleasures. In one character only Mr. Gordon fails to convince. Phœbe, the woman who has slipped from an honourable estate to picking a living from dust heaps, and is now and again found drunk in the gutter, talks with the refinement of a philosophic countess. Flowers bloom in unexpected places; but we are sure that Phœbe must in the gutter have lost the bloom of her manners. Nor does the author always avoid the temptation to unnecessary misspelling which besets those who try to reproduce the speech of the uncultured. "Practickle" and "pictchers" represent simply the lazy pronunciation of "practical" and "pictures," and the torture of the words produces no evidence of good faith. In the main, however, Mr. Gordon has succeeded; for he has made a set of quite unimportant persons very interesting.

*From the Broad Acres.* By J. S. Fletcher.  
(Grant Richards. 2s. 6d.)

THE title-page states that this little volume illustrates "rural life in Yorkshire." We are afraid that it also illustrates something else—namely, the demand for the short story of two thousand words. There are twenty-one stories in the book, and they have a monotony of feeling and touch which argues that they were constructed to meet a certain market. That market having been met—skilfully and satisfactorily met—Mr. Fletcher gathers up the sheaf of confessions, binds it in green, and pretends that it is a book. The thing is scarcely a book, but we are not disposed to quarrel with it. Mr. Fletcher would not, we feel sure, wish us to take it so seriously. He is a clever man, and he has done excellent and various work. This work is obviously less good than his best; pending his next appearance as a literary artist, it will serve to remind us of his existence; that is its function.

The tales are favourable specimens of the popular short short-story of the better type. Let their titles speak for them: "The Advent of Julia Ann," "For what shall it Profit?" "Retribution," "For the good of his Soul," "For Certain Pieces of Silver," "A Cast of the Die"—the entire mechanism of the work is laid bare by the mere sound of such titles. We have only one really violent objection to the type, and that lies against the gross sentimentality which seems to be indispensably associated with it. Take the following:

"T' horse fell reight on to him as he pulled it down just on t' edge o' t' quarry," said the foreman in a low voice to old Dick. "I'm afeard it's all over wi' him, maister; it mun ha' crushed his chest in."

The Irishman opened his eyes. Kitty's face was close to his. She was never sure of it, but she thought he smiled, and she bent still closer to him. She was something more than glad afterwards that she let the generous emotions of her impulsive heart have their own way for once, and that she spoke her gratitude to the dying Irishman in that farewell kiss. For suddenly the wandering harvester was dead by the roadside; and the strangers among whom he had lived for a short month stood staring at each other's sorrowful faces across his body—tattered and torn and dirty as to his habiliments as when he had come down the road that summer morning and peeped into the cool garden to catch a glimpse of Kitty Joyce sitting under the yew-tree.

Why does the British public insist on this? We are convinced that Mr. Fletcher has not put it in to please himself.

### Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

#### THE CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY. BY MRS. HUGH FRASER.

The country is Japan, on which Mrs. Fraser is known to be an authority. In this volume are tales of New Japan, all with enchanting backgrounds. "Tokyo is a garden," says, for example, the author in the first of them, "in which a city has grown up by accident, and the flowers have the best of it still." In the foreground is the stormy play of passions. Mrs. Fraser can handle her pen, as, indeed, a sister of Mr. Marion Crawford should. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

#### MRS. KNOLLYS, AND OTHER STORIES. BY F. J. STIMSON.

This is an American book, but it is cosmopolitan in character. The author, who is also the author of *King Noanett*, here offers seven short tales. In one of them, "A Daughter of Spain," an unhappy lover writes this note: "SEÑORITA CONDESA,—Thou lovest me. On the morning thou shalt wed Don Sebastian I kill him. —RAMON DEL TORRE." Directness in correspondence could hardly go further. (Downey. 5s.)

#### THE HEART OF TOIL. BY OCTAVE THANET.

The work of the lady who is known as Octave Thanet is always careful and sympathetic. These six stories are no exception. They are American, both in manner and matter, and very outspoken. In "The Way of an Election" we find this sentiment: "Folks do get awful worked up over politics; but if that Darcy tries any of his slick, fake talk on Harry, and makes him feel bad, d— if I don't knock his flannel mouth off him!" (Downey. 5s.)

#### MEN'S TRAGEDIES. BY R. V. RISLEY.

The third volume of American fiction this week. Mr. H. D. Lowry some while ago produced *Women's Tragedies*; this may be taken as its belated companion. Mr. Risley, who is a new American novelist of promise, divides his

men into 'The Man Who Loved, The Man Who Hated' The Man Who Bore, The Man Who Cared, The Man Who Fell, The Man Who Sneered, The Man Who Killed, The Man Who Died, and The Man Who Was Himself. (Macmillan. 6s.)

#### THE WHITE KING OF MANOA. BY JOSEPH HATTON.

An Anglo-Spanish romance. "Being the Life, Loves, and Adventures of David Yarcombe, Protégé and Fellow-voyager of Sir Walter Raleigh, Knight." Mr. Hatton is so practised a maker of stories that it is hardly needful to say more than that this is a full-blooded tale with plenty of courage and muscle and Good Queen Bess about it. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

#### THE CRIME IN THE WOOD. BY T. W. SPEIGHT.

Mr. Speight is an old hand at melodramatic stories like this; and he knows when to lighten the mystery with good-humour. This is a blend of sensation and playfulness. There is murder, but there is also Miss Primby, who tells how Dr. Botcher once began a proposal thus: "My dear Miss Primby, if I were to assure you that you have stolen my heart from me, I should be stating what is anatomically impossible; but if——" At that point he was interrupted and had never spoken again. (Long. 3s. 6d.)

#### SOME UNOFFENDING PRISONERS. BY JOHN FULFORD.

A long, gossiping novel of young Londoners. The prisoners are not incarcerated in any of Her Majesty's gaols, but are bound by the chains we forge for ourselves. Mr. Fulford has a light manner, and the literary life comes in for much genial satire in his pages. (Jarrold. 6s.)

#### A MONK OF CRUTA. BY E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.

A new sensational story by a diligent novelist. The frontispiece depicts an elderly gentleman in bed, blazing a pistol at a visitor. Turning the pages we come upon this: "The priest was the first in the room to move. He slowly bent over both bodies, and then turned round to the other man. 'Dead?' he asked, with a dry, choking gasp. 'Both dead.'" (Ward Lock. 3s. 6d.)

#### THE ADVENTURES OF ROSALIE STUART. BY W. SHAW.

Jacobitism again, for the adventures occurred during the Rebellion of 1745-6, and on the first page we meet, at Avignon, "James Francis Edward, son of James II., the exiled King of England, commonly termed the Old Pretender, or the Chevalier St. George. He was a mild-tempered man, of studious habits, adverse to ambitious projects." Among her other adventures Rosalie was seized at Peebles. (Digby, Long & Co. 6s.)

#### THE MYSTERY OF MONK'S WOOD. BY MRS. LODGE.

Previously Mrs. Lodge had written *The Mystery of Bloomsbury Crescent*. On page 2 of the new *Mystery* Mona busies herself about "the breakfast equipage," and her father helps himself to the breast of a pheasant, a goodly slice of ham garnished with fried eggs, and a hot roll. But this is merely sunshine before a storm; mystery and gloom follow remorselessly, together with discussion on creed. (Digby, Long & Co. 6s.)

#### SAROLTA'S VERDICT. BY E. YOLLAND.

This is the dedication: "Sarolta makes her curtsy to my sister Alice, whose pen wrote out, through many days, these links of the Pharaoh-Nepeks." Sarolta was the head of the gipsy tribe, and the story is of Hungary. A grim romance. (White. 6s.)

#### ANGELS UNAWARES. BY E. BLACKMORE.

This story opens in Fortnum & Mason's—surely a new setting for a first chapter. Otherwise it is not remarkable for anything but amateurishness. (Digby, Long & Co. 6s.)

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## "The Heir of Redclyffe."

### An Inquiry.

THE English of all the world know the name of Charlotte M. Yonge, and if you ask them what she has written, they will unhesitatingly reply: "*The Heir of Redclyffe*." She is responsible for other volumes—at least a hundred and twenty of them, for during fifty years she has shown the almost fabulous fecundity of a Dumas; and to the activities of an author she has added those of a journalist and a passionate religionist. The *Monthly Packet* is hers, and under the Southern Cross you will find the missionary college and the missionary ship which she built to further a cause. Yet, as she was at thirty, before the Crimean War, so she is now at seventy-five—with half a century of admirable accomplishment behind her—the author of *The Heir of Redclyffe*. That book is her sign-manual upon an epoch.

Those of us who live by weighing words in the balance have a habit of choosing our private perusals from a very narrow circle of literature. In my case *The Heir of Redclyffe* happened to lie without that circle. The book existed in my mind as a "safe" story for girls. It would never have occurred to me to read it had I not encountered the following passage in Mr. J. W. Mackail's *Life of William Morris*:

The romances of Fouqué, which supplied Morris with the germ of his own early tales, became known to him through another book which exercised an extraordinary fascination over the whole of the group, and in which much of the spiritual history of those years may be found pre-figured—*The Heir of Redclyffe*. In this book, more than in any other, may be traced the religious ideals and social enthusiasms which were stirring in the years between the decline of Tractarianism and the Crimean War. The young hero of the novel, with his over-strained conscientiousness, his chivalrous courtesy, his intense earnestness, his eagerness for all such social reforms as might be effected from above downwards, his high-strung notions of love, friendship, and honour, his premature gravity, his almost deliquescent piety, was adopted by them as a pattern for actual life; and more strongly, perhaps, by Morris than by the rest, from his own greater wealth and more aristocratic temper. Yet Canon Dixon, in mentioning this book as the first which seemed greatly to influence Morris, pronounces it, after nearly half a century's reflection and experience, as "unquestionably one of the finest books in the world."

After that, to ignore *The Heir of Redclyffe* was clearly impossible. I read it. As a piece of literary art it seems to me to fall short of distinction. It is not, on the whole, strongly imagined, though I must own to being genuinely moved by the simple and profound tragedy of the hero's death. Its faults of construction, and the absence of dramatic feeling, make it tedious; there is no economy of means, no reticence, no selection, and the length is prodigious—nearly a quarter of a million words. More important, there is no style, and even very little care for the dignity and refinement of English; to my dying day I shall never forget Charles Edmonstone's dressing-gown, which was *all over pagodas*. Finally, there is no humour.

However, no one desires, I least of all, to judge *The Heir of Redclyffe* as a piece of literary art. It is a document, and a document of marvellous interest. Already it has the air of old fashion, with its quaint locutions long since passed out of use. It appertains to a period: it goes with Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words," The Crystal Palace, Patmore's *Angel in the House*, Millais' "The Huguenot," and the Albert Memorial. It shows us what we of to-day have gained—in intellectual freedom and wider horizons. But it also shows us what we have lost—earnestness and the faculty of unashamed devotion to an ideal. We have our ideals now, but when they are mentioned we feel self-conscious and uncomfortable, like a schoolboy caught praying. Moreover, such ideals as we possess are social. Ideals were moral then. Religion had a more authentic force; the Church a stronger sanction. There was Duty and there was Sin. People were frankly serious. They said: "Is this right? Is this wrong?" They fought against Self striving for mastery. They yearned towards righteousness. And they did these things openly. The women of the race practised submission, holy ignorance, and almsgiving. For a maiden, the worst crime was to be unmaidenly, the noblest achievement to become the dutiful and sacrificial helpmeet of a good man of ample means.

What is it in the mere sound of the name "Amabel" that calls up a vision of that era—of the luxurious country house wherein heroines played at "Definitions" and painted in water-colours and permitted the chivalrous advances of eligible cousins; of the family circle gathered at evening round "the instrument," while the superb tenor of the hero-baronet joined in some rendering of "Belle Mahone" or "Look Aloft"; of polite couples "pacing the terrace" in philosophic converse; of blushes, trepidations, and sudden self-concealments from the family gaze? Amabel signified all this for me before I knew her. And now that I know her I may "quiz," but I also admire. Amabel is the more heroic of Miss Yonge's two heroines, the one absolutely without soil. Laura, the elder sister, was a girl nobly loyal; but she was guilty of a secret attachment. Knowing that Philip loved her, she did not divulge the fact to her parents. For Amabel such conduct would have been impossible. She was engaged to Sir Guy, loved him devotedly; yet when Guy, desiring to borrow a thousand pounds for a secret purpose, was suspected of gambling, she honestly strove, in accordance with the paternal behest, to "think no more of the fellow." Even when her brother offered to show her a letter which he had publicly received from the banished youth, she first ran to her mother, and, "averting her face," said: "Mamma, dear, do you think I ought to let Charlie show me that letter?" Mamma, to her eternal credit, said "Yes, dearest," though with qualms. The affair of the thousand pounds was explained on Guy's death-bed. He had wanted it—you will never guess!—in order to found a religious sisterhood; but Amabel's features had no ostentatious smile of moral triumph. These two sisters, amiably inane on days of ease, shone brightly in suffering. It was adversity which proved them. In the hour of disaster their figures take on a strange tragic dignity. The secret of the saints was theirs; they knew the joy of sacrifice and the ecstasy of renunciation. In their faces I seem to see the placid glowing spirituality of the young nun as she gathers the napkin under her chin and closes her eyes to receive the sacred wafer.

And Sir Guy—that Siegfried with the addition of piety; that Saint Francis with an ancestral estate! They are coarse who would laugh at him. He is not to be mistaken for a prig. Philip is the prig, and it is one of the functions of Philip's priggishness to preserve Sir Guy from any suspicion of the same quality. Sir Guy must be accepted as the author offers him—as an ideal of a Man, an ideal perhaps bizarre after forty-six years, but comprehensible enough, perfectly consistent, and far from ignoble.



To make Sir Guy Miss Yonge gathered up all the dreams and pure aspirations of a girlhood passed remote from the world. She remembered all the masculine excellences of her fancy, and imagined a male creature. She did not trouble to compare this male with the males of earth; and she was artistically right in refraining. She acted as a poet then, not as a realist. Realism was as yet uninvented—and, besides, realism is seldom the truth. Miss Yonge bravely discarded the trivialities of verisimilitude, and with an equal courage she scorned the scorn of the profane. With her piety was the first virtue, and so Sir Guy had to be pious. He is vocally pious. He wears his piety upon his sleeve; but it is also within his breast. He is not perfect. Had he been perfect he could have had no motive for that war against the lower Self which for Miss Yonge was so specially the essence of true living. Therefore, Sir Guy had to be afflicted with a fiery and hasty temper, a temper invented by Miss Yonge only that Sir Guy might ultimately subdue it—and die. These momentous matters settled, Miss Yonge was at liberty to be romantic. She made Sir Guy handsome, dark, mysterious, wealthy, and endowed him with a castle conveniently situated near the sea, so that he might behave splendidly as a shipwreck. She gave him every grace, every moral fascination, the manners of an ambassador, the sweet reasonableness of a philosopher, the humility of a saint. Indeed, apart from his temper, he is not of earth. He never existed, never could exist, save in the devout and serious vision of a girl untouched by the world.

There are obvious reasons why the influence of *The Heir of Redclyffe*—waning, but still powerful—should have been not on the side of progress and intellectual enlargement. It is narrow, dogmatic, inelastic, conventional. Yet one cannot regret it. Are not the angels conservative? If the book has not been an urgent force, it has been a refining fire. Consider the thousands of "English homes" into which it has entered, like a message; those discreet interiors where, sheltered from the east wind of facts and the hot noon of actuality, the exquisite flower of girlhood has been reared. Read on interminable winter evenings before drawing-room fires, pondered over in walled gardens on summer afternoons—*The Heir of Redclyffe* had no imperfection then. Its limited view, its sweeping omissions, its ignorance, its one-sidedness, its perversions, its impossible dialogue, its undramatic tediousness, its stilted English—these things were not noticed then; they slipped off like an abandoned garment, and the book stood forth for what it was, an impassioned invitation to the young soul to arise and purify itself. As such it was meant. As such it has done its work, and is still doing.

Touching its alleged effect upon Morris and Burne-Jones, that entirely puzzles me. Canon Dixon's appreciation I can understand, and, understanding, can tolerate. But that two of the most individual and daring artists of the century should have been influenced by a book so lacking in both æsthetic beauty and original ideas is a mystery which would need for its solving an inquiry into the moral basis of the great artistic movement of the fifties.

E. A. B.

## Tennyson and Virgil.

THE interest taken by the late Lord Tennyson in classical subjects was shown not only in his choice of themes, such as Ulysses, Tithonus, Enone, Tiresias, and others, in which an ancient story was so handled that it proved capable of a touching application to modern thought and feeling, but also in poems like "Lucretius," and the short "Ode to Virgil," in which the "singers" selves found him a theme of song." These last two poems are, in the best sense of the term, appreciations—estimations at its full worth of the poetic work of a great predecessor by a modern master of the art. The short "Ode to Virgil" differs from the dramatic monologue "Lucretius," with its wonderful sym-

pathy and insight into the Lucretian philosophy, in being a direct expression of Tennyson's personal feeling for the great Roman poet; and, although written by request, has all the fervour of genuine spontaneity.

Whatever the Mantuans may have thought of the Englishman's "salutation" of their greatest citizen, there can be no doubt of the admiration felt for the poem by all English lovers of Virgil. Most appropriately does Mr. Page print the Ode in full, by way of introduction to his edition of the text of Virgil's poems for the "Parchment Library" series. The Ode is, in fact, an ideal *argument*, and may well take the place of a more lengthy prose Introduction for those persons who have acquired a tolerable facility in reading Latin, and a fair knowledge of the text of Virgil.

The opening stanza virtually summarises the *Æneid*, with more pointed reference to its greatest books—as, *e.g.*, to the Second Book, in "Ilion's lofty temples robed in fire"; to the Fourth Book, in "Dido's pyre"; and to the Sixth Book, as the supreme instance of the "filial faith" of *Æneas*.

Similarly, the scope of the Georgics is touched upon in Stanza 3, in—

Thou that singest wheat and woodland,  
tilth and vineyard, hive, and horse, and herd,

—words which recall and are, in fact, a paraphrase of the first four lines of the First Georgic:

Quid faciat lætas segetes, quo sidere terram  
Vertere, Mæcenæ, ulmisque adjungere vites  
Conveniat, quæ cura boum, qui cultus hab-ndo  
Sit pecori, apibus quanta experientia parcis,  
Hinc canere incipiam.

It might surprise us at first sight that the *Eclogues*, Virgil's least original and earliest work, should have two stanzas of the Ode devoted to them; but a little attention shows that a true instinct has guided Tennyson in his references, for the three *Eclogues* alluded to breathe a personal note, and one of them gives us a glimpse into the best features of Virgil's mind and soul. In the "Happy Tityrus" of the First *Eclogue* we have an allegorical representation of Virgil himself rejoicing in the restoration of his patrimony. In the Sixth *Eclogue* the "poet of the poet-satyr" gives expression in the Song of Silenus to those philosophic views which attracted and charmed his youthful studies, and to which, later on in life, he cast back a wistful look. In the Fourth *Eclogue* Virgil—the "Chanter of the Pollio"—is giving expression to those dim anticipations and vague hopes which have haunted the best spirits of the age—the longing for a better world and the regeneration of human society, symbolised, according to the ideas of the time, by the return of the Golden Age.

Another feature of this Ode which possesses a charm for scholars is its reminiscent character. This appears (i.) in expressions which are almost literal translations, as, *e.g.*, "recubans sub tegmine fagi" (*Ecl.* i. 1), "(piping) underneath his beechen bowers"—compare also the renderings of "toto diversos orbe Britannos" (*Ecl.* i. 66), "(the Northern island) sunder'd once from all the human race"; and "injiciunt ipsis ex vincula sertis," "(whom the laughing shepherd) bound with flowers" (*Ecl.* vi. 19); (ii.) in that exquisite paraphrase which condenses in one sonorous line a whole passage of the Fourth *Eclogue*:

Summers of the snakeless meadow,  
unlaborious earth and oarless sea;

(iii.) in the seventh stanza—redolent of the Sixth *Æneid*—in which Tennyson with supreme felicity, giving a metaphorical turn to a celebrated passage, addresses Virgil as the "golden branch"—the talisman by means of which we moderns gain admittance into the shadowy realms of ancient and imperial Rome:

Golden branch amid the shadows,  
kings and realms that pass to rise no more;



Again the Ode contains an allusion to Virgil as the poet of Man and Nature. The traces of that *Welt-Schmerz*, to borrow the modern phrase, discernible as an undercurrent in Virgil's thought and feeling, and here and there making its way to the surface in pathetic single lines and passages of mournful and tender reflection, are well rendered by Tennyson in that memorable line :

Thou majestic in thy sadness  
at the doubtful doom of human kind.

In regard to nature, Tennyson's "Landscape-lover" is nothing more than the bare truth. Virgil's love for the forests, waters, and mountains of his native Italy comes out in many passages of his poems, either by way of simile or in pure description for its own sake, numerous illustrations of which students will readily recall for themselves. Then, again, Virgil's dim sense of something far more deeply interfused, the source and sustaining power of what is outward and visible in the Universe, expressed in the Fourth Georgic and the Sixth *Æneid*, is noted by Tennyson in a paraphrase of a remarkable passage in the latter book :

Thou that seest Universal  
Nature moved by Universal Mind.

It remains to notice the appreciation of Virgil as a stylist by a poet who was himself a "lord of language," and whose stately rhythm in this Ode recalls the march of the Virgilian hexameter.

In the two lines—(i.):

All the chosen coin of fancy  
flashing out from many a golden phrase;

and—(ii.):

All the charm of all the Muses  
often flowering in a lonely word;

are summed up and flashed upon us in clear and vivid phrase: those peculiar excellences of Virgil's style which constitute the despair of the translator, and the delight of the lover of poetry eager to penetrate into the secret sources of the beauty of poetic diction. Of these "golden phrases" numerous instances are given in the index, under the heading "Style," at the end of each book of Mr. Sidgwick's edition, and the interest of the student in marking them is further stimulated in the notes. To take one example from Virgil, which has a special fitness in connexion with Tennyson's Ode, the words describing the "golden branch" tinkling in the gentle breeze—"leni crepitabat bractea vento"—afford a good illustration.

The expression "lonely word," however, has acquired a peculiar interest since the appearance of Tennyson's biography. It is related there that during the course of a conversation with the President of Magdalen College, Oxford, on the subject of Virgil, Tennyson quoted, as an instance of the "lonely word," the epithet "*cunctantem*" (*ramum*) (*Æneid* vi. 211), where in a single word is condensed a picture of *Æneas* pulling at the golden bough, which will not come away quickly enough to satisfy his too great eagerness; the notion also of personality suggested by the word adding a further touch of vividness. Two other good examples occur in the *Eclogues*—"intonsi" (*montes*) and "*arguta*" (*ilex*).

We note, in conclusion, the natural transition by which, after contrasting the "Rome of slaves" of that age with the "Rome of freemen" of to-day, Tennyson, by a seeming contrast—which is really no contrast at all, but implies the thought of Virgil as an imperishable link binding together the present and the past, and with his spiritual presence still haunting his native land—salutes the poet, whom, in his opening stanza, he had hailed as "Roman Virgil," by the title "Mantovano," recalling thus the "*anima cortese Mantovana*" of Dante, and linking himself with the Great Florentine in a common veneration for one whom both regarded in the light of a Master:

I that loved thee since my day began.

## Things Seen.

### Unsought.

AN, yes, I must have that cliff farm in my portfolio. So, gathering up my sketching kit, I set off along the dusty road, happy in my intention to capture some scintilla of the earth's beauty!

The farm was well enough. A cluster of gables and new haystacks at the foot of a field that sloped down to the cliff. You see it? It was the high sky-line of the sea, higher than the roofs, and higher than the trees that sheltered the farm, that so took me. When I had finished, the twilight had fallen and the air was keen. Far away, I heard a woman's voice calling to some wandering "Willie." The birds sank their vespers in the thickets, and the stillness of eternity was on the sea.

I turned, and in a moment saw . . . have you ever seen this?—the white wisp of the young moon embranched among white wild roses at that moment when the whiteness of the roses is one with the whiteness of the moon. Oh, inviolable delicacy of whiteness! Oh, airy bridal-wreath of Day and Night! Oh, vision of our innocence, sequestered and safe! I walked home. Camilla said, looking at my sketch: "This will be a nice record of the old farm." "Of the farm?" I said absently.

### A Mood.

AT sundown the rain ceased, but the leaden clouds still hung over the city, and the air was hot and heavy with thunder. Then some left the streets and walked towards the fields, and among them was one on whom the atmospheric influences had the effect, as it were, of detaching him from himself. He walked heavily as in a dream, conscious of the depression of the hour, but indifferent to it; indeed, mildly contemptuous, as if his mood belonged to another. Presently he came to the Great Green Space where lakes lie, and upland fields stretch away to the hills that border the Great Green Space. He stood on the verge of the sodden grass—gazing. Far away, like a giant jewel in the fold of the wet fields, gleamed the lights of the bandstand, and about it, row upon row, tier upon tier, were empty chairs, and each chair dripped water. Not a soul had dared the wet grass, but on the fence that skirted the largest of the lakes some half-a-hundred pleasure-seekers sat bedraggled. The music came faintly to them, across the sodden fields; came also to the man who stood gazing at the dim hills that stretched to one another on the hem of the Great Green Space.

The whole landscape was shrouded in thin mysterious mist. Unreal, unsubstantial, everything seemed to him. He seemed to be gazing at a world in which he had no lot, something dim and apart—a land of dreams.

It was as if mankind were taking part in a play by Maeterlinck.

Far away on the crest of the dim hills figures, like marionettes, walked—little figures who had the power of movement and nothing else. It was strange, but to him the real world seemed to be the reflections of the trees in the still waters of the lake. All else was unreal. Fragments of Maeterlinck passed, without effort of memory, through his brain:

"A time will come, perhaps, when our souls will know of each other without the intermediary of the senses."

"Nothing is visible, and yet all is revealed."

"Is it while I flee before a naked sword that my existence touches its most interesting point?"

"Does the soul only flower on nights of storm?"

"It is only by the communications we have with the infinite that we are to be distinguished from each other."

"No tongue can tell the power of a soul that strives to live in an atmosphere of beauty, and is actually beautiful in itself."

And with the word "soul" another passage by another writer came to him, and it remained while in his head Chopin's "Funeral March" drummed, but the band was not playing Chopin. The passage that remained was that sentence wherein Lowell explains the secret of Burke's strength through all the vicissitudes of his career—"because he was profoundly conscious of the soul that underlies and outlives material events." "That 'outlives material events'!" the man thought vaguely—"how very natural." Then, sub-consciously, he knew that presently one of the half-hundred people sitting there on the fence would notice him. She was a young woman of the factory class—awkward, arch, ill-dressed—accompanied by a surly sweetheart, who was smoking a short pipe. Suddenly the girl sprang from the fence and began to capor on the sodden grass. "It's 'Poet and Peasant' they're playing," she cried. "I play that! Come along, Alf, and have a dance." For a minute Alf stared dully, scornfully, at the girl. Then he took his pipe from his mouth, looked at the wet grass, at his sweetheart's muddy petticoats, and said: "Not me! I'm no jay!" The girl showed no resentment. Her attention was arrested by the man who thought the world had become a play by Maeterlinck. "Have a dance, Guv'nor?" she said. Then the world ceased to be a play by Maeterlinck.

## Memoirs of the Moment.

THE death of Mr. Stewart Hodgson would have been a more considerable event, in the world of art at any rate, had it not been preceded by the commercial fall of the great house of Baring. A handsome part of the wealth he derived when he was a partner in that firm in the days of its prosperity was spent in the studios, and spent with more judgment than was generally shown by the buyers of his own generation. That twenty-feet long "Daphnephoria" of Leighton's could hardly have been commissioned (and generously) by anybody but the owner of the proportionately big house at Lythe Hill, Haslemere. That, of course, was before the City complications which led to his flitting into the much humbler manor-house at Haslemere—a residence more in scale with the same artist's portrait of Stewart Hodgson's daughter. Nor did the ministering of Leighton's brush to this appreciative patron's taste stop with these two canvases, for the town-house he then occupied contained many illustrations of Leighton's decorative fancy; and no man was a more frequent or welcome visitor than Stewart Hodgson in those days to the gay, yet industrious, studio in Holland Park-road.

A PICTURE of Mr. Whistler's, for which he had £600 some years ago, has just been re-sold for a little over three times that sum. The names of seller and of purchaser alike had best be suppressed, or they might be made the rallying-points of a bristling brochure.

THE Queen, of whom there is a record of frank portraiture in Mr. Onslow Ford's marble bust in the Academy, is not of the rather large company of ladies who prefer not to sit, after they have reached a certain age, to the painter, or even the photographer. Three different portraits of Her Majesty will shortly be seen—one painted by a Frenchman, another by a German, and the third by a Scotsman. Von Angeli has, of course, been castled at Windsor. Not so favoured has been M. Benjamin Constant, London's guest for several weeks past, whose portrait shows the Queen seated on her throne, her face flooded with light, but, even so, betraying few of its wrinkles. For accessories there are lions and unicorns, stars and garters galore. Mr. Orchardson's large family

group picture promises well; but the painter has been delayed a good deal by his arm trouble; and a vacant space, exciting in its potentialities, is all that yet represents Her Majesty on the large canvas, already peopled by her eldest son, her grandson, and great-grandson.

THE *Daily Telegraph* reports an interview in Rome with Prof. Ludovico Seitz—a painter of some pretensions, and the Director of the Vatican galleries—all about the decorations of the new Roman Catholic Cathedral at Westminster. "Leo XIII.," we are told, "has often spoken of the great Byzantine erection, and has principally interested himself in the decoration of the walls. This was, indeed, one of the chief points discussed between the Pontiff and Cardinal Vaughan during the visit of the latter to Rome this spring. From what the Archbishop of Westminster said, it would appear that he cherishes," &c., &c. It is not worth quoting as an imaginary conversation, and it cannot be quoted as a real one. "We easily might have talked of the new Cathedral," said Cardinal Vaughan, on reading of his supposed conversation with the Pope; "but it just chances that it was never so much as named." The rest of the *Daily Telegraph* interview may be taken with equal reserve; and if it is a feeler put forth to suggest that a foreign artist, half German and half Italian, should be set to cover those leagues on leagues of wall-space at Westminster, one may be very sure that it will fail of its intent; unless, indeed, it is the supply of decorative talent at home that disastrously fails, or falls short, first of all.

BELVOIR CASTLE, whither the funeral of the Duchess of Rutland drew a large party this week, is everywhere famous for the views to be seen from its windows. But the Duke's house is also "beautiful within" in many particulars, and the collection of pictures includes other masterpieces besides a Murillo's "Holy Family." True, in the fire that burned half the castle in 1816 no fewer than nineteen Sir Joshuas perished. Even so, Sir Joshuas still remain, and, among others, that portrait of his, representing the militant Marquis of Granby, of which so many travesties have appeared on inn sign-boards all over the country. Nature, as Junius once remarked, did not lavish personal gifts upon the Marquis, and his middle-aged head is shown as smooth as a billiard-ball in Sir Joshua's picture, which presents in this, as in other respects, a striking contrast to the portrait of the present Duke, with his ample octogenarian locks, painted by Mr. Herkomer, R.A.

AT the Hovingham Musical Festival the other day "a novelty was afforded in a choral setting of Keats's *Prophecy* by Mrs. Tom Taylor, a Yorkshire lady who has long been known as an exceptionally gifted amateur." *The Times* is responsible for this vaguely worded labelling of "the Yorkshire lady," who is the widow of its own former art critic and the editor of *Punch*. Mrs. Tom Taylor, we may add, composed this music longer ago than she may now care to remember. She always shrank from its production, however, and only permitted it now because she supposed—and with some reason, it seems—that after many years of retirement and widowhood, forgetful of the world, she was by the world forgot.

A JUDGE on the Bench, and newspaper leader-writers in general, have this week had occasion, in speaking of three Sir Robert Peels, to differentiate the first of the series as "the great Sir Robert." Relatively he was "the great Sir Robert," no doubt, and even actually, when all men are brought into the comparison. But the phrase has its doubtful meanings, its hints of a smile in company with the epithet on the lips of its framer, as you are made to feel in every allusion to "the great Mel" in *Evan Harrington*.

UNEXPECTEDLY enough I met the other day with a distant cousin of "the great Mel," and in a letter devoted to prosaic facts. In the year 1842 Disraeli crossed to Paris, starting from the Thames, and thus wrote of one of his companions on board :

One of our fellow-travellers was "the great Mr. Candy," as he was described by the captain of the vessel, with his lady reclining on cushions, children in various silken cloaks, continually changed and adjusted, and Candy himself, in the height of the fashion, florid and frank, with new kid gloves and gold-headed cane. On inquiry he turned out to be a silk-dealer or warehouseman or something, and was a source of infinite amusement.

THE second and third performances of "Messaline" were, needless to say, the test of the new work in London; and at their close Mr. de Lara must have been convinced that his work had taken hold upon more than his own friends. The accusation of a contemporary against the *libretto* is an astonishing piece of prudery which seems to prove nothing but the incoherence of present feeling on the point of public morals. "Messaline" is a tragedy as unimpeachable as "Faust," and Mr. de Lara's music does no more than its dramatic duty in expressing the action and passion of an operatic woman. No one has ever professed to be shocked at the dramatic expression of the evil character—equally tragically required—of an operatic man.

## Dorislau Dead.

[Isaac Dorislau, a lawyer of Dutch birth, long resident in England, was employed in the preparation of the case against Charles I. Having been shortly afterwards despatched as special envoy to the United Provinces, he was murdered while at supper in the public room of his inn by a party of English cavaliers. Carlyle has this notice of him: "Dr. Dorislau, by birth Dutch; appointed Judge-Advocate at the beginning of Essex's campaignings; known afterwards on the King's trial; and finally, for that latter service assassinated at the Hague, one evening, by certain high-flying Royalist cut-throats, Scotch several of them." In Evelyn's diary, under date June 13th, 1649, it is written: "This night was buried with great pomp Dorislau, slaine at the Hague, the villain who manag'd the trial against his sacred Majesty." A similar fate overtook Anthony Ascham, the Parliament's envoy at Madrid. In the following poem one of the murderers of Dorislau, being rebuked by members of his own faction, makes his defence.]

PITY? What pity? He got at the last  
Such pity as he and his like have shown  
To us and to all that have holden fast  
By our father's God and the ancient throne.

If ye be of us (and I know ye be),  
Give thanks that your eyes are not grown more grim,  
That ye still have pity; but answer me,  
If ye be of us, why pity ye him?

With the blood of the King his hands were wet,  
Warm from that slaughter he fell to our sword,  
He hath paid his life to the standing debt  
For the sacred life of our Sovereign Lord.

He drudged for the traitors, he shared their task,  
And he served them here, he talked in their place;  
'Tis as though he had worn the headsman's mask,  
As though he had spat in the martyr's face.

Perchance had we sat with our naked swords  
And chattered a little about the past,  
While one made ready with pulleys and cords,\*  
When the play was ended, to bind him fast;

\* "Staples were therefore hammered into the floor of the scaffold to afford a purchase for ropes, by aid of which, if any resistance were offered, the King could be forced down into the prone attitude in which victims were at that time beheaded."—S. R. Gardiner.

Had we finished our work with butchers' tools,  
And brandished the blood-dripping head on high  
Had the thing been done according to rules,  
Perchance ye would never have asked us why.

But I, who am proud to have struck this stroke,  
I fancy that justice and law are things  
Too sacred to make an assassin's cloak,  
Be they subjects we kill or sceptred kings.

For I, if I hunger to kill a man,  
I do not hale him to Westminster Hall;  
I cut his throat like a sheep, if I can,  
Or else he cuts mine for me—that is all.

Ye say it was murder; I am not awed,  
Fools only start at the sound of a name,  
But the thing they did to Strafford and Laud,  
However men call it, I do the same;

The thing they did to my master and yours,  
I did the same to this creature of theirs;  
Murder? Maybe—I was bred to the wars,  
No schoolman am I to split you such hairs.

However men call it, 'tis life for life,  
And lives not a few for the King my Lord,  
Only they work with the gallows and knife,  
I, lacking a hangman, must use my sword.

I will plead in the Courts of Charles my King,  
I will meet my God when I come to die,  
But long as I carry a sword to swing  
And a wrist uncut and a seeing eye,

I will do justice and judgment on these,  
Such justice and judgment as they have done,  
Who bow to no law save the sword's decrees,  
The might of the many against the one.

I am no stabber for love of the trade,  
To slit you a throat in the dark for gold;  
If the game of killing must needs be played,  
I should choose to play on an English wold,

On an English wold in the free, fresh air,  
To the rush of hoofs and the trumpet's ring—  
But what odds if I play it here or there,  
So long as I kill them who killed my King?

Honour is somewhat? Aye, honour is all,  
And little is got by this hangman's deed;  
But whether the merit be great or small,  
Why should I, childless and wifeless, heed?

For my fair bride died with her babe divine  
At Colchester, leaguer beyond the sea,  
And I am the last of my ancient line:  
Honour, dishonour—all passes with me.

But now in the meantime my life is left  
To do what I will with, my arm is long,  
And my eye is clear, and my hand is deft,  
And I hate the men that have done this wrong,  
That have killed God's King for a lawyer's lie,  
That have rent God's Church for a rabble's whim;  
The blood they have spilled and their blasphemy  
Smokes up like a furnace always to Him.

And ye, what are ye to babble and prate  
Of pity to me? Ye are outlaws too,  
And the iron bond of the exile's hate  
Should bind us together, both me and you.

For the robber sits in our fathers' halls;  
By the tyrant's ban we are landless men.  
Ye will fight, ye say, when the trumpet calls;  
I also shall not be the hindmost then.

But now, since the battle is not arrayed,  
And the kites must wait for a larger meal,  
I kill as I may, without leave or aid,  
Save this in the scabbard that smites my heel.

## The Empty Homes of England.

ONE of the prime delights of London town is the extreme rurality of its outer suburbs—always, worse luck, drawing nearer to the zone of brick. Many is the pleasaunce, ten or a dozen miles from the Royal Exchange—who knows exactly what men do, what they buy and sell at the Royal Exchange?—which for silence and solitude, for clarity of atmosphere and charm of garden, might be in Devonshire or Cumberland. Precisely such a place is the Elizabethan house of Franks, near Farningham, only one-and-twenty miles from London, which Messrs. Debenham, Tewson, Farmer & Bridgewater are offering for sale by private contract. Here are over five hundred acres of arable, meadow, and woodland, intersected for nearly a mile by the Darent, which is no mean trout-stream; for did not Spenser write of—

. . . the still Darent, in whose waters clear  
Ten thousand fishes ply and deck his pleasant stream.

The dry fly it is which the Darent trout loves. Franks itself is delicious, with its recessed Elizabethan front, its slightly advanced wings, its ruddy Tudor brickwork, bold mullions, and richly decorated and pleasantly twisted chimneys. Here we have all the graces of antiquity with the comforts of modernity, for an owner of a generation or two ago adapted the interior to the ways of cosiness and convenience while dealing gently with the spirit of the place. We need not trace the devolution of the property through the mediæval centuries; suffice it to say that it took its name from the Yorkshire family of Frankish, which migrated to Kent in the time of Henry III. The modern history of Franks begins with its purchase towards the end of the sixteenth century by Launcelot Bathurst, who, in 1591, built the present house—the original dwelling had been on the opposite side of the river. His arms, in painted glass, together with those of the City of London and the Grocers' Company, bearing that date, are still in one of the ground-floor bay windows. Through a succession of owners the place passed, sometimes by descent, and sometimes by purchase, till, in 1860, by way of the auction-room, it reached the late Mr. Robert Bradford. He found it being used as a farmhouse and in a condition of some dilapidation, and set himself to restore it to its olden dignity. How well he succeeded he who has ever seen Franks may say. The fine old hall, with its latticed gallery, is still there, unaltered save that it has been lengthened: there is a very agreeable view of it in Nash's *Mansions of England in the Olden Time*. The house is full of moulded stuccoed ceilings and fine fireplaces. A note on its value to conclude. In 1830 Franks was sold for £14,000; in 1832, for £16,000; in 1860, for £32,000; in 1872, for some advance upon the last figure.

Any modern Monte Cristo who may desire an island all to himself is advised to apply to Messrs. Trollope, of Mount-street, from whom he will be very likely to hear something to his advantage. For have they not in hand, for private sale, the castle and island of Branksea, at the mouth of Poole Harbour? The lord of Branksea (or Brownsea as it used to be called) might be as solitary or as sociable as it pleased him. The pretty island would be all his own; while just over the way is the Isle of Purbeck, with the queer little town of Swanage, full of bits of old London carefully removed and re-erected. Almost equally close are Bournemouth and the Isle of Wight—here, indeed, we are among the islets of the blest. Branksea itself is exceeding pleasant, its 750 acres being broken up into quite romantic glens and dells, dominated sometimes by respectable hills. Nor is the place destitute of historical interest. The ancestor of the present castle was the blockhouse fortress which

Henry VIII. built as part of his scheme for fortifying the southern coasts against foreign invasion. Little of this now remains, but in Elizabeth's time a much more important fortress was made, and in the Civil Wars it was strengthened considerably. The castle has been greatly added to at various times, and is now a house of considerable magnitude. Mr. Humphrey Sturt, something more than a century ago, spent £50,000 in enlarging it and improving the gardens and plantations. Then, in 1817, came Sir Charles Chad, who was also an improver on a large scale. Somewhere about that time it was that the Prince Regent, like Charles I. in more troubled times, visited the island. Since then Branksea has had several owners. There was Col. Waugh, who lived there in great state, built a pier and a church, and began to work the potters' clay of which the island chiefly consists, but was ruined by the failure of the Royal British Bank. The late Mr. Cavendish Bentinck was the next owner; and it next passed, in 1894, to Captain Balfour. The house was partly burned three winters ago, but has been restored.

If one cannot be the rose, the next best thing is to dwell nigh unto it. That would be the delightful condition of whosoever should buy the compact Highborn Estate, in the North Riding, which Messrs. Richardson & Trotter will put up for sale at York next Tuesday. The rose in this case is Coxwold, with its many memories of Laurence Sterne. The property nearly adjoins Coxwold Church, is very close to Newburgh Priory, the legendary burial-place of Cromwell, and so often the dining-place of the author of *Tristram Shandy*. Rievaulx Abbey and Byland Abbey are a mere drive away. In the midst of a fine stretch of pastoral country, Coxwold is a very pleasant village. The old grammar school and the picturesque Shandy Hall still exist. In the parlour of the Hall were written both *Tristram Shandy* and *The Sentimental Journey*. Sterne has left a memorable picture of his life in this charming old house, with its pleasant garden. In 1767 he wrote to a friend: "I am as happy as a prince at Coxwold, and I wish you could see in how princely a manner I live—'tis a land of plenty. I sit down alone to venison, fish, and wild fowl, or a couple of fowls or ducks, with curds and strawberries and cream, and all the plenty which a rich valley (under Hambleton hills) can produce—with a clean cloth on my table and a bottle of wine on my right hand, and I drink your health."

### Jack-o'-Lantern.

CAN you not see me careless? Can you not feel me weak?  
Dear hands upon my heart-strings, dear lips upon my  
cheek,  
Out of a world of wandering men is this the man you seek?  
These eyes that look through yours, my dear, have looked  
into the Pit,  
Will look again, and yet again, and linger over it.  
Are lights, my love, o' nights, my love, not all in heaven  
lit?  
If I am Jack-o'-Lantern, sweet, however you draw nigh,  
I cannot warm you, but must see you cold until you die.  
Will you not choose a homely hearth to sit and warm  
you by?  
You choose the wildfire even so? You follow where I go?  
Oh, sweet heart and soft heart, made strong for me to  
know,  
Although I go I will return; although I change and grow,  
Or change and lessen, on your heart my wayward heart  
I stay:  
Your steady light my wandering light shall draw and feed  
and sway:  
And I will love you, sweet, as well as Jack-o'-Lantern  
may.

NORA HOPPER.

## Correspondence.

## Another Kilmarnock Burns.

SIR,—All collectors will feel grateful to you for your interesting article on the "Kilmarnock" Burns, with its instructive table of prices, &c.

It might interest your readers to have a glimpse behind the scenes connected with the life of one of the copies described. About 1880 I became acquainted with a rich City collector, who told me he would gladly give £50 for a copy, and for a time I kept a pretty sharp look out for one. I heard through a friend that Mr. Stille, the old Edinburgh bookseller, knew of a copy. I wrote him, and he informed me that he knew of one in the possession of an old lady in Ayrshire, and that £30 was the price. I said if it was in fair condition I would have it at that price; but, on sending it for my inspection, Mr. Stille said that, on close examination, it was believed that the last leaf of the glossary was in facsimile, and that the price would be reduced to £20.

I took the book to my friend and explained its supposed defect; but he was so keen to have it that he drew me a cheque for £50 on the spot. I may say that my friend, who was a Dundee man, knew Lamb's copy well.

Some time after, my friend came to me, and, almost with tears in his eyes, said that he could not keep the copy I sold him, as he got dreaming o' nights about the leaf in facsimile. He sent it to Puttick's sale-room, and it fetched £71! This, I believe, is part of the history of the eighth item in your list.

The copy referred to was much cut down, bound in contemporary calf (probably a presentation copy, but with no inscription), and had been much used.

You will see from my signature that I am not the first of my name who has possessed a copy of this unique book, although I have no knowledge of the Glasgow family who originally possessed the Lamb copy, and am perhaps better acquainted with its commercial value than they could have been.—I am, &c.,

JAMES DRUMMOND.

37, Perham Road, W.: July 14, 1899.

## Matthew Arnold's Creel.

SIR,—How many salmon did Matthew Arnold "capture"? "S. G.," in the *Pall Mall Gazette*—quoted by you last week—says one, and that "his first and only salmon" was caught on the Wye "almost within the last years of his life." But Matthew Arnold himself tells a different story. In letters to Mrs. Grant Duff and Lady de Rothschild, dated September 17, 1866 (more than twenty years before his death) he writes—and his delight is that of a boy—of a "salmon capture" made by him on the Deveron ("What a beautiful river it is!"): "Now I am come back, having, as perhaps you have seen from the 'public journals,' caught a salmon." (*Letters of Matthew Arnold*, Vol. I., p. 337).—I am, &c.,

JAMES V. ROGERSON.

49, Reginald-terrace, Leeds: July 17, 1899.

## The High History of the Graal.

SIR,—My friend Dr. Evans asks "why, if Mr. Nutt had read the French romance, or Mr. Williams's translation of the Welsh translation, did he not give an abstract of the version?" On page 64 of my *Studies* will be found the following note: "I have not thought it necessary to give a summary of the prose romance *Perceval le Gallois*. The version, though offering many interesting features, is too late and unoriginal to be of use in the present investigation." On page 67 I stated definitely that little was to be

gained from this romance "respecting the oldest forms of the legend." I further pointed out that the Welsh translation represented an earlier form of the romance than the text printed by Potvin. Dr. Evans continues: "Why did Mr. Nutt leave it to me to point out for the first time that this (romance), and none other, is 'the Graal, the Book of the Holy Vessel?'" For the simple but sufficient reason that it is no such thing. I may have put aside the romance translated by Dr. Evans as the *High History* too hastily; secondary sources are often useful in preserving traits that primary sources have lost. But that the *High History* is a late and secondary source, that it is not, as Dr. Evans vainly imagines, the *fons et origo* of the Grail legend, is my conviction, and that of every scholar who has investigated the matter at first hand. I am perfectly content to refer the decision of this point to M. Gaston Paris, to MM. Lot, Muret, and Philpot, to Profs. Heinzel and Birch-Hirschfeld, to Drs. Freymond and Baist. We should none of us probably agree as to the exact position of the romance in the development of the cycle; we should one and all agree in considering Dr. Evans's contention that it is "the first and most authentic" version of the legend to be utterly baseless. It is, of course, possible that all other scholars are wrong and that Dr. Evans alone is right. There is one way, and one way only, by which he can make good the claim he advances: he must work through the mass of Grail romances and establish their order of development, on the hypothesis that the *High History* is the earliest form of the story. Until he has done this he must excuse serious students taking his assertions, uncompromising as they are, seriously; when he has done this he will, I think, be the first to see that his theory won't hold water.

So much for the comparatively unimportant question as to the true place of the *High History* in the development of the Grail legend, a question upon which only those are qualified to give an opinion who have studied the texts of the legend at first hand. Now for the larger question of whether there is a Celtic substratum to the legend. Dr. Evans is of opinion that the Celtic theory as applied to the Grail legend is played out. I can only assure him that he is entirely mistaken, and that he is mistaken because he has not followed the progress of research, and is unacquainted with the data necessary to the formation of an instructed opinion. As a simple matter of fact, the number of competent scholars prepared to give a modified adherence to my views is larger now than it was ten years ago, and the measure of adherence would be more pronounced. The reason is one which even the non-expert can appreciate. Many of the parallels and analogies upon which I relied were drawn from Irish and not from Welsh sources; it was objected that I had no right to use Irish and Welsh evidence as interchangeable, and it was in this respect that I had to encounter my fiercest criticism from Prof. Zimmer. The research of the last ten years has fully vindicated my position; the intimacy of the relations between Irish and Welsh mythic romance is daily becoming more apparent, as is also the influence of Irish legend upon that of Britain, and, through Britain, of Europe. The reasons of principle invoked against me by Prof. Zimmer, in 1890, have, in fact, ceased to operate. I may be allowed to quote one instance of the trend of research as having special interest for the ACADEMY. In 1891, Dr. Whitley Stokes cited in your columns an Irish version of the romantic theme represented in English literature by Chaucer's "Wife of Bath's Tale." I shall publish next year, in the Grimm Library, a study upon this theme by an American scholar, Dr. Maynadier. The conclusion to which he comes is that not only the Irish tales may be looked upon as the source of the English ones, but that they influenced England directly, and not through the medium of France.

I have, of course, no hope of converting Dr. Evans; indeed, his own theory is so delightful an exercise of the faculty of pure imagination that it would be cruel to

disturb his faith in it. But I may appeal for one moment to the general reader. There are in the Grail legend two elements—a Christian and a non-Christian one. I assume the latter to be earlier on the ground that while a Christian story might take over a non-Christian one, and thus preserve non-Christian elements, it could not originate them. These non-Christian elements are connected by the names of the personages and places of the story with Celtic legend. I therefore, in the first place, turn to Celtic legend for an explanation of the non-Christian elements of the Grail legend. These two assumptions can be judged of by anyone who possesses common sense and some modicum of the critical faculty, and I venture to think that they will commend themselves to him. The use I make of these assumptions and the results at which I arrive can, however, only be judged by fellow-experts. With all respect to my friend Dr. Evans and to Mr. Courthope, whose authority he invokes, I must decline to place them in this category, neither of them having, so far as is apparent, done that which alone gives right of judgment—namely, examined critically all the texts of the cycles.—I am, &c.,

ALFRED NUTT.

## In Praise of the Strawberry.

### Our Literary Competitions.

#### RESULT OF No. 41.

IN response to our request for a poetical eulogy, not exceeding twenty-four lines, of the strawberry, a goodly number of effusions reach us. The best eulogy is this, by Mr. F. B. Doveton, Karsfield, Torquay:

#### STRAWBERRIES.

##### I.

An even better berry yet  
God *could* have made; but it is clear  
Thou, luscious strawberry, art set  
Above all berries far and near.

##### II.

Fair crimson globule, still to thee  
All other fruits the palm must give,  
Peach, apricot, and raspberry,  
And dainty nectarine, as I live!

##### III.

And when Devon's cream we use,  
Thy rare enchantment is complete,  
Abashed and silent is the Muse  
That whilom sang so passing sweet.

##### IV.

She cannot praise those charms aright  
That lie beneath thy crimson guise;  
Ambrosia yieldeth less delight,  
And "honey dews of Paradise."

##### V.

June bringeth in her laughing train  
A many pleasant things and dear;  
But *thou* the Queen of all dost reign,  
The sweetest product of the year!

Here are others:

#### TO THE STRAWBERRY.

O queenly form, most pure, most sweet,  
Your joyous reign is all too short;  
Your name is murmured at the Court,  
And clamoured in the loud-tongued street.

Fastidious kings who sit at wine,  
And pass the bottle each to each,  
Coldly reject the proffered peach,  
And wave aside the lordly pine,

But yield their senses to your spell  
And sit and eat their royal fill  
With other potentates, until  
They feel excessively unwell.

The peasant with secure delight  
Denies himself the humble stew,  
Or pie, that he may taste of you  
With undiminished appetite.

However widely men dispute  
On minor points of Church and State,  
All equally participate  
In love of you, most genial fruit.

And in the end your willing slave,  
The World, when August's fiery breath  
Has brought you an untimely death,  
Unsated, weeps upon your grave.

[C. H. B. K., Blackheath.]

#### STRAWBERRY SONG—AFTER SUCKLING.

Hast thou drunk of the woodbine's dew  
Before the sun hath dried it?  
Or inhaled the violet  
Before thine eye have spied it?  
Hast thou lain in a field of clover  
With the sunshine over?  
Or hast plucked off the tree the great rose  
Where the summer all glows?  
Beyond such sweets can sweetness be?  
O, more subtle, O, more fresh, O, more sweet is the strawberry.

[L. K., Highgate.]

#### STRAWBERRIES.

##### I.

If greedy wish, as preachers tell,  
Should not within one's bosom dwell,  
Then sinful I, who greedy spy  
This wondrous berry;  
A berry plump and rolling red,  
Massy, yet on the palate spread  
Soft as a fairy.

##### II.

His feast a glorious one I deem  
Who has a silver pot of cream,  
And some broad plate, heavy with weight  
Of crowds of these.  
He looks thereon, with merriment  
He eateth them, and his content  
Doth still increase.

##### III.

Our English land so soft and fair  
Is clung with fruit thick ev'rywhere;  
To speak of all, from tree or wall,  
Were a long story.  
But June's own stately patch receives  
Ripe strawberries, blissful in their leaves,  
Here is her glory.

[F. W. H., Cardiff.]

#### THE STRAWBERRY: A SUMMER SONNET.

Fair comes the Summer, fair and soft her charms,  
With blessings dropping from her plent'ous arms;  
Amid her store there's nothing half so sweet  
As strawberries, for gods and mortals, meet.  
The essence of the Summer's glory lies  
Within the little fruit dome: at your feet,  
The fresh lush breath of morning in their sighs,  
And dews of evening cool, in summer heat.

Begat by Spring's soft sun and softer showers,  
They gladden with their parents' virtues fair  
With morning light, they evening glory share  
With tints that tell of Summer's burning hours,  
A flavour, of the gods—a taste of bliss,  
The strawberry, rich and luscious, Summer's kiss.

[H. P. B., Glasgow.]

#### THE STRAWBERRY.

The bonniest of English fruit,  
Thou, strawberry, wast made  
By kindly Providence to suit  
Our "ninety in the shade."

All other fruits that grow and grew  
We honour not the less;  
But *thou* wert nurtured well in view  
Of Summer's laziness.



No stones to mar thy juicy pulp,  
No unforbidding peel—  
We pick thee up, and at one gulp  
Thy destiny reveal.

Gathered by many a red-faced queen  
'Neath the one-hour-old sun,  
Thou'rt borne alike to Bethnal Green,  
And stately Kensington.

Now London's demagogues may rest,  
Well satisfied to see  
How North and South, and East and West,  
Consolidate in thee!

[G. W. S., Brixton.]

## STRAWBERRIES.

Of all thy sins, insatiate trencherman,  
This one, at least, shall not be pardoned thee :  
When thou pokest, with indifferent clumsiness,  
First in cream, then sugar, lastly in thy mouth,  
The bulging spheroids—crimson strawberries,  
Embroidered net-like with small golden points.  
Such luscious ripeness, dainty savouring,  
For thy gross palate is too good by far.  
Come, walk with me the garden, and I'll show  
How manna should be eaten ! With respect  
Approach the bed whereon the wandering plant reposes ;  
Inhale the sweetened breathing of the fruits ;  
And watch the ripened berries as they hang with fatness,  
All be-bowered 'neath protecting leaves ;  
And see how, reaching down, they kiss the mother soil  
That gave them birth and nursed them on her ample breast.  
Now pluck, not large, but small and ripe and red,  
And eat the berries as you pluck, with understanding—  
Away with sickly sugar ; sweet enough the fruit :  
Away with cloying cream ; soft enough the fruit !

Thus eat, as Nature gives, the strawberry,  
And eating, thank the goodly earth, the sun, the rain,  
For this among their handiworks, the most delicious.

[N. A., Beckenham.]

## THE LAST OF THE STRAWBERRIES.

They are over, all but over,  
Shrivelled, scorched for lack of rain ;  
Let the harmless blackbird hover  
O'er the barren leaves in vain !

They are over ! Like a vision  
They come—they blush—and straight depart,  
They mount to Alpine fields elysian,  
To leave to us—a broken heart.

Gooseberries, cherries, other berries  
Are unworthy of our care,  
Let them float in Charon's wherries  
On their Lethæ—anywhere !

They are over, they are over,  
And (as ever) all too soon,  
Ay, the Sussex strawberry lover  
Breathes, perforce, these words—"Next June !"

Saint Swithin, tardy saint !—art weeping  
Thy slow and ineffectual tear !  
Too late !—For over is their reaping  
Until our nineteen hundredth year !

[T. C., Buxted.]

Poems received also from A. J. E., London ; T. H. S., Amsterdam ; H. B., London ; G. N., Clifton ; H. D. H., Anglesea ; L. M. L., Stafford ; M. O. K., Dublin ; N. H., London ; S. P., Manchester ; F. B., London ; E. C. H., Bradford ; J. H., Tunbridge Wells ; H. G. H., Aldeburgh ; E. H., Ledbury ; G. S. A., Ilford ; E. W., Croydon ; J. D. A., Ealing ; J. H., Tavistock ; T. B. D., Bridgwater ; E. M. S., London ; G. W., Hull ; E. C. M. D., Crediton ; B. B., Birmingham ; K., Oxford ; W. M., Dunkeld ; S. R. M., Glendevon ; C. C. C., Hull ; and Mrs. C., Redhill (please read rules).

## Competition No. 42.

IN Father Russell's *Idyls of Killowen*, just published, are four pages of "Irish Literary 'Learic,'" of which this is an example :

Professor R. Yelverton Tyrrell  
In Latin is brisk as a squirrel ;  
And e'en his Greek prose  
As pleasantly flows  
As the English of Lang or of Birrell.

We offer a prize of a guinea for the best English Literary "Learic." Any well-known writer may be taken, but the tone of the lines must be critical rather than personal.

## RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, The ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, July 25. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found in the first column of p. 73 or it cannot enter into competition. We wish to impress on competitors that the task of examining replies is much facilitated when one side only of the paper is written upon. It is also important that names—both Christian name and surname—and addresses should always be given : we cannot consider anonymous answers. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon, or stamps for the same ; otherwise the first to be looked at will alone be considered.

## Books Received.

Week ending Thursday, July 20.

## POETRY, CRITICISM, BELLES-LETTRES.

Russell (Rev. Matthew), *Idyls of Killowen* ..... (Bowden) 3/6  
Little (Marion), *Essays on Browning* ..... (Sonnenschein) 3/6  
Arnold (Sir Edwin), *The Gullistan of Sa'di* ..... (Burleigh) 3/6  
Rogers (A.), *The Rajput's Bride* ..... (Burleigh) 3/6  
Strindberg (A.), *The Father*. Translated by N. Erichsen ..... (Duckworth) 3/6  
*An Ideal Husband*. By the Author of *Lady Windermere's Fan* ..... (Smithers) 7/6

## HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Falkner (J. Meade), *History of Oxfordshire* ..... (Stock) 7/6  
Vizetelly (E. A.), *With Zola in England* ..... (Chatto) 3/6  
Parkman (F.), *The Oregon Trail* ..... (Macmillan) 8/6

## TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

Foa (E.), *After Big Game in Central Africa* ..... (Black) 21/0

## SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

Robson (H.), *The Principles of Mechanics* ..... (The Scientific Press) 2/6  
Hutton (F. W.), *Darwinism and Lamarckianism* ..... (Duckworth) 3/6

## EDUCATIONAL.

Fowler (J. H.), *Essay Writing* ..... (Black) 2/6

## NEW EDITIONS.

Hunt (Leigh), *The World of Books, &c.* ..... (Gay & Bird) 2/6  
Sterne (Laurence), *A Sentimental Journey*. "Temple Classics" ..... (Dent) 1/6  
Wordsworth (W.), *Sonnets*. "Temple Classics" ..... (Dent) 1/6  
Melville (C. J. Whyte), *Kate Coventry* ..... (Ward, Lock) 3/6  
Yonge (Charlotte M.), *The Two Guardians* ..... (Macmillan) 3/6  
Pos (E. A.), *The Raven, and The Pit and the Pendulum*.  
With some Account of the Author by Vincent O'Sullivan .. (Smithers) 7/6

\* \* \* *New Novels are acknowledged elsewhere.*

## Announcements.

MESSRS. METHUEN will publish early next week the third number of the *Novelist*. This consists of a complete novel by Mr. Ernest Glanville, entitled "The Inca's Treasure," and is concerned with the adventures of an Englishman among the Indians and Gauchos of Peru.

MR. FISHER UNWIN will publish next week a novel by Mr. Jenner Taylor, entitled *Wanted a Hero*.

MR. GRANT RICHARDS has made arrangements to issue a large number of the novels that he has published in the course of the last two years in cloth boards for a couple of shillings apiece. The first volumes will be Mr. Frederic Breton's *True Heart*, and Mr. G. B. Burgin's *The Cattleman*. They will be followed by volumes from the pens of other popular writers.

TRAVELLERS by the Great Western Railway have always had at Paddington Station an excellent and well-arranged bookstall, with a smaller one for the sale of papers nearer the hotel ; but now, by the pressure brought to bear on the directors by Messrs. Smith's representative, they have a second large stall between the two original ones, so that passengers to the West of England have every opportunity of laying in a good stock of literature for perusal, not only in the train, but at their leisure.

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## The Literary Week.

THE fact that a new lifeboat on the West Coast of Scotland is not needed has decided the Committee of the William Black Memorial Fund to expend the money subscribed in the erection of a beacon light, to be known as the "William Black Beacon." Such a light is said to be necessary at Duart Point, near the entrance to the Sound of Mull; and that, therefore, is likely to be the site chosen.

A UNIQUE performance of Mrs. Craigie's play, "A Repentance," has been arranged. In August it will be played by Mr. George Alexander's company in the Banqueting Hall of Carisbrooke Castle, in the Isle of Wight. Mr. Alexander will take his original part of the Count Des Escas, and the music specially written by Sir Hubert Parry will be rendered. Carisbrooke Castle (although the room where Charles I. was imprisoned, and the other parts shown to tourists, are no longer habitable) is in great part in excellent preservation, the Banqueting Hall, where "A Repentance" is to be staged, being a particularly fine apartment.

MRS. CRAIGIE's new poetical drama, "Osbern and Ursyne," the text of which is printed in the *Anglo-Saxon Review*, will be performed this autumn in London by Mr. George Alexander and company at the St. James' Theatre, and at the same time in New York at the Empire Theatre. Sir Hubert Parry is now at work composing the incidental music for the play. Mr. John Lane will publish "Osbern and Ursyne" in book form in time for the performances.

MR. HARDY is said to be meditating putting one of his novels into a sixpenny edition, and *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* is likely to be the one. We should have thought that the novelist's earlier manner was better suited to the democratic form—say *Far from the Madding Crowd* or *Under the Greenwood Tree*.

IN the new *Cornhill* Mr. Stephen Gwynn replies with spirit to Mr. Lang and Mr. Walkley's strictures on his treatment of Miss Austen and sentimentality generally. Therein Mr. Gwynn repeats the wish not to meet Miss Austen in Paradise, and in so doing achieves a rather neat score off one of his critics. He writes: "Mr. Walkley bids me beware of meeting her even in Elysium, for in the next world she will still be formidable. I am sure that she would pass me with the calmest indifference, but I am not sure that Mr. Walkley would get off so lightly. I said she was unlovable, but I did not call her Jane, much less 'the gentle Jane.' I picture to myself Mr. Walkley presenting himself to her with this paragraph from his panegyric as a credential: 'In an age of "sensational" headlines, kinematographs, motor-cars, and boomsters, we could do with a gentle Jane or two.' In such an event the state of Miss Austen's panegyrist would probably be worse than that of her detractor."

IN the very interesting article on Mrs. Oliphant in the new *Quarterly* we have a glimpse of Turgenev, a writer of whom personal glimpses are rare. The novelist visited Mrs. Oliphant in 1879. She described him as "a great giant, with much melancholy, much gentleness of expression. He was not to be hurried, not given to talking much when he had come expressly to converse, but contemplative—oh, a very contemplative, very gentle big man."

HERE is a pretty passage from the same article, which evidently is the work of some near friend: "No picture of Mrs. Oliphant's leisure hours would be complete without mention of her needlework, her dogs, and her flowers. . . . One day Mr. Blackmore, visiting her for the first time, spent the visit in discussing a pear-tree in full fruit which he found in her garden. After rushing to catch his train and getting home, he sat down to write his regrets that the conversation had not been literary, as he had intended. Mrs. Oliphant related this as a triumph of her horticulture."

THE extent of Robert Louis Stevenson's popularity as a novelist may be partially gathered from the table of sales which Messrs. Cassell have compiled. These are the figures, which refer to the editions published at six shillings and three shillings and sixpence:

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During the past few months certain of these books have circulated anew at sixpence.

THE catalogue of the late Gleeson White's library, which is now being sold for the benefit of his widow, is in two forms: one strictly to the point, and the other enriched by a portrait of Mr. White and a memoir of him by his friend Prof. York Powell. In this memoir we read:

There are some men whose companionship is eminently helpful, their sympathy being so wide, their judgment so broad, their temper so fine, that one is lifted, as it were, on to a higher plane into serener air while one is with them. Such a man was Gleeson White. It was a refreshment to pass an hour with him, one came away from him with more hope, faith, and charity. The secret of his influence lay in his sincerity, his single-mindedness, the sensitive feelings that enabled him to understand and appreciate the aims and achievements of others, while his amazing and accurate acquaintance with the various means of expression that are employed in literature and the arts enabled him to see precisely what was the line along which any individual development was proceeding. His wit lit up the most serious discussions, and his absolute freedom from all the sordid motives that so often clog men's opinions, his lack of jealousy, and generous delight in other men's work, whether in his own or others' fields, gave his conversation qualities exceptionally rare and valuable to his friends.

MR. HENLEY's indictment of Mr. Andrew Lang as editor of the "Gadshill Dickens"—printed in the *Pall Mall Magazine* for August—has been long in coming but is no less severe and searching for that. We make a few extracts:

The true Dickensite cannot other than consider it [the "Gadshill" edition] with a frowning brow. It is lacking neither in shrewdness nor in generosity—I had almost said enthusiasm. Yet its inspiration is wayward, humoursome, perfunctory: as its effect is largely belittling, and its conclusions are often exasperating. Upon one reader it has left an impression as of work not done by the right man: of work, too, done against the grain, after insufficient preparation, and on principles that shift and change according as the writer's whim is lively and alert or jaded and indifferent.

"Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen," wrote the same artist in quotation [Lick Swiveller] to Kit in jail—"her cup was a fiction, but this is reality (Barclay and Perkins)"; and our wayward Editor, referring his readers to—not Tom Moore and the *Irish Melodies*, but—"a beautiful passage in the fourth book of 'The Odyssey'" (which he cites), goes on to remark that "Mr. Swiveller does not elsewhere display traces of a classical education." How true! And how very like the Aunt of Mr. F.!

And, says he [Mr. Lang], referring to Harold Skimpole: "He is, as usual, overdrawn, no doubt, for men in real life are not incessantly betraying their real characteristics." That may or may not be true of "real life"; but it is certainly not true of the more real life of fiction: as—to name but these—Don Quixote, Trunnion, Captain and Mr. Walter Shandy, Partridge, Colonel Bath, the Rev. Mr. Collins, Monkbarns, Dugald Dalgetty, that delightful Baron whose cognisance was a Bear, Costigan, Major Pendennis, exist to show.

Why does he call, too, *The Tale of Two Cities* by so ugly and discrediting a name as "melodrama"? I think he would rather die than so describe either *Ivanhoe* or the *Mousquetaires*; yet the description would fit both better than it fits the *Tale*.

It appears to be the case that "prejudice . . . of education, country, and training" accounts for his half-heartedness, and stoops him to the yoke of Thackeray and Walter Scott. Nay, it wanders him to worse purpose yet; for it even makes him say that, if he could oblige the dead to break their unending sleep, he would rather, far rather, meet not only "him that sleeps in Dryburgh"—which is natural and pious enough—but him "to whose room came Athos, Porthos, Aramis, and D'Artagnan with their noiseless swagger." Something I know of Dumas; and what he'd think of Mr. Lang, and what Mr. Lang would think of him, and how their interview would end—these, O these are topics, "Spirit searching, light abandoned, much too vast to enter on" at this stage of these Notes.

MR. LANG, we suppose, will reply: it is his *métier*, or one of his *métiers*; and we shall read his reply with interest. To differ about Dickens is as common as to differ about Mr. Gladstone; and Mr. Lang's opinion is not necessarily less correct than Mr. Henley's. We remember feeling that there was danger ahead when the intimation was made that Mr. Lang was to edit Dickens; but we felt then, and still feel, that it is the publishers who are to blame, more than the editor of their choice, if the "Gadshill Dickens" lacks reverence in the eyes of the true lover of Dickens (we cannot follow Mr. Henley to the point of saying "Dickensite"). This applies, of course, to the Introductions. As far as the notes go, we fear that Mr. Lang stands convicted again and again. Anyway, the true lover of Dickens will certainly be glad of Mr. Henley's spirited defence. Two literary tasks are now before that gentleman: an edition of Dickens done in the right spirit, and a report of the conversation between Mr. Lang and Dumas *père*.

A CORRESPONDENT, "B. B.," sends us a long letter suggesting that some literary man of good taste should edit an "Anthology of Minor Poetry." "It seems," he

writes, "to be as true to-day as ever that 'all waters flow to the sea'; and while the public attention is naturally taken up with those who dwell on Mount Olympus, there are many toilers up the slopes whose verse, while, perhaps, lacking the divine afflatus, still exhibits merit worthy of recognition." Our correspondent then appends several quotations from the work of such poets as he would wish to be represented in the book. We do not repeat them, because poets, we have observed, have an invincible dislike to be called "minor"; but we may say that the passages are good—indeed, so well chosen as to convince us that our correspondent himself is well qualified to act as editor. Those with whom ideas originate are often the best persons to give them shape. But he will be wise, we think, to omit the word "minor" from his title.

APROPOS of the Minor Muse, we find in Mr. T. W. H. Crosland's little collection of parodies, entitled *Other People's Wings*, which the Unicorn Press has just published at the very reasonable price of sixpence, an address to that Lady which is one of the happiest things in a volume noticeable for its verbal felicities and straightforward thinking. This is it:

#### TO THE MINOR MUSE.

Out of the light of the age,  
An age of superior things,  
I call unabashed unto thee,  
O little Muse of the valley.

Scorn for the simple pipe,  
The trivial trite tune  
That a man may make in his youth,  
Is the fashion with all the world;

A fashion dear to the cheap  
Young supercilious scribe,  
Also, to wits and wags,  
And every honest fool.

So that thy numerous sons,  
Sired by the windy Spring,  
Bristle, or blush, or blench  
At a hint of their parentage.

But little Muse of mine,  
They err who have shame in thee,  
And grievously do they err  
Who bandy thy name when they scoff.

For comely art thou, and wise,  
And affluent of heart,  
White are thy feet by the brooks,  
And pleasant thy voice in the vines.

Thy Sister, the beautiful-brow'd,  
Calm friend of them that endure,  
Loveth thee from her heights,  
And wherefore not we, who are naught?

THE death of Col. Robert Ingersoll means very little in England, where lurid atheism is, out of Hyde Park, unpopular. English editions of most of his writings may be had, but their influence cannot have been extensive. In America, however, where Ingersoll delivered many orations, he was a power. Oratory was essentially his proper vehicle: he had great command of vigorous language and was a master of effective platform methods. Indeed, Ward Beecher once introduced him to a public meeting in these words: "On the ground of a pure patriotism, of a pure humanity, and of a living faith in liberty, I give to him the right hand of fellowship. Let me introduce to you a man who, I say not flatteringly, but with sincere conviction, is the most brilliant speaker of the English tongue in any land on the globe." His private life, we believe, was spotless, and that he considered himself a warrior in the battle for Truth we believe too. But the disturber of the simple faith of simple folk plays a horrible part.



MR. F. J. GOULD, writing in the *Literary Guide*, repeats this story from an Indiana paper: "Colonel Ingersoll, while walking in front of the hotel yesterday, was approached by 'Rooster,' the cross-eyed little newsboy, who is about two feet high, and a most forlorn-looking little fellow. 'Take a paper, sir?' he asked, holding one up to the gigantic Pagan; 'take a paper, sir? All about Ingersoll.' 'Ingersoll!' exclaimed the Colonel, 'what's Ingersoll been doing?' 'I dunno, sir,' said Rooster helplessly, 'but something orful, I expect.' The Colonel took the paper, and gave the boy seventy-five cents as a reward for his unconscious humour."

MISS HETHERINGTON's valuable *Index to Periodicals* has now been published for 1898. Every year the task becomes more onerous. In 1890, for example, 64 pages sufficed; for 1891, 74; for 1892, 109; and so on, the new volume running to 241 pages. In her introduction Miss Hetherington writes: "What is wanted to inaugurate the new century bibliographically is first some annual complete general record of contemporary literature, but secondly and thirdly an annual classified catalogue of contemporary books with a subject-index of the main contents of the books all incorporated in one alphabet." No one could carry through such a project better than Miss Hetherington herself.

DEAN FARRAR's school story, *Eric; or, Little by Little*, has just been issued in a sixpenny edition by Messrs. Black. The following bibliographical note gives a good idea of its popularity: "Published Nov. 1858; reprinted Dec. 1858, Feb. 1859, Nov. 1859, Nov. 1861, Oct. 1862, May 1864, Nov. 1865, Feb. 1867, May 1868, Sept. 1869, Nov. 1870, Jan. 1873, July 1874, Sept. 1875, Dec. 1876, April 1878, Sept. 1879, Jan. 1881, July 1882, Sept. 1883, July 1885, June 1887, Sept. 1896, Sept. 1897, Dec. 1898. New Illustrated Edition published Nov. 1889; reprinted March 1891, Aug. 1892, Oct. 1894."

M. ZOLA, having *Fécondité* off his hands, is considering the shape in which to cast his novel on the Dreyfus case. But according to Mr. Vizetelly's exercise in Boswellism, *With Zola in England*, a novel on English life is also to come, and there is also the social series, of which *Fécondité* is the first, to complete; so that M. Zola has plenty of work in store for him. He is likely, indeed, to be very busy for some time to come, particularly as the embarrassments attaching to the position of a French popular idol are probably to be his directly the Dreyfus case is over.

IN the "Temple Classics," Mr. Dent's series of good literature for the pocket, Sterne's *Sentimental Journal* has just been issued. In looking through it our eyes fell on the word Rennes, a name just now in every one's mind as the spot selected to see the rebirth of honour in France; the spot where, if justice is still possible, Caytain Dreyfus will make good his right again to receive his sword. It was at Rennes, we then noticed, that, nearly a century and a half ago, Sterne witnessed the return of his sword to the Marquis d'E\*\*\*\*. The Marquis, our readers will not object to be reminded, had come upon evil days, and he decided that there was no way out but commerce. So to the Court he delivered up his sword, for the State to keep it until he could reclaim it. It happened that Sterne was in Rennes when the Marquis returned to make this reclamation:

The Marquis enter'd the court with his whole family: he supported his lady——his eldest son supported his sister, and his youngest was at the other extreme of the line next his mother——he put his handkerchief to his face twice——

—There was a dead silence. When the Marquis had approach'd within six paces of the tribunal, he gave the Marchioness to his youngest son, and advancing three

steps before his family—he reclaim'd his sword. His sword was given him, and the moment he got it into his hand, he drew it almost out of the scabbard—'twas the shining face of a friend he had once given up—he look'd attentively along it, beginning at the hilt, as if to see whether it was the same—when observing a little rust which it had contracted near the point, he brought it near his eye, and bending his head down over it——I think I saw a tear fall upon the place: I could not be deceived by what followed.

"I shall find," said he, "some other way to get it off."

When the Marquis had said this, he return'd his sword into its scabbard, made a bow to the guardians of it—and with his wife and daughter, and his two sons following him, walk'd out.

O how I envied him his feelings!

And that other soldier whose sword also must be handed to him again—metaphorically, at any rate: there will be many, we trust, to envy his feelings too.

IN the second act of Strindberg's drama *The Father*, of which an English translation has just been published—to which we allude elsewhere this week—there is either an instance of literary borrowing or a striking literary coincidence. The Captain is addressing Laura, who has commented on his tears. "Yes, I am crying," he says, "although I am a man. But has not a man eyes? Has not a man hands, limbs, senses, opinions, passions? Is he not fed with the same food, hurt by the same weapons, warmed and cooled by the same summer and winter as a woman is? If you prick us do we not bleed? If you tickle us do we not laugh?" And so forth. Remembering the tremendous force which the same words, or nearly the same, have as spoken by Shylock, we wonder that Strindberg borrowed them for the new situation. But perhaps he did not borrow them at all.

A HINT as to influence upon life which novels can exercise may be gained from an article in the *Pottery Gazette*, where the novelists are taken to task for neglecting the potter and the potter's art, to the detriment of the potter's fame. If only well-treated in fiction the potter might win as prominent place in the public eye as, say, the professional cricketer. Instead, he is passed by. Dickens neglected him, Charles Reade neglected him, Stevenson, Mr. Haggard, Mr. Hardy, Mr. Blackmore, and Mr. Kipling—all have left him out of their books. On the other hand, we would remind the *Pottery Gazette*, the potter's place in the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam is an important one.

THE vigilance of our readers is unfailing. Last week we quoted the following announcement of a country clergyman in his parish magazine: "The ancient oak chest belonging to the parish has been restored and placed in the schoolroom. It is over 200 years old. If any parishioners have books or articles of public interest which they would like to give to the parish, and hand down to posterity, they will be welcomed by the rector and churchwardens, and deposited in the chest." And now comes a card from a novelist, asking pertinently, we must admit: "What have the parishioners done to be deposited in a chest 200 years old?"

IN connexion with the Literary "Learics" which are printed on our Prize Competition page, it might be mentioned that the *London Letter* is now offering its readers an amusing series of political "Learics," which both in picture and verse follow closely the classical examples in the *Book of Nonsense*.

MR. JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS, a new American writer of short stories, chiefly with a journalistic flavour, tells the following reminiscence of his beginnings as a member of

the Fourth Estate. Like so many other young men who have the true literary spirit, he began with reverence. In his own words:

When I first came to *Scribner's Magazine* I was a walking interrogation point. The editor would toss a letter across the table just like a common piece of paper, saying: "Here's a letter from Kipling. It's all right." It might as well have been a note from his tailor.

I stood by and shivered at the sacrilege. And the typewriters! They would pound out letters to Meredith, Stockton, James, Howells, and Kipling, just as they might have done to me, without changing a feature or missing a punctuation mark, and I marvelled at their nerve. One day a stout, middle-aged man brushed by me in the office. We begged each other's pardon.

"Hold on a minute," called the editor; "I want to speak to you, Howells."

"Is that Howells?" I asked the office-boy.

"Sure."

"Mr. Howells?"

"Yes."

"Mr. W. D. Howells?"

"Cert."

"Mr. William Dean Howells?"

"The same."

And I softly caressed the sleeve that the novelist had brushed against, as if it had been touched by a saint.

But the feeling, Mr. Williams adds, wore off after a time. And now he is an author himself.

IN a letter from Mr. James Drummond, concerning a *Kilmarnock Burns*, which we printed last week, the name of Mr. Stillie, the Edinburgh bookseller, was printed Stille.

## Bibliographical.

"SIR WALTER" will soon be one of the most edited of authors. In the old days it was considered sufficient to reprint the Waverley novels in all sorts of sizes, bindings, and prices, without any further introduction than the name and fame of Scott afforded. But latterly we have changed all that. In 1893-94 Scott was "introduced" to a degenerate public by Mr. Andrew Lang; last year Mr. Clement Shorter supplied an edition of the novels with "bibliographical notes"; and now we are told that Dr. Garnett has undertaken to supervise yet another edition. I am glad to observe, by the way, that though we have taken to editing Sir Walter, we have ceased for the moment to "abridge" him. Miss Braddon performed this office in 1881 for a certain number of the novels, but I believe the project was never carried to completion. In 1886 came an abridgment of *Kenilworth* for the use of schools, and then, in 1888, an abridgment of *The Talisman*. I do not say that Scott does not bear "cutting" here and there, for he was apt to be slow and perfunctory in his movement; but so many readers, happily or unhappily, have acquired the art of "skipping," that abridgments, nowadays, seem an unnecessary luxury.

So we are to have a memoir of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, the popular players; and from the pen of Mr. Edgar Pemberton. The wonder is that we have not had it before. Mrs. Kendal has favoured us with her *Dramatic Opinions* (reprinted from *Murray's Magazine*), and very readable they were; but they were very slight in the biographical sense, and in that respect Mr. Pemberton will have no difficulty in improving upon them. Unhappily, he has already dealt with the early history of Mrs. Kendal's family in his memoir of her brother, T. W. Robertson (1893); and there is a good deal about the Kendals, too, in his account of *John Hare, Comedian* (1895), Mr. Hare and the Kendals having been associated between 1875 and 1888. Still, I have no doubt Mr. Pemberton will be able to say about both Mr. and Mrs. Kendal a good deal that is fresh and interesting. Though most of his time, I believe, is, or has been, given up to commerce, he is an enthusiast

for the stage, and has for a long time acted as critic of the theatre for one of the Birmingham daily papers.

Talking of players, I see that Mr. George P. Hawtrey has written a novel which Mr. Arrowsmith will publish. Mr. Hawtrey has always been one of the most literary of actors. He comes, as most people know, of good academic stock, and no one who knew him was surprised when, some years ago, he wrote a classical burlesque on the subject of *Atalanta*, which was duly produced at the Strand Theatre. Since then short stories and sketches from his pen have been in evidence in many journalistic quarters. Actors and actresses, in truth, are becoming formidable rivals of the professional men and women of letters. They "throw off" novels and poems in the intervals between theatrical engagements, and, to that extent, some of them are never "resting." When they are not on the stage they are in the study, always "picking up gold and silver" wherever they may be.

Do we want another biography of John Wesley? Mr. H. D. Lowry would seem to think so, or he would not have taken it in hand. But, really, assuming that Southey's memoir is inadequate and out of date, what is to become of its numerous successors? The centenary in 1891 brought with it not only new editions of the *Life* by Southey, and of the *Life and Times* by Tyerman, but new monographs by James Ellis, Edith Kenyon, and others, to say nothing of one or two anonymous volumes and also *Wesley His Own Biographer*, a book compiled from Wesley's letters and journals. Previous to 1890-91 there were the *Lives* by Bevan, J. W. Kirton, Matthew Lelievre, R. Green, John Telford, Atkinson, and so on. On the whole, John Wesley has been one of the most "biographed" of men.

It is pleasant to know that the late Principal Caird's lectures on *Natural Religion* will have for preface a memoir of the author, from the pen of his brother, the Master of Balliol. Personally I am for reducing the number of biographies, but John Caird's personality and career were among those that really deserve to be celebrated. I do not believe that anything he wrote will live as literature, but he was in his time a great influence in Scotland, and that influence has since been extended—through the agency of those whom he impressed—to many quarters of the globe. Whatever he may have been as professor or as Principal, he was essentially a preacher, and one who attracted and delighted thinking and feeling people. I feel quite sorry for those who have never heard John Caird speaking, at his best, from the "poopit." Though he was not precisely a "man of letters," his sermons had a very agreeable literary tone and flavour.

One cannot help regretting that Lady Betty Balfour's monograph concerning the late Lord Lytton should be confined to the incidents of his Indian Viceroyalty. There is another case in which the biography of a man ought to be written. Lord Lytton the Viceroy is a very interesting, and even piquant, figure; but why not tell us something about "Owen Meredith" the verse writer, and Robert Lytton the diplomatist? The second Lord Lytton had not the versatility of his father, but he was the more engaging of the two. "Bulwer" never did magnetise, but "Owen Meredith" (within limits) does. One would like to have the story of Robert, Lord Lytton, told in full. He must have been a very clever letter-writer when he chose.

There should be a public for the facsimile reproduction of *The Germ* which Mr. Stock announces. The story of the short-lived serial has been told over and over again, fragmentarily or otherwise, in such books as Rossetti's *Letters*, Mrs. Wood's *Rossetti and the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood*, and so forth; and yet uncommonly few have ever "set eyes" upon a copy of the remarkable periodical. That Mr. W. M. Rossetti should edit and "introduce" the facsimile is right enough, for did he not originally edit the later issues of *The Germ*, albeit he was only twenty years of age at the time? No doubt he has a good deal of interesting information to convey.

THE BOOKWORM.

## Reviews.

## The Cornish Poet.

*The Poetical Works of R. S. Hawker.* Edited, with Preface and Bibliography, by Alfred Wallis. (John Lane. 7s. 6d. net.)

THE Rev. Robert Stephen Hawker is a very interesting and vigorous minor poet. Now, "minor poet" is a much-abused word. When the modern reviewer wishes to give a mere versifier a "soft dismissal from the skies" he calls him a minor poet. It signifies that the reviewer (rightly



ROBERT STEPHEN HAWKER.

or wrongly) thinks him merely a clever versifier. In other words, he uses it as a euphemism for "poetaster." And since the average modern reviewer is "sneaky" (as our American brethren say) of pronouncing any recent poet to be really distinguished, lest he should happen to guess wrong, all recent poets are likewise called "minor poets." It follows that, since "things which are equal to the same thing are equal to one another," "new

poet" and "poetaster" are convertible terms. That is not quite what the reviewer intended; but it is a logical conclusion for the man in the street to draw, and really not so far from the average reviewer's private thoughts. Nor yet far from the truth. Three-fifths of new poets have ever been poetasters. The pity is that the average reviewer has not the judgment or courage to distinguish the remaining two-fifths; and, above all, that he should cover his lack of discernment or courage by abusing the old term "minor poet." It means a true poet who, from varying causes, falls into what one may call the subaltern rank of poetry. Or perhaps rather a rank below that of General—since there are various degrees of General, both official and dependent on earned reputation. True minor poets may be divided into two classes—professional and unprofessional. Professional minor poets may again be subdivided into those who have cultivated small powers to an exquisite degree—such as Herrick, Collins, Gray—and those whose careers have been *manqués*, in spite of great powers, through defective taste. Such were Crashaw, Cowley, and perhaps Donne—men who would have been much more than minor poets had their great gifts been controlled by a corresponding æsthetic sense. Even now their affluence of power would suffice most living artistic poets for a reputation. The unprofessional minor poets may be subdivided into those, like Raleigh, who were content to cast off some two or three small poems in the course of an externally active life, but those few admirable; on the other hand, those who have written not less copiously than the professional poets, but seldom with equal effect. To the latter class Stephen Hawker belongs. What he would have been as a professional poet it is difficult to surmise. Probably he was too interested in external life ever to have been a poet by profession: his verse was purely accidental. It is true that even with the great professional poet his poems are an accident, the overflow of a brilliant life and mind. As a singer of the highest rank once said to the present writer, "a poet should be much greater than his poetry." The difference is that such a man's poems are the distillation of his life. The verses of a Hawker are mere careless rills from his life. It is the scope between the trickle of

casual runnels and the convergent rush of a few great rivers. Hawker wrote almost as much, quite as *too* much, as Wordsworth, without Wordsworth's lifelong concentration of aim and study. What could come of it but amassed mediocrity? Yet, because of what was really in the man, now and again he found himself, in spite of himself, in spite of his anti-poetic method; his personality broke its way into verse, and the result was a poem—beyond all room for doubt, a living poem.

For Hawker had a personality, a very singular, arresting personality; and our one quarrel with this otherwise excellently edited book is that the Memoir does not bring it out. We have all the essential facts of his life, as carefully as biographer could desire. We do not get at one essential fact of his character. Yet his character is most necessary to the appreciation of his poetry. You would think he was merely a cultivated, conscientious, hard-working country parson, devoted to his duties and his people, with a taste for poetry in his leisure hours. All that he was. But all that many another vicar is. What he was more than this is just what makes Hawker the poet, as distinct from Hawker the excellent clergyman. We should have been given some glimpse of the stalwart, athletic Cornish parson, mingling with the fishermen of the beach in a half sea-garb, as much at home with them as with the poets, enamoured of the sea and all open-air pursuits; yet, shot through this brave, open character, a most curious, at first sight antithetical texture of mysticism, verging even towards superstition—probably no less Cornish than the rest; for who says Cornish says Celtic. He believed in the evil eye, and would recount how this or that old dame displayed all the tokens of it. Now all this serves to explain the very remarkable dual texture of his poetry. One finds the same antithesis in a certain detail of his life. He found himself stranded in his career at the University, without funds to continue his education. What did this chivalrous, poetic-minded native of Plymouth, Drake's Plymouth, do? He went off and proposed to a lady some years his elder, who had money; was accepted, married her, and continued his studies at the University. It was a quite happy marriage; but exhibits the singular blending of two characters in this most picturesque man. There are not a few people who can fall decently in love with any woman they please, provided she be amiable and capable of personal attachment to them. It is a character rare in poets; but Hawker would seem to have been one of the exceptions. Why should he not, on the principle of the Northern farmer, fall in love where the money was? He saw no reason why he should not; and since he wanted the money, he did.

These two sides of Hawker—the *plein air* and the mystical—emerge most strikingly in his poetry, as we have intimated. We are not aware of any such remarkable combination in the whole range of literature. Within a few pages of this book you can find it all exemplified in its seeming discordance. He caught the spirit of the old ballads and songs with striking success, if it may not rather be said that he belonged by nature to their class. There is a rare vigour and masculinity in his productions of this kind. The famous "Song of the Western Men" was actually taken for an antique by Scott, Macaulay, and others, though only its refrain was old. "Sir Beville" is another ballad with the true martial ring; or take this fine song, grimly spirited, full of the salt sea wind:

A CROON OF HENNAcliffe.

Thus said the rushing raven  
Unto his hungry mate:  
"Ho! gossip! for Bude Haven,  
There be corpses six or eight.  
Cawk! cawk! the crew and skipper  
Are wallowing in the sea,  
So there's a savoury supper  
For my old dame and me

"Cawk! gaffer! thou art dreaming,  
 The shore hath wreckers bold;  
 Would rend the yelling seamen  
 From the clutching billows' hold.  
 Cawk! cawk! they'd bound for booty  
 Into the dragon's den,  
 And shout for 'death or duty'  
 If the prey were drowning men."  
 Loud laughed the listening surges  
 At the guess our grandame gave:  
 You might call them Boanerges  
 From the thunder of their wave.  
 And mockery followed after  
 The sea-bird's jeering brood,  
 That filled the skies with laughter  
 From Lundy Light to Bude.  
 "Cawk! cawk!" then said the raven,  
 "I am fourscore years and ten,  
 Yet never in Bude Haven  
 Did I croak for rescued men.  
 They will save the Captain's girdle,  
 And shirt, if shirt there be,  
 But leave their blood to curdle  
 For my old dame and me."  
 So said the rushing raven  
 Unto his hungry mate:  
 "Ho! gossip! for Bude Haven,  
 There be corpses six or eight.  
 Cawk! cawk! the crew and skipper  
 Are wallowing in the sea,  
 O what a savoury supper  
 For my old dame and me!"

Or read that swinging hunting-ballad which tells how

On the ninth of November, in the year fifty-two,  
 Three jolly foxhunters, all sons of true blue,  
 They rode from Pencarrow, not fearing a wet coat,  
 To take their diversion with Arscott of Tetcott.

Then turn to "Aishah Shechinah," a mystical poem of wonderful power and beauty, and be amazed that it should have come from the same mind. Or let us quote another such poem, "King Arthur's Waes-Hael." It should be explained that the wine was drawn with straws from a bowl, the cover of it domed to represent a woman's breast.

Waes-hael for knight and dame!  
 O! merry be their dole;  
 Drink-hael! in Jesu's name  
 We fill the tawny bowl;  
 But cover down the curving crest,  
 Mould of the Orient Lady's breast.  
 Waes-hael! yet lift no lid:  
 Drain ye the reeds for wine.  
 Drink-hael! the milk was hid  
 That soothed that Babe divine;  
 Hushed, as this hollow channel flows,  
 He drew the balsam from the rose.  
 Waes-hael! thus glowed the breast  
 Where a God yearned to cling;  
 Drink-hael! so Jesu pressed  
 Life from its mystic spring;  
 Then hush, and bend in reverent sign  
 And breathe the thrilling reeds for wine.  
 Waes-hael! in shadowy scene,  
 Lo! Christmas-children we;  
 Drink-hael! behold we lean  
 At a far Mother's knee;  
 To dream that thus her bosom smiled,  
 And learn the lip of Bethlehem's Child.

Such a bold yet reverent blending of sacred and profane is altogether imaginative, and mediæval rather than modern in spirit. Space would fail us to quote all that strikes us in these remarkable poems. They deserve to be widely known by all lovers of literature, who are willing to undergo the labour of search among a mass (it must be confessed) of often lengthy mediocrity, hardly paralleled outside Wordsworth.

## A Gay Tragedy.

*Thibaw's Queen.* By H. Fielding. (Harper & Brothers. 6s.)

HERE is a tragedy that one reads with halting laughter. Thibaw was not twenty years of age when he became King of Burma and lord of all white elephants; Mebya, his queen, was nineteen. Boy and girl they had grown up together; boy and girl they governed Burma in the intervals of ball-play and private theatricals. And then one morning steamboats came, steaming fast—

Can't you 'ear their paddles chunkin' from Rangoon to Mandalay?—

and the king stopped playing, and the queen threw herself on the palace floor and cried her little eyes out.

It is scarce fifteen years since we annexed Burma and carried Thibaw to India, yet no one has made close inquiry into the life of splendour and fatuity which these young people lived in the gilded palace at Mandalay. No one, until Mr. Fielding saw in the tragedy a new Arabian Nights tale. "It seemed from all I could hear that it would be more like looking a thousand years back into the days of the charmed Bagdad than hearing a tale of yesterday. The whole atmosphere was full of hidden loves and secret murders, of plots and counter plots, of passion and of colour, such as we know not now." How to find the thread? There were no documents, or newspapers, or volumes of reminiscences. At last Mr. Fielding found one who knew.

"She was a maid of honour." This may seem to throw a backstairs and dubious light upon the story; but the author of that penetrating study of Burmese character and creed entitled *The Soul of a People* is not likely to be deceived in matters of fact; and Mr. Fielding's long judicial experience is an even more practical guarantee that these statements are true in substance. "She had been maid of honour to the queen for four years, up to the last moment of the surrender. . . . It is true that she had been but a child then; she was only thirteen when Mandalay was taken; she saw but with childish eyes, heard but with childish ears." Mr. Fielding wisely gives us the maid's own words as much as possible; and alike when the child is speaking or the man is interpreting the story is naive and limpid and unique.

There were five or six hundred maids of honour to Mebya, and this little daughter of a Chinese contractor, who joined the throng in her ninth year, was as proud and happy as any. You would swear to her lisp and dancing eyes when she tells how the queen allowed each of her maids of honour nine new silk skirts a month. "Skirts got spoiled in many ways, playing hide-and-seek in the palace gardens, and feeding the fishes—you were never allowed to wear an old skirt, even to go boating in; it was always necessary to be smart before the queen." The hide-and-seek was great fun, but it did not do to find the queen, and so

"the maids of honour would go wandering about and looking in all the wrong places."

"What happened if any one was rash enough to find the queen?" I asked. The girl laughed. It appears that when she first went to the palace and played hide-and-seek she found the queen. "For, indeed, it was easy enough. I could see her kneeling down on a little hill behind a clump of bamboos. Every one who looked could see. I went up and found her. I thought I was very clever."

"And then?"

"She boxed my ears. She was angry."

Three times a year there was a water festival. The King of Burma and his pages threw water at the Queen of Burma and her maids of honour, and they threw water back. "We got very wet, and we were not allowed to wear old dresses, but quite new ones. They were all spoilt, of course." There was a low bamboo barrier

separating the king and his pages from the queen's party.

"And did the ministers and pages never cross over the barrier?"

"If any minister or page had crossed the barrier he would have been executed right off. No one did, of course. No, girls never crossed to the men's side. How can you ask such questions, Thakin? The barrier was put up to prevent it."

Still it was difficult to avoid being executed sometimes. One day the queen lost her little dog. It was a tiny dog of the "Flossie" type; it had long silky hair. Search was made, and at last Flossie was found squeezed to death behind a large new mirror, one of several which had just been placed in the palace by soldiers. Disgraceful carelessness! The queen said she would have all those soldiers executed immediately.

"Maung, Maung," said the queen to the king, "I do not think your soldiers are any better than animals, or they would not have let my little dog die like this. They ought to be executed."

But the king patted her shoulder again.

"You are angry now, Su, Su, but you would be dreadfully sorry to-morrow if you had a lot of men killed because of your dog. See, now, it was only an accident."

But the queen was very angry, and moved away towards the palace to give the order to have the men executed, and the king went with her, speaking soothing words to her as she went. We all looked at each other in fear and followed behind, horrified at what the queen proposed to do. We all hoped that the king would succeed in quieting the queen. And he did. . . . Then the little dog was buried in the garden, and soon we forgot all about him and the narrow escape the men had who put mirrors in the palace."

Twice a year the king scrambled rupees among his soldiers and attendants, who tumbled over each other in their greed. "We all used to laugh; the king and queen and everybody laughed till they could not laugh any more." And once the king and queen thought they would cook their own dinner! The king learned to boil rice quite nicely, and the queen to make cakes like Japanese women. "Ah, Thakin, it was pleasant in the palace in those days." They were so young, this king and queen, and think of their portion! The palace, built by King Mindon, was ablaze with red and gold; all of gold were the *façade*, the pillars, and the great spire called "the centre of the universe." The throne room was supported on pillars of the finest teak; and all the state rooms were gilded and carved. The palace gardens contained lakes full of lotus and lilies; and the odours of champak and jasmine blew from alley to alley. Beyond lay the Irrawaddy, and the hills of Sagaing crowned with pagodas. And what of the sunsets, and what of the moonlight, and what of the tinkly temple bells?

It would have been paradise but for politics. On the death of King Mindon in 1878 Thibaw had been taken from a monastery and pushed on the throne by the queen-mother, who then executed his brothers. Mebya, burning with love and jealousy, had thrust her elder sister out of the position of head queen. Thibaw regretted his rivals, Mebya feared hers. A cruel and sleepless watch she kept. Her queenship, which began when she was nineteen and ended when she was twenty-six, was a fight for her own hand. Gradually the old wise ministers of King Mindon fell away: Mebya snubbed them one by one. "Who is a minister to order such a thing?" the girl-queen would say with flashing eyes; "let him go!" And so the minister went to his country house, and his department went to the dogs. Crime increased. Plots multiplied.

And the boy king was not always good. One evening he was led away by some of his pages, and got miserably drunk—he who had been a monk, and who still loved the pagoda!—he was ashamed of himself. But he had worse tempters. There was his old schoolfellow, the Yenaung

prince; what a reprobate he was you may guess by the use he made of electricity:

He had electric bells fitted up from his room to the rooms of the wives, one bell to each, and when he wanted any particular wife he just touched her bell and she came running quickly. He did this so that the other wives should not know who was with him and be jealous. They only heard a bell ring somewhere, but they could not tell who it was the prince favoured. If he wanted them all he rang all the bells, and there was a noise as of a tempest of ringing, and girls came running from all their many rooms.

This Yenaung prince introduced the king to a young and pretty girl, the daughter of the Wun of Kanni, and chuckled when he saw that the king's love was captured. The girl, dressed as a page, was introduced into the male side of the palace. For months she lay hidden, and the king came to her daily, and Mebya knew nothing. Yet the girl was doing all she could to endanger Mebya's position as queen. At last the queen heard all, and "in a thought, in a moment, before the king had even time to realise that he was discovered, before the girl and her people had time to escape, the girl and her father, and all those who had taken part in the plot, were seized and executed." A little later the Yenaung prince himself died of a fever; it was the queen who called it "fever." Events like this—and there were many such—undoubtedly ruffled the happiness of the king and queen. But the king was for a quiet life, and the queen had a buoyant heart, and so "in the intervals between the plots and the assassinations they played. They ran about the gardens and hid in the thickets, and laughed with the abandon of children."

The queen was but wise in her own conceit; she feared calamity from within; it came from without. She connected it with love; it rose out of the duty on teak. There were other things: *vide* the Blue Books. But the teak trouble was uppermost. The Bombay-Burma Trading Corporation, Limited, had a lease of some teak forests in Upper Burma. It felled and exported teak under certain conditions and on payment of a duty. In 1884 the Burmese Government accused the Company of infringing the rules as to the size of the timber cut, causing a heavy loss to the revenue. There was an inquiry, and the Burmese Government ordered the Company to refund the missing revenue, and also pay a fine of a quarter of a million sterling. The Company refused, and was supported by the British Government. The war cloud grew and grew. The golden palace at Mandalay was given over to councils and embittered differences of opinion. If the Sinpyu-maslim, the queen-mother, who had given this boy and girl their throne, could have prevailed, there would have been no war. If the venerable Kinwun Mingyi could have stood against the mocking words of Mebya there would have been no war. If Thibaw and Mebya had possessed the smallest knowledge of what they were doing there would have been no war.

The little maid of honour lay ill, and her mother was with her, when one day she heard a deep sound. "There was no sign of any thunder. I could not make it out. . . . My mother said: 'Did you hear no sounds?' and I said: 'Yes; a sound as of thunder far away.' Then she told me it was the great guns of the English firing down the river." Meanwhile the queen had learned the truth. Under a tamarind tree in the glorious gardens of her palace, Mebya had coaxed from a few children the facts which every official had conspired to keep from her ears. Children told her of her doom. She was herself a child in knowledge. A child's memory has preserved the story of her brief splendour. The whole tragedy is childish, pretty and pitiful, and of small account. But as a tale for the chimney corner it is good hearing, and Mr. Fielding is to be thanked for giving it to the world. His book is the lightest reading, yet its charm and pathos are haunting.



## An Amateur of Religion.

*The Message and Position of the Church of England.* By Arthur Galton. With a Preface on the Royal Supremacy, by J. Henry Shorthouse. (Kegan Paul. 3s. 6d.)

THE author of this book, who on the title-page writes himself down Curate of Windermere, is a man endowed by nature with a taste for theological speculation, and by hazard with a sufficiency of this world's goods to render him free to indulge it. Soon after graduating at Cambridge the methods of Roman controversy captured his imagination, and he submitted himself to the authority of the Pope. He was ordained priest in 1880 by Dr. Ullathorne, and resided at Oscott as professor of something till 1885; then he retired from the exercise of his sacerdotal office and entered again into university life at New College, Oxford. With some success and distinction he pursued the study of history. Now, fourteen years after his abandonment of his priestly office, he has offered himself for the ministry of the Anglican Church. The path of his deliberate wanderings is sufficiently unusual to be interesting to a looker-on, and we may say of him what we should say of few religious eccentrics, that he was justified in writing a book.

Of Mr. Galton's Apologia it may be said, in the first place, that it is free from the personalities and pettiness which before now we have had occasion to deprecate in the controversial writings of quondam priests. Persons who are curious as to the menus and wine lists of the presbytery, or the demoralising influence of the confessional, will search this volume in vain. The Curate of Windermere writes as an historical student, if not always very temperately. He presents you with a bird's-eye view of ecclesiastical history as he sees it. Within the compass of his 250 pages he could do no more. He sees the Christian world divided into patriarchates; sees the Roman patriarchate predominant in virtue both of the city's temporal lordship and of its importance as the great clearing-house and market-place of the nations. He sees Rome presently cut off from the East, and from the Greek spirit and literature; little by little he sees the spirit of Christianity overwhelmed and stifled by the genius of the City. A hard, mercenary mind—the mind of the papal Curia—is concentrated always upon the effort to gain wealth, and on the basis of spiritual powers divinely committed to consolidate a temporal empire. So the courtesy title of one generation is asserted to vindicate a new prerogative in the next. To a like end the forged Donation of Constantine; to a like end are heaped up the False Decretals. On every hand, in every nation of the West, the Pope by his agents is busy. In every diocese the authority of the Ordinary is undermined by intrusive battalions of monks and friars subject directly to the Holy See, and by it endowed with spiritual powers that must leave the parochial clergy by comparison impotent. The Pope is found exercising more and more influence over parochial and provincial affairs, till the bestowal of all benefices, all bishoprics, is almost absolutely conceded to him, as of divine right. Meanwhile, in learning and physical science a darkness that may be felt. The witness of such a Church, accepted at its own price by Newman and his followers, the Curate of Windermere laughs to scorn. The mediæval Church “is out of court as an authority solely on the plea of ignorance.”

Western Europe, composed of young and barbarous peoples, was shut up within itself for nearly a thousand years, with only a debased form of Latin and a few scattered shreds of knowledge as its only inheritance from the great past. Naturally, in this ignorant isolation, its point of view was narrowed and distorted. . . . Those ages could only look at the past through themselves and their own experiences. They applied this curious and wrong perspective to every species of knowledge: to their theology no less than to their science and their history. . . . The heroes of Greece and Rome, the characters of the Old

and New Testaments, wore the clothes and spoke the language of the Middle Ages. . . . The mediæval point of view is full of interest, and is perpetually charming; but we must allow for it when we pass on to serious criticism. . . . We all have allowed for it in classical history and literature. We have by no means all escaped from it in theology or in church government. Nor shall we escape until we realise that the papal claims, the Donation of Constantine, and all that depends on them, are precisely on the same level, and of as much or as little value as any other mediæval interpretations of history and the classics.

The Anglican reformers, therefore, were most wonderfully right when, in the grey dawn of the new learning, they cast boldly back to the earliest ages and made their appeal to the consensus of the undivided Church and, ultimately, to the testimony of Holy Writ. And that, says Mr. Galton (surely lapsing for a moment from the Greek spirit which he so commends), “there can be no doubt whatever, excludes the very notion of a Papacy.” He is at some pains, however, to discredit the majestic sentence that circles the dome of St. Peter’s—(“May not that have something to do with it?” asked Thackeray of a friend, who had expressed his British wonder at the endurance of Roman authority): “Tu es Petrus, et super hanc petram ædificabo ecclesiam meam.” He impresses upon us that while *πέτρα* means a rock, *πέτρος* is a mere boulder; only he should not have forgotten to explain how that distinction might have been pointed in the Aramaic original speech. But it is a tedious old controversy, and on the whole we rejoice that Mr. Galton has found time, since his Oscott days, to forget the other “Petrine” speeches and the grounds of the asserted predominance of Peter in the narrative of the New Testament.

But what of the “message and position” of the Church of England? They cannot be given more fairly than in the author's own words:

The Roman clergy, as a whole, are almost as ignorant of Greek now as they were before Erasmus; and their Vaticanism has made them even more bitterly opposed than they were at the Renaissance both to the methods of Greek thought and to the masters of Greek theology. . . . If Russia become civilised and hold together, her Church must become civilised with her. We may see a large, learned, and zealous Greek Church again, after five centuries of oppression. If so, Rome will find on one flank of herself such a rival as, for size, unity, and unanswerable arguments against the Papacy, she has never known. On the other flank, I hope she may find a strong, united Church of all the English-speaking peoples, worthy to represent the British Empire and the United States on their spiritual side. This I conceive to be the true Message and Position of the English Church, and her Mission to the world.

And so, when the Russian Orthodox Church and the Church of England shall have closed in upon and finally razed the rotten edifice of Trent and Pius IX. the future of Christendom, we are to understand, will be assured. We confess ourselves less sanguine than Mr. Galton. There will be surely a few outstanding difficulties. The peasantry of Russia and the Balkan States are said to be not a whit behind the corresponding class in Italy or Spain in the extravagance of their superstition; the learned theologians of the Oriental churches repudiate the orders of the Anglican clergy no less vehemently than does Leo XIII.; and the heresies implied in the XXXIX Articles—a hundred and forty-nine was it that the Moscow authorities counted up for Mr. Palmer?—have not grown fewer: it is not for nothing that the Oriental churches boast “orthodoxy” as their note. Here it occurs to us to wonder that Mr. Galton's spirit of reverence for antiquity has not guided him into that stronghold of conservatism itself. But perhaps that resource is reserved against the recurrence of disappointment in his present sphere.

Meanwhile the value of his essay consists in the personal testimony of an honest, active-minded amateur of history and religion. It is a pebble in the urn.



## The Finest Short Story?

*Boule de Suif*. From the French of Guy de Maupassant, with an Introduction by Arthur Symons. (Heinemann. 15s.)

THIS slim and luxurious volume was put forward as a translation of "the finest and most artistic short story" ever written. Mr. Arthur Symons, in his discreet introduction, makes no such claim for it, but there is no doubt that *Boule de Suif* does exist in the minds of many people as a supreme achievement. *Boule de Suif* is now almost sacred; it has a halo. It is as unimpeachable as Free Trade. It is accepted, not argued about. One day soon it will have grown into a superstition. Appearing as it did, the first work of a youthful writer, under the majestic sanction of Emile Zola, it happened by its freshness and demure naughtiness to catch the wearied fancy of a public well able to appreciate also its qualities of impartial aloofness and manual dexterity. Legends of this young author's long and arduous apprenticeship to literature floated in the air; the populace was awed by such devotion; even the experts were tickled by this dramatic entry into fiction, this sudden apparition of a man fully armed at all points. De Maupassant was made.

We should not care to assert that his instant success was undeserved, but we take it to have been a little accidental as regards the public. De Maupassant was, of course, a born writer. Observe, *writer*. No one ever said what he wanted to say with a nicer exactitude or a more certain effectiveness than did de Maupassant. The sentence was a marvellous tool in his hands. But, having admitted that, one has the right to inquire: what did he want to say? What of importance had he seen? We cannot believe, for ourselves, that de Maupassant's imagination and insight were of the first order, or even of the second order. His philosophy was a Parisian cynicism. His spirit was happy in that world of sense which the greatest writers have either ignored or assumed. Animalism is good, but it is not the best. There are writers who might have taken a story of de Maupassant's and, using it for a mere concrete foundation, might have built upon it the more delicate fabric of the essential story—the intimate spiritual drama which he had either missed or, in the ruthlessness of his animalism, disdained.

The main secret of de Maupassant's mere vogue is that he dazzles. As a cyclist at night, he rides down the highway with Dexterity flashing ahead of him like an acetylene lamp. In that illumination you can perceive no defects; you can only wonder. De Maupassant will not survive translation. Although translation may retain every ingenuity of construction, the last finish, the ultimate polish, is lost in it. The magic dazzle fades. You wake as if from enchantment. *Boule de Suif* in English (good English, too) is a shock. The superficiality, the trickery of it, stand forth ashamed and convicted. This the finest short story? What of "Wandering Willie's Tale" in *Redgauntlet*? What of forty things by Balzac and Turgenev? What of Stevenson's "Markheim"? What of Hardy's *Group of Noble Dames* (those unsurpassed feats of simple narrative)?

*Boule de Suif* is deficient, not only in fine observation, but in imagination. To us, in this English version, it positively lacks fire. It seems to be a little smug even in its elaborate cynicism. Regarding it technically, the opening is somewhat fumbled and shapeless; and surely no one will deny that the conclusion is forced, against probabilities, into a conventional shape. (Get a climax; get it honestly if you can, but get it.) Let us not be accused of belittling de Maupassant. We assert our intense admiration for much of his work. He wrote the last fifty pages of *Une Vie*, and, by a fortunate concatenation of circumstances, therein produced an effect of pathos which, crude though it is, has scarcely been surpassed in all fiction. He also wrote *La Maison Tellier*, a

thing infinitely superior to *Boule de Suif*, which we are surprised to find Mr. Symons describing as "perhaps the best short story de Maupassant ever wrote." One is glad that *La Maison Tellier* is absolutely impossible in English. Its superb and outrageous humour ought not to be withered under the terrible process of Anglicisation. And yet, who knows? Ten years ago Mr. Heinemann would as soon have thought of issuing *Boule de Suif* as he would have thought of issuing *Justine*. *La Maison Tellier* may come. If it does, we trust it may come unexpurgated. Though there is no announcement of the fact, this rendering of *Boule de Suif* is not quite complete.

## Sense and Sentimentality.

*Social Phases of Education*. By S. T. Dutton. (Macmillan. 5s.)

*Common Sense in Education and Teaching*. By P. A. Barnett. (Longmans. 6s.)

MR. DUTTON's very tedious congeries of nebulous and somewhat feminine maunderings cannot be said to possess any practical value, though it contains a respectable number of vague truths: truths, however, that have been proclaimed before on a hundred occasions of old and of late, and expressed on each occasion a hundred times better. Throughout it, too, there runs a strain of high falutin sentimentalism and religious hysteria, that comes oddly from across the Atlantic. Nor is dulness of matter relieved by graces of style; and its pages, moreover, are even defaced by faulty grammar and by an exuberant weed-crop of mis-spellings. The last annoyance at least might have been spared us by a little care in the revision of the proof-sheets. As no mortal, according to the proverb, is at all times wise, so few, whatever their natural qualifications, can contrive to be at all times fatuous, and there are in these lectures two commendable features. One is the healthy stress laid on the pre-eminent claims of physical education; an attitude to be welcomed at a time when much nonsense is being talked and written about the over-development of athleticism in English public schools. The other is the exposure of the quaint fallacy that the Board school will empty the prison. Still, when all is said, the lectures really were not worth giving to mankind at large, and the world is not the richer, but the poorer, for the production of yet another unnecessary volume. The author disclaims responsibility for their circulation in permanent form, and we are told in his preface that "the venture would not have been made except at the urgent request of friends." Some of us achieve crime, some of us have it thrust upon us. In these days of over-publication to issue a superfluous book is criminal, and apparently there was no one to save Mr. Dutton from his friends.

*Common Sense in Education* is a book of a very different stamp, and fully justifies its title. Mr. Barnett, it will be remembered, was the editor of *Teaching and Organisation*, an admirable piece of work by several hands, which we had the pleasure of noticing in these columns some eighteen months ago. This, his latest contribution to the science and art of teaching, is, as usual, marked by force, definiteness, and sanity: from end to end it is simply packed with valuable material, and from end to end there is hardly a dull page. It is too uniformly good to lend itself to quotation; where the general level of excellence is so high one is perplexed by the *embarras de choix*, and to sample it as lavishly as it deserves would be both difficult to do and unfair if done. We must leave the educationist to take our word for its merit, an assurance backed, however, by the yet safer warranty of Mr. Barnett's name. Incalculable would be the gain if parents could be persuaded to read such a book as this; but seeing that the vast majority of the masters in our secondary schools can rarely be induced to pay any regard to educational litera-

ture, it is perhaps idle to expect the fathers and mothers of their pupils to do so. The ordinary public schoolmaster is ignorant of or despises the guide-books of his craft. He picks up a knowledge of his business haphazard in the classroom, at the expense of the parent, the scholar, the institution in which he works, and himself. "Experience," some one has said, "is an excellent school, but the fees are rather high"; and the mental attitude of the untrained teacher is commonly, as Mr. Barnett puts it, "that of the good woman who was rebuked for feeding her year-old babe on salt herring. 'I ought to know,' she said, 'how to bring up children. I've buried ten.'"

### A Thin Literature.

*A History of Bohemian Literature.* By Francis Count Lützow. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.)

COUNT LUTZOW is already favourably known to English readers by his historical sketch of Bohemia up to the year 1620. His present contribution to Mr. Gosse's "Literatures of the World" will be useful upon the shelf of the student, but we fear that the industry and learning so liberally spent upon it will hardly stimulate the ordinary man to any very marked interest in its subject. In fact, Bohemian literature, beginning late, and almost exclusively occupied with theological controversy and historical research, is singularly lacking in those efforts of the imagination which alone really endure. There is but a ha'porth of poetry, fiction, or drama to an intolerable deal of sack. The earliest documents are ascribed to the fourteenth century. One of them, the Manuscript of Grüneberg, is now admitted to be a forgery, and the most important of all, the Manuscript of Königshof, is gravely suspect. Such as it is, however, it contains, in half a dozen ballads and as many songs, all the Bohemian poetry that can be regarded as really primitive, or coming, conceivably, from the Slavonic folk. On later folk-songs, though we suppose that such exist, Count Lützow does not dwell. Perhaps he thinks them beneath the dignity of literature. This is almost sentimental and mournful enough to be genuine:

In the fields there stands an oak-tree,  
On the oak-tree a cuckoo calls:  
He ever calls, he laments  
That spring does not last for ever.  
How could the wheat ripen in the fields  
If spring lasted for ever?  
How could the apples ripen in the garden  
If summer lasted for ever?  
Would not the ears of corn freeze in the stack  
If autumn lasted for ever?  
Would not the maiden be mournful  
If her solitude lasted for ever?

The rest of mediæval Bohemian literature seems to resolve itself into adaptations of the ordinary themes of European hagiological legends and chivalric romances or *chansons*, filtering eastwards through the medium of the ubiquitous wandering students and *jongleurs*.

With the fifteenth century, and under influence from the English Wycliffites, Bohemia plunged into the Hussite controversies, which, with the political struggles, absorbed most of her remaining national energies. Of later writers, the most worthy of remark is John Amos Komensky, who, under his Latinised name of Comenius, is a somewhat important figure in the history of educational literature. Komensky visited London and became familiar with Samuel Hartlib, and, therefore, probably also with Hartlib's educational correspondent, John Milton. An interesting letter is extant in which Komensky describes his experiences of London: the Puritan London of the Long Parliament, in which a hundred and twenty parish churches were not enough for their worshippers, and

youths and men took down the sermons in shorthand for their subsequent delectation after dinner. He relates an instance of iconoclastic fury against Church ornaments:

In one of the churches here in London there was a window, the religious and very artistic painting of which, they say, cost £4,000—that is, 16,000 imperials. The ambassador of the Spanish King who resides here offered to pay the whole of this sum if he could have the window intact. But the somewhat exaggerated zeal of the people despised the proffered money and broke the window, considering that it was wrong to obtain gain by means of idolatrous objects.

Komensky and Hartlib tried to found in England a "Christian Academy of Pansophy," but the outbreak of the Civil War destroyed the project.

In modern times there has been some revival of literature, and particularly of historical research, in Bohemia. The writings of Paul Joseph Safarik on Slavic Antiquity, and Francis Palacky's *History of Bohemia*, are, so far, its principal outcomes.

### New World Criticism.

*The Post-Apostolic Age.* By Lucius Waterman, D.D. (T. & T. Clark.)

AN excellent piece of work—of a kind that Americans sometimes do better than Englishmen. Perhaps the consciousness that they are writing for a critical audience is less heavy upon them, or perhaps the more rapid methods of the New World are better for a bird's-eye sketch than those of the Old, but the fact remains that nowadays some of the best and most readable summaries are written in the United States. In this book Dr. Waterman, who is apparently the episcopal pastor of Laconia, New Haven, manages to compress the history of the Christian Church, from the time of the Apologists Quadratus and Aristides down to the Edict of Milan, into five hundred pages, with such skill that it would be difficult to find an important fact unnoticed or a really important document neglected. Nor is the book written merely for scholars. He tells us in his preface of the answer of one of his hearers to the announcement that he was going to write a Church History: "Then I hope you'll make it interesting"; and it is only fair to say that this hope, though "uttered in an unhopeful tone," has certainly been fulfilled. Given an interest in the subject, no one who takes up the book is likely to lay it down unfinished.

Some part of the interest is, of course, due to the period chosen. "The Church of the second and third centuries," says Dr. Waterman, "was not the best, but the purest of all" that the Christian world has known. Yet this purity was only preserved at the cost of the most severe trial. Sheltered to some extent by her own insignificance during her infancy, the Church no sooner arrived at adolescence than she found herself beset at once by external and internal enemies. On the one hand, were the Roman emperors trying by fitful and intermittent persecution to crush what they honestly considered to be a danger to the State; on the other, were the crowd of "heretical" or half-converted proselytes, outnumbering probably the orthodox, who did their best, like the Ebionites, to drag the Church back into Judaism, or, like the Gnostics, would have taken her more than half-way towards Paganism. Yet through all this the Church steadfastly held her way, and contrived not only to beat off her enemies, but to complete her organisation.

What this organisation was Dr. Waterman has no doubt whatever. He quotes with approval the statement of St. Ignatius of Antioch, that without bishops, presbyters, and deacons "there is not even the name of a Church." The bishops, he holds, were not merely in name, but by actual inheritance of office, the successors of the Apostles.

the presbyters acted as their counsellors and helpers, and the deacons were the ministers who attended to the material wants of the laity. He does not say that this scheme was necessarily unalterable, or even that it might not now be altered with advantage, for he would apparently welcome a scheme which would give the laity greater control in Church matters, and thinks it "not impossible that some day a great Church should bring together brethren devoted to Independency, and others who, though Episcopalians, do still prefer Episcopacy to Prelacy, and try again the experiment of a really primitive Church Order." But he records his opinion that the Post-Apostolic Church did consist of the three orders he names, and he certainly gives excellent reasons for his opinion. He is equally frank in speaking of the Eucharist, the Post-Apostolic view of which he gives thus, after explaining that it does not exactly square with that of any modern school:

The Eucharistic Elements of bread and wine are made to be the Body and Blood of our Lord by a consecration which makes them vehicles of His Incarnate Life, and, therefore, a Body and Blood of His, superadded to those He had by nature.

The following (abridged) account of a Church Service in the Constantinian Age may also be of interest in view of the present controversy about Ritual:

- (a) A preparatory service in which reading of sundry Scriptures would have place, . . . certainly an Epistle and Gospel and the sermon would be preached. . . .
- (b) The service proper, containing—
  - (1) The Kiss of Peace, given by men to men and by women to women. . . .
  - (2) The offering of bread and wine to the officiating clergy.
  - (3) The verses, "Lift up your Hearts" [and the responses].
  - (4) A Preface of exalted praise and thanksgiving. . . . passing into
  - (5) The Sanctus or Triumphal Hymn.
  - (6) A prayer commemorating the redemptive work of our Lord. . . .
  - (7) A Solemn Oblation of the bread and wine as a Christian Sacrifice.
  - (8) An Invocation of the Holy Ghost to consecrate the Elements as a Sacrament.
  - (9) A Prayer of Intercession for the Living and for the Faithful Departed.
  - (10) The Fraction and Commixture [Dipping of the Bread in the Wine].
  - (11) The Lord's Prayer.
  - (12) The Communion.

We have not looked for inaccuracies—although Dr. Waterman invites us to do so in his Preface—and such as we have met with accidentally do not seem to us to be serious. Nor do we say that this is a book which should attract the attention of scholars; but for a fair, readable, and temperate account of the moderate Anglican view of the period of which it treats we have met with none better.

### Wayside Discourse.

A PRIDE of legs in motion kept  
Our spirits to their task meanwhile,  
And what was deepest dreaming slept:  
The posts that named the swallowed mile;  
Beside the straight canal the hut  
Abandoned; near the river's source  
Its infant chirp; the shortest cut;  
The roadway missed; were our discourse;  
At times dear poets, whom some view  
Transcendent or subdued evoked  
To speak the memorable, the true,  
The luminous as a moon unclouded;  
For proof that there, among earth's dumb,  
A soul had passed and said our best.

From Mr. Meredith's poem "The Night Walk,"  
in the "Century."

## Other New Books.

THE HEART OF ASIA. BY F. H. SKRINE AND E. D. ROSS.

The history of Central Asia seems to have become fascinating all of a sudden to the industrious people who dig in the byways of history. To the recently published volumes on the subject must be added this book, written by Mr. F. H. Skrine, a retired Indian Civil servant, and Mr. E. D. Ross, the Professor of Persian at University College, London. To the great majority the *Arabian Nights* will always remain the text-book for the manners and customs, and in some degree for the history, of the monarchies of Central Asia, but those who desire to learn something more of the romance of Khiva, Bokhara, and Samarcand will find in this volume the history of many centuries conveniently boiled down, and condensed into a small compass. Prof. Ross is responsible for the historical part of the book, and he has placed much original research and an acquaintance with Oriental historians in their own language at the service of the reader. Some of the great rulers, such as Tamerlane, and well-known epochs of history, have been treated shortly, space being wisely reserved for the lesser-known part of the story. Mr. Skrine had dealt with Russia in Asia; her gradual advance across the deserts towards India, and her ruthless absorption of the Central Asian Khanates. The fault of this part of the book is that it is written too absolutely from a Russian point of view. Much information has been derived from such men as M. Lessar and Colonel Arandarenko, District Officer of Merv, and consequently we have a rose-tinted picture of Russia as a beneficent and civilising power politely absorbing barbarous tribes. No man is so charming or so specious as a Russian of the governing class, and Mr. Skrine has come under the influence of M. Lessar and his fellow-workers. The result is a pro-Russian account which leaves out of account the bad faith, treachery, and brutality which accompanied the advance of Russia. Bearing this fact in mind, the book is of interest and even of value, but the second part must be read in conjunction with other works which are not so much based on Russian authorities. The general reader will be interested to learn that the Tekke Turcomans, like the nomads of the Mongolian plateau, north of the Great Wall, ride exactly in the manner adopted by Tod Sloan, the American jockey, with the body well over the horse's neck.

*The Heart of Asia* is well illustrated, the majority of the pictures being reproductions of photographs, and the rest drawings by M. Verestchagin, the Russian battle-painter. A sketch map showing the advance of Russia across Central Asia, and an excellent map of the country from the Caspian Sea to Tibet, illustrate the text, and a fair index is of much help to the reader. (Methuen & Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

LETTER-BOOKS OF THE CITY OF LONDON.

ED. BY REGINALD R. SHARPE.

Antiquaries and others will welcome this, the first volume of a Calendar of the Letter-Books preserved among the archives of the City of London. These Letter-Books, so called from being distinguished by letters of the alphabet, have already been exploited by Mr. H. T. Riley in his interesting *Memorials of London Life* in the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, and in his edition of Letter-Book E, known as the *Liber Albus*. The Corporation has now committed to Mr. Sharpe the task of constructing a systematic "Calendar" of these books so rich in details and suggestions of the City's ancient life.

We have here the calendar of Letter-Book A, covering the period 1275-1298. This book and Book B are filled chiefly with recognizances of debts, and are not in this respect typical of the series which number fifty volumes. Dry as these "recognizances" may seem, Mr. Sharpe points out "their value as illustrating the commercial

intercourse of the citizens of London with Gascony and Spain in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, more especially in connexion with wine and leather." There are also records of that peculiar and complex tribunal the Assize of Bread. Other matters crop up. We find the deed (1237) whereby the City of London obtained its first rural water-supply from the Conduit which stood near the Marble Arch and collected the sweet waters of the Tye Bourne. "Free and quit and void of restraint," such were the adjectives that qualified the grant; strange that this remote reality is become a remote ideal!

How fatherly were the intentions of the City rulers may be seen by the ordinances passed at an Assize held in 1277. Thus it was enacted:

First that the peace of the lord the King be well kept between Christians [and Jews].

Also that two loaves be made for 1d., and four loaves for 1d., and that none be coated with bran (*furratus*) or made of bran.

Also that no one shall take another into his house for more than one night, unless he hold him to right if he make default, and his host answer for him if he departs.

Also that no pig be henceforth found by the streets or lanes of the City or suburb, nor in the ditches of the City; and if found they shall be killed by whoever finds them, and the killer shall have them without challenge or redemption for 4 pence from the owner. Whoever wishes to feed his pigs, let him feed them in the open (*in franco*) away from the King's highway [or] in his house under heavy penalty.

Also that no pentices, gutters, or jetties be of such a height (*adeo alta*) as to prevent persons riding under them without impediment and hurt, and that they be of the height of nine feet at least.

No leper shall be in the City, nor come there, nor make any stay there.

Also vendors of fish shall not throw their water into the highway, but cause it to be carried to the Thames.

Also that no one shall have a measure, beam, or other weight, unless it be good and just and agreeing with the King's beam and weights.

And Mr. Sharpe's editing promises well for the success of the Calendar as a whole. (Francis.)

#### CHANGES IN THE MINI Y, 1765-1767.

EDITED BY MARY BATESON.

The title to this volume—*A Narrative of the Changes in the Ministry 1765-1767, Told by the Duke of Newcastle in a Series of Letters to John White, M.P.*—sufficiently explains the nature of its contents. There is no surprise in store for the reader: it adds practically nothing to our knowledge of events during the ministries of Grenville, Rockingham, and Chatham; but we are quite of the editor's opinion, that it was worth publication. Macaulay has made familiar to the least historical reader the character of the Duke of Newcastle who, when a leading minister of the Crown, treasured up for the King the discovery that Minorca was an island! Even the smatterer in history knows of him as the partner of the elder Pitt in perhaps the most famous ministry of English history—the ministry under whose auspices Canada was conquered and our supremacy in India assured. Miss Bateson justly remarks that it is one of the surprises of eighteenth century history to find such a man as Newcastle attaining and maintaining for fifty years a great political position. George III. soon got rid of him; but, despite the break up of the Whig party, the old Duke remained until his death, in 1768, a political influence to be reckoned with. It is not surprising that the longer part of letters written by or to the greatest wirepuller who has ever taken part in English politics

should be chiefly concerned with changes in the *personnel* of the King's ministers. We hear little of America and general warrants, much of the terms on which the followers of the Duke of Bedford—the "Bloomsbury gang"—would consent to support a projected ministry. The old man is not ungenerous to Pitt; but the rumour that his old colleague has refused to serve in any Cabinet of which Newcastle should be a member is a bitter pill for the old politician to swallow. Nor is it soothing to the dignity of the great Whig magnate to feel that, although he is included in the Rockingham Cabinet, its leading members, some of whom were not born when he entered politics, do not admit him to their confidence. "The truth is," says the sore old man, "my Lord Rockingham and the Duke of Grafton think themselves so sure of the closet (*i.e.*, of the King's ear) that they neglect every other consideration; they make up their majorities in both Houses, and are more solicitous to gain new friends than oblige and retain their old ones." The eager desire and the frequent negotiations for the return of Pitt to office and the selfish meddling of Lord Temple, to whom Pitt seems to have surrendered his conscience; the patient mediation of the King's uncle, the Duke of Cumberland; the continued fear of the influence of Bute even in the most obscure forms—these and other interesting topics find additional illustration in this small volume of 170 pages. The editor has done her work well. (Longmans. 10s.)

#### SKETCHES AND STUDIES IN SOUTH AFRICA.

BY W. J. KNOX LITTLE, M.A.

It shows how far we have travelled in the last twenty years that one of Mr. Gladstone's canons should have the courage to raise his voice against the "unctuous rectitude" which has done our race such harm in South Africa. It is a pleasant surprise, and Mr. Knox Little deserves to be congratulated on the way in which he stands up against the giant Cant. Like many another dignitary, the Canon went abroad in search of health, and, with a due regard for tradition, he celebrated his return—and, we may hope, his restoration to health—by writing a book on what he had seen and heard. For us moderns South Africa was discovered by the Portuguese some centuries ago; but Mr. Knox Little, faithful to the best traditions of elegant authorship, has a fascinating little air of having discovered the Cape himself.

The book is divided into three parts, the first of which, containing the travels, interests us but moderately. The second and third parts, however, which deal with history and politics in South Africa, are excellent. The English improves, and the Canon has a grasp of his subject which is quite admirable and, in South African affairs, not too common. But few people know anything about the history of South Africa, and how it was that we came to be the Paramount Power in that part of the world, nor do they realise the inglorious record of ineptitude and incompetence piled up by the Colonial Office, which almost broke the hearts of Sir Benjamin D'Urban, Sir George Grey, and Sir Bartle Frere. These three statesmen fought against the futilities at home, and it is owing to their devoted efforts that we still retain the Cape. The terror of responsibility which infected our public men, when the doctrines of the Manchester School were in the ascendant, have cost us much blood and treasure, and seem likely to cost us more before the crowning blunder of Majuba Hill is wiped out.

Canon Knox Little's book is admirably adapted for beginners, for those who have many opinions but little knowledge about our position in regard to the Boers. In particular may it be recommended to women who take an intelligent interest in the papers, and have not time nor patience to read the more abstruse historical works on the subject. Here they will find a plain statement of the whole business set forth in interesting form by a Canon of the Church on whose knowledge and whose sense of

what is just and right they may rely. Grave events have been preparing in the wide lands south of the Zambezi, and it will in no way detract from the interest of the telegrams to read the story of how we prepared the way for the present crisis in Mr. Knox Little's easily read pages. (Ibister.)

#### THE ROMANCE OF WILD FLOWERS. BY EDWARD STEP.

We can heartily recommend this little book to those for whom it is written—"unscientific flower-lovers." There is something very kindly and engaging about Mr. Step's explanations. For example, he no sooner has to begin using technical terms than he breaks off, on the word *corolla*, to explain exactly why it is necessary to say *corolla* instead of a *little crown*, and to employ Latin words generally in describing plant structure. The aim of the book is not to enable the reader to identify plants—that he may do with other help—but to "call his attention to those details of their structure and behaviour which suggest the term romance."

True to his "romantic" intention, Mr. Step gives his readers—his unscientific readers, be it remembered—a series of pleasant surprises in the titles of his chapters. For what will surprise the reader, the unscientific reader, more than to find Roses and Apples classed together, with the Strawberry thrown in between them, and to find that these are of one family; or to learn that the Wall-flower and the Stock are closely related to the Cabbage and the Turnip; or to see Daisies and Thistles associated in another chapter heading?

We cannot imagine anything more clear and fascinating than, say, Mr. Step's description of the means by which the Violet perpetuates itself. Adapted by its structure for cross-fertilisation by insects, the English violet is strangely neglected by these carriers of pollen. "It can only be explained on the assumption that the insects which successfully fertilise it in the warmer climates of the Continent do not occur until quite recent times, or the flower would have degenerated." That the Violet has not degenerated in our woods and hedgerows is due to its own patent and patient scheme of self-fertilisation. This is described step by step by the author up to the triumphant moment when the Violet applies pressure to its seed-vessel, and "one after another the hard shiny seeds are shot out with great force to a distance of several yards, where their smoothness enables them to sink readily between the grass or moss to the moist earth beneath." Thus the shy Violet is a self-sufficient little flower, whose beauty is attained by struggle and resource. Mr. Step's daughter has contributed pen drawings, and Mr. Step's photographs of plants in their natural state are pretty and lifelike. (Warne & Co. 6s.)

#### "Arms and the Man."

A MAN applied to the College for a coat-of-arms, and was asked if any of his ancestors had been renowned for any singular achievement. The man paused and considered, but could recollect nothing. "Your father," said the herald, aiding his memory. "Your grandfather?—your great-grandfather?" "No," returned the applicant, "I never knew that I had a great-grandfather, or a grandfather." "Of yourself?" asked this creator of dignity. "I know nothing remarkable of myself," returned the man, "only that being once locked up in Ludgate prison for debt I found means to escape from an upper window; and that, you know, is no honour in a man's scutcheon." "And how did you get down?" said the herald. "Odd enough," retorted the man. "I procured a cord, fixed it round the neck of the statue of King Lud, on the outside of the building, and thus let myself down." "I have it," said the herald: "no honour!—*Lineally descended from King Lud!* and his coat-of-arms will do for you."

From "Conferences on Books and Men" in "Cornhill."

## Fiction.

*That Fortune.* By Charles Dudley Warner.  
(Harper & Brothers. 6s.)

THERE is a good deal of pleasant fancy in this amiable romance of modern New York; but scarcely any imagination. The book has not been *écru*. In fiction there is Balzac and anti-Balzac, and nothing else. Mr. Warner is anti-Balzac. He has experience, culture, suavity, kindness, and the prudence of "moderation in all things." But he has not the passion for life. His attitude towards this splendid *fracas* is a little lackadaisical. He watches it through the window of the New York equivalent for the Athenæum Club, brings the tips of his fingers together, and begins to talk—like a popular preacher giving an address on Browning. It is not the essentials he cares for, but the apparatus of sentiment and event. Essentials are apt to be crude and intractable; they are apt to make one serious and too much in earnest. On the whole (he would say) it is as well to get away from life, especially in those leisure hours when one reads fiction. So his fancy sets to work and constructs a new New York of its own, a pretty city of sentimentality, a city of which conversation and private thoughts are manipulated in accordance with the etiquette of the Court of Spain. There is a poor boy swinging in the pine tops on a mountain; and there is a fabulously rich heiress in the pretty city hedged about by all the bastions of wealth; and you see the boy getting nearer and nearer till at last he gets too near and is kicked off. And then a smash happens in a place called Wall-street, and the heiress is not an heiress, and the boy comes again, and this time he captures "that fortune"—namely, "the love of Evelyn Mavick."

Of course it is not all so old-fashioned as that. Mr. Warner well knows how to keep pace with the latest æsthetic and social movements. Thus the hero first sees the heroine at the Opera, half-way through the overture to "Siegfried." (It is unfortunate that "Siegfried" happens to have no overture, but Mr. Warner would not care to be mistaken for a realist.) Thus also the fabulously rich heiress is stalked by the heir to an English peerage, who acts as English aristocrats usually do—in American fiction.

The following passage, which describes the hero's first attempt to storm the heroine's castle, is fairly representative of the book:

Mrs. Mavick was so beside herself that she could hardly speak. The lines in her face deepened into wrinkles and scowls. There was something malevolent and mean in it. Philip was astonished at the transformation. And she looked old and ugly in her passion.

"You!" she repeated.

"It is only this, Mrs. Mavick," and Philip spoke calmly, though his blood was boiling at her insulting manner—"it is only this—I love your daughter."

"And you have told her this?"

"No, never, never a word."

"Does she know anything of this absurd, this silly attempt?"

"I am afraid not."

"Ah! Then you have spared yourself one humiliation. My daughter's affections are not likely to be placed where her parents do not approve. Her mother is her only confidante. I can tell you, Mr. Burnett, and when you are over this delusion you will thank me for being so plain with you, my daughter would laugh at the idea of such a proposal. But I will not have her annoyed by impecunious aspirants."

"Madam!" cried Philip, rising, with a flushed face, and then he remembered that he was talking to Evelyn's mother, and uttered no other word.

It will be observed that Mr. Warner's pretty city is not strikingly different from the pretty cities of other eminent anti-Balzarians.



*When Knighthood was in Flower.* By Edwin Caskoden (Charles Major). (Sands & Co. 6s.)

THIS historical novel dealing with the love-story of Charles Brandon and Mary, sister of Henry VIII., is devoid either of literary pretension or of literary merit. It is the work of a man with little sense of the dignity or the romance of history; it shows no insight into character and no imaginative strength. Yet we can actually see in it some germ of hope for the future of the historical novel. At the end of his Introduction the author says:

I shall, therefore, with a few exceptions, give Sir Edwin's memoir in words, spelling and idiom which his rollicking little old shade will probably repudiate as none of his whatsoever. So, if you happen to find sixteenth century thought hobnobbing in the same sentence with nineteenth century English, be not disturbed; I did it. If the little old fellow grows grandiloquent or garrulous at the time—he did that. If you find him growing super-sentimental, remember that sentimentalism was the life-breath of chivalry just then approaching its absurdest climax in the bombastic conscientiousness of Bayard and the whole mental atmosphere laden with its pompous nonsense.

One may perceive there the attitude of a man who is afraid neither of history nor of literary precedent. At one clumsy but magnificent sweep Mr. Major brushes away the entire existing convention of historical fiction—as though he should say: "I will have none of it. I will write after my own fashion. The tradition which Scott inaugurated, being dead, is nothing to me. No ostentations, no hollow pomps, no make-believes, no perpetuation of ancient lies. I see history in the cold light of my American horse-sense, and as I see it so I will paint it." He is like the Yankee at the Court of King Arthur.

Here is part of a scene, towards the end of the book, between Harry the Eighth, Mary, and Wolsey:

Henry looked at her in surprise and then burst out laughing. "Married to Brandon with your hair down?" And he roared again, holding his sides. "Well, you do beat the devil; there's no denying that. Poor old Louis! That was a good joke on him. I'll stake my crown he was glad to die! You kept it warm enough for him, I make no doubt."

"Well," said Mary, with a little shrug of her shoulders, "he would marry me."

"Yes, and now poor Brandon doesn't know the trouble ahead of him, either. He has my pity, by Jove!"

"Oh! that is different," returned Mary, and her eyes burned softly, and her whole person fairly radiated, so expressive was she of the fact that "it was different."

Different? Yes; as light from darkness; as love from loathing; as heaven from the other place; as Brandon from Louis; and that tells it all.

Henry turned to Wolsey: "Have you ever heard anything equal to it, my Lord Bishop?"

My Lord Bishop, of course, never had; nothing that even approached it.

It is, of course, thoroughly bad—without any sort of literary decency. But it is also a sincere attempt, though by a man absolutely unfitted for his task, to be realistic. Call it the realism of an *enfant terrible*—but call it realism. *When Knighthood was in Flower* has achieved a sale of sixty thousand copies in the States. We trust that some author better equipped than Mr. Major will be encouraged by such success to imitate his audacity in ignoring our exhausted and effete convention of historical fiction. By no other means can this form of literary art be regenerated into an authentic life.

*Satan Finds Some Mischievous Still.* By E. V. Beaufort. (Fisher Unwin. 3s. 6d.)

THIS book is called "a character study." If it be such, then the "character" is "studied" by means of phrases. In reading the story we have been pre-occupied with the epithets which the author applies to the heroine. She is

styled the "fair visitor," the "fair soliloquist," the "fair traveller," the "fair Herrice," the "fair Londoner," the "fair burden," the "fair assistant," the "imperious young beauty," "a true daughter of Eve," "a very angel of goodness," and "the observed of all observers." Miss Beaufort should have spared us that last; and we think she need not have stated that the fair assistant, at tea-time, "proceeded to make herself useful by pouring out the pleasant beverage."

The author has some aptitude for clear narrative, but her incessant use of stock-phrases and her inability to refrain from verbal quips of the most irritating description render the book quite impossible. There is, moreover, nothing of importance in the tale itself. Herrice, guilty of flirtation, is banished by her father to an aunt and a village. The village bores her, and the aunt forbids fires in bedrooms. "A fire I will have," said Herrice, and "proceeded to" burn up a chair in the grate. Then she wanted surreptitious bacon: "Now, Anastasia," she said, "go down to the cook and tell her to toast a rasher for me. You see, I fully understand the philosophy of Bacon, and there's nothing so sustaining—and then, when I've eaten it, we can sit by the fire and have a long chat."

### Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THE VIRGINS OF THE ROCKS. BY G. D'ANNUNZIO.

The first of D'Annunzio's trilogy—"Romances of the Lily"; the scope of which is to depict a strong and disciplined intelligence, failing in its attempts to gain an operative influence over others, resorting to self communion and the creation of an ideal world of beauty and poetry. The translation has been made by Miss Agatha Hughes. This makes the fourth of D'Annunzio's novels to be translated into English, its predecessors being *The Child of Pleasure*, *The Victim*, and *The Triumph of Death*. (Heinemann. 6s.)

FORTUNE AT THE HELM. BY MRS. HERBERT MARTIN.

A Welsh story. Gaynor, the heroine, is thus described: "This eager-eyed, picturesque, curiously ignorant, warm-blooded girl." Gaynor comes to London, is introduced to the world, and has a hard time. A feminine story, on familiar lines, sympathetically done. (Hurst & Blackett. 6s.)

THE INCA'S TREASURE. BY ERNEST GLANVILLE.

This is the third volume in Messrs. Methuen's "Novelist" library. The story opens in the temporary offices of the Condor Gold Mining Syndicate, but soon moves to Peru, where adventures the most thrilling and scenery the most inspiring regale the reader. (Methuen. 6d.)

THE HONOUR OF VIVIEN BRUCE.

BY MRS. J. H. NEEDELL.

The list of Mrs. Needell's novels is becoming a long one. This story is concerned with an inheritance, a faulty will, a rascal captain; and it is by a variety of dramatic strokes that justice and happiness are finally dispensed to those who deserve it. (F. V. White. 6s.)

A SEA COMEDY.

BY MORLEY ROBERTS.

Sea comedies are now the fashion. Mr. Roberts's yarn is a story within a story and is told racyly by the hero himself. It deals with the voyage of the *Great Republic* in the hands of a unique crew, shipped under unique conditions. "Owsever I woke up and found the 'ole ship owlin' drunk"—and so forth. (Milne. 2s. 6d.)



## THE ACADEMY.

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## Littérateur, Ambassador, Patriot, Cosmopolite.\*

MR. E. E. HALE's biography of Lowell is in essence a series of gossip reminiscences regarding the man and his friends. Interesting, yes, but also disappointing; interesting it could not but be.



JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL (1864).

It is written by an old and early friend of Lowell, perhaps the one surviving man best acquainted with Lowell and his career from the brilliant start to the honoured close. Yet from such a man one would have expected a fuller, more vivid, more meaty book; and one might have hoped a more orderly book. "Surely," one might have said, "this comrade of the young Lowell, and the young Lowell's brilliant band of

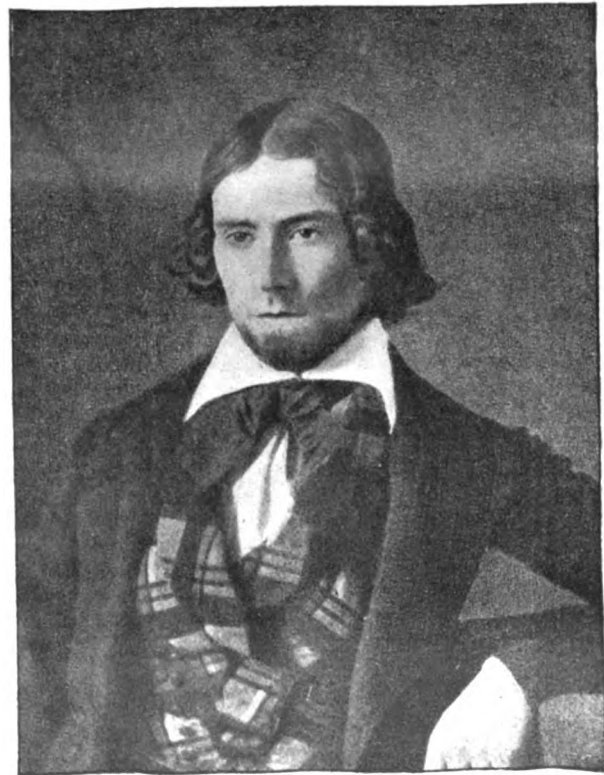
friends, will give us a concrete presentment of the man as he lived and moved, will show us the breathing Lowell, enable us to get an orderly grip on the gradual evolution of his reputation, the successive epochs marked by the milestones of his progressive books or lectures, which were themselves books in ultimate form; will show us those books arising under his hand, give us a glimpse into the process of their creation. The more important the book, the more marked its position in the genesis of the man's universal reputation, the more we shall be told of its production and birth history." But all these things are not so. The book not merely lacks, but discards symmetry; it is systematically unsystematical. In the first place, it is disproportioned; the trail of the dominie is over it all. An intimate view of Lowell's connexion with and associates in Harvard was needful; but college matters occupy an inordinate share of the volume—college matters often trivial to the outsider, and often irrelevant to Lowell. For numbers of pages there is no reason but that they pertain to Harvard, and Lowell pertained to Harvard. *Harvardiensis est*, seems to be Mr. Hale's motto, *nil Harvardiense sibi alienum puto*. (We apologise for ruining the famous line of Terence.) Far too much of this matter, related at garrulous length, is only of interest to old Harvard students, and should have no place in a volume of Lowell reminiscences meant for the general public.

\* James Russell Lowell and his Friends. By Edward Everett Hale. (Constable.)

Loquacity, indeed, is another of the author's sins; the book would profit by severe compression; moreover, it is amorphous as regards order. The author zigzags backward and forward between date and date in a bewildering fashion, so that the reader never feels easy in mind as to what part of Lowell's life is under notice. And with all this we get little direct and living picture of Lowell. For his personal glimpses Mr. Hale mostly has recourse to other writers. Want of art, of arrangement, of presentation, are chiefly responsible for the defect of definite and interesting impression. Digressiveness runs riot, and reaches its climax when the writer actually pauses to lecture undergraduates on their behaviour, or lack of behaviour, towards their teachers. An ill-compiled book, we must sorrowfully say, though it contains material which no future biographer of Lowell can neglect.

Before we part with this side of our subject, however, let us quote a story which does excuse its own introduction. It must be quoted here, for it has so little concern with Lowell that the author is not even certain whether he were present. It is of a dinner party given at Cambridge (Harvard) by Dr. Arnold Guyot. The doctor had received a present of a fine black bear, which he confined in a cellar, where also lay a small barrel of cider. Ominous rumblings below began to disturb the diners. Suddenly in rushed an attendant with breathless tidings. The bear had got loose, had been having his own private festivities on the cider, and was now coming upstairs, a most drunken bear. "The guests fled through windows and doors." It is a distinct loss to science that none of those learned men stayed to report the demeanour of this dissipated bear. His feelings must have been hurt to find himself so markedly "cut," after (most naturally) "coming upstairs" with the hilarious and social purpose of joining in the scientific convivialities. "Solitary drinking is a pernicious habit," said this genial animal, "I will go up and share my jovial mood with those good fellows overhead." It was his fate to be misunderstood.

English critics will not share Mr. Hale's estimate of Lowell as one of the foremost poets of his day. But with



JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

From a Daguerrotype taken at Philadelphia 1841

that exception, America has every right to assign him a high place among her great men. He was, perhaps, the best representative of the American mind at its highest point of cultivation. His sanity, his balance, the equa-



OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES (1862).

bility and variety of his powers, the all-round fineness of his character, would make him a remarkable man in any country. He touched many things, and all that he touched prospered under his hand. No English man of letters could have such a career, such opportunities for showing all that was in him. We do not naturally take our diplomats from the literary ranks. The liberal-minded policy of the United States in this respect gave a splendid opening to this most liberal-minded of her sons; and he well availed himself of it. Poet, essayist, editor, professor—all these he was; and knew failure in none. He was taken from the professor's desk and the editor's chair to be an ambassador; and forthwith he became an eminent ambassador. He earned a reputation as an occasional speaker unmatched on this side the water, and gained a name in England scarce inferior to that he possessed in America. Withal, he was a gentleman of the finest kind, sought after for his social gifts. Few men can show such a record; and fewer still would have remained unspoiled by it. Yet to the last he remained what he had been in the days of his youth. He related himself how he was one day walking along the Edgware-road with a friend, when he saw a building marked "Hospital for Incurable Children." He turned to his companion: "There's where they'll send me one of these days." To this perennial sympathetic geniality must, no doubt, be ascribed a large measure of his extraordinary success in life.

For it is a noticeable thing that, from the first, everything came to him. His severest mishap was a temporary rustication during his college course—the result of irregular attendance in chapel, apparently. But he was a favourite with the authorities, for all his waywardness, and they successfully pulled him through his examinations. He dabbled in letters while he was studying law, and from the start Boston leaders of literature recognised his ability. He had the luck that one of his friends was made editor of a periodical destined ultimately to become the *Atlantic Monthly*, so that his early poems and articles were at once "placed." His first book of poems succeeded. He gave up law and took to literature; he further tempted fate, simultaneously marrying a wife: yet he did not starve, and his marriage was happy. His first volume of essays obtained immediate recognition in America. Without struggle he became a recognised power in letters, consorting with the leading authors of the day. His appointment to the Smith Professorship of Modern Languages at Harvard followed, and he never looked back. Assuredly, for all this his happy faculty of making and retaining friends was largely responsible.

According to all accounts, his wit and brilliancy in talk were already remarkable in his youth. The pity is, that throughout this book we get no specimens of this brilliancy. It may have been of that kind which does not crystallise

itself in single utterances, or perhaps the Boswell was lacking. One description there is of an evening spent in the circle of his friends; but it is a generalised description, and too long to quote. We can see that part of his attractiveness lay in sheer high spirits, and the ability to fool in season. He did not disdain to sing comic songs, or, at least, songs which were the occasion of uproarious fun in others. It is an excellent good thing when a man of genius can play the fool in private. He is the less likely to play it in public. Who does not think the better of Coleridge when he reads of that party where the poet-philosopher, after drinking the final toast of the evening, stood up and solemnly sent his glass crashing through the window? Upon which the rest of the party in turn sent their glasses after it. It was, perhaps, one of the most philosophic actions of his life. Lowell, moreover, could be all things to all men. He was ever willing to fraternise with the students of his class at Harvard; treated them as individuals, not "in the loom," as the Northern farmer would say. His house at Elmwood was open to any of his pupils who chose to call: refreshment, chat, the society of his wife and children, they there found waiting for them. A man who so treated the world was likely to be well treated by the world.

At the same time he had marvellous power of work. While he was fulfilling the functions of a university professor, he was also editing an important periodical. It seems impossible, yet he did both, and both well. This brilliant man of letters was also one of the most successful of American editors. His one failure was the abortive *Pioneer*; but he was then suffering severely from his eyes. Afterwards, he headed first the *Atlantic Monthly*, and then the *North American Review*; and made them pay.

But he had yet another field of activity. Poet, essayist, editor, professor, he was likewise a lecturer; and here, too, he was in the front rank. His best lectures, indeed, rank among his best prose. The lectures on the English poets, together with the volume of essays, *My Study Windows*, are his best known prose work; and they are classical work. His poetry has many merits: one might almost say it has every merit, except that inevitableness

which is the distinctive note of great poetry. As a satirist in verse he is keen, shrewd, and felicitous at his best. He has the caustic Yankee humour in nailing a sham, pointed by literary study. But he is not too often at his best, and much of the *Biglow Papers* are no very lightsome reading at the present day. In prose, on the other hand, in his essays or lectures, he is a master. He can hardly write a despatch without the masterly hand showing itself. His style is perfectly modern, yet classical—classical by



HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW (1860)

virtue of the scholarly build of the sentence, the admirably just choice of words from a wide and finely selected vocabulary, and the flash here and there of a striking and apposite image, whenever it is needed, lighting up his meaning at

just the right angle of illumination. His prose, indeed, is much richer in striking imagery than his verse—a curious reversal of natural conditions which in itself seems to show that he is more natively a *proseur* than a poet. He says that prose demands an effort from him, while verse is delightful and easy. No one would guess this from comparing his work in the two kinds; particularly from the literary opulence of his letters and despatches, where he had no motive to take special pains. May it not have been that it was the *subject-matter* of his verse which he found more congenial rather than the medium itself? Above and beyond his style, the substance of his prose is delightful. It is mostly critical, whether criticism of literature or other subjects: and he had an exquisite gift of appreciation. Themes which seemed exhausted by the full harvests they had yielded to others yield up fresh crops to him. Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Wordsworth, Keats—how we shudder at yet a fresh article on theses such as these, fly-blown by swarm on swarm of buzzing critics! Yet from Lowell's pen they are fresh as daffodil and crocus. His critical perception is reinforced by his own technical experience and understanding as a poet. This lends a special value to his appreciation of the great poets. How delightful, in his lecture on Milton, to find that great master of harmony vindicated from the ignorant aspersions of Prof. Masson, measuring metre by the foot-rule! Prof. Masson has done excellent work of the professorial kind; but, in gauging metre, only a poet's criticism is of value. There are exceptions of non-poets with a very fine ear and understanding for metre (Mr. Oman is one), but they are rare. In appreciation Lowell is certainly among the foremost of recent critics, while his beautiful gift of diction and expression lends added value to his work in this kind. But as a philosophical critic he is decidedly to seek. He has no grip of fundamental critical principle; indeed, he seems slack to grasp philosophical principle of any kind. For this reason, his lecture on Carlyle is one of his least successful. Approaching the least academic of writers, he begins by a long academic discussion of poetry and imaginative writing, which nowhere gets down to any basic truth. It is not easy for any man to grasp the philosophic conception (such as it is) of Carlyle's *French Revolution* through its phantasmagoric utterance. But Lowell does it peculiarly injustice. The Yankee Democrat is throughout "riled" by the English lover of kingship, and gives him vigorous counter-hitting, with scant measure of judiciousity. It is the most telling onslaught on Carlyle's weak points ever delivered; it seems to have caught something of Carlyle's own tempest-sleet of imagery: but it is little more. But in yet another class of essay, such as that *On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners*, what polished humour, what urbane satire! And what exquisite vignettes of natural scenery in others! A prose-writer as fine as America has produced.

We spoke of his urbanity. He is charmingly urbane, as only a cosmopolitan could be. And it is the crowning distinction of this singularly orbéd, equable, and lovable character that he was at once patriotic and cosmopolitan. Sensitive American, he was alive to the culture and distinctive excellence of all foreign countries; he had a place in his bosom even for Spain. Many an American patriot has an ignorant scorn for "feudal Europe." Many a cosmopolite (American or English) loses touch with patriotism. He, by a gift as gracious as his other gifts, preserved united, yet severally unblemished, the fine flower of both. *Littérateur*, ambassador, patriot, cosmopolite—America will not soon produce his like again.

## Things Seen.

### Different People.

A VERY hot afternoon on the S.E.R. In the carriage were two ladies who were young and happy, a lady who was elderly and apparently single, and a little girl. At Orpington there entered a tall, fresh, loose-limbed boy, of nineteen or so, carrying surveying poles and a large basket, who took the seat opposite the two ladies who were young. As the train panted along, and the carriage became more and more stifling, the boy was noticed to be growing restless and nervous. Twice or thrice he made as if to speak, and each time thought better of it; and then, suddenly, reaching out the basket and displaying its contents to the two friends, he gasped, indicating one of them with a timid eye: "Would you mind taking some of these? They've just been given me, but I couldn't eat them all, you know, and . . . so very hot . . . and really if you *would* be so kind . . . ?" The basket was loaded with strawberries, and he was quickly assured that his request was not an impertinence. He then turned to the little girl, who no sooner observed his intention than she crossed over to the basket side, and, seating herself within range of the fruit, saved him further trouble. To the elderly lady, however, he had to repeat his invitation. Frigidly accepting it, she took two strawberries from the basket with much ceremony. At New Cross the boy gathered together his property and jumped out. "What a dear boy!" said one of the two friends. The little girl looked wistfully after him. "I have never," said the elderly lady, tightening her lips and turning to the other two, "I have never been so embarrassed in my life."

### Repose.

It was the day Dreyfus arrived at Rennes. As we sped through Normandy I thought, "There will be a noise on the boulevards." And the whole monstrous drama would have uncoiled in my memory but that Paris was still a three hours' journey, and Normandy lay to right and left. Now the fields closed in, and gave us the scent of haycocks; now they opened out, wet and gleamy. Then we began to cross, and to recross, the Seine; and each time we thundered over I had a vision of angry boulevards.

Suddenly, against the wide, white river, I read, on a signboard, this strangely-peaceful inscription: "Gambard, Pêcheur." I looked back, and saw a little boat that was half in shadow, half in soft sunlight, under some osiers. "That," I mused, "is Gambard's boat." I shall always see this. It was the day Dreyfus arrived at Rennes.

## "The Most Pessimistic of Living Pessimists."

THERE is no instrument, we believe, for taking the measure of a man's pessimism. It must always be doubtful who is in the greatest dumps. Yet in the preface to a translation of August Strindberg's play *The Father* (Duckworth) we find the palm for pessimism unhesitatingly given to the Swedish dramatist. Of Strindberg's *Inferno* we are told darkly: "In it you will find a pessimism so abysmal and terrifying as to defy comparison with the darkest thoughts of your darkest hours." This reads rather like a bill outside a ghost booth, and when the editor, "W.," adds under his breath: "I admit that I have never reached the second volume of *Inferno*: one does not willingly prolong a nightmare," his readers will only

complain that they are not given *Inferno* instead of *The Father*. This loose word, pessimism, has much to answer for. Pessimism is generally the pose of unhappiness. Even "W." finishes by doubting whether Strindberg's works are not to be regarded as "the awful, maginings of an overtired brain. It seems impossible that any being could have suffered all that is here depicted and retain his sanity." Very well; but can the imaginings of an overtired brain be literature? "W." is scarcely happy here. We prefer his quotation from an article by Mr. Justin H. McCarthy. This gives the facts of Strindberg's life in a nutshell.

Strindberg springs, I believe, quite from the people; his youth belongs to the "servile life of the cities." Poverty twice interrupted his studies at the University of Upsala, and to say that implies very grinding poverty. Poverty made many things of him—made him an assistant teacher at a school in Stockholm, made him a doctor's assistant, made him a super at a theatre. Men of the Gil Blas temperature, men of the Con Oregan temper, would have found food for mirth in all these vicissitudes; Strindberg seems to have found only bitterness, combativeness, a fierce indignation like unto Swift's. When he left the University he became, as many a gallant youth has become, a journalist, drifting from one news-sheet to another till, in 1874, he drifted into the comparatively tranquil haven of an assistant librarianship. In this haven he remained for some years. Then his active literary career began. Then came years of travel, years of incessant production, years of incessant strife. Then came the influence of the German philosopher Nietzsche. Then came fame and unhappiness, and all the elements that have made him what he is.

This one understands. Strindberg, like most of us, is not happy. But don't let us call him the champion pessimist, or we shall soon have more candidates for the sackcloth and ashes, each with his editorial backer. It is significant that, in defending his play, *The Father*, from the charge that it is "too sad," Strindberg writes: "People call authoritatively for the 'joy of life,' and theatrical managers call for farcos, as though the joy of life consisted in being foolish, and in describing people who each and every one are [?] suffering from St. Vitus's dance or idiocy. I find the joy of life in the powerful, terrible struggles of life; and the capability of experiencing something, of learning something, is a pleasure to me." We are reminded of Dr. Johnson's friend who confessed that he had tried very hard to be a philosopher, but that, somehow—he did not know how it was—cheerfulness would keep breaking in.

In translating *The Father*, which we do not here examine critically, Mr. Erichsen has undoubtedly done good service; and we are glad to see the series which has given us Verhaeren's *Dawn*, and Ostrovsky's *Storm* thus maintained. The plot of *The Father* must not be revealed here. But in accordance with his dictum that the joy of life is inherent in the powerful, terrible struggles of life, "I have chosen," says Strindberg, "an unusual but attractive subject; in other words, an exception, but a great exception, that will strengthen the rules which offend the apostle of the commonplace." And he adds:

What will further create antipathy in some is the fact that my plan of action is not simple, and that there is not one view alone to be taken of it. An event in life—and that is rather a new discovery—is usually occasioned by a series of more or less deep-seated *motifs*, but the spectator generally chooses that one which his power of judgment finds simplest to grasp, or that his gift of judgment considers the most honourable. For example, someone commits suicide: "Bad business!" says the citizen; "Unhappy love!" says the woman; "Sickness!" the sick man; "Disappointed hopes!" the bankrupt. But it may be that none of these "reasons" is the real one, and that the dead man hid the real one by pretending another that would throw the most favourable light on his memory.

## Memoirs of the Moment.

THE picture of the Queen by Wilkie, for the desirable purchase of which the Government will not give a special Grant to the National Portrait Gallery, was painted when her Majesty had been reigning for two years. She had been only a few months on the throne when she commissioned Wilkie—who had been appointed Painter in Ordinary—for the picture of her first Council. That was in October, 1837—the year, by the way, not only of the Queen's accession, but also of the removal of the Academy to Burlington House. At Brighton he had his first sitting, when, as Wilkie wrote to his sister, she was "most gracious, and appeared to recognise me as an early friend." "She appoints a sitting ~~once~~ in two days," is another item, "and she ~~never~~ puts me off." The painter's impressions of the Queen's appearance at the time also find a record:

She is eminently beautiful; her features nicely formed, her skin smooth, her hair worn close to her face in a most simple way, glossy and clean-looking. Her manner, though trained to act the Sovereign, is simple and natural. She has all the decision, thought, self-possession of a queen of older years; has all the buoyancy of youth; and from the smile to the unrestrained laugh, is a perfect child.

An appropriate passage, though not subtle; and the portrait of the Queen in the Council picture is quite to match: it is, beyond question, "clean-looking."

OUT of the painting of this larger picture came the commission for the portrait that has been figuring in the correspondence between Lord Peel and the Treasury. "It appears to me very like her," was Sir David's own comment, when he first saw it finished and framed. It was exhibited in the Academy of 1840; it cost the Queen £200, and was by her given to a Lady of her Bed-chamber, the Marchioness of Normanby. The present Marquis, in offering it for sale to the nation at fifteen hundred guineas, does not ask more than a market value that can elsewhere be easily realised.

MESSRS. STREET & Co., the eminent advertising agents, have issued to a limited number of authors the following notice, dated from 164, Piccadilly, W.:

Messrs. Street & Co. notify that they receive and supply to the daily and weekly papers domestic and society news. One copy only of any paragraph is required, and in no case does the fee exceed that made by the paper.

"But by which paper of the twenty or a hundred, with varying tariffs, in which it may appear?" asks the interested correspondent who sends us the circular announcing this rather novel form of journalistic middlemanship.

THE Dowager Lady Howard de Walden, whose serious illness has been announced, is known to the public principally as the owner of the large London property which came to her twenty years ago on the death of her brother, the fifth Duke of Portland, and, in a much less degree, as the holder of a Scottish property she inherited from her sister, Lady Ossington. Lady Howard de Walden herself, however, takes her greatest if not her only pride in the fact that Lord George Bentinck was her brother. She is the sole survivor of that large family of brothers and sisters, and it is to be hoped that she will yet live to see the new edition of *Lord George Bentinck: a Political Biography*, which was called for some time ago in this column, and which is likely shortly to appear under the editorship of Mr. Coningsby Disraeli.

THE old lines, which one has had time to forget, but

which in some form linger on in the mind from the occasion of a first meeting with them in boyhood,

When coals to Newcastle are carried,  
When Castlereagh's wife has an heir,

no longer carry any sting in their last allusion. The Marquis of Londonderry of to-day has had an heir for the last one-and-twenty years, and his tenantry, especially in Ireland, have kept this week the coming of age of Lord Castlereagh. The childless head of this family of the Stewarts, who have also been Tempests and Vanes and Vane-Tempests, but have retaken to their Stewart again during the present Lord Londonderry's life, was, of course, the famous politician, and his unfruitful marriage with a daughter of the Earl of Buckinghamshire was the point of a good many lampoons and jests besides Byron's.

THE Duke of York, who does not forget that he takes his title from the North Country, and who has already paid more visits to its territorial magnates than any Prince has paid in recent years, will go a little further north still towards the end of the year as the guest of the Earl of Durham at Lambton Castle. Lord Durham, to all intents a bachelor, entertains comparatively little in the North. He is nothing if not a Londoner. But, if put to it, he can display northern hospitality to perfection; and though a sight of the chimneys of coal-pits are not easily dodged in his domains, and the trail of the serpent smoke is to be found in the recesses of his woods, he can offer his guests the best of sport and the pleasures of a well-assorted party.

MR. ROBERT BARRETT BROWNING is translating into brick and marble the cheque sent him by the publishers of his parents' love-letters. He is building himself a new studio in Venice, and that is just what the married poets would have wished. With a studio of his own arranging, Mr. Barrett Browning will resume again his long-discarded brushes, with results which the public will watch with interest, if only because he is the child of his parents. His works have at least the "literary interest" in a sense of the term rather different from the usual. That they may have the artistic interest too is not impossible: that great hope of his father may be realised, and may be helped to realisation by the new and particularly favourable conditions.

## Correspondence.

### La Jeune France et le Vieux Shakespeare.

MONSIEUR,—Croyez-vous vraiment—on le dirait à lire votre Gilles-Shakespeare du 24 Juin—que nous en soyons restés aux opinions de Voltaire sur Shakespeare, et qu'au fond du cœur nous n'ayons pas cessé de lui reprocher sa grossièreté et sa barbarie? Ces lignes que vous citez, savez-vous qu'elles ont été la risée de deux ou trois générations de Français, et la preuve souvent invoquée des changements survenus dans notre goût public? Quand Voltaire les écrivit, par jalousie de poète sans doute—le pauvre Voltaire se croyait grand poète—le public français pouvait encore lire la *Henriade* sans bailler, et se délectait à voir jouer des tragédies platement rimées, dont le titre seul aujourd'hui nous endort. L'Art Poétique de Boileau était alors considéré comme le code éternel des belles-lettres; ce n'est plus aujourd'hui qu'un instrument de supplice à l'usage des collégiens de quinze ans, ou, si vous voulez, un appareil scientifique qui permet de mesurer le degré d'ennui qu'on peut supporter sans en mourir. Le public du XVIII<sup>e</sup> siècle ne voulait voir partout que

mesure, civilités et bienséances: c'est un reproche qu'on fait assez souvent à nos auteurs modernes, de négliger quelque peu les unes et les autres. Si peut-être, au cours de nos révolutions littéraires—non moins profondes que nos révolutions politiques—nous avons perdu l'exquise politesse de nos arrière-grands-pères, en revanche nous avons appris à comprendre beaucoup de choses qu'ils méprisaient sans les connaître.

Ducis, quand il se mêla d'adapter *Othello* et *Macbeth*, écrivit des pièces assez ridicules: nous sommes les premiers en France à nous en égayer. Mais il serait juste, au sens du mot *fair*, d'ajouter qu'avant Garrick on jouait en Angleterre des adaptations qui ne valaient pas beaucoup mieux que celles de Ducis. Le docteur Johnson, Forbes, et bien d'autres, ne sont guère plus tendres pour Shakespeare que Voltaire lui-même. Par contre, nous sommes tombés plus que vous dans l'excès opposé. Pour nos romantiques, Shakespeare a été simplement un dieu. Ce qui dans ses œuvres avait paru bizarre ou choquant à leurs prédécesseurs leur a semblé par là même digne d'une admiration particulière. Théophile Gautier a écrit plusieurs pages pour montrer que l'apostrophe: "Well said, old mole!"—que Forbes Robertson supprime à la scène, je crois—est du dernier sublime. François Victor-Hugo et E. Montégut se sont plu à traduire les passages les plus simples du monde par des violences et des trivialités de leur crû, qu'ils y découvraient de bonne foi. Victor-Hugo, dans le volume de divagations extatiques, ou d'extases divagantes, qu'il a consacré à Shakespeare, l'appelle un homme-océan: que vous faut-il de plus?

Ce temps de fanatisme littéraire est passé. Mais il n'a pas été suivi d'une réaction qui nous ait ramené à Voltaire, et nous aimons Shakespeare autant que jamais, quoique plus sobres dans nos transports. Ce n'est pas nous qui retardons d'un siècle; c'est peut-être vous, Monsieur, dans l'idée que vous vous faites de la France et du goût français. Il m'a semblé souvent que vos compatriotes ont une tendance à nous voir tels que nous étions il y a fort longtemps. Ou plutôt tels qu'étaient nos émigrés de la Révolution, que vous avez vus ici, incapables de rien oublier comme de rien apprendre, et gagnant leur vie en exerçant quelques métiers d'ancien régime. Avouez-le: pour vous un Français est toujours plus ou moins cuisinier, maître d'armes, perruquier, ou professeur de danse et de maintien. La psychologie de ces gens-là ne saurait admettre, évidemment, l'intelligence et l'admiration de Shakespeare. Mais peut-être aussi serait elle insuffisante à expliquer l'esprit français d'à présent, renouvelé par le contact et l'étude de la pensée étrangère, accoutumé aux plus grandes audaces par l'exercice illimité du libre examen, ouvert à tous les problèmes et agité pour les résoudre de passions véhémentes et tragiques. Nous fournirions assez de sujets de drame à un nouveau Shakespeare s'il s'en pouvait trouver. Voltaire n'avait pas vu la Révolution. Voltaire n'était pas contemporain de Taine, d'Emile Zola, ni de l'affaire Dreyfus.

Veillez agréer, Monsieur, l'assurance de ma considération distinguée.

Londres: 3 Juillet, 1899.

PAUL MANTOUX.

## Literary Disguises.

SIR,—The irritating frequency of reviewers' mistakes as to the identity of those who adopt well-known pseudonyms for their works tempts me to invoke the aid of your readers to discover a remedy for such ignorance.

It occurs to me how the simple employment of inverted commas might act as a useful indicator and corrective. But doubtless this notion might be vastly improved upon. Suggestions would be welcomed by many victims.—I am, &c.,

CECIL CLARKE.

Authors' Club, S.W.: July 25, 1899.



## Our Literary Competitions.

### Result of Competition No. 42.

We asked last week for "Literary Learics," that is to say, criticisms of living authors in the manner, more or less, of the following example by Father Russell:

Professor R. Yelverton Tyrrell  
In Latin is brisk as a squirrel;  
And e'en his Greek prose  
As pleasantly flows  
As the English of Lang or of Birrell.

The best of the new ones is, we think, the following, by Miss Elizabeth F. Stevenson, Kenton Lodge, Newcastle-on-Tyne:

IAN MACLAREN.

Our minister, Ian Maclaren,  
Of copy will never be barren.  
Just a smile and a tear  
In a dialect queer—  
And he's read from the Thames to Loch Carron.

Among the others are no fewer than ten of which Mr. Kipling is the subject, most of their authors finding "stripling" an invaluable rhyme. We quote a few of the better "Learics":

MR. KIPLING.

Those juvenile "Ditties" of Kipling,  
Like brooklets ran flashing and rippling:  
Now laboured and strong  
Swirls the tide of his song;  
But the Giant charms less than the Stripling.

[J. D. A., Ealing.]

There's a poet called Kipling whose tone,  
Though changeable, is always his own;  
He's himself when he swears,  
Writes Recessional prayers,  
Or picks with his Agent a bone.

[W. M. Dunkeld.]

MISS C. M. YONGE.

Miss Charlotte M. Yonge is a writer,  
Whose stories make school-girls' lives brighter,  
But her scope it is small,  
She's no humour at all,  
So male readers generally slight her.

[J. D. W., London.]

PROFESSOR SAINTSBURY.

A drawer of water, a hewer  
Of books that one wishes were fewer,  
A preacher, professor,  
Defender, oppressor,  
In fact, in one word—a reviewer.

[T. C., Buxted.]

MR. H. D. TRAILL.

O! Harry, cognomen Traill  
May excellent fortune prevail!  
If wit and good sense  
May procure a man pence,  
You will not have rea-on to fail.

[C. S. O., Malvern.]

MR. BRYCE, M.P.

Most pleasant historian, James Bryce,  
In English so brilliantly nice;  
So lucid and clear  
That dull facts appear  
Full of interest, to charm and entice.

[E. C. H., Bradford.]

MR. ARCHER.

The best of all critics to-day  
Is undoubtedly W. A.,  
For views that are sound,  
And opinions profound,  
There is no one like W. A.

[A. M., London.]

MR. CROCKETT.

A novelist named Mr. Crockett  
Soared up to the sky like a rocket,  
Some critics may say  
"He's not likely to stay,"  
But they envy the state of his pocket.

[H. B. K., Brockley.]

Oh, great is the genius of Crockett!  
His storehouse is always "unlockit,"  
For murders and feuds,  
And troubles of dudes,  
He carries them all in his pocket!

[T. J., Lincoln.]

Answers were received also from: G. W., Hull; C. E. H., Richmond; J. A. H., London; P. W., Hastings; B. C., Redhill; E. H., Stroud; M. N. A., Beckenham; Miss G., Reigate; L. K., Highgate; W. E. T., Caterham; T. B. D., Bridgwater; M. O. K., Dublin; F. W. H., Cardiff; A. G., Cheltenham; H. R. P., London; E. M., London; B. B., Birmingham; S. F. C. B., London; H. P. B., Glasgow; A. A., London; M. P., Nutfield.

### Competition No. 43.

THIS is the time for anything rather than serious reading: the time for swimming and rowing and basking and playing cricket and living the outdoor life. A little reading is pleasant, of course, but if ever there was a season for not desiring books as books—books in the aggregate—it is now. Hence this is eminently the time to express a wholesale condemnation of reading. We offer a prize of a guinea for the best verses against books. We leave metre and form to competitors, who may be as brief as they like, but must not exceed 24 lines.

#### RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, The ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, August 1. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found in the second column of p. 120 or it cannot enter into competition. We wish to impress on competitors that the task of examining replies is much facilitated when one side only of the paper is written upon. It is also important that names—both Christian name and surname—and addresses should always be given: we cannot consider anonymous answers. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon, or stamps for the same; otherwise the first to be looked at will alone be considered.

## Books Received.

Week ending Thursday, July 27.

#### THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

Gilbert (G. H.), *The Student's Life of Paul* ..... (Macmillan) net 5/0  
Nicoll (W. R.), *The Expositor*, Vol. IX. .... (Hodder & Stoughton) 7/6

#### POETRY.

Machar (A. M.), *Lays of the "True North"* ..... (Stock)

#### HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Wilson (W.), *The State: Elements of Historical and Practical Politics* ..... (Isbister) 7/6  
Cussons (J.), *A Glance at Current History* ..... (Cussons: Glen Allen, Va.) 3/6  
Muirson (A. F.), *King Robert the Bruce* ..... (Oliphant) 1/6

#### TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

Lindley (P.), *Tourist Guide to the Continent* (Great Eastern Railway Co.) 6d.

#### EDUCATIONAL.

Lyde (L. W.), *The Age of Drake* ..... (Black) 1/0  
Auden (H. W.), *Greek Prose Phrase-Book* ..... (Blackwood) 3/6  
Preasland (A. J.) and Tweedie (C.), *Elementary Trigonometry* ..... (Oliver & Boyd) 2/6

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

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## Announcements.

WE understand that Mr. Lionel Deele's book on the French Army, which will lose nothing in interest by appearing on the eve of the Dreyfus trial in Rennes, will throw an unexpected light upon the "lamentable" condition of the French Army of to-day which made the whole disgraceful *affaire* possible. Mr. Deele served for some years as a private soldier in one of the chief cavalry regiments. Mr. Heinemann will publish the book shortly under the title *Trooper 3809*.

MR. ARNOLD WHITE was commissioned by Baron Hirsch to inquire into the condition of the Jews in the different countries of Europe in connexion with his Jewish colonisation scheme for the Argentine Republic. His report takes the shape of a volume on the whole condition in Western civilisation of the Jewish race, which will be published by Mr. Heinemann at the beginning of next month.

MESSRS. METHUEN are about to publish a completely new edition of Mr. Baring Gould's *Life of R. S. Hawker*. The book, which is known as *The Vicar of Morwenstow*, has been out of print for many years, and has been practically unobtainable in England. Mr. Baring Gould has carefully revised the book, and it will be published at the popular price of 3s. 6d.

MESSRS. METHUEN will publish this week *A Constitutional and Political History of Rome*, by Mr. T. M. Taylor, Fellow of Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge. Mr. Taylor succeeded Mr. Walter Wren in the well-known establishment at Powis-square.

THE same firm will publish in a few days a new book by Mr. Eden Philpotts, the author of *The Children of the Mist*, &c., entitled *The Human Boy*. In this volume of stories Mr. Eden Philpotts elaborates his own theory of schoolboy humour.

THE Empress Frederick has accepted a copy of *Lives and Times of the Early Valois Queens*, which the author, Mrs. Catherine Bearne, has lately sent her.

A SECOND edition of *The Maternity of Harriott Wicken* will be published by The Macmillan Company in America.

MESSRS. SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON & Co. will publish in a day or two a volume by Mr. Spenser Wilkinson, entitled *British Policy in South Africa*, reproducing in a revised form the author's articles on "The Crisis" which lately appeared in the *Morning Post*.

MR. GRANT RICHARDS is about to publish two volumes of Wagner's letters—*Wagner's Letters to Wesendonck* and *Wagner's Letters to Keckel*. In each case the translation is the work of Mr. William Ashton Ellis.

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# The Academy

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## The Literary Week.

THE new London daily paper of which we spoke recently may possibly be called *The Illustrated Daily Press*. This title, however, lacks the crispness which is essential to the name of a daily necessity in these times, and it will, for its own sake we trust, be curtailed. Meanwhile the *Bookman* hints at two other projected morning papers for London—one to proceed from the house of Pearson, with Mr. T. P. O'Connor as editor, and the other with Mr. Birrell in the chair. But we cannot believe in the latter appointment at all, nor indeed can the *Bookman*.

A NOVEL on the Dreyfus Case is not, it seems, in M. Zola's programme after all. He told the Paris correspondent of the *Daily News* that he should write nothing about the Case, "unless it were a naked story, without the faintest tinge of romance, or any attempt to dramatise, and this would be for posthumous papers, to be published when the Affair is almost forgotten; a perfectly sober treatment alone would be admissible—the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

THE publication of the book called *W. G.* may, when taken into consideration with Mr. W. G. Grace's newspaper articles now being syndicated all over the country, and the literary activity of other prominent cricketers, cause the lover of cricket serious uneasiness. If, as has been asserted, intense literary activity precedes the fall of nations, may it not as certainly precede the decadence of a pastime? Personally, we view without pleasure the publicity now given to cricket. It is difficult to believe that a game which was originally intended to be amusement for twenty-two active players should rightly become entertainment for thousands of passive onlookers, to say nothing of countless readers. The energy expended in watching cricket and writing about cricket is out of all reasonable proportion to the energy spent in the game itself. This must be wrong. There is, however, money in it; so much so that we expect to hear soon that an enterprising literary agent has set up a kiosk at Lord's in order to be on hand to engage the services of the latest big scorer.

BUT this is merely a private moan. If any man has earned the right to take to the pen it is Mr. W. G. Grace, who abstained from it until he had done marvellous things in the field; and we do not wish to be thought to include his book in a sweeping condemnation of all cricket writing. On the contrary, it seems to us a good book, and we would that all cricket books were as good, and that all writers on cricket had as long a record at their backs before they took to literature.

THE Executive Committee of the Burne-Jones Memorial Fund, who were charged with the selection of a picture to represent Sir Edward Burne-Jones in the National Gallery, have secured the offer of "King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid." This picture belongs to the executors of the Earl of Wharnccliffe, who have agreed (subject to the approval of the Court of Chancery) to sell it to the Com-

mittee for the sum of £6,500. The funds already subscribed and acknowledged amount to about £4,000, and a further sum of £2,500 is therefore needed. All who desire to be associated in this gift to the nation are invited to forward their donations to Messrs. Glyn and Company, 67, Lombard-street, E.C.; or to the hon. treasurer, Alexander Henderson, Esq., M.P., 52, Princes-gate, S.W.

THE author of *The Hooligan Nights* will be interested in a suggestion which has been made in the Boston *Literary World* by a reader of that book. "The veracious chapter," he writes, "in which Alf, the burglar, saves the baby's life was fresh in his mind when, on July 6, he read on the New York *Herald's* bulletin board, 'Burglar Saved a Dying Child.' This recalled to him two stories of burglars and babies that have been both read and seen on the stage—Mrs. Burnett's *Editha's Burglar* and Mr. Davis's *The Disreputable Mr. Reagan*. Evidently burglars are kind to babies, and are apparently their natural protectors. Why should not people employ them instead of nurses?"

DURING the autumn two books may be expected from Mr. Swinburne: one a collection of poems, and one a drama.

NEW novels from Mr. Rudyard Kipling and Mr. Stephen Crane are likely to be seen before long. Mr. Crane, by the way, sent to a recent *Chronicle* the clearest statement on the position in the Philippines that has yet appeared anywhere. In America his new book of poems, *War is Kind*, is receiving some hard treatment from reviewers.

THE *Oil and Colourman's Journal* gives only a limited amount of attention to literature, but we can trust its judgment when, as in its current issue, it deals with technical books. Comparing English, French, and German manuals, this authority says:

The German is apt to be verbose, and is fond of long, historical essays; the Frenchman has similar characteristics; hence their writers are invariably long in coming to the point. . . . The German technical writer is exceedingly scientific, and his productions are as much scientific as technical treatises; the French writer has much the same fault. . . . The English technical writer has, in our eyes, the merit of sticking closer to his subject; he does not believe in long historical introductions, nor in long scientific discourses, but plunges at once into the real subject-matter of his book, and thereby he enables his reader to get a better grasp of the subject, and is able also to put more real technological value into his book. We have long been of opinion that, judged fairly, English technical literature is much superior to either German or French technical literature; it is generally more clearly written; there is less verbiage about it.

APROPOS of Col. Roosevelt's book on the Rough Riders, which we review elsewhere in this number, an American humorist is now engaged on a work entitled *Fun and Fighting with the Rough Riders*, which should make an amusing sequel.

THE Stevenson letters in the *August Scribner* are rather less interesting than some that have preceded them, but their writer, as we know, had it not in him to be dull. They belong to the *Prince Otto* and Bournemouth period, and some refer to the reception of *Prince Otto* by the papers. Stevenson clearly was a little hipped by certain reviews. Here is a mordant passage from a letter to Mr. Gosse:

That is the hard part of literature. You aim high, and you take longer over your work, and it will not be so successful as if you had aimed low and rushed it. What the public likes is work (of any kind) a little loosely executed; so long as it is a little wordy, a little slack, a little dim and knotless, the dear public likes it; it should (if possible) be a little dull into the bargain. I know that good work sometimes hits; but, with my hand on my heart, I think it is by an accident. And I know also that good work must succeed at last; but that is not the doing of the public; they are only shamed into silence or affectation. I do not write for the public; I do write for money, a nobler deity; and most of all for myself, not perhaps any more noble, but both more intelligent and nearer home.

AND here, from a letter to John Addington Symonds, is Stevenson on Dostoevsky's *Crime and Punishment*:

*Raskolnikoff* is the greatest book I have read easily in ten years; I am glad you took to it. Many find it dull: Henry James could not finish it: all I can say is, it nearly finished me. It was like having an illness. James did not care for it because the character of *Raskolnikoff* was not objective; and at that I divined a great gulf between us, and, on further reflection, the existence of a certain impotence in many minds of to-day, which prevents them from living in a book or a character, and keeps them standing afar off, spectators of a puppet show. To such I suppose the book may seem empty in the centre; to the others it is a room, a house of life, into which they themselves enter, and are tortured and purified. The *Juge d'Instruction* I thought a wonderful, weird, touching ingenious creation: the drunken father, and Sonia, and the student friend, and the uncircumscribed, protoplasmic humanity of *Raskolnikoff*, all upon a level that filled me with wonder: the execution also, superb in places.

*Apropos* of Stevenson, one of the recent additions to the British Museum library is the little pamphlet containing the testimonials written for R. L. S. when he applied in 1881 for the professorship of modern history at the University of Edinburgh. Mr. Leslie Stephen wrote:

I know of no writer of Mr. Stevenson's standing of whose future career I entertain greater expectations. . . . Although I have not had any opportunity of forming a judgment of Mr. Stevenson's more specific qualifications for a Chair of History, I know that he has paid special attention to the history of Scotland; and from all that I have seen of him, I should think him admirably qualified to command the attention and respect of students, and to convey knowledge in the most interesting form.

Prof. Meiklejohn wrote:

I believe that Mr. Stevenson would do the work of that Chair with real success. He possesses in a quite rare degree the most needful qualifications for a historian—a keen and true insight into the life of man, and a strong sympathy with all shapes and forms of it. Then he is both widely and deeply read in literature; and I am quite sure that he, more than any man I know or know of in Scotland, would make the past of our Scottish history live again, and be quickeningly present in our present life.

Dr. Lewis Campbell wrote:

His knowledge of the history of some periods, especially of Scottish history, is intimate and minute; and this, combined with his remarkable powers of imagination and expression, would enable him to kindle enthusiasm among the students, and incite them to investigation. His amiable facility of style must communicate grace and power to any subject which he handles with seriousness.

After this we can but wonder that the application was not successful. How could testimonials be better? But perhaps testimonials rarely count.

A CORRESPONDENT writes, *apropos* of an essay on Catalogues in one of the magazines: "One catalogue I have heard of is a treasure after which book collectors might profitably strive. The Athenæum of a northern shipping town once came into the custodianship of a retired mariner. As soon as he had made all weather-tight elsewhere he set to work in compiling a catalogue of the library. This document is a riot of false ascriptions. Mr. Clark Russell's *John Holdsworth, Chief Mate*, I remember, went down to Charles Dickens; and *Paul Clifford* to Sir Walter Scott. Sir John Lubbock's *Pleasures of Life* and Lord Meath's *Social Arrows* (essays on over-population, shop assistants, and other extremely matter-of-fact subjects) were classed as 'Fiction'; and not a pseudonym was allowed to stand. In vain did one look under 'O' for the works of Ouida; they were relegated to 'D'—De la Ramé (Louisa, Ouida). The catalogue was a masterpiece. But a committee without any feeling for masterpieces intervened; the edition was suppressed; and the list from which the readers now pick their novels is a monument of insipid accuracy. Whether the mariner remained to acquire precision, or returned to his old element the sea, I cannot say."

THERE are signs that the cult of the poster is on the wane, at any rate in this country. The low prices which ruled at the dispersion of the collection of posters brought together by the late Mr. Ernest Hart indicate that the craze is practically over. The best work of Willette, Grasset, and Boutet de Monvel failed to excite any enthusiasm, and in many cases no bid could be obtained until several lots had been grouped together. The fact is, posters are too awkward to collect: their size prevents them occupying either portfolios or wall space satisfactorily. And by deliberate intention they are designed for a short life: in time the colours lose their brightness, their crudity repels.

IN connexion with the death recently of Mr. Robert Bonner, the proprietor of the *New York Ledger*, it will be recollected that one of his most famous contributors was Henry Ward Beecher. Anything that the celebrated divine cared to write was at once snapped up by the indefatigable Mr. Bonner. He gave Beecher, for instance, £6,000 for his novel, *Norwood*. This anxiety to secure contributions from the preacher once gave rise to an amusing incident, which is perhaps worth relating. During Beecher's courting days it was related by his wife that he once "dropped into poetry," writing a few lines of verse, full of affection for his betrothed. Those verses were naturally treasured with care by Mrs. Beecher, but no one could get a sight of them, though many knew of their existence. One day Mr. and Mrs. Beecher were in Bonner's office, when the latter, suddenly struck with the idea, asked: "Why don't you write a poem, Beecher?" "He once did," Mrs. Beecher immediately exclaimed, and Bonner's eyes sparkled as he turned to her. "Recite it to me, won't you, Mrs. Beecher?" he said in dulcet tones. But the preacher gave his wife a look which plainly told her to be silent. "Come," continued the pushing publisher, "I'll give you 5,000 dollars if you will recite that poem for me." "Why," began Mrs. Beecher, "it ran—" "Eunice!" exclaimed her husband warningly. And although Mr. Bonner doubled the sum he had previously offered, and brought all his editorial wiles to bear on Mrs. Beecher, he never obtained that precious poem.

*Apropos* the "Anthology of Minor Poetry," of which a correspondent wrote last week, we learn that precisely such a volume as that indicated is now in preparation for publication in the autumn by the Unicorn Press. The editor has read many hundred collections of recent poetry in order to make his choice.



LORD ROSEBERRY's felicitous way of improving and adorning all occasions was evident at Epsom last week in his charming speech to the boys of the college. Manhood was his subject, but before reaching it the speaker alluded to the recent litigation concerning the volume of his *Addresses and Appreciations*: "At this moment the question is raging before the Courts as to the first copyright of a speech when it is delivered and reported. We have only got to this point so far, that the one person who has no property in it is the man who delivers it, and, therefore, until this question of proprietorship is settled by that highest voice in the land, it would be premature, it would be about criminal, for anyone to add to this species of indescribable property which is at this moment in the lost luggage office of the law. I, at any rate, am not prepared to-day to utter what may to-morrow be declared to be stolen goods, and so—if for that reason alone—I must be brief until the question is settled." This is as happy and timely an apology for brevity as we can remember.

THE sun of the triolet has lost some of his power, and yet there is no reason why the capabilities of a very pretty form of verse should be neglected simply because fashion has changed. We are led to these remarks by the following little poem by Miss Elsie Higginbotham, which she sends us this week:

## AN APOLOGY

*On Reading the Browning Love Letters.*

## I.

Forgive, sweet Lovers of this book,  
The sad, who scan your story;  
Forgive their wistful eyes that look . . .  
Forgive, sweet Lovers of this book,  
Their knowledge where your fingers shook;  
Their watching of your glory;  
Forgive, sweet Lovers of this book,  
The sad, who scan your story.

## II.

Accept, true Lovers here enshrined,  
The few, who share your gladness  
In touch of heart, and soul, and mind;  
Accept, true Lovers here enshrined,  
Their seeing of themselves defined,  
Their growth to joy, from sadness . . .  
Accept, true Lovers here enshrined,  
The few, who share your gladness.

## III.

Condone, great Lovers—being dead,  
The printing of these pages;  
Nor shrink that we—we too, have read;  
Condone, great Lovers—being dead,  
Our vision of the Gold you shed . . .  
For hearts in coming ages,  
Condone, great Lovers—being dead,  
The printing of these pages.

In the current *Architectural Review*, which has a supplement of reproductions from the architectural room of the Royal Academy, we find a drawing of the front elevation of some new "labourers' cottages" at Bromford, near Edrington. They are red brick, sombre, dignified, Elizabethan. And they set us wondering wherein the plan would differ had the architect, Mr. H. T. Buckland, been ordered instead to design some authors' cottages. The difference would be, we presume, in isolation; for though labourers can live in rows, authors should be detached. But an author in a small way would need to be very fastidious if he could not be satisfied with such a home as this. Yet, as a rule he must put up with an ugly jerry-built abode, "labourer" though he be too.

MR. ADRIAN ROSS recently wrote some maddeningly memorable verses on poets' wives, and now, in *Temple Bar*,

the same subject is amplified in prose by a social historian. The stories which this gentleman, Mr. Alfred T. Turner, has collected are not new, but in the mass they would have a terrible effect on the prospects of all young women who may happen to be for the moment engaged to practitioners of the poetic art, were it not for the cases of happiness that can also be arrayed. "Am I in the way?" Lady Byron timidly asked, as she knocked at his lordship's door to announce dinner. "Damnably!" was the veracious answer. Byron, of course, was a monster; but look at the author of *Paradise Lost*. One day the Duke of Buckingham referred to Mrs. Milton as a rose. "I'm no judge of colours," said the poet; "but it may be so: I've often felt the pricks." Wordsworth, who was happily married, explained the situation to Mrs. Hemans: "It is not because they possess genius that their homes are unhappy, but because they do not possess genius enough." But Milton can hardly be said to have been deficient in genius. Probably the truth is that Mrs. Milton was anything but a "phantom of delight," as Mrs. Wordsworth was. It has to be remembered that occasionally the fault is with the poet's wife.

THE latest of the magazines is the *Yorkshire Ramblers' Club Journal*, which is to be issued twice a year. As the Yorkshire ramblers do not confine their wanderings to Yorkshire, but roam wherever they are disposed, the magazine will probably cover a great deal of ground. In the first number, for instance, are articles on mountaineering, on the Dents des Bouquetins, and on Norway, with excellent illustrations.

THERE are signs that a revival of interest in Miss Austen is beginning. Not that she has ever lacked popularity; but we learn that at least two new editions for the pocket are now in preparation. Mr. Gwynn's severities and the replies they called forth have probably produced new readers; and a new critical and biographical work on Miss Austen is about to appear from the pen of Mr. Walter Pollock. For information concerning such works of this kind as already exist, we refer our readers to the bibliographical article on the next page. Incidentally we might mention that several juvenile efforts of Miss Austen are still in MS. books in the possession of her descendants, who wisely, perhaps, refuse to let them see the light. Mr. Austen Leigh, however, printed one of them, the pleasant piece of nonsense which we reproduce:

## THE MYSTERY: A COMEDY.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Men.	Women.
COL. ELLIOTT,	FANNY ELLIOTT,
OLD HUMBUG,	MRS. HUMBUG,
YOUNG HUMBUG,	and
SIR EDWARD SPANGLE,	DAPHNE.
and	
CORYDON.	

## ACT I.

## SCENE I.—A Garden.

*Enter CORYDON.*

*Corydon.* But hush; I am interrupted. [*Exit CORYDON.*]

*Enter OLD HUMBUG and his Son, talking.*

*Old Hum.* It is for that reason that I wish you to follow my advice. Are you convinced of its propriety?

*Young Hum.* I am, sir, and will certainly act in the manner you have pointed out to me.

*Old Hum.* Then let us return to the house. [*Ereunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Parlour in HUMBUG'S house. Mrs. HUMBUG and FANNY discovered at work.*

*Mrs. Hum.* You understand me, my love?

*Fanny.* Perfectly, ma'am. Pray continue your narration.

*Mrs. Hum.* Alas! it is nearly concluded; for I have nothing more to say on the subject.

*Fanny.* Ah! here is Daphne.

*Enter DAPHNE.*

*Daphne.* My dear Mrs. Humbug, how d'ye do? Oh! Fanny, it is all over.

*Fanny.* Is it, indeed!

*Mrs. Hum.* I'm very sorry to hear it.

*Fanny.* Then 'twas to no purpose that I—

*Daphne.* None upon earth.

*Mrs. Hum.* And what is to become of—?

*Daphne.* Oh, 'tis all settled. [*Whispers Mrs. HUMBUG.*]

*Fanny.* And how is it determined?

*Daphne.* I'll tell you. [*Whispers FANNY.*]

*Mrs. Hum.* And is he to—?

*Daphne.* I'll tell you all I know of the matter.

[*Whispers Mrs. HUMBUG and FANNY.*]

*Fanny.* Well, now I know everything about it, I'll go away.

*Mrs. Hum.* } And so will I.

*Daphne.* }

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The curtain rises and discovers Sir EDWARD SPANGLE reclined in an elegant attitude on a sofa fast asleep.*

*Enter Col. ELLIOTT.*

*Col. E.* My daughter is not here, I see. There lies Sir Edward. Shall I tell him the secret? No, he'll certainly blab it. But he's asleep, and won't hear me, so I'll e'en venture. [*Goes up to Sir EDWARD, whispers him, and exit.*]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

FINIS.

Not a bad piece of fooling for a girl in her early teens.

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "Being desirous of getting a copy of J. F. Sullivan's latest *jeu d'esprit*, *The Great Water Joke*, I applied, without success, to Messrs. Smith & Son and one or two other leading anti-monopolist booksellers. Eventually I ordered it through a retail house in one of the most prominent city thoroughfares. When I called this morning I was handed, in reply to my inquiry, *Dr. —'s Water Cure: Its Principles and Treatment*. Such is fame!"

In his narrative of M. Zola's stay in England, reviewed in another column, Mr. Vizetelly remarks on M. Zola's habit of changing the names of his characters at the last moment. This explains why in Mr. Vizetelly's version of *Paris* certain names had apparently been changed arbitrarily by the translator. The fact was that M. Zola had made the alterations and forgot to notify his English collaborator.

## Bibliographical.

How far are the rhythmic products of Dr. Walter C. Smith known now in England? How far, indeed, are they known in Scotland, his birthplace and (since 1858) his dwelling-place? I remember that quite a stir was made in the Seventies by his *Olrig Grange* and his *Hilda*—mainly, perhaps, because they exhibited, in a minister of the Free Church, a surprising breadth of intellectual sympathy. Dr. Smith showed himself to be, as a thinker and a moralist, well abreast of the most advanced philosophy and science of his time. I see we are to have his *Reminiscences*. He is now in his seventy-fifth year, and should have much that is interesting to tell us—much that will have special interest for Scotsmen. I fear his longer

poems have not come to stay, but the *Selections* from his verse (1893) are well worth possessing.

Mr. Walter Pollock's forthcoming book on Miss Austen is described as a "monograph"—a word used so inaccurately nowadays that it does not tell us for certain whether the book is to be biographical or critical, or a mingling of the two. Of biography Miss Austen has had, I should say, even more than enough. Apart from her nephew's work, which may be called the official Life, and which appeared nearly thirty years ago, there have been the memoirs contributed by Mrs. Charles Malden and by Mr. Goldwin Smith, respectively, to the "Eminent Women" and "Great Writers" series. Mrs. Malden's came out in 1889 and Mr. Smith's in 1890. Mr. Oscar Fay Adams, too, has (I believe) written something biographical about Miss Austen, but I have not seen his effusion.

The announcement that Mr. George Allen's autumn publications will include a volume of ten short stories by Sienkiewicz, never before translated into English, reminds one of the recent and rapid growth of Sienkiewicz' popularity in this country. Up to 1890, when Messrs. Low published *With Fire and Sword*, the Polish writer was practically unknown here. Then came *The Deluge* in 1892, *Pan Michael*, *Without Dogma*, and *Yanko and Other Stories* in 1893, *Children of the Soil* in 1895, *Quo Vadis* in 1896, *Hania* and *Lilian Morris and Other Stories* in 1897, and *Sielanka and Other Stories* in 1898. *With Fire and Sword* has had three English publishers; *The Deluge*, *Pan Michael*, *Without Dogma*, and *Yanko* have had two each.

An edition of Charles Reade's *Peg Woffington*, "introduced" by Mr. Austin Dobson, and illustrated by Mr. Hugh Thomson, must needs be acceptable when it comes. I have read somewhere that the story existed originally as a play, and that Reade was advised to rewrite it in narrative form, and did so. Everybody knows that the story (found to be successful) was promptly turned into a drama by Reade in conjunction with Tom Taylor, and that under the title of "Masks and Faces" it has been popular ever since—that is to say, since 1852, the year in which the book also appeared. It was probably *Peg Woffington* that suggested to Mr. Frankfort Moore his series of tales of which famous actresses are the heroines.

*Apropos* of the controversy raised about the authorship of "Werner," itself based upon a piece of prose fiction (though by another hand), one recalls the fact that the drama was performed one afternoon at the Lyceum Theatre in 1887. The representation was for the pecuniary benefit of Dr. Westland Marston; and Werner, Ulric, Josephine, and Ida were interpreted by Sir Henry Irving, Mr. George Alexander, Miss Ellen Terry, and Miss Winifred Emery respectively. It was an impressive, but a gloomy, afternoon. Sir Henry has never reproduced the play.

Talking of novels made out of plays, and plays made out of novels, I should not be surprised if Mr. Joseph Hatton's forthcoming romance, *When Rogues Fall Out*, proves to be, in the main, a reduction to narrative form of a drama of his which was lately performed at one of the East End or South side theatres. In that drama, Jack Sheppard and Jonathan Wild were conspicuous, and they are to be conspicuous, I gather, in *When Rogues Fall Out*. By the way, the very latest of the novels built upon acted plays is that by Mr. Seymour Hicks called *One of the Best*.

Sir George Douglas's promised Life of James Hogg will be one of the books which really "supply a felt want." Hogg was not a very brilliant luminary, but he was typical of the Scotland of his day, and his literary achievement calls for rather more elaborate record than it has as yet received. Formerly, and for a long time, he lived in the pages of the *Noctes Ambrosianae*; but few people read that work nowadays, and Hogg deserves a more direct and permanent celebration. The biographical sketch published in 1838 is obviously inadequate.

THE BOOKWORM.

## Reviews.

## A Burning Servant of the Lord.

*Fra Girolamo Savonarola: a Biographical Study based on Contemporary Documents.* By Herbert Lucas, S.J. (Sands & Co.)

THE most difficult historical characters to judge are those in which religion is a moving element, present in all their outward acts. It is easy to fling about such terms as enthusiast, hypocrite, fanatic, impostor; human nature is seldom so simple as that. Probably the most absurd and vulgar and revolting of religious frauds was that of Joe Smith, the Mormon Prophet; yet it is impossible, upon a minute study of his amazing career, not to see that he half-deceived himself by his own lies, and was willing to die for them devotedly. Or, turning from low things to higher, no one now thinks Oliver Cromwell's a transparent character to read. All those wrestlings and writhings with the Lord, those bursts and snatches of struggling speech, as of a man talking in his sleep or thinking aloud in fitful soliloquy, they show neither the manifest hypocrite nor the passionate idealist, but a pathetic mixture of both. The king's death: must he, ought he, to bring that about? The crown: should he accept or refuse? Is he, indeed, the Lord's Anointed, girt with the sword of the Lord? Has he verily an appointed work in England? He "waits upon the Lord" for answer, half of him filled with uncouth prayer and prophecy, the other with a keen political intelligence and worldly insight. And few famous men have more perplexed their contemporaries and posterity than Fra Girolamo Savonarola, son of Ferrara, prophet of Florence, the great theme of this erudite and fascinating work. He has been the theme of almost innumerable books, in which he figures as hero, humbug, martyr, apostate, illustrious saint, and melancholy example. His portrait has adorned the chambers of Popes; his statue stands beside that of Luther at Worms. Anti-clerical Italy claims him one of her champions; clerical Italy has longed for his canonisation. By his own Florentines he was idolised and execrated, killed and to this day venerated. Machiavelli saw in him but a political intriguer; St. Philip Neri, a burning servant of God. "Do I contradict myself? Very well, then! I contradict myself!" Walt Whitman's utterance largely explains the apparent inconsistencies in Savonarola's life and character, which have never been studied with greater impartiality than by Father Lucas. He has no prepossessions, holds no brief for or against the great Dominican, is master of the best ancient and modern authorities, deals plentifully in citations from both, and writes alluringly. Our sole and unimportant complaint is, that he gives us no portrait of Savonarola, whose gaunt, imperious, wistful face reminds us so strangely of Dante, Newman, and George Eliot.

A man of one conviction, consuming him from that day of his early life when he fled to the cloister with a line of Virgil on his lips—"Heu! fuge crudeles terras, fuge littus avarum!"—to the day when, as an English poetess, buried at Florence, has it, "Savonarola's soul went out in fire." He was on fire with a zeal for the reform of morals in Italy; of general morality, as the principle of Christian states and communities. This, in strict conformity with the Catholic Faith, in which he recognised the perfection of revealed religious truth, and nothing in need of reform. He conceived of his mission as not directed to the patient conversion and reclamation of individual souls, but to a universal awakening of whole cities and territories through the power of divine speech, wherewith he believed himself inspired. Dante, that infinitely lonely man, dreamed much the same dream of a regenerate Italy, Florence, Rome; he, too, scourged popes and priests, though never papacy and priesthood; but the wandering exiled layman was more of a recluse

than the cloistered cleric. Savonarola, from the pulpits of San Marco and the Duomo, yearned to turn his dream into a reality: his was *vox clamantis*, not *in deserto*, but *in plena urbe*. An age of luxurious corruption, renescent paganism, hideous crime and moral laxity; Christian upon the surface, indifferent or superstitious within; resplendent with gorgeous vanities and cunning inventions and exquisite arts; such, to Savonarola, seemed the enemy assigned to the sword of his word. "Thunders of thought and flames of fierce desire" surged through his soul; after a time, and for a time, he triumphed. Sacred oratory, able to inspire Michael Angelo at work upon the Sistine Chapel, thrilled Florence, and threw multitudes prostrate at his feet; he found himself ruling where Lorenzo de' Medici had ruled; and it is clear that success overstrained his sober reason; that he should have set up a reign of righteousness, abased the pomps of sin, purged the vicious and distracted Florence, marked him surely for a prophet whose utterance was that of God! His earlier preaching was full of fiery apocalyptic warnings, of vehement appeals to Church and State, of sternest denunciation and pathetic entreaty; but from that he passed to a perilous conviction of his prophetic insight into the immediate politics of the day, his divinely given right to inspire and direct the policy of Florence, to defy authority in the name of higher authority. "If Rome be against me, know that she is not against me, but Christ"—words unconsciously echoed by Pascal: "If my writings are condemned at Rome, they are approved in heaven." Both men of ardent ascetic natures, their weak side is one with their strongest; their intensity of spiritual will becomes tainted with spiritual pride. As Cardinal Newman puts it: "A very wonderful man, you will allow, my Brethren, was this Savonarola. I shall say nothing more of him, except what was the issue of his reforms. For years, as I have said, he had his own way; at length his innocence, sincerity, and zeal were the ruin of his humility." His last days are profoundly piteous. We can picture him in his cell upon his knees or pacing up and down, with miserable doubts and questions crowding upon him: had he made some vast miscalculation? was his great reform a delusion? those trumpet-tongued prophecies, were they half his own wishes and intentions, ascribed to God? his consciousness of his marvellous mission, was it but a glorifying of his own strong will? and from deep, dejected gloom his soul would flash into a divine certainty, and sink back into the gloom of doubt, and that doubt, was it also divine or of the devil? Across his self-racked brain would pass the great cry of Augustine: "Lord, if we be deceived, we are deceived by Thee!" The terrible, sweet face, framed in its white cowl, its nerves quivering, its veins swollen, would strive to see the past, as it had never foreseen the future: justifications! "There, at least, I was in the right"; accusations! "There, God knows, I did wrong." And the petty pitifulness of it all: personal spites, religious rivalries, the letter of canonical obedience exacted by an infamous Pope, his regenerated Italy the sport and prey of wretched, temporal ambitions! He was not a happy man just then, Fra Girolamo Savonarola of Ferrara, Prior of Saint Mark; nor happier when, under torture, he played the Cranmer, confessed, recanted, lost his head, and felt himself, once the indomitable "hound of the Lord," the weakest of men. Only in the instant presence of death will he again be happy. "From the Church Militant and Triumphant We cut thee off!" pronounced the Papal Legate to the unfrocked Savonarola at the foot of the gallows and beside the pyre:

His voice flashed forth above the city's roar:

"Nay! from the Church Triumphant, never more!"

One word more, but one, from this voice of torrents and illimitable floods: "My Lord has suffered as much for me." Then the rope, and the flames kindled under his feet: a movement of the hand in benediction, and so the

end. Benediction, be sure, of Florence, Rome, Italy, Christendom: perhaps a last loving assertion of his mission.

It is among the most pathetically stupid of historical facts this slaying of Savonarola. The Church of later days, as though longing to make amends, has declared that in his writings there is *nil censura dignum*: his worst antagonist can bring against him no graver accusation, as a Catholic, than that of technical disobedience to the reigning Pope, and a certain reluctance, almost from the first, to submit his personal claims and convictions to authority which he acknowledged to the full. Filled as he was with a consciousness of a prophetic mission, directly entrusted to him by God, he never, when checked or hindered, thought of creating a schism, a new departure, justifiable in his own eyes and conscience. John Wesley, devoted to the English Church, at last started a new organisation; Edward Irving, a far greater man, shook the dust of Scottish Presbyterianism from off his feet, in the "thrice holy name of God." Savonarola lived and died a Roman Catholic, who had no difficulty in saying to Pope Alexander Borgia: "Your Holiness holds the place of God on earth." But they hanged him, they burned him, and it stands out as one of the world's central tragedies. He was killed by the complicated and insignificant politics of the Italian States in the fifteenth century; for nothing diabolically heroic, like atheism, but for being politically in the way. He was no pestilent obscurantist, sworn foe to classic literature and the revival of art: read carefully his extant works, and you will see that he was a man of sensitive taste, who drew a line between artistic licence and artistic liberty. No one, who has realised the moral degradation of his times, will reproach Savonarola upon the score of Vandalism in his famous *Bonfire of Vanities*. They were times in which learned men, outwardly decorous and decent, wrote things in the name of learning which have no iniquitous parallel in the days of Catullus or Martial. And the man's huge heart, sick at these abominations, boiled over with holy rage: he felt that at any moment fire from heaven might descend to the destruction of such an age. Little blame to him if, consumed at heart with a vast and sacred indignation, he strayed beyond the strait bounds of ecclesiastical sobriety; little blame if, lover as he was of literature and art, he was sometimes narrow and over-puritanical in his views. With Alexander Borgia in the Chair of Peter, the very air seemed heavy and tainted with voluptuousness. But he was no fanatical enemy of beautiful culture, who numbered among his friends such men as Pico della Mirandola, Sandro Botticelli, and the Della Robbias. He did but place above all other excellences that of holy living: as the inscription ran upon the Palazzo della Signoria, *Jesus Christus Populi Florentini Rex* was his ideal, rather than the fame of Florence for the arts and learning. A massive man of impassioned simplicity, with something of an antique Roman worthy in the large outlines of his character: not subtle nor supple, but lofty and direct. As a statesman, a man of affairs, he was not of the familiar Italian Renaissance type: "not for the ambitious and practical politician," writes Mr. Morley in his study of Machiavelli, "was the choice of Savonarola, who, at the moment when Machiavelli was crossing the threshold of public life, had perished at the stake, rather than cease from his warnings that no good would come to Florence save from the fear of God and the reform of manners." He excites in us almost as much pity as admiration and awe: he meant so simply and so well, his failure was so perfect! "Power," says George Eliot, "rose against him not because of his sins, but because of his greatness—not because he sought to deceive the world, but because he sought to make it noble." Perhaps, at the last, there may have crossed his mind those mournfullest of words: "Popule meus, quid feci tibi? aut in quo contristavi te? responde mihi: Quia eduxi te de terra Ægypti: parasti crucem Salvatori tuo."

## Children of the Dragon's Blood.

*The Rough Riders.* By Theodore Roosevelt. (Kegan Paul. 9s.)

IN many respects this is the best record of the American campaign in Cuba. It is the most picturesque, the most human, the most American. In the *Rough Riders* the American and English publics insisted on seeing the very flower and genius of the army. Impromptu fighting seems to belong to the States, and this regiment of cow-boys and athletes and sheriffs, hastily gathered and drilled, soon took the public eye. Of course that was not quite fair. The claims of the five regiments of the regular cavalry which operated in Cuba have been too much obscured, and Colonel Roosevelt knows it. With a grace which goes far to atone for the strain of personal vanity which marks his narrative (the less admirable side of which we have already playfully referred to), he dedicates his book to the officers and men of the regular cavalry.

At first it was intended that the *Rough Riders* should consist exclusively of hunters, cow-punchers, and mining prospectors, drawn from the four great Territories. The final fantastic mixture of men of all creeds and breeds was achieved when the number of men allotted to the regiment was raised from 780 to 1,000, and permission was given for recruits to be drawn from other quarters. Then came the rush of club men, college men, base-ballers, and young fellows with giant frames and uncertain destinies. Colonel Roosevelt revels in his enumeration of the types of men he commanded. There is nothing in his book more inspiring than this catalogue of men, which, like the Homeric catalogue of ships, lends human suggestiveness and glory to the narrative. The college men come first: Dudley Denn, "perhaps the best quarter-back who ever played in a Harvard Eleven," and Bob Wrenn, whose feats with the leather rivalled Denn's; these must needs go to Cuba as brothers-in-arms. From Yale came the high jumper Waller; from Princeton the football players Devereux and Channing, and the tennis player Larned, and Craig Wadsworth, the steeplechase rider; and Joe Stevens, the polo crack; and Hamilton Fish, ex-captain of the Columbia crew. These men asked only for places in the line, having coolly discounted the hard work, rough fare, and the chance of being left dead in a jungle. They mingled naturally, yet piquantly, with the wild spirits of the West. Among these was "little McGinty, the bronco-buster from Oklahoma, who had never walked a hundred yards if by any possibility he could ride." No braver man in the regiment, in spite of his "absolute inability to keep step on the drill-ground." From Idaho came Frank Herrig, an Alsatian slayer of mountain-deer on the Little Missouri. Came also "tall Proffit, the sharp-shooter, from North Carolina—sinewy, saturnine, fearless; Smith the bear-hunter from Wyoming, and McCann, the Arizona book-keeper, who had begun life as a buffalo-hunter." The Internal Revenue officer, Crockett, came from Georgia, and Darnell and Wood, "who could literally ride any horses alive," and Goodwin, and Buck Taylor, and Armstrong the ranger, "crack shots with rifle or revolver." There were skilled packers, "who had led and guarded their trains of laden mules through the Indian-haunted country surrounding some outpost of civilisation." There were Rocky Mountain stage-drivers, miners from Yukon and Leadville, cow-punchers "in whose memories were stored the brands carried by the herds from Chihuahua to Assinboia," and lassoers of wild steer who, "year in and year out, had driven the trail herds northward over desolate wastes and across the fords of shrunken rivers to the fattening grounds of the Powder and the Yellowstone."

These were not all; there were policeman, sheriffs, marshals, deputy-sheriffs, and deputy-marshals, men who had dealt with Indians, and white criminals more noxious than Indians. There was Captain Llewellyn from New Mexico, a great peace-officer, with bullet scars gained in

four pitched fights with red-skinned marauders and white outlaws. Lieutenant Ballard came, he who broke up the Black Jack gang, and his captain, Curry, another New Mexican sheriff, bore him company. With these came that mighty sheriff of the West, Bucky O'Neill of Arizona, famous for "his feats of victorious warfare against the Apaches, no less than against the white road-agents and man-killers." One's imagination stops to play around Bucky O'Neill, "born soldier, born leader of men," soft-spoken comrade, reckless gambler, and at bottom a visionary. He alone of all that stalwart company seemed to keep an eye for the inwardness of things. He was quiet about it and careful of his listeners, but at night on the sea—

when we leaned on the railing to look at the Southern Cross, he was less apt to tell tales of his hard and stormy past than he was to speak of the mysteries which lie behind courage, and fear, and love, behind animal hatred, and animal lust for the pleasures that have tangible shape. He had keenly enjoyed life, and he could breast its turbulent torrent as few men could; he was a practical man, who knew how to wrest personal success from adverse forces, among money-makers, politicians, and desperadoes alike; yet, down at the bottom, what seemed to interest him most was the philosophy of life itself, of our understanding of it, and of the limitations set to that understanding.

We have read few things more moving in recent war literature than these names and characterisations, suggesting, as they do, the amazing human vitality and resources of the United States. And from first to last we are alert to see how individuals behave and suffer. In the confusion of Tampa, in the long, nervous sea-tramp to Santiago, and in the jungle-fight of El Caney, we do not forget, are not allowed to forget, that each man in the Rough Riders is interesting. The book bristles with the things this man said, or that man did. How well, too, we are put down in the tropical forest, among the royal palms and the red-flowered acacias, among strange bird calls, the cooing of doves and the call of great brush cuckoos, land-crabs scuttling away in the underwood, and the Mauser bullets of the Spaniards "singing through the trees over our heads, making a noise like the humming of telephone wires." Now and then a man falls, saying: "Well, I got it that time." And still the bullets sing, and no one knows whence they come. Glasses rake the field, and halts are called. Then Richard Harding Davis says: "There they are, Colonel; look over there; I can see their hats near that glade." It is the first glimpse of the enemy, and the firing becomes eventful. Harry Heffner, of G troop, gets a bullet in his hips, and is propped against a tree, where he goes on firing his rifle, and quenching his thirst from his canteen, to be found dead after the fight. Rowland, bleeding in his side, is ordered to go to the rear to the hospital: grumbles, and goes; but fifteen minutes later is back on the firing-line: says he cannot find the hospital. A dead rider is found torn by vultures. Says Bucky O'Neill, looking grimly at the body: "Colonel, isn't it Whitman who says of the vultures that 'they pluck the eyes of princes and tear the flesh of kings'?" The Colonel cannot place the quotation. Surely we know the lines that ran in Bucky's head: Macaulay, in his ballad of Regillus, tells

How wolves came with fierce gallop,  
And crows on eager wings,  
To tear the flesh of captains,  
And peck the eyes of kings.

But before Bucky could trace his quotation his own hour came. He was

strolling up and down in front of his men, smoking his cigarette, for he was inveterately addicted to the habit. He had a theory that an officer ought never to take cover—a theory which was, of course, wrong, though in a volunteer organisation the officers should certainly expose themselves very fully, simply for the effect on the men;

our regimental toast on the transport running: "The officers; may the war last until each is killed, wounded, or promoted." As O'Neill moved to and fro, his men begged him to lie down, and one of his sergeants said: "Captain, a bullet is sure to hit you." O'Neill took his cigarette out of his mouth, and blowing out a cloud of smoke, laughed and said, "Sergeant, the Spanish bullet isn't made that will kill me." A little later he discussed for a moment with one of the regular officers the direction from which the Spanish fire was coming. As he turned on his heel a bullet struck him in the mouth and came out at the back of his head: so that even before he fell his wild and gallant soul had gone out into the darkness.

All the same, Bucky was a fool: no man ought, while serving his country, to play target like that. Already Captain Allyn Capron, the finest soldier of them all, and Hamilton Fish, the blithest and most promising of New York youth, had fallen in the jungle; and Edward Marshall had dictated his last despatch with dimming eyes. Sickness and delay alternate with little hours of glorious life. Now we hear the wounded singing "My country, 'tis of thee"; now it is Parker's Gatling-guns drumming away somewhere in the long grass. The trench life before Santiago, with long watches and little food, is fruitful of incident. Thus:

When the hard tack came up that afternoon I felt much sympathy for the hungry unfortunates in the trenches, and hated to condemn them to six hours more without food; but I did not know how to get food into them. Little McGinty, the bronco buster, volunteered to make the attempt, and I gave him permission. He simply took a case of hard tack in his arms and darted toward the trenches. The distance was but short, and though there was an outburst of fire, he was actually missed. One bullet, however, passed through the case of hard tack just before he disappeared with it into the trench. A trooper named Shanafelt repeated the feat, later, with a pail of coffee.

The whole book is excellent reading, and if, as we have hinted, professional vanity obtrudes in many a story and photograph, we recognise that there is strength behind it. Assuredly Colonel Roosevelt is a strong man, of whom more will be heard. A generous man, too: few escape his praise. He loved his Riders, and they returned the sentiment. "My men were children of the dragon's blood," he writes, and he must needs tell us how McGinty called on his captain in New York, hitching his horse to a lamp-post; how George Rowland summed up the war scornfully in a letter, saying: "I've been in closer places than that right here in Ynited States"; and how Tom Darnell, he who rode the sorrel horse of the Third Cavalry, came home to die in a revolver brawl. Some of the Riders ran for office, some for the Philippines, but most returned whence they had come, and took up their old lives.

### Jeffreys' Way.

*State Trials, Political and Social.* Edited by H. L. Stephen. 2 vols. (Duckworth. 5s. net.)

NEXT to a good new book, the product of an interesting personality, we would place a good old book, revived by an interesting personality. That is what we have here. Mr. Stephen, a discreet critic and a sound judge of what is picturesque and important, has been delving in the extensive mine of Howells' *State Trials*, and has brought out two little volumes of pure gold. His method has been to use Howells wherever he is most dramatic and vivid, and elsewhere to summarise swiftly and with unusual lucidity. As a result we have the raw material, fascinatingly interesting, for romances, dramas, and monologues in profusion—monologues particularly, perhaps, for at every turn of the page we come upon situations all ready to the hand of a practitioner in that medium. Browning, for instance—what poems in the rough were waiting for him in Howells!



To review such a book as a whole is unnecessary. It is better to say that the editor has done his work extremely well, selection, arrangement, and notes alike, and then to concentrate upon one trial among so many. Leaving aside as too well known the tragedy of Charles the First, with the superb dignity of the king lighting it as with a silver flame, and the long and noble struggle of Raleigh for his honour and his life, we turn to the trial of Alice Lisle at the end of the first volume, which has peculiar interest in illuminating the self-righteous system of terrorising a witness, and determined control of the trend of a case, as practised by the famous, or infamous, Judge Jeffreys. Alice Lisle, an elderly lady, was the widow of John Lisle, President of the High Court of Justice, and a devoted follower of Cromwell. In 1685 she was tried at Winchester, at Jeffreys' Bloody Assize, on a charge of high treason, her crime being the alleged harbouring and protection of one Hicks, a Dissenting minister, whom she knew to have fought under Monmouth at Sedgemoor. The principal witness—indeed, the only witness from whom the condemnation of Lady Lisle could possibly proceed—was James Dunne; and it is in his dealings with Dunne that Jeffreys' amazing methods may be studied: Jeffreys having "got up" the case beforehand, with as much zeal as if he were a briefless barrister taking advantage of his first opportunity, rather than the Lord Chief Justice of England.

Jeffreys may have been a monster of cruelty, but he was a great monster. He had the grand manner. In his way he was tremendous. Look, for example, at his charge to Dunne, in the interests of truth, at the outset of the examination:

"Now mark what I say to you, friend: I would not by any means in the world endeavour to fright you into anything, or any ways tempt you to tell an untruth, but provoke you to tell the truth, and nothing but the truth, that is the business we came about here. Know, friend, there is no religion any man can pretend to, can give a countenance to lying, or can dispense with telling the truth: Thou hast a precious immortal soul, and there is nothing in the world equal to it in value: There is no relation to your mistress, if she be so; no relation to thy friend; nay, to thy father or thy child; nay, not all the temporal relations in the world can be equal to thy precious immortal soul. Consider that the Great God of Heaven and Earth, before whose tribunal thou, and we, and all persons are to stand at the last day, will call thee to an account for the rescinding his truth, and take vengeance of thee for every falsehood thou tellest. I charge thee, therefore, as thou wilt answer it to the Great God, the Judge of all the earth, that thou do not dare to waver one tittle from the truth, upon any account or pretence whatsoever: For though it were to save thy life, yet the value of thy precious and immortal soul is much greater than that thou shouldst forfeit it for the saving of any the most precious outward blessing thou dost enjoy; for that God of Heaven may justly strike thee into eternal flames, and make thee drop into the bottomless lake of fire and brimstone, if thou offer to deviate the least from the truth, and nothing but the truth."

Incidentally, throughout the trial Jeffreys maintained the attack more or less on this high level. Thus: "I would not terrify thee to make thee say anything but the truth, but assure thyself I never met with a lying, sneaking, canting fellow but I always treasured up vengeance for him." Immediately after this particular warning, Dunne had the misfortune to slip into an inconsistency. He mentioned that the stable door at Lady Lisle's was opened by Carpenter, having already stated that he opened it himself. Jeffreys was at him like a tiger. "Why, thou vile wretch, didst thou not tell me just now that thou pluckedst up the latch? Dost thou take the God of Heaven not to be a God of truth, and that He is not a witness of all thou sayest? Dost thou think because thou prevaricatest with the Court here thou canst do so with the God above, who knows thy thoughts? And it is infinite mercy that, for this falsehood of thine, He does not

immediately strike thee into hell! Jesus God!" A minute or two later Dunne's first examination was finished and he was permitted to stand down, with a parting shot from the Bench: "Thou art a strange, prevaricating, shuffling, snivelling, lying rascal." But his cross-examination had yet to come, and there was one point on which his evidence was of the highest importance. Dunne, however, remained mute for many minutes, while Jeffreys tried every threat to make him speak. This was his final invocation:

"If I know my own heart, it is not in my nature to desire the hurt of anybody, much less to delight in their eternal perdition; no, it is out of tender compassion to you that I use all these words: I would have thee to have some regard to thy precious and immortal soul, which is more valuable than the whole world; reflect upon that Scripture again which I mentioned before, which must be true because it is the words of Him that is truth itself: 'What shall it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul; for what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?' If that soul of thine be taken away, what is the body fit for but, like a putrid carcase, to be thrust into and covered with the dust with which it was made? Therefore I ask you, with a great desire that thou mayst free thyself from so great a load of falsehood and perjury, tell me what the business was you told the prisoner the other man Barter did not know."

Dunne, in response, did his worst. "Hold the candle to his face that we may see his brazen face," cried the L.C.J. Another interval for the examination of other witnesses, and Dunne was up again. Jeffreys reverted to divine assistance: "I pity thee with all my soul and pray to God Almighty for thee, to forgive thee, and to the Blessed Jesus to mediate for thee; and I pray for thee with as much earnestness as I would for my own soul; and I beg of thee once more, as thou regardest thy own eternal welfare, to tell all the truth." Dunne, thereupon, returned such answers as a man could with his skin in jeopardy, a lighted candle burning within an inch of his nose, and Lord Jeffreys thundering on the bench. At last it was over. "I pity thee," said Jeffreys, by way of valediction, "with all my soul, and pray for thee, but it cannot but make all mankind to tremble, and be filled with horror that such a wretched creature should live upon the earth."

The summing up followed, a violently impartial one, and the jury adjourned. From the foreman's questions it is pretty clear that the jury inclined to acquit Lady Lisle, but the tone of Jeffreys' answers settled her fate. She was found guilty, and condemned—though over seventy years of age—to be drawn on a hurdle to the place of execution, and burned alive. The sentence was afterwards commuted to beheading. Four years later Lady Lisle's attainder was annulled by Act of Parliament on the ground that the verdict was injuriously extorted and procured by the menaces and violences and other illegal practices of the L.C.J.

"On the flight of James II.," says Mr. Stephen, Jeffreys "attempted to escape disguised as a sailor, but was seized in the Red Cow in Anchor and Hope Alley." He was removed to the Tower, where he died. What material here for a dramatic monologue! How Browning could have treated it!

### To Rightly Go Into a Wood.

If thou wouldst go into a wood,  
Go not with boist'rous laugh and noisy tread;  
Step softly, as a pilgrim should,  
By the worn shrine of the renowned dead.

To bird and beast doff thou thy hat,  
Though thou the owner be, the wood's not thine;  
Wipe thou thy shoon on mossy mat;  
'Tis as a guest thou comest here, in fine.

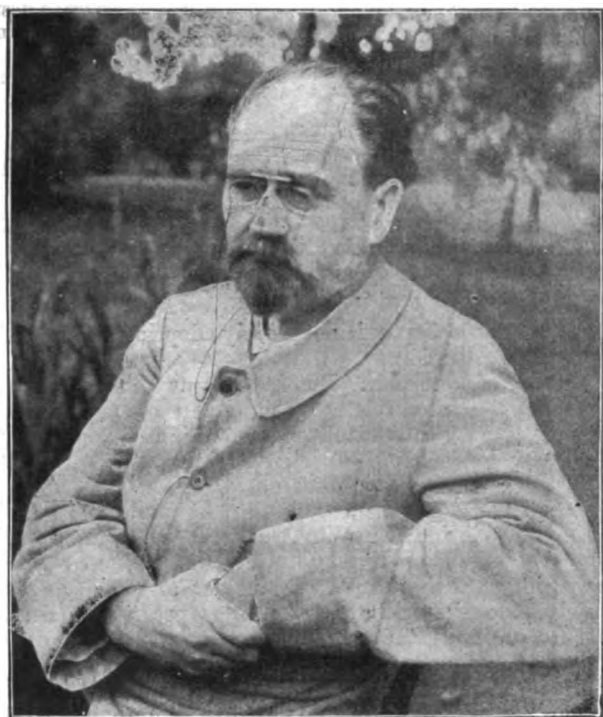
By Gertrude E. M. Vaughan, in the "Butterfly."



"J'accuse . . . J'observe."

*With Zola in England.* By Ernest Alfred Vizetelly.  
(Chatto & Windus. 3s. 6d.)

WHEN M. Zola, weary and travel-grimed and carrying no luggage, entered the Grosvenor Hotel in the early hours of July 19 of last year, the first thing he did was to write a note to Mr. Vizetelly announcing his arrival and enjoining utter secrecy. For years Mr. Vizetelly had trans-



M. ZOLA IN HIS ENGLISH GARDEN.

From a Photograph by Victor Vizetelly.

lated M. Zola's novels into English, hence M. Zola's note, beginning "My dear Confrère." From that moment Mr. Vizetelly became M. Zola's chief adviser and helper in England. The hero of "*J'accuse*" needed advice and help. He was a fugitive, and he did not know enough English to buy a pair of socks. M. Zola's secret stay in England lasted many months, and was of necessity irksome. His whereabouts had to be concealed, and disguises, strategies, and small deceptions had to be entered into in order to secure this end. Spies and journalists had to be repelled. And M. Zola's temperament as well as his interests had to be consulted. Throughout, Mr. Vizetelly proved himself a staunch and prudent lieutenant, and throughout he was in the best position to reduce the events of M. Zola's sojourn—so long the sport of rumour—to a plain narrative. He has done this admirably.

Nevertheless, it is an instance of the effacing power of events in the Dreyfus drama that the value of this narrative, begun little more than two months ago, while M. Zola was still among us, has largely shifted. The plotting, having served its purpose, has lost much of its interest, whereas the smallest glimpse into M. Zola's impressions of England is welcome still. If there are not many such glimpses in these pages, this is because Mr. Vizetelly was occupied with the stern business of protecting M. Zola's privacy and assisting his case. Moreover, M. Zola proposes to put his impressions of England into writing himself. Still, there are amusing and suggestive passages in which we see England through M. Zola's eyes.

It was on the journey to Wimbledon, where he found a temporary home, that M. Zola first became sufficiently detached from his troubles to look around him with

any eagerness. On the way to the station he gazed intently on the river scene from Waterloo Bridge. He denounced the ugliness of Hungerford Bridge, which, he said, no Paris municipality would have tolerated for four-and-twenty hours. He was astonished to find that the Savoy Hotel, where he had stayed in '93, had been architecturally dwarfed by the Hotel Cecil. "To think, too," said he, "that you had such a site, here, along the river, and allowed it to be used for hotels and clubs, and so forth. There was room for a Louvre here, and you want one badly." As the train approached Clapham Junction M. Zola's face was glued to the window.

At the sight of all the mean, dusty streets, lined with little houses of uniform pattern, each close pressed to the other—at the frequently recurring glimpses of squalor and shabby gentility—M. Zola exploded.

"It is awful!" he said.

We were alone in our compartment, and he looked first from one window and then from the other. Next came a torrent of questions: Why were the houses so small? Why were they all so ugly and so much alike? What classes of people lived in them? Why were the roads so dusty? Why was there such a litter of fragments of paper lying about everywhere? Were those streets never watered? Was there no scavengers' service? And then a remark: "You see that house, it looks fairly clean and neat in front. But there! look at the back-yard—all rubbish and poverty! One notices that again and again!"

But the brightness of Wimbledon, and its suggestion of wealth, pleased M. Zola. Again and again he said that the Wimbledon shops "were by far superior to such as one would find in a French town of corresponding size at a similar distance from the capital." It was at Wimbledon that M. Zola discovered that cycling "rationals," of which he is an advocate in France, "are not suited to the lithe and somewhat spare figure of the average English girl," who, he remarked, carries herself better than her French sister. Bloomers for Frenchwomen, skirts for Englishwomen, became his dogma. And at Wimbledon, M. Zola began admiring English scenery, especially the splendid holly hedges in the district. The rookeries, too, gave him many a half-hour's wonder and delight.

After several changes of residence, the Queen's Hotel, Upper Norwood, became the exile's resting-place. This hotel, it should be explained, consists of what were once separate houses, and to the various parts or "pavilions" separate entrances and staircases are still attached. In one of these pavilions M. Zola made himself comfortable, and, while his henchmen kept watch and ward, settled down to write and observe and talk. Small things pleased him when great were lacking.

"Do you know," he remarked to me one afternoon, "when I come out all alone for my usual constitutional, and want to shake off some worrying thoughts, I often amuse myself by counting the number of hairpins which I see lying on the foot-pavement. Oh! you need not laugh, it is very curious, I assure you. I already had ideas for two essays—one on the capital 'I' in its relation to the English character, and another on the physiology of the English 'guillotine' window and the forms it affects, not forgetting the circumstance that whenever an architect introduces a French window into an English house, it invariably opens outwardly so as to be well buffeted by the wind, instead of into the room as it should do. Well, now I am beginning to think that I might write something on the carelessness of Englishwomen in fastening up their hair, and the phenomenal consumption of hairpins in England. For the consumption must be enormous since the loss is so great, as I will show you."

Then he proceeded to ocular demonstration. As we walked on for half an hour or so, principally along roads bordered by the umbrageous gardens of villa residences, we counted all the hairpins we could see. There were about four dozen. And he was careful to point out that we had chiefly followed a route where there was but a moderate amount of traffic.

The "capital I" idea was this: M. Zola learned to spell out the news from Paris (which he usually laughed to scorn for its lateness or its untrustworthy character) in the London papers, and he observed:

"Why is it that the Englishman when he writes of himself should invariably use a capital letter? That tall 'I' which occurs so often in a personal narrative strikes me as being very arrogant. A Frenchman, referring to himself, writes *je* with a small *j*; a German, though he may gratify all his substantives with capital letters, employs a small *i* in writing *ich*; a Spaniard, when he uses the personal pronoun at all, bestows a small *y* on his *yo*, while he honours the person he addresses with a capital *V*. I believe, indeed—though I am not sufficiently acquainted with foreign languages to speak with certainty on the point—that the Englishman is the only person in the world who applies a capital letter to himself. That 'I' strikes me as the triumph of egotism. It is tall, commanding, and so brief! 'I'—and that suffices. . . ." In a chaffing way he suggested that one might write a very humorous essay on the English character by taking as one's text that tall, stiff, and self-assertive letter "I."

Such divagations brightened what after all was an anxious and tedious sojourn. We do not wonder at the relief which Mr. Vizetelly felt when, after the Court of Cassation had given its verdict, M. Zola packed up for Paris. By the way, it was at Norwood, in a friend's birthday book, that M. Zola wrote the terse sentence: "Truth is on the march, and nothing will be able to stop it." Truth is even now bivouacked at Rennes, and we may feel proud that England gave help and asylum to the man who suspended the peace of his home and the loved quietude of an author's days in order to quicken that "march."

### A View of Japan.

*Japan in Transition: a Comparative Study of the Progress, Policy, and Methods of the Japanese since their War with China.* By Stafford Ransome. (Harper. 16s.)

THE Shogun, or, as we were wont to call him, the Tycoon, fell in 1867, and the Mikado no longer only ruled, but reigned. Since that date Japan, then a barbaric, mediæval, feudal kingdom, has acquired Western manners and methods and has now been recognised as one of the civilised Powers of the world. How great and how solid her progress had been was remarked only by the few who had an intimate knowledge of Japanese affairs, until the outbreak and rapid conclusion of the war with China. "Speaking generally," as Mr. Ransome puts it, "the outside world had no idea that the progress which was being made by the Japanese was of a genuine nature. It is true that we heard that they were buying many things, endeavouring to copy our inventions, and generally burlesquing our methods." Then, in the various chapters of his book Mr. Ransome describes, with temperate appreciation, the material and moral progress of Japan since her victory over China; he does not compare the Japan of to-day with the Japan of yesterday, but with other civilised countries; he does not over-praise everything Japanese, or, on the other hand, unduly depreciate, as so many writers have done; he points out fairly enough when things have been done rightly or wrongly; but, like almost all other Occidental writers on matters Oriental, he seems to us to fail to grasp the essential fact, which must not be forgotten, that the Oriental mind is different from the Occidental. Whether we of the West will ever thoroughly comprehend the mind of the East is matter for speculation; that we have not yet done so is a matter of fact. Many of us have heard the East a' calling; but the call though sympathetic has been vague, we could not put it into words, and must admit that much of the fascination of the East for us is the glamour of mystery.

Mr. Ransome's book is too materialistic; he was a stranger in a strange land, and has sought to interpret

that land to us by a description of its material progress, though occasionally we receive a hint that he does see that, to understand the present state and position of Japan, mind as well as matter must be explored.

"Japan, of course, is being transformed, or, rather, is transforming herself, from her Oriental to our Western methods; but this does not mean that the old Japan has altogether gone, or will ever altogether go"; and he proceeds to state that Japan is adopting Western and modern methods, not necessarily because she likes them, or considers them superior to her own, but because she realises that she must do so to preserve her place among the Powers of the world. Then he puts, though hardly forcibly enough, the central fact of the case:

The progress that is being made by the country—if we assume that by "progress" is meant the adoption of Western methods—may be of an artificial nature; but in the long run it will be found that contact with Europeans will not transform the Japanese into a people with European instincts, but that they will have assimilated and absorbed into their nature so much of our habits as they think advisable.

In other words, Japan is not merely adopting, but adapting Western civilisation.

But elsewhere Mr. Ransome puts himself out of court as the interpreter of the Japan of to-day, when apparently he comes to the conclusion that "the unexpected always happens with regard to Japanese matters." Yes, unexpected, because we almost invariably expect the Oriental to reason on the same lines as we do and such an expectation is doomed to invariable disappointment. The Eastern outlook on life is entirely different to our own, and contact with the West does not alter it one tittle. For instance, in his chapter on the prospects of Christianity in Japan, Mr. Ransome joins with others not only in underestimating the influence of Shintoism but also the religious feeling of the Japanese as a nation. "Shintoism," he says, "which many foreign authorities maintain to be no religion at all, amply suffices for the requirements of the ordinary Japanese of to-day. A faith which consists in the worshipping of one's ancestors mainly, it is to be presumed on account of their having brought into the world so perfect a specimen of humanity as one's self, is essentially a self-satisfying belief, and one which, if it tends to self-assertion, essentially helps to hold families and the nation together. But there is a want of conviction among the Japanese about religion in any form." This passage is neither elegant nor accurate. Shintoism cannot be dismissed so jauntily, it tends not to self-satisfaction and self-assertion, but rather to the opposite, to self-depreciation and self-effacement, and it has shown how strong, though how quiet, is its influence by the intense patriotism and reverence for the authority of the Emperor which were displayed during the recent war. Shintoism and Buddhism satisfy the religious desires of the religious minded in Japan; the philosophy of Confucius gives a cold comfort to those who have lost their faith, and if there are many of the latter among the educated Japanese, surely the same may be said of any civilised country? Japan is not, as we have so often been told, either immoral or unmoral; the Japanese are not all head and no heart, but while their heart can be understood by us, for it is the same as our own, their mind is still to us a closed book, and the Japanese have no intention of opening it for us.

Next to religion, and to a certain extent in conjunction with it, the greatest force in modern Japan is education. We often forget that the advance made by Japan in recent times has been the brain work and the handiwork of a few leading spirits. The nation, as a whole, remains uneducated, and it is only the inborn sense of obedience to the powers that be, a relic of the feudalism which died only a few years ago, which has led the people to follow their leaders. Education will alter all this, whether for the better who can say? But, as Mr. Ransome points out

"in criticising Japanese methods of the present day we must not lose sight of the extraordinary fact that in less than thirty years Japan has run through all the political phases which lie between feudalism of the most uncompromising order and a constitutional government on modern principles." But education, on the most modern and extensive system, has been called in "to give children the rudiments of moral education, and of education specially adapted to make of them good members of the community, together with such general knowledge and skill as are necessary to practical life," which is the Japanese description of efficient elementary education.

But we must not be led into thinking that the Japanese is nothing if not practical; he is indeed intensely practical, and is making practical use of the knowledge which Europe has taken many centuries of experiment and experience to acquire; but he is much more than that, much more, indeed, than Mr. Ransome and other writers realise; he is possessed of an extraordinary and almost blind patriotism, a power, indeed, in the hands of judicious statesmen, but a power that must be guided, not let loose; a patriotism which consists not only of love of his own country, but dislike of most other countries, with the one exception of China; his intellect is extremely acute, receptive, and speculative; and as a nation the Japanese are young, just entering upon the struggle which has occupied other nations for hundreds of years. The faults of the Japanese many have pointed out, the merits many have over-praised, but we may fairly say that in Mr. Ransome's book will be found a very just, if rather narrow, picture of the material Japan of to-day. But no wise man will venture even a guess as to what will be the Japan of to-morrow.

## Other New Books.

### A PICTURESQUE HISTORY OF YORKSHIRE.

By J. S. FLETCHER.

Mr. Fletcher's history of our largest county has reached its fifth monthly part, opening in the middle of an account of Sheffield, and ending halfway through "Leeds." Pontefract and its castle come between, and smaller places in the valley of the Aire are treated with pen and pencil. The illustrations throughout are very unequal, and alike in choice and treatment they seem to us to fail in topographical descriptiveness. They are too seldom useful. The view of Carlton Towers, on p. 324, might represent almost any place where corn is in sheaf. Mr. Railton's drawings run too much to extraneous prettiness, as in "Methly Hall," where there is an intolerable deal of blasted oak to a hap'orth of Hall.

Mr. Fletcher's text is not wanting in life. Under Rawcliffe we have an account of its once famed inhabitant, the eccentric Jimmy Hurst, whose *Life and Adventures* were issued by a Knottingly bookseller sixty years ago. George III. asked Lord Beaumont to bring the much-talked-of Yorkshireman to Court. Jimmy, being a king himself in a small way, showed a proper amount of reluctance to go, but, finally,

he set forth, conveyed by his four Andalusian mules drawing the quaint self-contrived carriage. Jimmy had caused a new suit to be made for the journey: it consisted of a lamb-skin hat, nine feet in circumference, an otter-skin coat lined with red flannel and turned up with scarlet cloth, a waistcoat made of the skins of drakes' necks, breeches of list, red and white striped stockings, and shoes ornamented by large buckles of silver. He was received with wonder and admiration wherever he stayed along the road to London, but in the London streets the crowds were so thick that it was difficult to make any progress. He was lodged at Lord Beaumont's on the night of his arrival, and was shown something of the sights of London. Next morning he was conducted to Court, and in due time ushered into the presence of the King. There, much to the horror of the surrounding courtiers, he took the King's

hand, gave it a hearty grip, and exclaimed, "Eh! I'm glad to see thee such a plain owd chap. If thou ever comes to Rawcliffe, step in and give me a visit. I can give thee some rare good wine, or a sup of brandy and water at any time." Other similarly amusing remarks followed, after which the King and his courtiers descended to the courtyard to examine Jimmy's travelling carriage. George III. was much interested in all that he saw, and observing that Jimmy's receptacle for wine was empty, he ordered it to be filled from the royal cellars. During the remainder of his stay in London he saw more sights, and was taken to various social functions, at which he astonished everybody, and discomfited not a few by the sharpness of his wit.

On his return to Rawcliffe Jimmy made a coffin for himself with folding doors and glass panels. He was eccentric to the end and died in 1829, being carried to his grave by twelve old maids. (Dent. 1s. net.)

### IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICA.

By T. C. PORTER.

Mr. Porter travelled through the States with his camera, taking photographs of all the grandest scenery. Niagara, the Yellowstone Park with its geysers and grottoes, the Sierras, the Earth Pillars, the Salt Lake Desert, all came under his observation. The idea of writing a book of travel impressions came to Mr. Porter on his return voyage. He has carried it out in a simple, frank way that calls for little comment. The peculiarity of the book is the method of illustration. Each photograph is double, and you are invited to bring each pair of views into stereoscopic relief by means of a small double lens inserted in a pocket at the end of the book. But you may dispense with this and learn from Mr. Porter that it is possible to achieve this object with the eyes alone if you go the right way about it. We have ourselves performed the feat of seeing each pair of photographs in stereoscopic relief by a gymnastic adjustment of our eyes. But the result is a headache, and with the best will in the world to find merit in this method of illustration, we cannot commend it. Were it generally adopted the national eyesight would be imperilled. (C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd.)

### IN RELIEF OF DOUBT.

By THE REV. R. E. WELSH.

To the second edition of Mr. Welsh's book the Bishop of Stepney contributes a cordial preface, in which he cites the case of a physician and others whose doubts have been alleviated by its arguments. Here is an excerpt from the chapter on the "Personal Verification of Christ," which may serve as an index of the class of minds to which the book will be useful:

It may be well for minds baffled with problems of ancient history to relinquish the exhausting inquiry, and, without positively pronouncing upon the historicity of the fully-developed story, yield their hearts to the spiritual impulse of the captivating Ideal and unique Life. Could they not suffer Christ thus far—submit their minds to be filled with His sense of God and His lofty conceptions of the Father, and lay open their spirits to be charged with His spiritual intuitions and quickened with His spiritual sensibilities? They should place their hearts under His direct spell, so as to receive His spiritual endowment. And if they come thereby to think of goodness, beauty, truth, and love as at their divinest in Jesus, and if they are thus baptised with a humble sense of God and inspiration for a Christly life, have they not received much of the essence of what He desired for His disciples? This direct personal sense of Divine perfections and grace is the true recognition of the essence of the Divinity.

To the majority of intelligent educated men, who find themselves deafened by a controversy out of which it is impossible for themselves to extract any but negative results, such advice is as good as good can be. (James Bowden. 2s. 6d.)

## Fiction.

*Men's Tragedies.* By R. O. Risley.  
(Macmillan & Co. 6s.)

At the end of this volume of tales is an advertisement of an English edition of the works of Honoré de Balzac. Among them we observed the title, *La Grande Bretèche*. Was it chance? We seem to have perceived throughout Mr. Risley's book an ambition to write "powerful" short stories in the manner of *La Grande Bretèche*, which is undoubtedly the most "powerful" short story ever written. To say that Mr. Risley reminds us, even faintly, of Balzac is to praise him. He does so—of Balzac without the exuberance, without the vast masses of detail, without the luxuriant imagery. He has a sense of romance, an eye for colour. He likes large themes, and he is not afraid of them. He will put a lifetime, a passion, and the atmosphere of a dozen cities all into a tale of thirty pages. In order to accomplish the feat he finds it necessary to be terse, abrupt. One result of this is that he has acquired almost a mania for short sentences; it is an irritating mania:

He spoke little; I talked much. He never asked questions; I liked to. He looked older than he was; I was older than I looked—unhappily. He hated women; I enjoyed their society greatly. He was calm; I was enthusiastic.

Yet we understood one another. We had some tastes in common, it is true. We were both fond of music. But I played love-songs on my violin; while he played gypsy dance music, and dirges, on his 'cello.

We both liked books. But he read poetry, and metaphysics, and battle stories; while I read what are called the standard authors. And I liked newspapers, but he seldom read them.

There is a great deal too much of that. Another result is that he does not devote sufficient room to the preliminary building-up of an environment. Balzac sometimes gave seventy per cent. to the environment, thirty per cent. to the tale. And Balzac knew how to carry conviction. A character cannot exist in space. In space it is merely an Idea. Mr. Risley is too fond of Ideas. He gets an Idea, and makes it into a story. A novelist of European fame once stated that Ideas were the curse of Art, and though people laughed he was right. Every work of Art will have an Idea, but the Idea will come last. The order of things is: Environment, Emotion, Idea. Mr. Risley, like scores before him, has sought to make it Idea, Emotion, Environment. But the scheme will not satisfactorily work. You can perceive the evolution of his stories. You can see him clothing the Idea ("The man who loved," "The man who hated," "The man who died," "The man who was himself," &c.) with a cleverly-cut and neatly-fitting garment of event and atmosphere. He uses every device of catastrophe, of brilliant and strange local colour, of planned surprise, of audacious wit. His heroes are foreign counts with towers and islands and riches and pasts, and they flit from Hamburg to Paris, from Paris to Copenhagen, from Copenhagen to Dresden. They are king's bastards, scholars, dreamers. They suffer. They exist after their souls have expired. They love when it is too late to love. They have brief passages of ecstatic joy—and then darkness and silence. But this wonderful apparatus of romance is all to no purpose, because nothing lives, nothing is realised. One moves amid shadows, amid Ideas masquerading as human beings.

That Mr. Risley has talent is nevertheless beyond question. He is capable of doing something. We therefore urge him first of all to find his Ideas in his characters, not his characters in his Ideas; and then, abandoning affectations and audacities, to devote himself to matters of detail and the careful accumulation of effects. He has much also to learn about the English language, which he submits to innumerable indignities.

Finally, he should beware of unconsciously adopting current mannerisms. "The Professor got up, and softly groped his way to the door, and down the stairs. He said to Madame, in the restaurant: 'You had better look to the man upstairs.' *Outside the heavens were luminous with the dust of stars.*" What is the significance or appositeness of the sentence which we have italicised? Certainly we encounter it several times a week in the course of our "adventures among masterpieces" of to-day.

## Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

JASPAR TRISTRAM.

BY A. W. CLARKE.

A very sympathetic study of a sensitive schoolboy. "What's his name?" asks Orr, the biggest boy. "Tristram, Orr! Jaspar Tristram!" they all shouted out. "Did you ever hear such a name?" "Oh, well," said Orr; "of course, we can't have such a rotten name as that here! What shall we call him?" "I votes we call him 'Rosy,'" as he blushes so!" observed the good-looking small boy who stood by Orr. . . . Everybody began to applaud. "Rosy, Rosy!" they cried." (Heinemann. 6s.)

LOVE MADE MANIFEST.

BY GUY BOOTHBY.

Mr. Boothby's new story begins in the Pacific, and continues after a break of years in London. It is emotional and sensational; we need hardly say that much happens, and much that is strange and violent. Incidentally we meet Lord Belmouth, who had "the reputation of being able to drink a greater quantity of mixed liquors at one sitting than any man in London, and also of being able to vault over the corner of the billiard table." (Ward, Lock & Co. 5s.)

IN THE DARK.

BY ESMÉ STUART.

A very readable story of the melodramatic order. A young English doctor is brought by his gondolier to a gloomy house in Venice to see a patient. His stay is inconveniently prolonged owing to the fact that he is taken for one Count Moro, and the house is the nest of a secret society. A beautiful Italian girl is, of course, in the affair, which ends well, but leaves a life-long regret. (John Long. 6s.)

THE ROMANCE OF THE GREYSTONES. BY H. A. NELSON.

An Australian story, melodramatic and breathless, of racing and rascality, Barts. and betrothals. "The Cup Race," "A Death-bed Confession," "Wedding Bells," "A Russian Prince," "Nemesis!"—these are some of the chapter headings. The frontispiece depicts a shipwreck. (Ward, Lock & Co. 3s. 6d.)

IN FULL CRY.

BY RICHARD MARSH.

A murder mystery. The hero, or villain, for he is both, goes by the name of "Gentleman," and the nickname is not wholly without honourable fitness. In the course of a lurid narrative the author employs dashes in place of strong language; but such a method of preserving decency is surely carried rather far when it results in sentences like this: "Don't try to come that with me; I won't have it. You're a ———! and a ———! and now you've got it!" (F. V. White & Co. 6s.)

THE SIFTING OF THE WHEAT.

BY C. M. HOME.

An historical romance of the days of Elizabeth, written from the Roman Catholic standpoint. It is claimed that "the account of the barbarous persecutions carried on during her reign" is taken chiefly from Anglican sources. (Art & Book Co.)

THROUGH UNSEEN PATHS.

BY K. E. HARRISON.

A conventional story with a happy ending, all in strict accordance with Adelphi rules. (Sonnenschein. 6s.)

## THE ACADEMY.

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## A Neglected "Lowell."

THE admirable article on Lowell printed in last week's ACADEMY took no account (writes a correspondent) of his very charming and seemingly little-known volume of reminiscences and holiday impressions called *Fireside Travels*. To my mind it is more charming than the *Study Windows*, although, except by the few who are particularly interested in Lowell the man, it is easy to understand that those essays are the more likely to be popular. But in this little book, with wit and kindliness and humorous observation and charity in every line, Lowell the man, Lowell the honoured friend of so many men and women, is everywhere apparent. The *Fireside Travels*, it must be remembered, is more peculiarly Lowell's own book than *My Study Windows* and *Among my Books*. There he is mainly critic, and discourses upon the thoughts of others. Here he is just himself, remembering his youth, or noting down in a journal whatever takes his fancy as he makes holiday at home or abroad. A man who keeps a journal is more likely to be pleasing himself in so doing than the man who writes a literary essay. Anyway, to my mind, delightful as Lowell's other prose writings are, in these *Fireside Travels* he is more delightful still; and it makes one additionally sorry that diplomacy should have exacted the energies it did from a mind so stored with honey.

The extracts which follow are all taken from the first essay: "Cambridge [Mass.] Thirty Years Ago" (this was written in the sixties), "a memoir addressed to the Edelmann Storg in Rome." Here is a parenthetical excursus on Boswellism apropos of Allston the painter:

As the stranger brushes by you in alighting, you detect a single incongruity—a smell of dead tobacco-smoke. You ask his name, and the answer is, "Mr. Allston." "Mr. Allston!" and you resolve to note down at once in your diary every look, every gesture, every word of the great painter? Not in the least. You have the true Anglo-Norman indifference, and most likely never think of him again till you hear that one of his pictures has sold for a great price, and then contrive to let your grand-children know twice a week that you met him once in a coach, and that he said, "Excuse me, sir," in a very Titianesque manner, when he stumbled over your toes in getting out. Hitherto Boswell is quite as unique as Shakespeare. The country-gentleman, journeying up to London, inquires of Mistress Davenant at the Oxford inn the name of his pleasant companion of the night before. "Master Shakespeare, an't please your worship." And the Justice, not without a sense of the unbending, says, "Truly, a merry and conceited gentleman!" It is lucky for the peace of great men that the world seldom finds out contemporaneously who its great men are, or, perhaps, that each man esteems himself the fortunate he who shall draw the lot of memory from the helmet of the future. Had the eyes of some Stratford burgess been achromatic telescopes, capable of a perspective of two hundred years! But, even then, would not his record have been fuller of *says I's* than *says he's*?

Here is part of the portrait of K., President of Harvard in Lowell's day:

How he suggested cloistered repose, and quadrangles mossy with centurial associations! How easy he was, and how without creak was every movement of his mind! This

life was good enough for him, and the next not too good. The gentleman-like pervaded even his prayers. His were not the manners of a man of the world, nor of a man of the other world either; but both met in him to balance each other in a beautiful equilibrium. Praying, he leaned forward upon the pulpit-cushion as for conversation, and seemed to feel himself (without irreverence) on terms of friendly, but courteous, familiarity with Heaven. The expression of his face was that of tranquil contentment, and he appeared less to be supplicating expected mercies than thankful for those already found—as if he were saying the *gratias* in the refectory of the Abbey of Thélème.

Possibly the essay would not have been just as it is, had not Lamb first written his memories of the South Sea House and the Benchers of the Temple, and yet Lowell had as little need of an immediate exemplar as anyone that ever wrote. His store of metaphor and apt illustration, the ease of his manner, the perfect breeding of it, his unsleeping sympathy and understanding—these are to be borrowed from no one. Here is P., Professor of Greek:

He was a natural celibate, not dwelling "like the fly in the heart of the apple," but like a lonely bee rather, absconding himself in Hymettian flowers, incapable of matrimony as a solitary palm-tree. There was, to be sure, a tradition of youthful disappointment, and a touching story which L. told me perhaps confirms it. When Mrs. — died, a carriage with blinds drawn followed the funeral train at some distance, and, when the coffin had been lowered into the grave, drove hastily away to escape that saddest of earthly sounds, the first rattle of earth upon the lid. It was afterward known that the carriage held a single mourner—our grim and undemonstrative Professor. Yet I cannot bring myself to suppose him susceptible to any tender passion after that single lapse in the immaturity of reason. He might have joined the Abderites in singing their mad chorus from the Andromedo; but it would have been in deference to the language merely, and with a silent protest against the sentiment. I fancy him arranging his scrupulous toilet, not for Amaryllis or Nœra, but, like Machiavelli, for the society of his beloved classics. His ears had needed no prophylactic wax to pass the Sirens' tale; nay, he would have kept them the wider open, studious of the dialect in which they sang, and perhaps triumphantly detecting the Æolic digamma in their lay. . . . Fidelity was his strong characteristic, and burned equally in him through a life of eighty-three years. He drilled himself till inflexible habit stood sentinel before all those postern-weaknesses which temperament leaves unbolted to temptation. A lover of the scholars' herb, yet loving freedom more, and knowing that the animal appetites ever hold one hand behind them for Satan to drop a bribe in, he would never have two cigars in his house at once, but walked every day to the shop to fetch his single diurnal solace. Nor would he trust himself with two on Saturdays, preferring (since he could not violate the Sabbath even by that infinitesimal traffic) to depend on Providential ravens, which were seldom wanting in the shape of some black-coated friend who knew his need, and honoured the scruple that occasioned it.

And here is a Cambridge medical worthy:

First is W., his *queue* slender and tapering, like the tail of a violet crab, held out horizontally by the high collar of his shepherd's-gray overcoat, whose style was of the latest when he studied at Leyden in his hot youth. The age of cheap clothes sees no more of those faithful old garments, as proper to their wearers and as distinctive as the barks of trees, and by long use interpenetrated with their very nature. Nor do we see so many Humours (still in the old sense) now that every man's soul belongs to the Public, as when social distinctions were more marked, and men felt that their personalities were their castles, in which they could intrench themselves against the world. . . . W., like P., wore amazing spectacles fit to transmit no smaller image than the page of mightiest folios of Dioscorides or Hercules de Saxonia, and rising full-disked upon the beholder like those prodigies of two moons at once, portending change to monarchs. The great collar disallowing any independent rotation of the head, I re-



member he used to turn his whole person in order to bring their *foei* to bear upon an object. One can fancy that terrified Nature would have yielded up her secrets at once, without cross-examination, at their first glare. Through them he had gazed fondly into the great mare's-nest of Junius, publishing his observations upon the eggs found therein in a tall octavo. It was he who introduced vaccination to this Western World. Malicious persons disputing his claim to this distinction, he published this advertisement: "Lost, a gold snuff-box, with the inscription, 'The Jenner of the Old World to the Jenner of the New.' Whoever shall return the same to Dr. — shall be suitably rewarded." It was never returned. Would the search after it have been as fruitless as that of the alchemist after his equally imaginary gold? Malicious persons persisted in believing the box as visionary as the claim it was meant to buttress with a semblance of reality. He used to stop and say good morning kindly, and pat the shoulder of the blushing schoolboy who now, with the fierce snowstorm wildering without, sits and remembers sadly those old meetings and partings in the June sunshine.

Mr. Dobson, in a little poem to Herrick, hails the Devonshire lyrist as Golden Mouth. Even better does the phrase seem to me to fit Lowell. His urbanity was god-like.

Whether an English edition of *Fireside Travels* is now to be obtained I know not; the copy before me is the sixth American edition, 1882. But published with circumstances of taste, befitting the utterances of a Golden Mouth, the little book should gladden many minds in love with aristocratic humour.

## Paris Letter.

(From our French Correspondent.)

M. ANATOLE FRANCE's new book, *Pierre Nozière*, is a decided disappointment, coming after that rare and charming little masterpiece *Anneau d'Améthyste*. Of course, it is not without much of the old witchery, especially in the early chapters, with their exquisite sketches of memories and portraits done with all M. France's finish and perfection of art. But when our delightful philosopher turns tourist under the pseudonym of Pierre Nozière we own we like him less.

The artful simplicity of M. France is always at its best when he is dealing with children or sages. In the childhood of Pierre Nozière he recalls the loveliness of *Livre de mon Ami*, the most delicate and delicious of childish reminiscences that has ever been written, and the quaintness of his ever-popular *Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard*. Writing of the child's impressions of Bible history, he says, with his eternal smile: "It also gave me pleasure to see Samson carry off the gates of Gaza. That town of Gaza, with its towers, its belfries, its river, and the bouquets of woods that surrounded it, was charming. Samson went off, a gato under each arm. It interested me greatly. He was a friend of mine. On that point as on many others I have not changed. I love him still. He was very strong, very simple, there was not a shadow of wickedness about him; he was the first of the romantic school, and certainly not the least sincere." He turns from the Bible to old Paris, which he evokes in the quiet way so peculiarly his own. Alas! month by month some trace of that old Paris vanishes, its charm is almost swamped in the vulgar promises of the Exhibition. The quays he has so faithfully loved will soon prove unremembered walks to his astonished gaze. The present visage of sunny Paris is most dolorously blotted by scaffolding and hideous palisades. The Jardin des Plantes suggests to the child the terrestrial paradise, "a little aged but not much altered." His mother had described the Garden of Paradise as "an agreeable garden with fine trees, and all the animals of creation." Of course, this must be the Jarlin

des Plantes, only iron railings having been placed before the beasts through the progress of art because of lost innocence. And the angel with its flaming sword was replaced by the soldier in red trousers.

M. France always delights when he talks of the quays and old streets of Paris, and as he wanders down the avenues of the past he is sure to light upon fugitive figures of literary and human enchantment. First, there is the unfortunate spectacle merchant, who talks of such splendid dreams as the Pacific Ocean, California, China, Spain, the Malay Peninsula, whither he had brought back fever, hunger, an incurable hatred and disgust of work and poverty, and through whom the child loses his first faith in the kindliness of nature. "No doubt," adds the writer, "it will surprise nobody to learn that I never again found it." He lingers in his familiar spirit of tender irony over the portrait of Mme. Mathias, his nurse. She had had misfortunes, and remained proud of them. "Hollow cheeks, with eyes of red coal under the grey locks that tangled out of her black cap; dry, mute, her ruined mouth; her threatening chin, and her mournful silence, afflicted my father." But the child, guided by his heart, has an advantage over the father, guided only by science; the child alone is not afraid of his repellent nurse, for he loves her, and is loved by her. He alone remarks her soft little nose of an innocent roundness, which lends grace to the austere mask beneath which she played her part in life. "This nose was almost unperceived in that scene of violent desolation which was the visage of Mme. Mathias." It expressed suffering tenderness and dolorous humility. He apostrophises the memory of the old nurse charmingly:

Ah, Mme. Mathias, Mme. Mathias, what would I not give to see you once more as you were, or at least to know what has become of you since thirty years ago, when you left this world, where you had so little joy, where you held so small a place, and which you so loved. I felt it, you loved life, and you were attached to terrestrial affairs with the desperate obstinacy of the unfortunate. If I had news of you, Mme. Mathias, I should thereby infinitely receive peace and contentment. In the pauper's coffin in which you went off one fine spring day, I remember—one of those fine days whose mildness you so enjoyed, dear lady—you bore away a thousand things that were as much mine as yours, a thousand touching things, all a world of ideas, created by the association of your age and my infancy. What have you done with them, Mme. Mathias? There where you are, do you still remember our long walks?

The little stories told by his mother are extremely dainty, of so supreme an apparent artlessness as only that artful master, M. France, has the secret of, and we hail the chapter on the two tailors, with its gentle satire and superb elegance, as almost as good as a chapter from the seductive *Orme du Mail*. There is nothing else in the book quite so good as this chapter, though the portrait of M. Debas and the episode of Onésime Dupont and M. Joseph Peignot, the porcelain merchant of Dijon, are delightful. "Your father would have made me a reduction," says M. Joseph Peignot. "Sir, I will send you my seconds to-morrow," says Onésime Dupont: "you have insulted my father; in declaring that he could make a reduction, you insinuated that his charges are excessive, and consequently iniquitous." "Young man," protested the merchant of Dijon, "one of us is mad, and I am ready to swear it is you." The poor merchant went home ill, and while Onésime was arranging for the duel, his father happily arrived and relieved him from the commercial responsibilities he so rashly misunderstood. The second part of this graceful but disappointing book is culled from the notebooks of Pierre Nozière, and makes some pretty reading.

H. L.



## Edgar Allan Poe.

So much ink and ire have been spent in discussing the character of the author of "The Raven" that it is difficult to feel sanguine about any new attempt to give Poe his due. And a careful perusal of the appreciation of Poe which Mr. Vincent O'Sullivan prefixes to a quarto reprint of *The Raven, and The Pit and the Pendulum* (Smithers) does not weaken this sceptical mood. Mr. O'Sullivan romps through the problem, but the effect is that he deranges rather than solves it. He abuses a great many people who had to do with Poe, and yet is not kind to the poet himself. We have a tremendous discussion of Poe's drinking habits. Mr. O'Sullivan suggests that Poe drank with the deliberate intention of bringing himself down to the level of the people who surrounded him, and so deaden the pangs of superiority.

The truth is, that at certain long intervals in his short life Poe thus reasoned with himself: "At this point life becomes insupportable: I am surrounded by brutes who sting me and wound me at every turn." Then quite coldly, with the same deliberation that he brought to the study of an automatic chess-player, he saw that to get rid of his loneliness he must abandon his contempt, he must thicken his skin and deaden his senses, he must fling away this superiority which kept others afraid and at a distance, he must drink till he came to the level of the coarse or commonplace persons with whom he found himself (for there is no superiority in a drunken company) and so, with these thoughts, soberly he took to the bottle.

We confess this seems to us a too neat and perfect explanation, as much too satisfactory as Poe's description of the way in which he evolved "The Raven." Poe never exhausted the possibilities of friendship; he never tried assiduously to find worthy mates. And what is the gain to his memory if we believe that he soberly drowned his superiority in wine? Mr. O'Sullivan makes the same defence of Poe in his dealings with women. Just as he got drunk with cold deliberation in order to be at peace with vulgarians (an end he never achieved), so he wrote love-letters with the cynical purpose of pleasing women who were "glutted and besotted with Byronism." Mr. O'Sullivan actually says: "Read in this light, with all hope of their sincerity and good faith abandoned, these letters become interesting and tolerable." Do they? Can they? Mr. O'Sullivan may find "something curiously and attractively diabolic in this attempt of Poe to play the lover by calculated effects—to make the intellect do the work of the senses"; but we hope he is not under the impression that he is doing Poe's memory a service by this line of argument. Poe *may* have abused wine and women by algebra, but to say he did so is not to defend him. And to say he did so is to be too cocksure about the hidden things of the human heart. The heart knoweth its own bitterness and frailty. Surely it is kinder to think that Poe erred in the old human way, and that the palliation is to be found, not in "calm intention," but in the impulses communicated by a nerve-racked body and a too fine and febrile mind. We do not believe that Poe was at the mercy of a particular set. Does Mr. O'Sullivan think that if Poe had been asked into those Boston drawing-rooms in which Emerson and Longfellow and Holmes and Lowell prattled he would have maintained his self-respect on tea, and fed his heart with prudent love? That he was not asked to meet these men may be a matter for regret and surprise. Mr. O'Sullivan says that they thought Poe "a man without sweetness and light, a hack journalist, a compromising person to know; if not quite a ruffian, at least a 'loafer.'" We suspect they did think Poe "a man without sweetness and light." This is the one severe thing which we think is worth saying about Poe. With all his brilliance, ingenuity, and grace, he seems to have been a man without much sweetness and light; both his life and his writings declare it. The Boston set may have held its prigs, but in the men and

women who composed it culture and character were blended in a very amalgam. Whereas Poe's asset was an æsthetic sense and sensitiveness of febrile intensity in America unique. His genius was too new to be more than a wonder and a doubt which sought information in the man. But the man was a moral and temperamental invalid. He had that fatal wish to possess beauty without the earth in which it is rooted. Mr. O'Sullivan, who writes extremely well, is near the mark when he says:

The keystone of Poe's character was his hatred of humanity; had that been removed you would have had a different man, a different artist. Dogs avoid by instinct the man who hates dogs; and in likewise men and women instinctively recognise the man who loathes and despises them, and they let him go by. So it was that Poe, since he could not be an Emperor, went through life solitary, proud, and discontented, having really as little to do with the community of the earth as a lonely eagle winging its way above a humming town. The friends of death are often the enemies of life, and Poe was a friend of death. Mr. Stoddard relates that one rainy afternoon in New York, as he was walking up Broadway, he saw Poe, who looked wet and cold, standing for shelter in a doorway. Mr. Stoddard says that he had an impulse to cross the street and offer Poe his umbrella, but that something—certainly not unkindness—made him refrain. It was this "something" that enwrapped Poe like an infected garment.

## Things Seen.

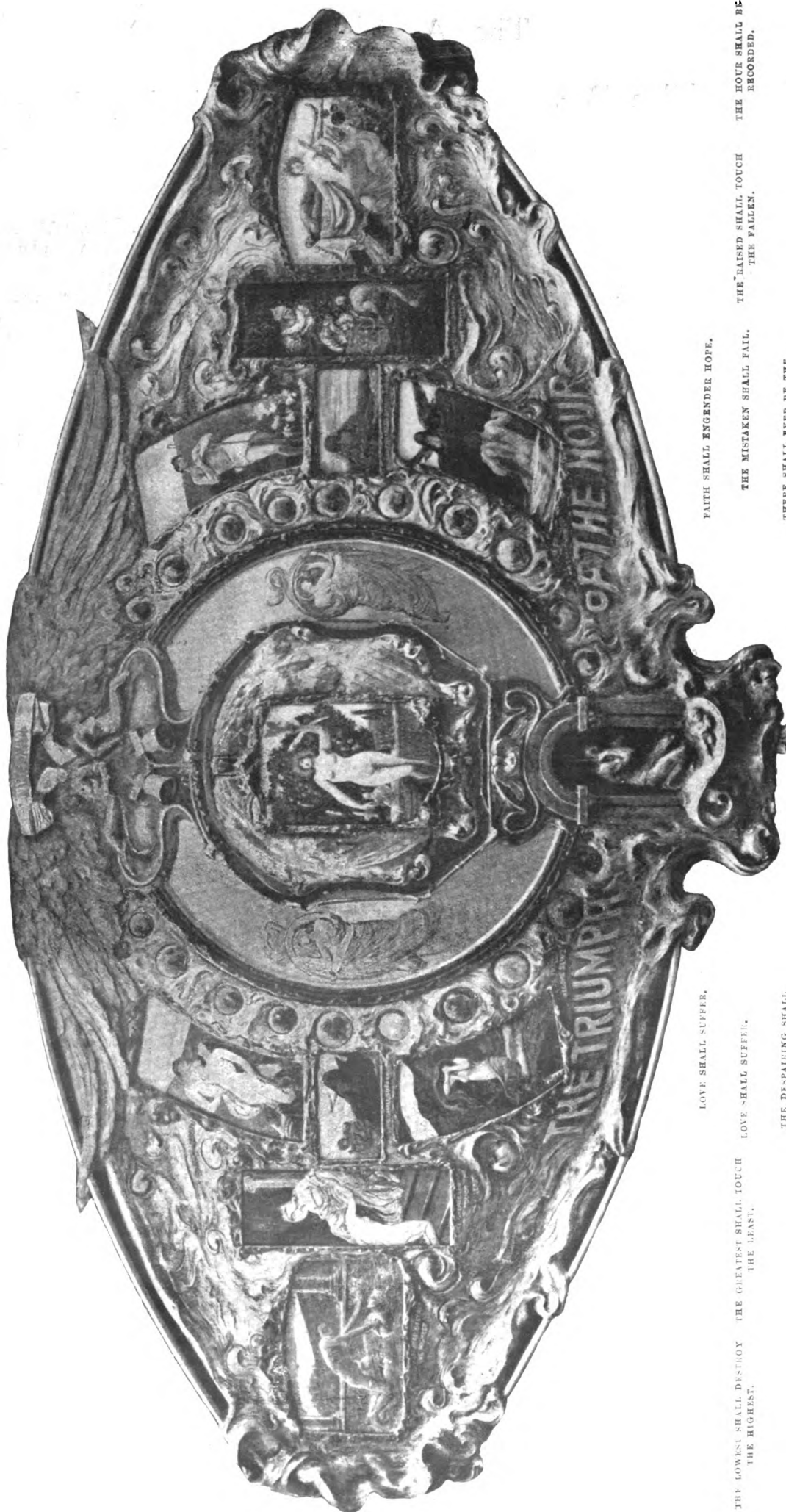
### From the Carriage Window.

THE Paris train starts from Dieppe at a snail's pace, threading its way with humane caution along the street by the quays. As we moved I scanned the Norman faces with wonder: they were so curiously English. In men and women alike I saw the English ruddiness and honesty. It was strange to alight on this raw material of our aristocracy—material that had never been worked up. Well, I observed this, and the weather-worn houses with dormer windows, and the coloured blinds, and the air of old-French decay—for the general look of Dieppe is foreign enough. So foreign that in a tiny balcony outside a bedroom window, quite forty feet from the ground, I noticed a live turkey. Simply a turkey, a—let me see—*dindon*, up there, alone, untended. I did not understand it. But I saw how travellers' absurdities arise. "The Dieppois are great breeders of turkeys for the table, and a few turkeys are reared by hand in the poorest households, sharing the sleeping apartments of the family, and perching like sparrows on eaves and window-sills." So the tale might run.

### Defeat.

THE train was nearing the New Forest at that point where Southampton Water laves the very line and mudlarks wave their brown arms to the engine driver. Four commercial travellers sat in the carriage, and their talk was the seaport of England. One man, with a strong bullying voice, who for too long had dominated the conversation, was upholding Southampton's claims. "Only by scurvy unfairness," he thundered, "was Southampton thrust aside. Look at her harbour, her natural advantages; and yet she was passed over as our commercial centre in favour of London. London!" His contempt filled the carriage. "And why is London the centre?" he asked witheringly, glaring round. A little man who had not previously spoken looked up. "Because it's in the middle," he said; and in the laughter which filled the compartment the supremacy of the champion of Southampton passed away. Thinking of it afterwards, it occurred to me that London is not in the middle. But the bully had been silenced.

# The Triumph of the Hour.



LOVE SHALL SUFFER.

THE LOWEST SHALL DESTROY THE GREATEST SHALL TOUCH THE HIGHEST, THE LEAST,

THE DESPAIRING SHALL BECOME BLIND.

FAITH SHALL ENGENDER HOPE.

THE MISTAKEN SHALL FALL, THE RAISED SHALL TOUCH THE FALLEN.

THERE SHALL EVER BE THE UNENOVABLE.

DIVINE LAW.

THE HOUR IN ALL ITS GLORY SHALL BE LED AWAY EVERLASTINGLY.

THE OLD SHALL EVER RING IN THE NEW.

(Photographed from the Enamelled Copper Shield, by Hubert Herkomer, R.A., exhibited at the Royal Academy.—The legends are taken from the enamels on the Shield.)

## Lines

## Suggested by the Shield of Enamels

EXHIBITED BY PROF. HERKOMER, R.A., IN THE  
ROYAL ACADEMY, 1899.

A VISION of Life: the Law Divine  
Broods overhead, imposing still  
The tangled, mutable twist and twine  
Of ill in good and good in ill,  
Of woe from joy and joy from woe,  
On the ebbing and flowing world below.

There stands the triumphing Hour, amid  
The splendours of the universe;  
Yet, in her very triumph hid,  
Stirs the inevitable curse,  
The Law that nothing may remain  
And all except the Law is vain.

Triumph of Love: yet Love contains,  
E'en in the moment of his bliss,  
His own exterminating pains,  
The skull that grins beneath the kiss;  
For souls that each to other fly  
In pangs of coalescence die.

Triumph of Hate: but yet the deed  
Of vengeance or fanatic rage  
Is pregnant with the wide-blown seed  
Of an ameliorating age;  
Death crowns him, when a good man dies,  
And Death his deeds will canonise.

Murder and motherhood—the strange,  
Sad meetings of the high and low—  
Hope and despair—in changeless change  
Of woe from joy and joy from woe,  
Like bubbles rise, to orb and burst  
In cursings blest and blessings curst.

Lapsing, unlapsing, like a stream,  
The old for aye rings in the new;  
Man is a dream and life a dream;  
Yet the unattainable is true;  
And the one triumph not quite vain,  
The soul's stern striving to attain.

F. B. MONEY COURTS.

## The Empty Homes of England.

## Chepstow on the Wye.

THE Dukedom of Beaufort has long been remarkable for, among other things, the possession of three of the noblest ruins in England—Tintern Abbey and the Castles of Raglan and Chepstow. All three were inherited from the Herberts, who had themselves received them, through the Bigods, from the De Clares, who, as a baronial family, came to an end with the death of Strongbow. Thus for quite six centuries Raglan and Chepstow have abode with the blood of the present owner, while Tintern was actually founded by the De Clare Earls of Pembroke. Now, however, Chepstow Castle is at last to be rattled down "the ringing grooves of change." In October it is to be put up for sale by auction by Messrs. Driver, Jonas & Co., of St. James's-street, and stately Raglan and peerless Tintern are, in the fulness of time, to follow it. The prospect is a sad one, and saddest of all to the Duke of Beaufort, whose family has always had an historic conscience. But it will be impossible to shake off the memory of their possession:

Owners and occupants of earlier days, from graves forgotten  
stretch their dusty hands,  
And hold in mortmain still their old estates.

It will be a noble bit of mediæval property which will be acquired by whosoever shall buy the ten or eleven acres which comprise and surround Chepstow Castle. Legend has been as busy as usual with the origin of a fortress which, from its fine strategic position, with the Wye flowing one hundred and twenty feet below, must, from the very beginning, have been formidable. We may be quite sure that its foundations were not laid by Longinus, the fabled father of the Roman soldier whose spear pierced the side of Christ; but it may have been the ancient Castle Gwent—anything may have happened so near to Caerleon, in a land crowded with the Arthurian legends. However that may be, we know for certain that Fitz Osborne, Earl of Hereford, was practically the founder of Chepstow almost before the victorious shouts of Senlac had died out of his ears. The time of Edward I. was a great castle-building age in the Marches, and much was, no doubt, done then at Chepstow; but the fortunate Fitz Osborne was the first authentic man to keep his castle there. His house was not in power for long, and the arrogance and rebellion of his son towards his over-lord, the King, transferred his manors and lordships to the De Clares. They were no jerry-builders these mediæval Barons, and the massy towers, the enormous walls which flank the four courts of Chepstow, would probably still carry their roofs and floors had not the hand of war been called in to accomplish what time refused to do. The place was four times besieged in the Civil Wars, twice by each side. The fourth time the godly army of the Parliament took it by assault and slaughtered the garrison. It became Cromwell's private property, till the Restoration carried it back to the house of Somerset.

During the Interregnum Chepstow was chosen as the prison of Jeremy Taylor, who was much disliked by the saints, and there he remained for several months. When the King came to his own again Chepstow had, and kept for twenty years, a prisoner of quite another kidney—Marten the Regicide, whose horseplay when he signed the King's death-warrant disgusted even Cromwell. He was well-treated, and allowed to go out on parole. Since he never failed to return, it is unlikely that he was confined in any dungeon, as Southey and others would have us believe. Marten's Tower still stands, and a traveller of sixty years ago relates how the "blooming girl" who was the guide in those happy days got over the conflict of evidence as to dungeon or no dungeon. She was wont to show the tourist three rooms, of which the first was the inevitable "deepest dungeon beneath the castle moat." "Here," she said, "Marten was put at first when he was wicked; but when he became serious he was moved a story higher; and at last, when he was religious, he had the room with the beautiful view." The condition of the ruins was not improved when, in the last century, they were used as a factory; but they have long been so tenderly cared for that, granted a continuance of good guardianship, they are likely to last in full beauty for many a generation.

## Sir Richard Steele.

DICK STEELE, who so did love his wife and friend,  
Who gave to Addison of praise no end,  
And wrote his Prue such tender letters daily  
I like and love. What though he took life gaily  
And sometimes did strict laws of right offend?  
His sins are free from guile. His deeds portend  
No serpent's craft: he crawls not, is not scaly.  
No faults of his could land him in Old Bailey.

High spirits and warm heart; a wit as sweet  
As it was shining; courage high as any;  
And civic virtue, giving to his seat  
In Parliament a fortress for the many—  
Say, are not these a character complete,  
And need we care for wasted pound or penny?

Charles Woodward Hutson in the "American Bookman."

## Memoirs of the Moment.

LORD ROSEBURY'S praises of Captain Marchand addressed to British schoolboys were characteristically independent; and independent also was the straw hat in which the ex-Premier arrived at the Epsom College, much to the envy of men who thought top hats and frockcoats part of the formality strictly due to their reception of him. At Goodwood, too, last week the top hat got another nasty knock. A few years ago it was the inevitable headgear among men of fashion on the course. Then laxity crept in, and only one day, the Cup Day, was reserved for the hottest and most punctilious of hats. The reservation had, at any rate, a graceful plausibility in its favour—it was supposed to be made in honour of the Princess of Wales, generally present on the Cup Day; but Her Royal Highness did not this year grace the race, and the Prince himself set the example of wearing a white felt bowler. The Duke of Cambridge, who still remembers what it was to serve one's country as Commander-in-Chief in plumes and feathers under a July sun, appeared on the stand at Goodwood with an undress head-covering, although his host, the Duke of Richmond, and almost he alone, was faithful found to the high hat. The surprise which St. Aldegonde (the present Duke of Devonshire) created in his set by walking down Piccadilly during the season in a "bowler" is enshrined in the pages of *Lothair*. That is well; for such surprise is likely henceforth to rank no more in memoirs of the moment, but with emotions that died in men's minds before the death of the current century.

MR. J. M. SWAN has just accepted a commission for a bronze panther. The price to be paid is £1,000; and the size may be roughly estimated by a comparison with the two little bronzes exhibited this season, costing but a tenth of that sum.

SIR LAURENCE ALMA TADEMA will be very much at home at Antwerp, where he will act as a sort of Academy delegate at the forthcoming show of Vandycks. Nearly forty examples of the master will go from England; but among them will not be Lord Warwick's pictures—not even his famous Charles I. This is a pity; but not, perhaps, a surprise. Lord Warwick says he regards his Vandycks as national treasures, of which he is only, as it were, the keeper. That is a plausible objection to sending them upon a journey. A practical one, though unnamed, is possibly to be found in the fact that Lord Warwick is somewhat in the hands of "The Earl and Countess of Warwick, Limited," under the terms of whose trust his treasures may have to remain where they are—his treasures, of which he is, like so many other reputed possessors of property, less the owner than he is the custodian.

THE mass of correspondence belonging to the late Mr Beresford Hope, found only the other day at Bedgebury Park, does not throw much light on current affairs. A man is said to be known by the letters people write to him; and by that test, if by no others, you do not get the idea of great strength or exceeding sweetness as attributes of Beresford Hope. His grace, as we all know, was only Batavian. That phrase brings us to the most interesting entry, from many points of view, in the catalogue of the sale yesterday (Friday) of these letters in an auction room in St. James's-street. "Letters from the Earl of Beaconsfield" seemed full of possibilities—destined on near view, however, to nothing but disappointment. They contain no echoes of those "battles long ago" between the minister and his mutineer. The distrust of Disraeli which the member for Cambridge University entertained had an added importance from the fact that he was the brother-in-

law of Lord Salisbury. But the few odds and ends of envelopes in the Bedgebury collection contain no hint of these internecine feuds; and the only letter of the scrappy lot is one that is entirely pacific. It is dated 1879; it has the deep mourning border proper to a widower; and it announces to Mr. Beresford Hope that he has been elected a Trustee of the British Museum on the proposal of the writer of the letter—the chief against whom he rebelled over a long course of years. Lord Beaconsfield was too powerful by that time to need to be conciliatory; and the letter is yet another proof of his triumphant magnanimity in trifles.

THE new Roman Catholic Cathedral of Westminster is now closing in the roof that is to resound a year hence with the offices of the Church—sung by whom? That is a burning question, and the fire of it already singes all who approach it. The first idea of Cardinal Vaughan was that the Benedictine Monks from Downside Abbey should form the choir. But the Monks who sang wished to be also the Monks who preached and who did the work of the parish—to the exclusion of the secular clergy. That being so, the Cardinal's preferences passed to a French abbey, that of Solesmes, where alone the Gregorian Plain chant has been preserved in all its purity, exhibiting, in a perfection that England cannot vie, the elaborate simplicity and the simple elaboration of those most moving strains. But then comes the outcry of the patriotic. Twenty French monks to sing in an English Cathedral! The criticism seems a little out of place, where Art is concerned—to say nothing of piety—in a country whose National Gallery is crammed with foreign pictures, and the stage and orchestra of whose English Opera House was crowded, a fortnight ago for example, with the hundred French performers in "Messaline." Religious Art should surely not lag behind its secular sister in breaking down the accursed barriers which, as Rossetti has it, parcel out man into men.

NEXT month a little penny monthly magazine, entitled the *Net*, will be issued "in the interests of the various charitable works of the Archdiocese of Westminster, and under the immediate direction and control of the Cardinal Archbishop." Not in vain, we may hope, will the net be spread in the sight of the bird.

MR. ASTOR, the British citizen, will probably in due course take a seat in the House of Lords. When he becomes the latest member of that old order, he will also be the first of a new order. American women have shown no reluctance to bear titles; you would say they had, if anything, a preference for a husband who brought them one. The American man must earn his own, and naturalisation is the preliminary process. When Mr. Astor secured the *Pall Mall Gazette* for the Conservative party, the man in the street inferred that sooner or later its owner would wish to be a British senator, with a seat in the Upper House. The man in the street in London will view the nationalising of Mr. Astor as the first stage in the fulfilment of his predictions, where the man in the street in New York sees in it nothing more aspiring than an opportunity to be rid of some taxation in the States.

MR. LOUIS GARVIN, whose work on the *Newcastle Chronicle* has attracted more than local attention, is about to come to London, where he has accepted a post on the *Daily Telegraph*. Mr. Garvin, who is the author of several anonymous articles that lately attracted attention in the *Fortnightly Review*, and whose notice of Miss Ada Smith, a poetess of the North Country, untimely dead, will be in the recollection of many of our own readers, is not only a good all-round journalist, but a man of letters as well. Very welcome is his accession to the ranks of writers upon the daily press.

## Correspondence.

## The High History.

SIR,—Mr. Nutt shares with a good many other "expert" witnesses a tendency to give himself away under cross-examination. I asked him why he did not give a summary of the *High History* among his other summaries. In reply, he quotes the very remarks in his *Studies* which suggested to me the probability that he had never read the *High History* at the time he wrote his book. He tells us that it was because it was too late and unoriginal to be of use in his investigation, and adds: "I further pointed out that the Welsh translation represented an earlier form of the romance than the text printed by Potvin." I take the last point first. I have translated the text printed by Potvin, and have compared the translation of the Welsh version with the French chapter by chapter throughout, with the results published in my "Translator's Epilogue." The Welshman translates freely and often blunderingly, but the incidents related are the same throughout. There is not a shadow of foundation for the assertion that the Welsh represents an earlier form of the romance than the French. On the contrary, the very blunders of the Welshman show that the original before him was the same as the one from which I translated. In one passage, for instance, the Welshman tells of a certain brazen tower which was possessed of a devil, and bellowed at intervals. A reference to the French shows that the word translated as "tower" is *tor*, which really means a bull, the translator evidently thinking that the word meant the same in French as in Welsh.

Now, if Mr. Nutt had read both the French original and the Welsh translation, it is simply impossible that he could fail to see how precisely the story told in the translation tallies with the original. His statement, therefore, that the Welsh represents an earlier form of the romance, instead of assisting him, simply proves that he had not read both versions. The inevitable corollary is that Mr. Nutt's "expert" opinion on this point is worth considerably less than that of the outsider who was at the pains of reading the documents themselves. Mr. Nutt is, however, probably correct in considering the Welsh an early form of the romance. The difficulty, or, rather, one of the difficulties, in which he is landed is that, however early the Welsh version may be, the French original from which it is translated must necessarily be earlier still.

I do not propose at present to follow Mr. Nutt's irrelevances as to Irish folk-lore or literature. When he has discovered anything in them at all like the story of the Graal, I have no doubt he will let me know. At present, in spite of the consensus of early, and in at least one case contemporary, evidence, he asserts that the *High History* is not "the Graal, the Book of the Holy Vessel," without giving the smallest reason for so doing. He simply throws at my head an imposing list of foreign gentlemen, unacquainted with the early evidence I collected, who, if his account of their opinions is to be trusted, are at present disposed to consider the *High History* as belonging to a date somewhat later than I assign to it. In fact, what he wishes, and apparently thinks right, is that the whole question of the date of the *High History* shall be decided by authority rather than by facts, by "experts" like himself, who are given to blundering in a highly irresponsible fashion, or "experts" like those he mentions, who are unacquainted with the evidence, rather than by the early records of its existence. It was the "critical attitude" of your reviewer that elicited his first letter. His own "critical attitude" in this matter leaves a good deal to be desired. But then, as Aristotle long ago remarked, "the Celts are a courageous people."—I am, &c.,

SEBASTIAN EVANS.

## Chambers's New Dictionary and Mr. Herbert Spencer.

SIR,—I am reluctant to trespass on your space for the purpose of striking a jarring note about a good and useful book; but as an adherent of Mr. Herbert Spencer I am obliged to draw attention to the inaccurate and unfair treatment accorded to our distinguished philosopher in the pages of Chambers's New English Dictionary. I willingly admit that a new dictionary which includes such words as "Spencerianism" and "Synthetic Philosophy" displays an up-to-dateness much to be commended; but there is something more important in a dictionary than up-to-dateness—namely, accuracy and impartiality, and these are lacking in Chambers's New Dictionary so far as Mr. Spencer is concerned. Permit me, briefly, to deal with this. According to Chambers's, Synthetic Philosophy is "the system of Herbert Spencer, being an ambitious attempt to combine all the sciences together." This is, to say the least of it, very inaccurate, and exceedingly misleading. Synthetic Philosophy, instead of being an attempt, ambitious or otherwise, to combine all the sciences together, is simply evolution at large, evolution defined in philosophical terminology, and worked out as a universal process and applied to all classes of phenomena. This ought to be surely well enough known nowadays, after Mr. Spencer's many volumes, his numerous essays, and his innumerable literary duels. But something more serious than inaccuracy calls for notice—to wit, a sweeping *ex cathedra* judgment on Mr. Spencer from the vantage ground of a dictionary. For Ancestor Worship is thus defined: "The chief element in the religion of China and other countries—erroneously supposed by Herbert Spencer to be the foundation of all religion." This is very misleading, as Mr. Spencer has worked out an explanation of the origin of all religious belief, ancestor worship included. It is also somewhat mixed, for surely the chief element in the religion of China and other countries must have an important bearing on all religion. I do not, however, wish to dwell on these points; but I contend that such a sweeping expression of opinion as is implied by the word "erroneously" is entirely out of place in a dictionary which deals with explanations and definitions. In the preface we are told that the lexicographer is a harmless drudge without prejudice or passion, and consequently debarred from enlivening his pages with his own particular views. I cannot understand why in the case of Mr. Spencer this sound dictum has been violated; and I hope that in future editions the blemishes I have noted will be removed—I am, &c.,

Glasgow: July 29, 1899.

WILLIAM C. MCBAIN.

## An Omission.

SIR,—In your kind notice of my *Romance of Wild Flowers* the reviewer is good enough to say he "cannot imagine anything more clear and fascinating" than my "description of the means by which the violet perpetuates itself," and then gives a quotation from that description. Unfortunately, your printers have omitted a line, and, in consequence, the sentence of which it formed part is rendered anything but clear. Will you permit me to give it as it occurs on page 95 of my book:

"It can only be explained on the assumption that the insects which successfully fertilise it in the warmer parts of the Continent do not occur in *Britain*, though they must have been indigenous until quite recent times, or the flower would have degenerated."

The words in italics are those omitted from your extract.—I am, &c.,

London: July 31, 1899.

EDWARD STEP.



## Ballads against Books.

## Our Prize Competition.

## RESULT OF No. 43.

LAST week, impelled thereto by the hot weather, we asked for verses in dispraise of books, and many poets have accepted the invitation. The best effort seems to us to be that of Mr Ernley Walrond, 7, Cornwall-street, St. George's-square, S.W., which follows:

## TO A BOOKWORM.

Come out! Come away! Will you addle your brains  
With the sepulchred ashes of learning,  
When Summer's pavilion is pitched in the plains,  
And the tint of the barley is turning?  
Oh! why to these cabinet thoughts do you cling,  
Each one with its label and number,  
When out in the open are thoughts on the wing,  
Just wakened from chrysalis slumber?  
In the purl of a brook there's a note of delight,  
In the scent of the meadows a rapture,  
A charm in the butterfly's gossamer flight,  
That none of your poets can capture.  
Philosophy? Well, with laborious thought,  
You may build up a God, and devise him;  
But under his heaven, unnamed and unsought,  
God is, and our hearts recognise him.  
Then shut up your books! Let them sleep on the shelf!  
For from Summer has gone forth the ukase,  
That no one shall study except from herself,  
So back with them all to the bookcase!

We quote five others:

## THE BOOKMAN ON THE MOORS.

The heather'd hills, patched here and there  
With hurrying shadows, seem to sleep;  
Slow floating down the summer air  
The curlew calls; and everywhere  
Arches the sky, so blue, so deep.  
Oh! who would care in such a spot,  
On such a day, for pens and ink?  
Man's greatest thoughts seem small, I wot,  
By Nature's book; a tiny blot  
Upon her mighty page's brink.  
So would I seek what I can get  
From these broad heavens' cloud-display;  
From yon still loch: my books forget  
In quietness. And yet, and yet—  
Let's see what Horace has to say.

(*Fumbles in pocket and produces well-thumbed volume.*)

[W. M., Crieff.]

## HOURS OF IDLENESS.

No more my books are scattered round  
On chairs where people wish to sit;  
No one of all but can be found  
Upon the shelf assigned to it.  
Each in its place—no longer scanned  
To sate a bookworm's bookish lust—  
The vellums, calfs, and buckrams stand,  
And even Shakespeare's clothed in dust!  
For summer through my window flowed,  
And August's breath was on the lea;  
My study is the open road,  
A Baedeker my library.

[C. E. H., Richmond.]

## A WISE PASSIVENESS.

Come, let us for a while rebel  
Against the bookish tyranny;  
No other lore we now will spell  
Than Nature's wise philosophy,  
Oblivious, 'mid her joys and splendours,  
Of all book-writers and book-vendors.  
Why should we seek another's aid  
To make the gracious language clear  
Wherewith she speaks, in sun and shade?  
The seeing eye, the hearing ear,  
Will win more from their own excursion  
Than from another's laboured version.  
And wherefore toil with vain expense  
When her felicities are free,  
And proffered, in their affluence  
Of quiet bliss, to you and me?  
So, while flowers bloom and woods are leavy,  
Away with reading—light or heavy!

Away with fictive vanities,  
And stubborn facts, and rhyme and reason;  
Away with verse? ah, well, it is  
A time of heresy and treason—  
I'd rather hear a mewling kitten  
Than the best sonnet ever written!

[I. S., Brighton.]

## COOLING DRINKS, NOT BOOKS.

'Tis autumn, my ACADEMY  
Betrays the season's away.  
It preaches indolence, and we  
May cast our books away—  
Nay, turn aside with "scornful looks  
Averse" from every sort of books.  
'Tis autumn. In a golden clime,  
Asleep on halcyon seas,  
The giant serpent basks. A time  
Of giant gooseberries—  
A time when prone in shady nooks  
We ask for cooling drinks, not books.  
'Tis autumn: when the "latest news"  
Assumes a simpler face,  
And things all editors refuse  
Secure unwonted grace—  
When only hapless, heated cooks—  
In search of recipes—need books.  
Ah, *prosit omen!* even we,  
Pedestrian muse, may gain  
A hearing now, nor always be  
Competitors in vain.  
And if we win this time, gadzooks!  
I'll buy—a guinea's worth of books!

[J. D. A., Ealing.]

## FAREWELL, MY BOOKS.

Thrilled with the sunny playtime of the year,  
"Farewell, my book," I cry, like Chaucer dear.  
Like "summer's green all girded up in sheaves"  
I leave my gentle Shakespeare's magic leaves.  
I close my Keats, with very eyes to look  
"Athwart the shallows of a river nook."  
I banish Walt, and gather as I choose  
Dust off the dusty roads upon my shoes.  
You, too, my ragged darlings, more than pelf!  
You'll gather dust while I enjoy myself.  
Oh! ne'er from books were made you books I love,  
Of mortal men whose words immortal prove!  
I neither care what your old authors say,  
Nor all your modern imitators may.  
Knowing what mighty masters pardon me  
My not malevolent apostacy.

[G. W. S., London.]

Replies received also from E. A., Royston; S. R. M., Glen Devon  
L. H., Leeds; B. C., Redhill; B. B. B., London; A. H. A., London;  
T. C., Buxted; H. R. C., Egham; G. F., Gateshead; T. A. G.,  
Brighton; V. H., London; B. B., Birmingham; J. D. W., London;  
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E. K., London; F. W. H., Cardiff; F. B. D., Torquay.

## SPECIAL NOTICE.

Our weekly prize competition will be suspended during the next few weeks.

## Books Received.

## Week ending Thursday, August 3.

## THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

Lockyer (T. F.), *The Evangelical Succession* ..... (Kelly) 2/6

## POETRY, ETC.

H. D., *Songs of the New Age* ..... (Speirs)  
Fitzgerald (P.), *Pickwickian Studies* ..... (New Century Press) 5/0  
Wagner (R.), *Letters to Wesendonck et Al.* Translated by W. A. Ellis  
(Richards) net 4/0  
Wagner (R.), *Letters to Emil Heckel.* Translated by W. A. Ellis  
(Richards) net 5/0

## HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Taylor (T. M.), *A Constitutional and Political History of Rome* (Methuen) 7/6  
Grace (W. G.), *Cricketing Reminiscences and Personal Recollections*  
(Bowden) 6/0  
Tyrrell (G.), *Saint Louis* ..... (Duckworth) 3/0

## TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

Fletcher (J. S.), *A Picturesque History of Yorkshire, Part V.* ..... (Dent) net 1/0  
Crofts (C. H.), *Handbook to Britain On and Beyond the Sea* ..... (Johnston) 1/4  
Plutarch's *Lives*, Vols. VII. and VIII. (Temple Classics) ..... (Dent) each 1/6



## SCIENCE, NATURAL HISTORY, PHILOSOPHY, ETC.

Chambers's (G. F.), *The Story of Eclipses* ..... (Newnes) 1/0  
 Rendle (A. B.), *Catalogue of African Plants collected by Dr. F. Welwitsch in 1853-61* ..... (Trustees British Museum)

## EDUCATIONAL

Jeffrey (P. S.), *The Study of Colloquial and Literary French* (Whittaker) 8/0  
 Page (T. E.), *P. Vergili Maronis Georgicon, Lib. III.* ..... (Macmillan) 1/6  
 Harivel (C. G. Le), *Elementary French Grammar* ..... (Oliver & Boyd) 1/0

## MISCELLANEOUS.

Phillipotts (E.), *The Human Body* ..... (Methuen) 6/0  
 Boyle (W.), *A Kish of Brogues* ..... (Marshall) 2/6  
*Royal Colonial Institute: Proceedings 1898-9* ..... (The Institute)  
 Wilson (W. L.), *England and the Transvaal* ..... (Grosvener Press) 6d.

## NEW EDITIONS.

Thompson (Sir H.), *Modern Cremation: its History and Practice to the Present Date* ..... (Smith, Elder & Co.) 2/0  
 Stephen (Sir H.), *Digest of the Law of Evidence, 5th Edition* ..... (Macmillan) 6/0  
 Baring-Gould (S.), *The Vicar of Morwenstow; being a Life of Robert Stephen Hawker* ..... (Methuen) 3/6  
 Russell (W. C.), *The Two Captains* ..... (Downey) 6d.  
 Harrison (F.), *Annals of an Old Manor House* ..... (Macmillan) 3/6  
 Symonds (J. A.), *An Introduction to the Study of Dante* ..... (Black) 7/6  
 Scott (Sir W.), *Anne of Gierstein, 3 vols.* ..... (Dent) each 1/6  
 Guide Books to Switzerland, Eastbourne, London, Llandrindod Wells, Whitby, Liverpool ..... (Ward, Lock & Co.) each 1/0  
 Guide Books to Dublin and Killarney ..... (Black) each 1/0

\* \* \* *New Novels are acknowledged elsewhere.*

## Announcements.

In his new novel, *Siren City*, which Messrs. Methuen will publish on August 9, Mr. Benjamin Swift has chosen as his theme the disillusion of an international marriage. An Englishman is the central figure, and the motive seems to be that two conflicting ideals of life and character can be only momentarily united in love. The book deals with the ensuing antagonism. Although London figures in it, the title *Siren City* has been given to Naples as the point of gravitation of the chief characters.

MR. BARING-GOULD has written a description of the counties of Devon and Cornwall, in two volumes, bearing the general name of *A Book of the West*. He has treated in detail the scenery, folk-lore, history, and antiquities of each county, and the volumes are fully illustrated. The first volume—that on Devonshire—is to be published by Messrs. Methuen immediately.

MR. W. L. COURTNEY is writing a monograph on Thomas Hardy for the "English Writers of To-day" series, which Messrs. Greening & Co. recently inaugurated with Mr. Monck-hood's *Rudyard Kipling: The Man and His Work*. Messrs. A. C. Swinburne, George Meredith, W. E. Henley, A. W. Pinero, and Bret Harte will also be treated in this series, and a volume on *Realistic Writers of To-day* is also projected.

MR. ELLIOT STOCK announces a library edition of Mr. Augustine Birrell's works in two octavo volumes, to be published in the early autumn.

MR. SIDNEY LEE makes a public appeal on behalf of the funds of the Elizabethan Stage Society. Three hundred pounds is needed to meet the annual deficit on the performances given by the Society. We understand that, in addition to the plays already named for performance next season, Kyd's "Spanish Tragedy" and the "Samson Agonistes" of Milton will, it is hoped, be given.

In Mr. Fred Jane's forthcoming book on the *Imperial Russian Navy* (W. Thacker & Co.) a good deal of attention is devoted to the history of the Russian attempts to obtain possession of Constantinople.

A SIXTH edition of *The Care of the Sick at Home and in the Hospital*, by Dr. Th. Billroth, translated by J. Bentall Endean, is now published by Messrs. Simpkin & Marshall, of Stationers' Hall-court.

MESSRS. EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE will publish in October Mr. Charles Dalton's annotated *Blenheim Roll*, which gives the names of all the officers in British pay who served under Marlborough during the campaign of 1704, the amount of bounty money bestowed on each officer, and the special awards to the widows and children of the slain. Only 150 copies of the *Roll* will be issued.

\* \* \* *Special cloth cases for binding the half-yearly volume of the ACADEMY can be supplied for 1s. each. The price of the bound half-yearly volume is 8s. 9d. Communications should be addressed to the Publisher, 43, Chancery-lane.*

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## The Literary Week.

LAST week, in quoting from Mr. Henley's indictment of Mr. Andrew Lang as editor of the "*Gadshill Dickens*," we did not observe that Mr. Henley made a curious, if a somewhat natural, error. Mr. Lang had said that if he could oblige the dead to break their unending sleep, far rather than Dickens he would meet "him that sleeps in Dryburgh," and "him to whose room came Athos, Porthos, Aramis, and D'Artagnan, with their noiseless swagger." Mr. Henley took the last-named to be Dumas, and we, in our comment, shared his mistake. Mr. Lang's allusion was, of course, to Thackeray, not to Dumas. There is no more familiar passage in the *Roundabout Papers* than the one in "*De Finibus*," in which Thackeray reviews his favourite characters in fiction. Here it is:

They used to call the good Sir Walter the "Wizard of the North." What if some writer should appear who can write so *enchantingly* that he shall be able to call into actual life the people whom he invents? What if Mignon, and Margaret, and Goetz von Berlichingen are alive now (though I don't say they are visible), and Dugald Dalgetty and Ivanhoe were to step in at that open window by the little garden yonder? Suppose Uncas and our noble old Leather-stocking were to glide silently in? Suppose Athos, Porthos, and Aramis should enter with a noiseless swagger, curling their moustaches? And dearest Amelia Booth, on Uncle Toby's arm; and Tittlebat Titmouse, with his hair dyed green; and all the Crummles company of comedians, with the Gil Blas troop; and Sir Roger de Coverley; and the greatest of all crazy gentlemen, the Knight of La Mancha, with his blessed squire?

A letter from Mr. Henley on the subject will be found in our correspondence columns. By-the-by, we may remind Mr. Lang that D'Artagnan was not among the company on the above occasion.

THE series of histories of modern times which Lord Acton is editing is so far advanced that we may expect the first volume next Spring. The period to be covered by the twelve volumes is from the end of the Middle Ages to the present day. In the first volume the Renaissance will be dealt with by several hands. The remaining volumes will be issued, if possible, at the rate of two a year.

PERHAPS it is the hot weather, but we have this week received two letters which we must refrain from printing. The first is from an English lady resident in Austria, offering to prove that one of our popular novelists "purloins" his ideas, plots, and even whole pages of description and dialogue from Polish, Russian, and Hungarian sources. The second letter is from a clever author-artist, who wishes to revive the attack on Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son's bookstall monopoly. We have no doubt that this controversy is destined to be perennial. But we suggest that there should be a close time for attacks on Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son's monopoly, corresponding with the tourist season.

THE estate of the late Mrs. Emma Marshall, the novelist, has been sworn at £1,379 10s. 11d.

THREE principal alterations in the law of literary copyright are foreshadowed by the new Copyright Bill. These are:

1. A term of thirty years from the date of publication is, in the case of posthumous works, substituted for the term of forty-two years under the existing law.
2. Contributors of articles to periodicals may republish them in a separate form after two years from the time of their appearance in the periodical, instead of after twenty-eight years as under the present law.
3. Any newspaper receiving special and independent news of any fact or event from beyond the limits of the British Islands will enjoy copyright in that news for the space of eighteen hours.

MEANWHILE our knowledge of the law of copyright as it affects newspaper reports of speeches is advanced a stage by Mr. Justice North's decision in *Walter v. Lane*. We now know—though, perhaps, only tentatively, since Mr. Lane intends to appeal—that a newspaper has copyright in that version of a speech which it has obtained through its own reporter. What we have yet to learn is how much, if any, copyright is enjoyed by the author of the speech. Lord Rosebery's copyright in his own speeches remains beautifully obscure.

A BEACON-LIGHT on Duart Point, near the entrance to the Sound of Mull, is to perpetuate the memory of William Black. A fine monument for any man!

A YEAR and a half ago we printed an autobiographical wail by "Julian Croskey," the author of *Max*, *The Shen's Pigtail*, and other stories, which, if they achieved no great popular success, were not without ability. "Julian Croskey's" story showed that he had tried many rôles in life as well as literature, and his article concluded with the following counsel to the aspiring author: "If you would succeed as an author, be one and nothing else. If you can beg, borrow, or steal as much as £50 a year, cut yourself off from everything and write." Thus did "Julian Croskey" advise the beginner in April of last year. As for himself, he was about to try again, and we ventured to offer him a word of encouragement.

HOWBEIT, "Julian Croskey" has tried again, and now from a still higher pinnacle of disgust he wishes, in the August number of the *Author*,

earnestly to warn young authors *not* to stick to literature, but, after a few failures, to jump out of its deceptive quagmire as quickly as possible and turn their hand to something more lucrative, such as bricklaying.

"Julian Croskey" tells us he is now carrying planks at a sawmill for £3 10s. a month. Authorship, therefore, he has decided, "is a dangerous flame to play with"; but (being still paternally interested in the young author), he adds: "Nevertheless, by all means give it three years during the twenties, if unmarried." We are afraid that "Julian Croskey's" latest advice is rather silly. And even now "Julian Croskey" might reflect that the best writing is usually done by those who do something else for a living.

Are we not in danger of taking Dickens too seriously? Calverley's famous examination paper has usually been called a *jeu d'esprit*, but we begin to think that it was the unconscious inauguration of a new kind of scholarship which, in the fulness of time, will be systematised in Germany. Here is Mr. Percy Fitzgerald putting forth a volume of *Pickwick Studies* (New Century Press), in which the *Pickwick Papers* are dissected and analysed, and in which evidence is gravely amassed on all kinds of propositions. You open the book at random on a sentence like this: "Everything, however, points to show the all but contemptuous opinion held of this Trundle." Again: "A close admeasurement of the distance will disprove the Norwich theory"—this in a discussion as to the identity of Eatanswill. Who was Pott, the editor of the *Eatanswill Gazette*? Mr. Fitzgerald says Dr. Maginn, but quotes a "well-known eminent *littérateur*," who told him that "Pott is not shown to be such a blackguard as Maginn, and that Maginn was not such an ass as Pott." Where on the road to Muggleton did Mr. Pickwick drop his whip? And where was Muggleton? Was Mr. Pickwick ever in love? And who was Mr. Pickwick?

THESE are the riddles asked and more or less answered by Mr. Fitzgerald, who, we fancy, could instruct the shade of Dickens on most points in the Pickwickian drama. On p. 87 we read: "There is no doubt that this is the true philosophy of the thing: that, once his ideas are in print, the author has no more to do with them or their meaning than anyone else has." That is where Mr. Fitzgerald comes in.

SOME particulars of the long-looked-for "Memoirs of Victor Hugo" are given by a writer in *Literature*. The work will appear simultaneously in Paris, London, and New York; the translation of the Anglo-Saxon editions being Mr. John W. Harding. The Memoirs go back to 1825, when Hugo saw the coronation of Charles X. at Rheims. There is a sarcastic chapter on the French Academy, which did not elect Hugo when he first became a candidate. There will be many piquant memories of life at the Tuileries, when Louis Philippe was on the throne. Besides the memoirs, there will be various miscellaneous essays and descriptive pieces, thus:

Some hitherto unpublished details of the execution of Louis XVI., and the arrival of Napoleon I. in Paris, in 1815, which were recounted to the poet by eye-witnesses, are also given. The details of the execution were related to him by an old man. Hugo, from these, has pictured the scene with such inimitable art that one is positively chilled by the cold of that bleak, gloomy January morning, and seems to witness the martyrdom of the King in White as a spectator in the bizarre, lugubrious crowd.

THE Postmaster-General has granted permission for a tablet to be affixed to the new post-office in Carter-lane, E.C., bearing the following inscription:

Upon this site formerly stood the Bell in Carter-lane, from which Richard Quiney wrote the letter to William Shakespeare, dated the 25th October, 1598. This is the only letter extant addressed to Shakespeare, and the original is preserved in the museum at his birth-place, Stratford-upon-Avon. This tablet was placed upon the present building by leave of the Postmaster-General, 1899.

QUINEY's letter is, of course, well known; but in this connexion it may be useful to repeat its terms:

Loving Country man, I am bold of you as of a friend craving your help with £30; upon Mr. Bushell's and my security or Mr. Myttons with me. Mr. Roswell is not come to London as yet and I have special cause. You shall friend me much in helping me out of all the debts I owe in London. I thank God, and much quiet my mind which would not be indebted. I am now towards the Court in hope of answer for the despatch of my business. You shall neither lose credit nor money by me, the Lord

willing, and now but persuade yourself so, as I hope, and you shall not need to fear, but with all hearty thankfulness, I will hold my time and content your friend, and, if we bargain further, you shall be the paymaster yourself. My time bids me hasten to an end, and so I commit this to your care, and hope of your help. I fear I shall not be back this night from the Court. Haste. The Lord be with you, and with us all, amen. From The Bell, in Carter Lane, the 25th of October, 1598.—Yours, in all kindness, Richard Quiney. (Address) To my loving good Friend and Countryman, Mr. William Shakespeare, deliver these.

THE *London Argus* has been feeling about for a word which would describe the lover of London. The choice was soon seen to be a very limited one. "Londonist" was voted uncouth, which it is. "Londonarian," has been adopted as the most descriptive and melodious word. It is not a bad word, yet, somehow, we should hesitate to call our worst foe a Londonarian.

Who has not been in the predicament of being unable to pay for a coveted book on a bookstall? In such a case there are two ways of securing the treasure. The first, and the surest, is to pay a small deposit and have the book reserved. The second is Eugene Field's way. The story, told in the *Daily Chronicle*, says that once, when he chanced upon a rare copy of Burns, and could not buy it, Mr. Field wrote these lines on the fly-leaf:

Gude friende, for Jesus' sake forbare  
To buy ye book thou seest here  
For I have gone to earn the pelf—  
I meane to buy ye book myselve.

Mr. Field's wish was respected, and the book is now his own.

A BOOKSELLING story:—A lady recently asked, in a bookseller's shop, for Cardinal Manning's *Catholic Piety*. The book was in stock, but was upstairs. The assistant went to the speaking tube and called, in a sharp, business-like tone: "Man's Cat Pie, one!"

A FEW weeks ago we remarked that every man should make his own anthology. In noticing a poetical collection, "Arthur Pendenys" tells his readers what his own anthology would be like. Here is his list of contents:

I think I should begin my book with *The Walrus and the Carpenter*, the most exquisite nonsense ever written. Next should follow the first book of Marcus Aurelius, the most dignified thing ever written. Then there would proceed, among other passages, Shelley's "Sensitive Plant," to me the most spiritual poem; and next, Swinburne's "Love and Sleep," the most human sonnet ever penned. I would have Clarendon's character of Lord Falkland and his life at Great Tew, and some parodies printed in the *Light Green*, an inspired Cambridge print, particularly the one called "The Heathen Pass-ee" (being "the story of a Pass Examination by Bred Hard"). There should be Steele's essay on "Tom Folio" from the *Tatler*, that being a sketch of the learned Rawlinson in his book-loving habits. I would have passages from Lear's *Nonsense* side by side with the seventeenth chapter of Gibbon's *History*. There might be Bishop Berkeley's *Querist* and Sir H. Savile's *Maxims of State*, condensing the greatest political wisdom. From the *New Republic* I would print what follows in Book II., Chapter I., when Dr. Jenkinson, with a gentle smile of benignity playing on his lips, spread open his MS. and commenced his sermon; and I would print from *The Green Carnation* where, in the Fourteenth Chapter, Esmé, with "a graceful bend of his crimped head," spoke upon the art of being consciously foolish beautifully. All these (with power to add to their number) would I try to include in one well-printed volume, and I should want no other book of extracts.

THIS is the age of big publishing enterprises. Dr. Murray's *New English Dictionary*, Sir Walter Besant's *Survey of London*, the *Dictionary of National Biography*!



To these must now be added the *Victoria History of the Counties of England*, under the general editorship of Mr. W. Arthur Doubleday and Mr. G. Laurence Gomme. Messrs. Constable will publish this colossal work, which will run to considerably over one hundred and fifty volumes. The governing idea is that the great old county histories are exceedingly rare and costly, others are very imperfect, and all are out of date. The Victoria histories are designed to take the places of these old staggers; and certainly nothing of pomp and circumstance will be wanting to the new dynasty. The Queen has accepted the dedication. An influential advisory committee, which includes the Marquess of Salisbury, the Duke of Devonshire, the Earl of Rosebery, the Bishops of London and Oxford, Lord Acton, Sir Clements Markham, Sir Archibald Geikie, and many others has been constituted in aid of the enterprise.

THE plan of contents to be followed in the history of each country will be as follows:

Natural History: its influence in forming Modern Scenery.  
 Geology.  
 Flora.  
 Fauna.  
 Pre-historic Remains.  
 Roman Remains.  
 Anglo-Saxon Remains.  
 Ethnography: Dialect and Place Names.  
 Folk-lore.  
 Physical Types.  
 Domesday Book and other kindred Records.  
 Architecture.  
 Ecclesiastical History.  
 Political History.  
 Maritime History of Coast Counties.  
 Topographical Accounts of Parishes and Manors.  
 History of the Feudal Baronage.  
 Family History.  
 Agriculture, Industries, Arts, and Manufactures.  
 Persons Eminent in Art, Literature, Science.  
 Ancient and Modern Sport.  
 Bibliographies.

Each history will be quite complete in itself, an excellent point. As a rule it will be in four volumes, large imperial 8vo, and the price will be six guineas net. Furthermore, each history will be obtainable in parts. Thus a four-volume history will be issued in ten parts at 12s. 6d. each.

A CONTEMPORARY adds to the humours of book catalogues. In the list of a well-known firm of publishers, *The Archbishops' Decision as to the Liturgical Use of Incense and the Lawfulness of Carrying Lights in Procession* is immediately followed by *The Light That Failed*!

WE have found fault ere now with Sir Walter Besant's optimistic attitude to literature as a money-making profession, and to the repeated encouragements which he has given to all and sundry to take up the pen. In the August number of the *Author* Sir Walter prints a vigorous letter in reply to his own remarks in the June issue. It presents an aspect of the case which is at least as true as the rosy one to which readers of Sir Walter Besant's journal are accustomed. "X," the correspondent in question, says:

And, first of all, Literature (with a big L) is a beggarly profession. Who with any tinge of the real stuff in him can make a living out of writing which is literature? It is idle to give as examples such a one as Tennyson, the bourgeois Chrysostom, who succeeded in touching the public by spoiling Sir Thomas Malory, and not by his best work. What of our greatest, indeed our only real, literary novelist? Did he not have to eke out a living by reading for a publisher? No, very few can make a living out of good work. Even according to Sir Walter Besant, the best must scrape odd guineas by journalistic hack-work. The few who make four figures (mostly out of inferior

novels) only accent the poverty of the rest. There is no profession of literature. It is an abuse of the term to call it a profession. Every waiting barrister, every idle doctor, every half-pay captain, can come in and make a little out of writing. It would be rather rough on the barrister if every outsider with a tongue could cut into his work. Even if fifty writers make over a thousand a year, how many are writing for a living? . . . I remember a man whose name is known very well indeed having a column to himself in the *Times* the very morning he bought a red herring and cooked it over a scanty fire in his bedroom. One of our best writers half-starved himself for twelve years. I know this, as I was a great friend of his. Even now his income is a very precarious four hundred a year.

THE multiplication of writers, about which Sir Walter is apt to be cheerful, is thus touched upon by X.:

In every club, says Sir Walter Besant, there are more yearly who attempt the profession. Exactly so, and they attempt it mostly on the basis of an income of their own. . . . In saying all this I do not mean to infer that these men should not write. But their doing so does not make writing a better business, but a worse one, for those who rely on it; and anything that encourages men and women to go into the literary "scrimmage" (for it is nothing but a fight) is harmful to them and us. It is idle for Sir Walter Besant to say he does not encourage the outsider. This paper of his in the June number of the *Author* is nothing but an encouragement through and through to any poor fool who fancies he has the gift of the pen. Certainly, as Sir Walter says, nothing has been said in the *Author* about any one person's income, but that is nothing when the whole argument has been again and again that any fairly good writer can make a fairly good income. For that is not true, and never has been true, and it looks as if it never would be true.

THE "penny horrible" will again be blamed as the underlying cause of the escapade of the two boys, aged ten and eleven, who were arrested in Hastings last Saturday. The lads had run away from home, and were wearing slouch hats, and in their waistbelts they carried hunting-knives. They also had good revolvers and a hundred cartridges. The elder boy carried a big black bag containing:

A loaf of bread.  
 Four pairs of stockings.  
 A pair of bathing drawers.  
 A brush and comb bag.

Thus equipped, the boys had roamed the hills and had slept during one night on the beach. To a friendly, but determined, constable they explained that they had both gone home from school, and their mother had said she would get a tutor for them during the holidays, so they had made a bolt for liberty. When the officer in charge of the station asked them what they intended doing with the knives and pistols, Charles, the elder, replied, "If anyone interferes with us we shall make him hold his paws up." The smaller boy thereupon exclaimed, "Rather." As we have said, the "penny horrible" is likely to be blamed. But the fact that the knives belonged to the boys' father, who had used them for hunting in Canada, seems to point to the inspiration of oral tales by the fireside. No harm was done, and the laughable side of the escapade triumphs.

MR. RICHARD LE GALLIENNE is one of those writers who see no necessity to divorce themselves from literature when taking a holiday. Mr. Le Gallienne is, in fact, going through the country on a bicycle, pen in pocket, and his observations are set forth in the *Sunday Sun*. From Evesham he tells how a shower of rain confined him to an inn which was "a limbo of forgotten furniture and unforgiven steel engravings." And bemoaning his double misery, Mr. Le Gallienne contrives to allude to, or

quote from, the writings of Mrs. Meynell, Mr. Meredith, Emile Verhaeren, Washington Irving, Chaucer, and Shakespeare, while ends the chapter with some pretty lines on bread and honey by himself.

THE demolition of the house, No. 7, Fleet-street, until lately occupied by Messrs. Butterworth, the law stationers, is fraught with Shakespearean associations. For although the house presents a Georgian front to the street, parts of it are old enough to have seen the occupancy of Jaggard, Shakespeare's bookseller. Indeed, Mr. J. W. Butterworth maintains that the first edition of "Romeo and Juliet" was printed in the house at the rear, afterwards known as Dick's Coffee-house. This was in Shakespeare's lifetime; hence we are encouraged to believe that Shakespeare crossed the threshold of the house which is now being carted away. If Jaggard printed "Romeo and Juliet" in this house, may he not have printed and sold the first folio on the same premises? Even these rather vague Shakespearean associations are not the oldest which the house can boast. Before Jaggard, Richard Tottel, "printer by Special patent of the bokes of the Common lawe," flourished here, without any doubt, in the reigns of King Edward VI. and the Queens Mary and Elizabeth. Messrs. Butterworth still make decorative use of Tottel's sign of the "Hande and Starre."

AFTER the recent thunderstorms thousands of dead eels were found near Sandwich, floating in the Delf river. We wonder how many people who read of the circumstance were reminded of Shakespeare's line in "Pericles": "I warrant you, mistress, thunder should not so awake the beds of eels," &c. It is Sir Edwin Arnold who draws attention to this further indication of Shakespeare's omniscience.

MELODRAMATIC fiction is again outdone by fact. A French cabman, named Prosper Romieu, has just attended his own funeral. He was hiding from justice in his brother's house when the brother died. So what does Romieu do but obtain a certificate of his own death, and then, personating his afflicted brother, follow the coffin, which was supposed to contain his own remains, to the graveside. There the farce ended.

THE first impact of Mr. Kipling's works upon a Sunday-school at Crawfordsville, Indiana, has resulted in their being banned. It was *The Drums of the Fore and Aft* that wrought the trouble. This story was supplied to the school by a firm of Cincinnati booksellers. In due course the volume came into the hands of a strict church-member at Crawfordsville, who declared that it "fairly reeked of profanity and the most outrageous slang." He read quotations to the church trustees, who promptly excluded Mr. Kipling's works from the library!

## Bibliographical.

To some of us, a widely-circulated paragraph, which announces that certain of our novelists will not be represented by any publication this autumn, comes as tidings of comfort and of joy. The professional reader, it is to be feared, gets weary of the names of the authors for whom, apparently, there is the widest public. Let us take the case of a certain lady novelist, of whom we learn that she certainly will be represented in the autumn book-lists. Well, to go back a little on the path of time, that lady, I find, published in 1889 four novels, in 1890 two, in 1891 one, in 1892 five, in 1893 two, in 1894 three, in 1895 six, in 1896 seven, in 1897 three, and in 1898 four. That is to say, within the limit of ten years, her name has

appeared on the title-pages of thirty-nine works of fiction, long or short, to say nothing of new or cheap editions. She published one of the thirty-nine either anonymously or pseudonymously—I forget which. Why did she not adopt that device in many more instances? It would have made her name less monotonously familiar.

Another of those fictionists from whom, it seems, we may depend upon receiving a new novel in the autumn is Maurus Jókai. How steadily that writer's popularity in England has been maintained may be seen from the following list of those books of his which have been translated into English within the past decade:—*Timar's Two Worlds* (1888), *There is no Devil* (1891), *Dr. Dumany's Wife* (1891), *Pretty Michal* (1892), *Eyes Like the Sea* (1893), *In Love with the Czarina, and Other Tales* (1894), *'Midst the Wild Carpathians* (1894), *Black Diamonds* (1896), *The Green Book* (1897), *The Lion of Janina; or, the Last Days of the Janissaries* (1897), *An Hungarian Nabob* (1898), and *The Nameless Castle* (1898). Three of the above have been translated into English twice—*Pretty Michal* and *'Midst the Wild Carpathians* for the second time in 1897, and *Dr. Dumany's Wife* in 1898.

Fertility is a characteristic of the modern author as a class. We are an industrious race. Look at the Rev. Dr. Green, who has just retired from his labours in connexion with the Religious Tract Society. Considerable as was his purely editorial and secretarial work, he nevertheless contrived to turn out a number of volumes—not, perhaps, of high literary quality, but very useful and wholesome in their way. He wrote for the R.T.S. such things as *Scottish Pictures Drawn with Pen and Pencil* (1888), *Christian Ministry to the Young* (1888), *English Pictures* (1885), *Bible Sketches and Teachings* (1888), *Grammar of the Greek Testament* (1892), *Pictures from the German Fatherland* (1893), and an *Introduction to New Testament Greek* (1894). Dr. Green has been further guilty, I believe, of a little volume of verse, published in 1897.

"Library Edition of the Works of Mr. Augustine Birrell"—how fine it sounds, to be sure! The "Works"—consisting of *Obiter Dicta* (two volumes), *Res Judicatae* (one volume), and *Men, Women, and Books* (one volume)—were published, in uniform fashion, two years ago. The "Library Edition," I suppose, will be *de luxe* in character. *Obiter Dicta*, first and second series, dates from 1887; *Res Judicatae* from 1892; and *Men, Women, and Books* from 1894. Mr. Birrell's lectures on *The Law of Employers' Liability* and on *The Law of Copyright* are not, of course, to be counted among his "Works," though in both cases the lecturer managed to impart a literary flavour to his discourses.

We are told that the poem Mr. Swinburne is to give us in the autumn is to be called *Rosamond*. Will it be a new work, or will it be the "Rosamond" (perhaps altered or enlarged) which was published with *The Queen-Mother* in 1861? There is no reason, of course, why the promised *Rosamond* should deal with Henry II.'s Rosamond at all. Indeed, there is one good reason why it should not—the fact that Tennyson portrayed her for us in his *Becket*, so recently as 1884. Queen Eleanor's rival has had, in truth, almost more than her share of celebration by poets and playwrights. She figures in the anonymous *Henry the Second* of 1692, in Addison's *Fair Rosamond* (1749), in the anonymous *Henry the Second* of 1774, in John Barnett's *Fair Rosamond* (1837), and in George Darley's *Thomas à Becket* (1840), to say nothing of having been made the heroine of an equestrian spectacle at Astley's!

Dr. Dabbs, of Shanklin, seems ambitious of recognition as a poet. Mention is made of his having just given to the world the text of a poetic drama called *The Blind Singer*. It is not so very long ago since he published *Dante*, a dramatic poem. It would be cruel if posterity, after all, insisted upon remembering Dr. Dabbs only as Tennyson's Isle-of-Wight physician.

THE BOOKWORM.

## Reviews.

## Byron and his Wife.

BYRON'S WORKS: *Letters and Journals*. Vol. III. Edited by R. E. Prothero. (John Murray. 6s.)

THIS volume of the Byron letters and journals contains a very small instalment of the journals, merely an itinerary of the journey through the Alps and Switzerland towards Milan and ultimately Venice. It is of interest particularly



MISS MILBANKE.

From a Miniature by Charles Hayter painted in 1812.

because some of the entries in the journal were afterwards incorporated, with slight change, in *Manfred*. It is characteristic of Byron thus thriftily to "use up" his prose diary in his poetry. Many poets have occasionally transferred prose notes or passages to their verse; but this systematic "making copy" of journalistic jottings for his poems is most idiosyncratic of Byron, with his essential tendency towards eloquence and rhetoric rather than pure poetry. The letters, which form the overwhelming bulk of the volume, are most interesting. The present edition more than doubles the letters previously published during the same period—January 1814 and November 1816. It is to be regretted that Mr. Prothero does not indicate in the text what letters are new. Surely this might have been done without inconvenience. As it is, we are only informed, distinctly, that the letters to Miss Milbanke are new, being printed from copies made by the Earl of Lovelace. They consist partly of holograph letters, partly of extracts, and are very interesting. Apart from those details of the separation which we shall never know certainly, there are certain details impossible to neglect. Lady Byron asserts absolutely, in a letter to the Rev. Mr. Hanson, that Byron married her out of revenge, and declared so to her on the very day of their marriage.

He married me with the deepest determination of revenge, avowed on the day of my marriage, and executed ever since with systematic and unceasing cruelty. . . . My security depended on the total abandonment of every moral and religious principle, against which . . . his hatred and endeavours were uniformly and consistently directed.

In other words, she deliberately accuses Byron of behaving as Jonas Chuzzlewit behaves in Dickens's novel,

when he marries poor Mary Pecksniff with the intention of revenging upon her the delays and caprices to which she has subjected him. We are not of those who think it sufficient to reply that Lady Byron was a mathematical woman, unsympathetic, and exaggerated or misremembered matters. Such a declaration, on the day of her marriage, a woman could not well misremember. If her memory could be trusted on any point, surely it must be on what passed between her husband and herself on their marriage day. Either we must accuse Lady Byron of falsehood, or we must accept this as a serious and terrible accusation against Byron. For our part, we believe Byron capable of it. He was vengefully proud, and of his mean selfishness there is plentiful proof. He set up to be a dandy, a lady-killer; and Miss Milbanke had rejected him. That he should turn on her, Jonas Chuzzlewit-fashion, and resolve to win her in order to punish her, and bring her pride low, is only too accordant with his own mean and selfish pride. Do these letters bear out such an idea? To us they do. We are clear that they show ranking gall. They show it by their constant uncalled-for reference to, and repudiation of, pique. When a disputant, without any accusation, repeats that he is quite calm, and not in the least angry, we do not think him precisely tranquil. And this is Byron's way. He is perpetually returning on the unlucky girl's rejection of him, and uneasily assuring her that he is not in the smallest degree piqued. From which an observer of human nature will draw his own conclusion. Further, he tries to minimise the significance of his offer—quite in the style of a man bitterly piqued. He does not deny—he is not able to deny—that Lady Melbourne was commissioned on his behalf. But he says that she was only asked to ascertain whether he might cultivate acquaintance with Miss Milbanke, in the hope of ultimately improving it into something more; and that she exceeded her instructions by converting it into a direct offer of his hand. It may be merely a Byronic attempt to salve over his cruelly wounded pride. But if true, it makes the wound to his pride all the more stinging, since he never (in that case) dreamed of exposing himself to the rebuff he received. And it makes it all the more credible that he should devote himself to the project of revenge by subduing his cold rejecter to a marriage, and then "taking it out of her." Here is one of the letters in which the pique appears:

In arranging papers I have found the first letter you ever wrote me; read it again. You will allow mine appeared a very unpromising case; but I can forgive—that is not the word—I mean I can forget, even the reality of your sentiments then if you do not deceive yourself now. It was this epistle to which I always recurred, which haunted me through all my future correspondence; and now farewell to it.

That slip of "forgive," corrected into "forget," and the confession that the first rejection "haunted him through all his future correspondence," when he was professing his entire freedom from pique, shows how inexpressibly galled the proud man was from the outset. We fear that the poor woman's account of the miserable marriage was only too true. That she all along was attached to Byron, a student of humanity would equally surmise from some of these letters. This cold, mathematical damsel had refused half a dozen suitors, to fall in love with the one man she could have chosen most obviously alien to herself: she mathematical, he hating all exact thought; she conventionally virtuous, he a reckless man about town. Yet that she was in love with him we are clear. Here is a letter, very interesting for its confessions regarding Byron's own character, besides the inferences we draw from it with regard to Miss Milbanke's feelings. We wish its length would allow us to quote it entire:

You don't like my "restless" doctrines—I should be very sorry if you did; but I can't stagnate, nevertheless. . . . "Gay, but not content"—very true . . . you hav

detected a laughter "false to the heart"—allowed—yet I have been tolerably sincere with you and I fear sometimes troublesome. To the charge of pride I suspect I must plead guilty, because when a boy, and a very young one, it was the constant reproach of schoolfellows and tutors. I now come to a subject of your inquiry which you must have perceived I always hitherto avoided—an awful one—Religion. I was bred in Scotland among Calvinists during the first part of my life, which gave me a dislike to that persuasion. Since that time I have visited the most bigoted and credulous of countries—Spain, Greece, Turkey. As a spectacle the Catholic is more fascinating than the Greek or the Moslem; but the last is the only believer who practises the precepts of his prophet to the last chapter of his creed. My opinions are quite undecided. I may say so sincerely, since, when given over at Patras in 1810, I rejected and ejected three priest-loads of spiritual consolation by threatening to turn Mussulman if they did not leave me quiet. I was in great pain, and looked upon death as in that respect a relief—without much regret for the past, and few speculations on the future. . . . I believe doubtless in God, and should be happy to be convinced of much more. . . . The moral of Christianity is perfectly beautiful—and the very sublime of virtue—yet even there we find some of its finer precepts in the earlier axioms of the Greeks.

From this it is clear that Miss Milbanke had been remonstrating upon his faults; and one knows what it means when a young woman begins to take an intimate concern in a man's moral improvement.

Ill Monarch of man's heart the maiden who  
Does not aspire to be High Pontiff too,

says Coventry Patmore; and conversely, when a maiden plays the spiritual remonstrator with a male friend, criticises his character, it is a sign that (consciously or not) she aspires to be monarch of his heart. We fear that Miss Milbanke wedded Byron under the vulgar belief that a rake may be reformed by marriage, which has led many a girl to disaster. And Byron, as it seems to us, knowingly played on this weakness of the virtuous female blue-stocking. We cannot find any sincere passion in his letters to her. They are very clever, very skilfully adapted to the girl's character. But he seems often to be quietly mocking at his correspondent, as when he professes an unparticipating admiration for her mathematical abilities:

I know that two and two make four, and should be glad to prove it too, if I could—though, I must say, if by any sort of process I could convert 2 and 2 into 5 it would give me much greater pleasure.

That is quite in Byron's vein, who had an instinctive rebellion against law in every shape—a born anarchist. One letter has something like true feeling:

The truth is, that could I have foreseen that your life was to be linked to mine,—had I even possessed a distinct hope, however distant,—I would have been a different and better being. As it is, I have sometimes doubts, even if I should not disappoint the future nor act hereafter unworthily of you, whether the past ought not to make you still regret me—even that portion of it with which you are not unacquainted.

I did not believe such a woman existed—at least for me;—and I sometimes fear I ought to wish that she had not. . . .

My love, do forgive me if I have written in a spirit that renders you uncomfortable. I cannot embody my feelings in words. I have nothing to desire—nothing I would see altered in you—but so much in myself. I can conceive no misery equal to mine, if I failed in making you happy—and yet how can I hope to do justice to those merits from whose praises there is not a dissentient voice?

Decisive—does it not look? Yet his wife asserts that he told her on their wedding-day that he had married her out of revenge. It would be decisive with anybody save Byron. But we have such examples of the apparent passion with which he could write when circumstances prove him false, that it is unsafe to rely upon it. And his letters to Moore

and other friends speak of Miss Milbanke in sufficiently cool language. In particular he sneers at the "universal paragon" business which in the above letter he makes matter of compliment to her. He is undecipherable, in this as in some other respects.

But the letters to Miss Milbanke are full of character. In one he tells her that "the great object of life is sensation—to feel that we exist, even though in pain." Could you have a maxim more Byronic? None the less so that it would equally suit a devil. Again, he declares for "the talents of action" as against the gifts of reflection:

I by no means rank poets or poetry high in the scale of intellect. . . . They say poets never or rarely go mad. . . . It is, however, to be remarked that they rarely do, but are generally so near it that I cannot help thinking rhyme is so far useful in anticipating or preventing the disorder.

Clearly Byron anticipated Max Nordau. For the rest, it is a natural opinion from one who was no true poet, and had no true relish or understanding for poetry. In another letter he alludes to his cold behaviour in Society, and declares: "Those who know me most intimately can tell you that I am, if anything, too *childish*, with a greater turn for the ridiculous than for anything serious—and, I could hope, not very ill-natured *off the stage*." Posterity has entirely confirmed the judgment that Byron's gift was for the ridiculous rather than the serious—in a way that he little dreamed when he wrote this passage. The expression "off the stage" is a curious testimony to the affectation of his manners in Society. On this point, everyone should read the exceedingly interesting extract from *Stendhal* which Mr. Prothero gives in an appendix. It is all the more pitiless an exposure of the man's littleness because it is written by an enthusiastic admirer. The appendices, indeed, are full of interesting matter, including the letters to Byron from Claire Clairmont, which shed a vivid light upon the ill-trained and undisciplined character of a woman celebrated by her connexion both with Byron and Shelley. They do something to excuse Byron by showing that she fairly flung herself at his head. And Byron, the more one reads of him, needs all the excuse he can get.

## Science and Theology.

*Darwinism and Lamarckism.* By Frederick Wollaston Hutton, F.R.S., &c. (Duckworth. 3s. 6d. net.)

THESE lectures, most of which were originally delivered to New Zealand audiences, are really—as they claim to be—"popular expositions of the Darwinian doctrine." Mr. Hutton has an abundant right to be heard on the subject, for—his own biological researches apart—he was one of the first reviewers of *The Origin of Species*, and received in return a letter of thanks from the great author, which he prints with pardonable pride. Hence he was, as he says, in the thick of the fight which immediately sprang up round the book, and he is able to recall, with much judgment and discretion, the fierceness with which it was assailed as an attack (in spite of Darwin's own distinct assertion to the contrary) on revealed religion, the wholesale conversion of its opponents, and the spread of the doctrine it contained into the dominions of ethics and psychology. That it has been exposed to vicissitude is merely to say that it has shared the lot of all human ideas; but in the end it has triumphed all along the line, and no unprejudiced person can doubt that Mr. Hutton is right when he prophesies that Lord Salisbury's gibes at it in his Presidential Address at Oxford in 1894 will be the last attack made on it from the high places of science. The same thing may be said of the high places of religion, especially since the appearance of Drummond's *Ascent of Man*; and Mr. Hutton himself writes as a believer who by no means goes beyond his fellows when he pronounces

Darwinism to be "intimately connected with our systems of theology, for it forms one of the foundations—perhaps the corner-stone—of Natural Religion." We shall see before we have done, however, that there are still religious writers who view it with distrust, and who, consciously or unconsciously, read into it aims and intentions which its author expressly disclaimed.

Now, the discovery of Darwin, which Mr. Hutton sets forth very well and clearly, was that species are formed by natural selection. To quote Mr. Hutton:

Putting now together the fact of variation and the fact of struggle for existence, he shows that generally those varieties which are best adapted to succeed in life will live the longest, and will leave most offspring, while the others will be killed off. The successful individuals will hand down their useful characters to their offspring, occasionally in a still more useful form; and thus useful variations will tend more and more to improve, and succeeding generations will diverge more and more from the original stock.

Yet he did not consider this advance as regular, or even universal. "Lowly forms would still survive to occupy their appropriate places in the scheme of nature, while some might even retrograde."

Such was Darwin's discovery, and although he afterwards elaborated it by the addition of Sexual Selection, his hypothesis (never proved) of Pangenesis, and the like, he never attempted to enlarge its scope. He never asserted that natural selection was the only factor in evolution. "I am convinced," he said, "that natural selection has been the main but not exclusive means of modification." Nor did he think he had made any guess at the ultimate cause of nature. "Natural selection," he said later, "has no relation whatever to the primary cause of any modification of structure." Later still, he even abandoned in part his views as to the mode of operation of natural selection, and thought it possible that in the regular course of nature more was done by the elimination of those who were unable to reach a certain standard of fitness than by the constant competition of those who have passed it. Yet he was not ignorant that his theory was capable of extension into other sciences than biology. "In the future," he says, in *Origin of Species*, "I see open fields for far more important researches. Psychology will be securely based on a new foundation—that of the necessary acquirement of each mental power and capacity by gradation." This work has been undertaken by Mr. Herbert Spencer, who seeks to show that man's mental qualities, as also his institutions, are subject to the same law of natural selection as his physical structure; by Bagehot, who applies the same theory to the lesser social questions which he calls politics; and by Mr. Sutherland, who thinks that the emotions have also been "naturally selected." But although it will be news to many, Mr. Hutton is probably right when he thinks that the greatest extension given to the Darwinian theory obtained its impulse from Lord Kelvin, whose discovery of the principle of the dissipation of energy, in 1852, gave proof that the solar system, and probably the whole stellar universe, instead of having been formed by one operation, came into being by a gradual process of development in some respects resembling the evolution of plants and animals. As he very truly says, the metaphysicians who would assert that the two processes are at once identical and to be explained by the hypothesis of the spontaneous generation of living matter, have not given, and cannot give, any proof of the truth of their speculations. Whether characteristics acquired after birth can ever be transmitted to descendants remains also still unproved, though the balance of evidence shows that in the majority of cases they are not. On all these points Mr. Hutton discourses with admirable clearness and brevity, as upon the theory of Lamarck and his followers that all evolutionary changes of structure are to be attributed to changes of environment. Although he does not agree with this theory *in toto*, he gives it due weight, and goes so far

as to admit that "we know of nothing capable of imitating *organic* [the italics are ours] changes except the action of external forces upon protoplasm." Altogether a very readable and fair-minded book.

*From Comte to Benjamin Kidd.* By Robert Mackintosh, D.D., &c. (Macmillan. 8s. 6d. net.)

DR. MACKINTOSH'S book, although not unreadable, is certainly not fair-minded. It is, indeed, written frankly from the point of view of a partisan, and of a partisan who, as we cannot help feeling, thinks he has got rather the worst of the positions. Starting from the purely gratuitous assumption that biology sets itself up as a guide for human conduct, he rushes through the works of Comte, Darwin, Spencer, Leslie Stephen, Bagehot, Alexander, Weissmann, Kidd, and others, and finds them all barren. Darwin's theory, he admits, "holds the field." Yet he is half convinced that it is "only a possible way of putting the process of evolution for purposes of study," while he has "very grave metaphysical objections to the terminology and conceptions with which Darwin went to work." He thinks, too, that natural selection "does not, cannot apply when reason is at work," by which he apparently means when man has evolved into a reasoning being; and that the "wise social philosopher will renounce as fraudulent and absurd the attempt to deduce ethics from schemes of physical or even of biological evolution." Finally, he comes to the conclusion that Christianity alone can ensure the fullest development of man's nature, or, to use his own words, that in this alone "we have the pledge of the human world, fulfilling its destiny"; and he draws a glowing picture of what will happen when it is more generally recognised that natural selection ceased when reason came into the world. Then, he says, "we shall see a return of men's minds to the rejected authorities. Religion, conscience, philosophy, even intuitionism, they will all come back 'trooping all together.' Probably they will all have contributions to make to the social philosophy of the future. Faith in freewill must also return; the ban of ostracism will be cancelled." These seem tremendous results to follow the acceptance of a corollary pretty generally conceded. But one is tempted to ask why they did not immediately follow the appearance of *The Origin of Species*, before wicked men had dared to apply the Darwinian theory to ethics.

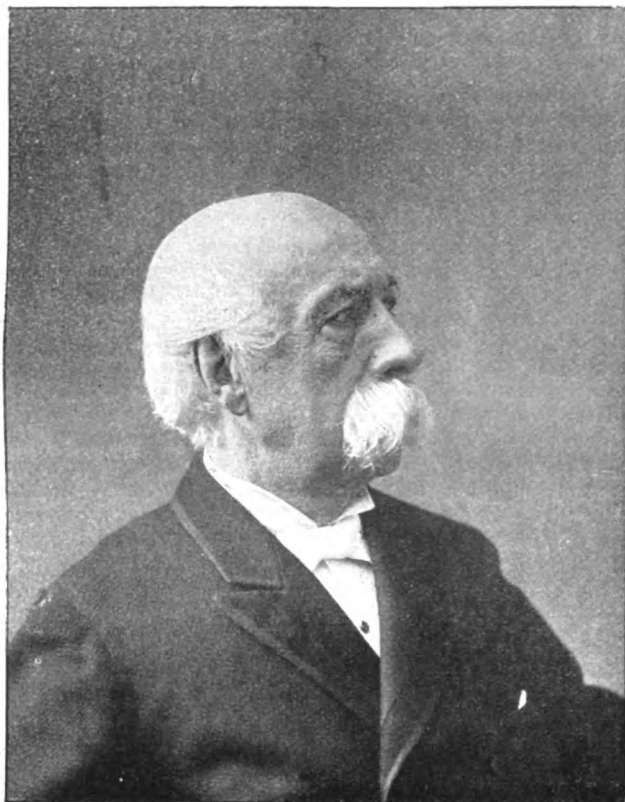
The meaning of all this is, apparently, that Dr. Mackintosh is one of those people who are always looking out for what they call a "conflict between religion and science." The phrase is inept, for a conflict between religion and science is no more possible than a duel between two men who are safely locked up in separate rooms. Science, it can never be too often repeated, is exact knowledge based upon ascertained fact, while religion claims to be based upon intuitions or revelations which by the traditions of all religions do not lead to exact and definite knowledge. But round every religion, and especially round every religion which boasts a body of professional teachers, there grows up a body of doctrine rather obscuring than illustrating its main teaching, and of these side-beliefs science is often most destructive. Thus Galileo upset the theologically-taught theory of the rotation of the sun round the earth, Robertson Smith gave one of the first blows to the verbal inspiration of Scripture, and Darwin has put to sleep the limitless freewill of man which Dr. Mackintosh wants to bring back. Every innovation of the kind produces a tremendous outcry from the theologians who are called by it to revise their system, and has often entailed awkward consequences upon the innovator. But the seeker after truth will not be disconcerted thereby, for he knows the outcome of such commotions. "Give a theory time," said Carlyle; "if it can succeed it is a right theory." And in ideas, as in other matters, the fittest may be trusted to survive.



## A Bismarck of the South.

*Francesco Crispi.* By W. J. Stillman. (Grant Richards. 7s. 6d.)

NEEDLESS to say, Mr. Stillman's biography is partisan. *Apologia pro Vita Crispi* it might have been called, without the least exaggeration of its contents. Unpartisan biography is rare, perhaps unknown, when it is of the dead; of the living, it is impossible. Mr. Stillman, to do him justice, is quite frank as to his purpose. He has been Roman correspondent of the *Times*, had more favoured relations with Crispi than his newspaper fellows, was a fervid sympathiser with the revolutionary movements



FRANCESCO CRISPI.

in which Crispi played a leading part, and naturally a fervid admirer of Crispi himself. His admiration was naturally not decreased by the brusque minister's favour towards himself, though he denies the intimacy with him which has been generally believed to exist. Under such circumstances, we can hardly form a safe estimate of Crispi from Mr. Stillman, unless we had heard the other side. Yet from his pages we can get something like a glimpse of the other side. In the very thorough-goingness of his partisanship there is something of the *enfant terrible* about him; and an uncompromising adversary of Mazzini and Crispi might thank Mr. Stillman for some of the admissions in this book. For the rest, his biography is not ambitious, makes no pretensions to thoroughness; but it is useful in its degree, and as a presentment of the "case" for the ex-Minister. We wish we could add that it was well-written. Mr. Stillman's English is not good. Sentences with no construction at all are distressingly frequent; while for grammar—Priscian is not merely "a little scratched" (as Shakespeare has it), he is scarified!

A remarkable career, and a sufficiently marked personality, is that of this *quasi*-Bismarck of the South. His portrait is, in a degree, reminiscent of the German minister, with its heavy moustache, strong jaw, the mastiff-

wrinkles about eye and mouth, and the bushy brows. It lacks the capacity of front, the build of forehead. And so with character; the man is a vulgared Bismarck: as overbearing, as energetic, with less insight, craft, and mental grasp. In scrupulousness (despite the biographer) we think them much a pair. Neither were choice about the means to an end. But the men's careers were as different as their aims. Crispi ended, like Bismarck, as minister of a king; but he began as a revolutionist, and he was revolutionist all through. He accepted the monarchy to unite Italy; but his heart was as much anti-monarchic in Parliament as when he marched into Palermo with the famous Thousand of Garibaldi. The King loved him not; and (*pace* Mr. Stillman) the King had reason. Indispensable he might be—the most capable minister in Italy; but his politics did not make for the continuance of the monarchy. He headed the section which ran the *Riforma* paper; and their aims included the transformation of the army into a national militia, together with financial and other projects, which distinctly tended to pave the way for a republic, and deprive the monarchy of the power of repression, without which no monarchy can exist. Carried out, they would have made the Italian vastly more helpless than the French Government. He had openly threatened the King with deposition if he refused to carry out reforms in his Roman capital as he had done in Turin; and a politician must be responsible for his words. The King might well think that out of the abundance of the heart the mouth had spoken. True, he disclaimed in Parliament the abolition of a standing army; but only as impracticable in the state of Europe: he did not disavow it as an ideal. Republican by conviction, monarchic by opportunism, no king could love such a supporter, or feel his support very reliable if a wind blew strong from the quarter of revolution.

Yet it was his opportunist destiny to suppress, and be called in to suppress, the most dangerous movement which has threatened the monarchy—the revolt in his native Sicily, where he had of old been arch-fermenter of revolt. Upon this ex-plotter the King had to lean, and leaned safely. Traitor Crispi was called by his old associates, yet gained no love or gratitude from Umberto. To think black and act white is not, if you come to think of it, the way to any man's confidence, whatsoever excellent motives you may assign for it. And this is a main reason why Crispi has failed where Bismarck succeeded.

If he had kept to his early party it would, at any rate, have kept to him. He was then the friend of Mazzini, the lieutenant of Garibaldi; he was cradled in plots, a plotter from the beginning, and no scrupulous one. How should any associate of Young Italy be over scrupulous? However you may sympathise with its aims, some of its ways are not just now popular in England, where we have had sore experience of them. Mr. Stillman, with his candid frankness, repudiates the denials of Mazzini's friends, and declares regicide to have been one of his instruments. Like the leaders of the Clan-na-Gael or the Invincibles, he did not go forth a-king-slaying himself, but deputed others to risk their necks and dip their steel in assassination. The principle is the same in all cases. If you admire an Italian assassin, you can make no objection should a Boer, who believes himself called upon to be the saviour of his country (as Mr. Stillman has it), "execute" Mr. Chamberlain "on his private responsibility." Crispi, as he journeyed through Sicily during those conspiratorial days, imparted beneficent instruction whereso he passed in the manufacture of explosive bombs, to be of use in the next revolution. He employed, plainly, the methods of the dynamiter; and whether the aim be a Czar, a petty Italian despotism, or a Tower of London, the means, we repeat, like us not. From an Irishman's standpoint, he has as much right to use them against an English Government as an Italian patriot against a Neapolitan Government. You may approve them. We



know a benevolent and sweet-natured lady who would go on her knees to kiss the hand of a king slayer; but if you dislike assassination and bomb-throwing, your condemnation must go all round. We like them not; and our respect for Bismarck would be badly tried had he been guilty of such little youthful indiscretions in the propagation of scientific bomb flinging. It does not materially enhance our admiration for Crispi.

He gave up revolution and the profession of instruction in bombs with the liberation of Sicily, and rallied to the support of the new Italian monarchy and constitutional opposition. He became the leader of the Left in the Italian Parliament. But in this, as in his ministerial career, he was on the whole a failure. Partly for the reasons already set forth, partly through his personal character. He was as masterful as Bismarck, in a Chamber not used to mastery; he was for the strict party-discipline of English politics, among Deputies like unruly school-boys; he had not the art to win love, and he had the devil of a temper. That spoiled him, first and last. Bismarck, too, had a temper; but he leaned on an Imperial master. Crispi was in opposition to the Court, and must lean on his followers or on nothing. He was violent and unprincipled in his political course; he assailed every measure of his enemies with unmeasured abuse, because it was the measure of his enemies. It was not sufficient amends for this that his own principles were consistent. Yet he had many qualities of a party-leader. He knew men, especially Italian politicians; and had formed of them the cynical estimate they deserved. Bismarck found Crispi easy to get on with, because he had such a low estimate of human action. In his last administration, taught by experience, he smoothed over his fierce temper—to the surprise of everyone; and then he showed forth his real capacities, manipulating the corrupt and selfish Italian Chamber with remarkable dexterity, and passing his measures one by one in face of a hostile assembly, after a fashion which could not have been bettered by Disraeli. He fell through the disaster sustained by the Italian army at the hands of Menelek. It was no fault of his. He suspected the rash designs of General Baratieri, he wished to remove him; but Baratieri was protected by the Court party, eager to damage Crispi. At the last moment Baldissera was actually sent out to replace Baratieri, who was suffering severely from "swelled head." But, in spite of all precautions, someone conveyed to the superseded General at the front the news of his supersession; and he was thereby (it must be feared) impelled to make the mad attempt which brought on defeat—the very attempt which Crispi dreaded, and was striving to prevent. After that, all was over for Crispi.

Of his private life, bitterly assailed, Mr. Stillman attempts defence. He seems (so far as one can judge from a necessarily *ex parte* statement) to clear him from the charge of financial malpractice. It would appear that his faults were confined to imprudent trust of others, and blindness to the malpractices of his wife and friends. It is otherwise with regard to the famous divorce scandal, which so shook his career. On the most favourable statement it comes to this. In early days, imprisoned at Turin, he entered on an intrigue with the daughter of the prison laundress. She followed him in his flight to Malta after his release; and there he married the girl he had seduced. When he became successful, and fairly well-to-do by his legal practice after the establishment of the Italian kingdom, his wife took to vulgar ostentation and drink. Thereupon a comrade showed him a way of getting rid of her. The comrade was prepared to swear that the Maltese marriage was illegal. Unknown to Crispi (according to this gentleman's account), the solemniser of the nuptials was a wandering Jesuit, without licence to perform marriage in Malta, and his certificate was signed with a forged name. So Crispi put away the woman.

One thing stands out prominently from this book, and that is the rottenness of Italian politics. Any chamber can be tricked into voting contrary to its convictions by raising a cross-issue, and snatching a vote under the temporary influence of emotion. In this way Ministers with a majority at their back can be and are daily overthrown. A hopeful state of things for Italy! This, at least, can be said of the questionable Crispi, that he was a man who knew his own mind in a fluctuant mass of intrigues; that he was a man of power, purpose, and ability, among a chamber of mediocrities. A Freethinker, he yet refused to join the celebration in honour of Giordano Bruno, because "he was not an atheist." A republican, he was practical enough to prefer national unity to a political theory. A questionable man, upon whom the last word has yet to be said, but visibly a man. And modern Italy lacks men.

### A Lady of Quality.

*Lady Louisa Stuart: Selections from Her MSS.* Edited by Hon. James A. Home. (Edinburgh: David Douglas. 7s. 6d.)

LADY LOUISA STUART, the youngest of a large family, in 1757 began a life which did not close till the middle of the present century. She never married, but we are assured she had the gift of friendship. Although she began to write when very young, she had a strong prejudice against appearing in print, natural in a day when it was considered *infra dig.* for a lady of quality to be an advertised author; and the only composition by her that had seen the light before the appearance of the present volume is the chapter of "Introductory Anecdotes" contained in the Life of her grandmother, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. It may be said at once that the selections from her writings which we owe to Mr. Home whet our appetite for a volume of her letters still to come. She joined to a marked ability for narrative that talent for digression which is the soul of the essayist. With a satirical eye she noted the foibles of humanity, and was never tired of observing how impostors may lead the world by the nose. She had, we may believe, no patience with the incomprehensible (unless it were in her religion), and one trembles to think what she would have said of modern symbolism. Providence gave her, however, two much more suitable subjects for her study—the Duchess of Argyll (Jane Warburton that was) and Lady Mary Coke, her youngest daughter. The duchess affords as remarkable an instance as one can cite of a woman's "nameless charm." She came "raw from Cheshire" to be "Maide of Honer" (as her mother spells it) to Queen Anne. The following anecdote exhibits the state of her culture:

The removals of the court (while there was a court) from palace to palace were superintended by a state officer called the Harbinger. As the ladies consulted together about their packages, on a rumour of the Queen's going suddenly to Windsor: "Well, for my part," said Jenny, "I sha'n't trouble myself—must not the scavenger take care of us maids of honour?"

"Jenny" deserves our sympathy under the circumstances in which she made the acquaintance of the Duke of Argyll. "Trained under King William, who gave him a Dutch regiment before he was seventeen," he had acquired a "military reputation inferior to Marlborough's alone." Young and exceedingly handsome as he was, it led to much tittering when Jenny toasted him at the dinner given by the Duke of Shrewsbury to the Maids of Honour on Queen Anne's birthday. She cried, and the incident came before the hero's notice, who forthwith sought her out. Hating, as he did, his legal wife, from whom he was separated, the Duke of Argyll fell passionately in love with Jenny, and was certain he had discovered a paragon

when she refused to become his mistress at any price. At last his wife died, and he wished to be reunited immediately, but Jenny obliged him to wait till a decent term had expired. They married in 1717, and she never lost her power over him till he died, although she once bitterly disappointed him. According to Lady Louisa she was not beautiful, she had no mental endowments, and she made his home a nest of toad-eaters and chatterboxes. It was impossible to enjoy his great gifts of conversation there.

Either his Jane came up and took the words out of his mouth without ceremony, or else the clack of her tea-table arose, and some tale of scandal, or history of a game at quadrille, or dissertation about buying dishcloths drowned his harmonious voice.

Lady Louisa speaks of his "infatuation," which long after his marriage "did literally equal what philtres and sorcery were believed to produce of old," and tells us how he carried about with him a beautiful miniature of a lady whom he described as "my Jane," but who bore no resemblance to her. No, he was not a humorist, as the anecdote might imply, he was abjectly in love with his English Dulcinea. What was her charm? Perhaps it was in her touch, a magnetism wholesome and sustaining, which many very foolish women exercise unwittingly. Perhaps also because she had so little love to give that he was never satiated.

Lady Mary Coke married a rake, and sued him for cruel usage. One can hear her answering the lawyers: "Never was any human creature treated as I have been." "That we do not doubt, madam; but the law requires of you a proof. . . . Will you please to enter into particulars?" "It is enough to say that in every respect my usage was most barbarous." "Cannot your ladyship state some one act on some one day?" "O! a thousand acts every day." The poor lady had indeed once been struck, and once, dreadful to relate, Lord Coke had called her an "affected b—" for reading Locke upon the Human Understanding. None the less her case fell to the ground completely.

Chaste as marble was Lady Mary, and vain to the verge of imbecility. She had convinced herself that that ruffianly wag, Edward, Duke of York, was in love with her, and when he died it was unwise to mention Westminster Abbey in her presence. "Child!" she cried once to a youthful offender, "what do you mean? Have you a mind to make me faint away? Did I not forbid you to say anything about the Abbey?" She had travelled a good bit, and had annoyed the Empress Marie Thérèse, from whom she had received gracious treatment, by some indiscretion. The Empress's consequent coldness was actually construed into a feud by the imaginative Lady Mary. Once, in England, she bid at an auction for a chest of drawers. For a prank, as it would seem, a "swarthy, shabby-looking fellow" raised the sum to a "ridiculous height." "The matter being so trifling," quoth Lady Mary, in retailing her adventure, "I protest it had not occurred to me before, but nothing escapes the vigilance of THAT PERSON." "That person" was Marie Thérèse.

The book contains some hitherto unpublished letters of Sir Walter Scott. He had confided to Lady Louisa the secret of his authorship. In 1827 Lord Meadowbank, Sir Walter not objecting, identified him with the Waverley Novels in a speech made in a drawing-room. Whereupon Sir Walter made good the avowal. "My secret," he writes cheerily, "was just in the case of Jack Meggot's monkey, which died just when Jack got completely tired of him. Besides, I was sorry for telling lies which were not believed. A lawyer, like Fag in the *Rivals*, never cares for telling a lie either to serve himself or his client, but it goes against one's conscience to be found out." There is a pathetic postscript to one of the letters, all of which date shortly after the heavy loss involved by Constable's failure. "You will have difficulty, I fear, in reading this, but my eyes are failing me fast. I cannot charge them with idleness."

Here we must take leave of Mr. Home's fascinating volume. In it the most high born personages may be met on a simple footing, and there is something very enviable in being on such familiar terms with them at so little expense to ourselves. Of Lady Louisa's original compositions in verse—echoes of Pope—little need be said. Here, however, is an enchanting couplet:

But if she smiled, tee-hees awoke  
Prophetic of her unborn joke.

This, too, is a great line, sublimely humorous. It refers to the king who was fooled into believing he wore a beautiful mantle when he really had next to nothing on:

In unbeseeing garb succinctly clad.

## The Telegraph in the Library.

*Essays in Librarianship and Bibliography.* By Richard Garnett, C.B., LL.D. (George Allen. 6s.)

It was meet, as well as in accordance with precedent, that the late distinguished Keeper of the Printed Books in the British Museum should himself contribute a volume to that "Library Series" of which he is the editor. He has fulfilled the obligation by bringing together a couple of dozen scattered papers which made their first appearances in magazines and newspapers, or were prepared as essays in practical bibliography for communication to the Library Association and kindred societies. Despite the drawbacks of repetition, which are inevitable from this process of collecting scattered contributions to the literature of one great subject, the volume is not only full of entertainment for the general reader, but contains much handy matter such as the bookman needs often to consult. There is, for instance, an exhaustive account of the printing of the British Museum Catalogue—that crowning achievement of Dr. Garnett's career in Great Russell-street—as well as of the introduction of the sliding press. The one has provided catalogue space for three centuries to come—the calculation is based upon the perhaps too sanguine hope that the printing presses of the world will never be more productive than they are at present—while the other has removed all anxiety about the storage of books for a generation or two.

But although Dr. Garnett is now enjoying his well-earned rest from the active labours of the librarian, his heart, it is clear, is still in Bloomsbury, and he writes a preface to emphasise some of the points he has urged in the collected articles. He satisfied himself long ago that the usefulness of the British Museum Reading-room will never be complete until telegraphy is brought in to the aid of reader, librarian, and attendant. The idea of sitting down at your padded desk and telegraphing for the book you want is a little startling at first; but Dr. Garnett shows that it would be exceedingly simple and practical, and a saving of time and temper to those concerned. The suggestion is that an electrical transmitter connected with a printing telegraph instrument should be fixed upon every desk. The reader would thus "wire" the usual details of the book required, and they would be simultaneously ticked out inside the library. It is quite an idyllic picture which Dr. Garnett calls up of the scene in the Reading-room when the "ticker" is installed: "No more troops of boy attendants, with the inevitable noise and bustle; nothing but the messenger speeding on his silent errand, and the quiet delivery of books at the desks: an unparalleled scene of perfect physical repose in the midst of intense mental activity." We are disappointed to find that, with all his ingenuity, Dr. Garnett is not prepared with any scheme for the circumvention of the infamous and distressing Museum headache—one of the least preventible ills inflicted upon literary flesh and blood. Stale and stagnant in mild weather, muggy and outrageously

over-heated in winter, the atmosphere of the famous rotunda is endurable with difficulty even by the regular reader, while to the occasional visitor it means prostration.

It must not be supposed, however, that the whole of the book is devoted to the institution which is necessarily uppermost in the author's mind. The other essays present plenty of variety, and range from a learned discourse upon the bibliography of Argentina and Paraguay (exactly the subject in which the Spanish-book loving Robert Southey would have revelled) to a casual reference to the date of the introduction of blotting-paper. The charming article upon "Some Book-hunters of the Seventeenth Century" is as pleasantly anecdotal as any "general reader" can desire. There is, in especial, a modern story of a lady who beat down a second-hand bookseller from two shillings to eighteenpence for a copy of the first edition of George Meredith's *Poems*, worth commercially ten or twelve guineas. The lady knew its value, and the bookseller did not (this aboriginal simplicity is as scarce as the particular book), and Dr. Garnett is not quite sure whether he most admires or execrates her. It is clear, at all events, that she has in her the makings of a very knowing second-hand bookseller.

### "Dress in Red, and Don't Talk."

*Cosimo de' Medici.* By K. Dorothea Ewart. "Foreign Statesmen" Series. (Macmillan & Co. 2s. 6d.)

THIS is a good contribution to the "Foreign Statesmen" series; good not only for the care and lucidity with which the web of Cosimo de' Medici's foreign and domestic policy has been unravelled, but also for the pains bestowed upon delineating the portrait of the man. Cosimo was the founder of what may be called the Medicean dynasty at Florence, but he was not the first of the Medici. His father, Giovanni, had set on foot before him what became the traditional family policy of championing the popular party of Florence against the narrow rule of the merchant oligarchy. This way rose the Pisistratidæ to tyranny at Athens; this way the Medici. After Giovanni's death, Cosimo was attacked by a rival, Rinaldo degli Albizzi, and banished; but he returned, and set himself to the difficult task of becoming master of the city. He succeeded, through his unparalleled genius for intrigue, of holding every thread in his hands without troubling his head about the semblance of power. Luca Pitti built a vast palace beyond the Arno, and Luca Pitti fell. Cosimo, more wise, waved aside the tempting design of Brunelleschi, and built himself a modest town house in the Via Larga. He let Brunelleschi build the magnificent church of San Lorenzo, and there he lies beneath a plain slab of porphyry, with the high inscription, *Cosmus Pater Patriæ*. His own taste was not for splendour. He provided *Trionfi* for the delight of a pageant-loving folk; but he did not care himself to watch the actors and buffoons. He wore the plain red cloak of a citizen. "Dress in red, and don't talk" was his advice to the ambitious politician; and Philippe de Commines notes it as a secret of his rule that "his authority was soft and amiable, and such as is necessary for a free town." The outward aspect of Florence owes him much. Besides San Lorenzo, he built San Marco, where they show you a cell that was his own retreat. And the *palazzo* in the Via Larga, modest in design as it was, was glorified with the finest decoration of the age of great decorators. Luca della Robbia designed his summer-house, Ghiberti his reliquary; Donatello made medallions for the courtyard. Nor is there anything more exquisite than the dark little chapel with its four walls one continued fresco of rich fancy and jewelled colour by Benozzo Gozzoli:

It represents the journey of the Magi. All round the walls ride in an unbroken cavalcade the kings and their attendants, a gay and motley crowd, like the throng of a mediæval pilgrimage, arrayed in the brightest and most

fanciful of Renaissance costume, with hawks and hounds and finely caparisoned horses, yet with something of seriousness in their faces, as if in tribute to the sacred spot in which they find themselves. . . . Cosimo rides in the procession, a soberly attired, unassuming old man, but without the look of foxey cunning which his best known portrait gives him: the lad Lorenzo, crowned with roses, sits jauntily upon his white horse.

For the painters Cosimo's patronage was Catholic. Paolo Uccello and Andrea del Castagno, the realists and lovers of perspective, shared it with the saintly primitive Fra Angelico. The vagrant Filippo Lippi, escaped from his cloister, he housed in his own palace, and said: "One must treat these people of extraordinary genius as if they were celestial spirits, and not like beasts of burden." Cosimo was a great book-collector, too, and many of his treasures have found their way to the Laurentian. He took a singular interest in Platonic or Neo-Platonic philosophy, and with more of mysticism than you would suspect in the keen diplomatist and man of business founded an "Academy" at his villa of Careggi, and had the boy Marsiglio Ficino educated for the express purpose of devoting his life to a great translation of the master. "I owe to Plato much, to Cosimo no less," says Ficino; "he realised for me the virtues of which Plato gave me the conception." Let this, as well as the inscription in San Lorenzo, be his epitaph.

### Other New Books.

THE HUMAN BOY.

By EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

THIS volume contains eleven sketches of schoolboy life at Merivale School, and is supposed to be written by one or other of the boys themselves. The plots are simple enough: the boys entrench themselves in one of the dormitories as a protest against being taught by a bounder; or fall in love with the headmaster's daughters; or smoke and are overtaken by the usual Nemesis. But the sketches are funny enough, and we must confess to having laughed a good deal over Freckles, Nubbs, Bradwell, and the rest of them. On the whole, perhaps, "Freckles and Frenchy" has amused us most. Freckles came to Merivale from Australia, cram full of legends of bushrangers. He bush-ranged in the woods about the school, had a belt lined with "human skin, said to be flayed off a chap by cannibals somewhere," a bowie knife, a spirit lamp, a collapsible tin pot, and a bag of tea. "He said tea was the very life of men in the bush." "Nubby" proceeds thus with his description of Freckles:

Lastly, Freckles had a flat lead mask, with holes for the eyes and mouth, which he always fitted on when trespassing. He said it was copied from the helmet Ned Kelly, the King of the Bushrangers, used to wear; but it was not bullet-proof, but only used for a disguise. We were in the same dormitory, and one night, when all the chaps had gone to sleep, he dressed up in these things and stood where some moonlight came in, and certainly looked jolly. Once, as an awful favour—me being smaller than him, and not fast enough to run away from a man—he let me come and see what he did when bushranging on a half-holiday in winter. "I sha'n't run my usual frightful risks with you," he said, "because I might have to open fire to save you, and that would be very disagreeable to me; but we'll trespass a bit, and I'll shoot a few things, if I can. I don't shoot much—only for food."

"Freckles" finally tries to "stick up" the French master who had called him an "aborigine," and the result was disastrous to Freckles.

The sketch, as we have intimated, is funny; but even while we laughed we were conscious of something wrong, as though we were being cheated of our laughter. Mr. Phillpotts knows exactly what schoolboys do, and can lay bare their inmost thoughts; likewise he shows an all-pervading sense of humour which will delight the un-

reflecting reader. The reflecting reader, however, remembers that it is not Mr. Phillpotts but a schoolboy who is telling the story, and he knows that a schoolboy is not given to self-analysis, and has no sense of humour at all. The schoolboy is the most serious of beings; he does grotesque things, but does not realise their absurdity. The boy who swears secrecy on crossed knives is amusing, but is quite unconscious that he is amusing. Now and then Mr. Phillpotts really tries to pretend that the lower school boy is writing and puts us off with "innosent" and "strateji." But we are not deceived for a moment, knowing that if the spelling is the spelling of "Nubby" the mind is the mind of Mr. Phillpotts.

The author of *Lying Prophets and Children of the Mist* cannot be permitted to amuse us under false pretences. And though we do not doubt that many people will laugh at *The Human Boy* we must point out that it would have been a greater artistic success if the author had changed his personal pronouns. (Methuen & Co. 6s.)

THE STORY OF ECLIPSES. BY GEORGE F. CHAMBERS.

The eclipse of the sun which will take place on May 28 of next year will be visible in its totality no farther away from England than Spain and Portugal. In the United States it will be visible over a very large tract of country. It is partly in view of the fact that so many Anglo-Saxons will be able to see this eclipse that Mr. Chambers has produced this little book, which takes its place in the "Library of Useful Stories." Mr. Chambers appends to his lucid account of eclipses much useful information concerning hotels, steamers, and trains for tourists and astronomers who intend to go to the Peninsula. In a chapter on the literary use of eclipses by poets and writers, Mr. Chambers confesses his inability to find any historic basis for Gloucester's allusion in "King Lear": "These late eclipses in the Sun and Moon portend no good to us." In "Othello" the Moor exclaims:

O, insupportable! O heavy, hour!  
Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse  
Of Sun and Moon, and that the affrighted globe  
Should yawn at alteration.

Milton, of course, has several allusions to eclipses:

It was that fatal and perfidious bark  
Built in th' eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark  
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

But his finest passage of the kind is the one in which he compares Satan to the Sun in eclipse:

As when the Sun new-risen  
Looks through the horizontal misty air  
Shorn of his beams, or, from behind the Moon  
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds  
On half the nations, and with fear of change  
Perplexes Monarchs.

The book admirably fulfils its purpose, which is to expound the phenomena of eclipses to general readers. (Newnes, Ltd. 1s.)

KING ROBERT THE BRUCE. BY A. F. MURISON.

Prof. Murison has already written a monograph of Sir William Wallace for the "Famous Scots" series. The life of Bruce for the same series has very properly been committed to the same hands. For both stories Prof. Murison has gone to the primary authorities. In considering Bruce Prof. Murison has taken his own line on several controverted points, though space has precluded anything like formal argument. And it begets confidence in the reader to find the author deprecating "the exaggerated pedestal of Patriotism reared for Bruce by the indiscriminating, if not time-serving, eulogies of Barbour and Fordun." The deductions made, "the figure of the Hero remains colossal." In thirteen short and very readable chapters Prof. Murison shows why. (Oliphant, Anderson, & Ferrier. 1s. 6d.)

SOME ASPECTS OF PRIMITIVE CHURCH LIFE.

BY WILLIAM BRIGHT, D.D.

Canon Bright's book is very different in tone to the foregoing. It is, in fact, a reprint of addresses delivered to "a summer meeting of the clergy"—who must, at any rate, be supposed to know their Church history—and the writer does not, therefore, feel himself called upon to be as popular, while the nature of his audience doubtless prevented him from being as impartial, as Dr. Waterman. For the rest, it covers nearly the same period, and perhaps comes from the same school of thought as the American work. A great part both of the text and of the notes in the earlier chapters are occupied with the exposure of what the author considers the errors of Lightfoot and Hort; but the author gives rather greater prominence to the position of the laity in the Primitive Church than has been assigned to it in certain quarters. Thus, he quotes with approval St. Cyprian's dictum, that the bishop should "do nothing without the presbytery and the concurrence of the people," although he is careful to remind his hearers that the layman of that day was in a much fuller sense a member of the Church, and much better informed on Church questions, than the person who often nowadays calls himself "a lay member of the National Church," because he belongs to none other. For the rest, it goes without saying that the book is well and carefully written, and should be of use in the controversy as to the internal government of the Anglican Church which some think is coming upon us. (Longmans.)

SOME NEW EDITIONS.

The late Sir James Fitzjames Stephen's *Digest of the Law of Evidence* (Macmillan) has reached its fifth edition in its twenty-fifth year. The editors, Sir Herbert and Mr. Harry Lushington Stephen, have followed the original edition closely, but they have had to deal with several new Acts of importance—particularly the Prevention of Cruelty to Children Act, 1894, and the Criminal Evidence Act, 1898. For lay readers who do not know this work we may mention that it is no bulky tome, and that its interest may well be appreciated by the unlearned in the law who like to follow law cases.—Another new edition, which is more than a reprint, is the third edition of Sir H. Thompson's *Modern Cremation*. The latest information about Cremation, and the most matured arguments in its favour, will be found in this volume, which forms a cheap and handy manual on the whole subject.—For the Alpine season Mr. Murray has issued new editions, at three shillings each, of Mr. Whympers's *Guides to Zermatt and Chamounix and the Range of Mont Blanc*.—In every part of the year boys become ripe for a trade or profession. Hence a new and augmented edition of Messrs. Pechell and Nolan's *Professions for Boys*. Dr. Welldon's preface to the first edition is reprinted, and we are told that twenty-two new professions have been dealt with, and that the information given throughout has been revised and completed. Here the anxious father may compare the claims of Accountancy and the Bengal Pilot Service, of Art and Tea-planting, as careers for his sons.—Mr. Baring-Gould has prepared a new and revised edition of *The Vicar of Morwenstow*, under which title we have the biography of Robert Stephen Hawker, the Cornish poet, whose collected works are now exciting so much interest. The extent and nature of the revision are not stated, but we draw attention to the speaking portrait of the poet-parson which forms the frontispiece.—The "Temple Classics" series is as "one that travelleth." Its most interesting recent addition, to our mind, is *Thoughts of Divines and Philosophers*, selected by Mr. Basil Montagu. Here the sentences of Jeremy Taylor, Dr. South, Dr. Barrow, and Sir Thomas Browne make harmonious thunder.

## Fiction.

*The Heart of Toil.* By Octave Thanet.  
(Downey & Co., Ltd. 6s.)

THIS volume of short stories reaches excellence. The tales are so workmanlike, so shapely, so unaffected, so pleasing, that it is not easy to find faults in them. They represent the very best literary art of the American magazines—an art which is at once “popular” and dignified. One can imagine that they are looked forward to month by month, and appreciated as something indigenous, distinctively American. Yet in some mysterious way they fail in the effectiveness which would seem to be the due reward of their merit. They arouse emotions which are only tepid. They leave the reader almost indifferent—and surprised, so obvious is the skill, that he is almost indifferent. Without doubt they are sentimental, and that is against them. But Kipling is sentimental, rankly sentimental sometimes, and many another strong hand. It is not their sentimentality which weakens them. It must be—we arrive at the result by a process of exclusion—a certain restriction of outlook, an always-present inability to see largely. So much for our dispraise, which we admit is neither precise nor satisfactory.

“Octave Thanet” takes her scenes from the life of the American working-man of the upper grade—the working-man who gets good wages, strikes for better, forms himself into leagues of which each member is a “knight,” and goes about, metaphorically, flying the Whitmanesque flag:

“I exist as I am, that is enough.”

The theatre of her drama is not New York, but a comparatively small manufacturing town on the banks of the Mississippi (a Mississippi strangely different from Mark Twain's). The first story in the book, “The Non-Combatant,” is the best. Here the workmen have been on strike for weeks, and the non-combatant is one Race Battles, a small grocer who, out of the goodness of his heart, has risked his friendship with the big wholesale men by giving credit to the strikers. The pathos and insecurity of Battles' position, his admirable courage, his kindness, and his undying pluck are really very well rendered. Mr. Battles has a wife and daughter, both delightfully drawn.

“Will it cheer him up, do you really think, ma?” said she.

“Stella Battles! Don't you know no more of your pa than not to know he'll be tickled to death? There ain't a father in town wouldn't be! I should say!”

Stella placed the bread and the tiny mite of butter—meals did not have their former generous look at the grocer's now. She looked at the table-cloth and spoke in a soft rush, like one who fears the failing of her own courage midway: “Ma, I know he would be pleased, usually; but—he seems so changed and worried all the time now, and—there would be the expense of the graduating dress, the gloves, and ribbons and those things—”

“Don't you fret, lambie,” returned the mother tenderly, as the girl's voice quivered and sank; “if pa can't raise the money for your graduating muslin, your ma can! And you know pa sets the world and all by your learning. But he's so beset and worried now, he don't know which way to turn. But you see how it is, Stella, it's seven weeks now since the boys struck, and the bills are going on and on; and there don't seem no more chance now than there was the first week—not so much, even—that the strike will be settled: and however will the bills get paid? It makes the creeps come up my back when I think of it; I don't wonder there's gray hairs in Race's head, nor that he groans in his sleep. I don't see how pa'd live through it to fail! He said that when he mortgaged the house last week, and I cried when I signed. But he's got the money to pay Wells. He's the worst, that man!”

Mr. Battles ultimately emerges safe from his troubles.

To witness the ruin of such a man would have been intolerable. Nevertheless, “Octave Thanet” might well have spared our sensibilities at a slightly less expense of crude “happiness” at the conclusion. In this, as in all the other stories, the various types of working man are sketched with skill and understanding. Dick Leroy, the “straight” labour leader, who appears in most of the tales, is a charming character, and he would be even more charming were he less perfect.

*Giles Ingilby.* By W. E. Norris. With 8 Illustrations by Percy F. S. Spence. (Methuen. 6s.)

A POET, with or without knickerbockers and curls, is an interesting creature. The process by which the feeling of poetry is articulated might form the subject of a most valuable inquiry. But although Giles Ingilby is a poet, he does not, unfortunately, find in Mr. Norris an exponent of his temperament. There is just one luminous touch: “He composed the words of the chant to which his feet kept time in a sort of spontaneous nonsense chant, drawn from him by the scenery and the weather, yet with here and there a couplet in it, or a suggestion of one, not unworthy of subsequent remembrance and use.” Apart from that and the conversation of the poet's father, who is an editor, the book is a veritable valentine. All the more, therefore, is it a typical Mudie novel and all the less an important one. In the facility with which Giles is emancipated from the thralldom of trade he pairs with the hero of *Young Lives*. But the samples of the Muse which Mr. Le Gallienne generously afforded are darkly withheld by Mr. Norris. This is a pity, as Giles seems to have been a kind of Kipling, without the versatility. But the reader is to have his mind agitated, not his ears tickled. The poet staggers against a bar-sinister. How will he reach the heroine across that barrier? He dare not; he flies. It really seems rather late in our tolerant century to ring the curtain up on this situation, and the genial author seems to think that perhaps it is nothing very dreadful after all. For one dazzling moment the heroine is allowed to let every consideration vanish before the fact that she loves her Giles. And really, since she was able to vault the bar, why not let it remain as a monument to her agility? But Mr. Norris, clever man that he is, knows that, in society, to be nice is far more important than to be nimble, and he thoughtfully removes the obstacle. It is quite simple. A man with a living wife contracts in good faith a marriage with a woman with a living husband. So he didn't commit bigamy, and she did. The reader may be assured that she is an unpleasant person, and that her bigamy is not of the slightest consequence. Whereas he—well, at any rate, he is a witty man, for he is as grateful for his son's forgiveness “as a man can be who has just received a shovelful of fiery coals upon the top of his head.” The novel is admirably written in a style that mingles the gentlemanly cynicism of middle life with a sunny appreciation of the charm of youth. The poet's mother is extremely well-drawn. She is consistent all through in her affection and her prejudice. The tea merchant, too, is a life-like, intelligent Briton—a very just rendering of a business man. One or two of the illustrations—notably the frontispiece and that facing p. 129—deserve praise for their animation and the skill they evince in perspective.

*The Custom of the Country.* By Mrs. Hugh Fraser.  
(Hutchinson. 6s.)

It was inevitable that Mrs. Hugh Fraser, having made some reputation with *A Diplomatist's Wife in Japan*, should forthwith collect some short stories and republish them as a book; but it is a little unfair, since there is no outward indication that the volume is made up of five tales, and



that "The Custom of the Country" is the title of only one of them, and that not the first; it is also rather a pity. Mrs. Fraser, as she has shown us in her earlier work, knows Japan well, sympathises with its people, and is (we use the phrase in a complimentary sense) an agreeable rattle. But these qualities, though they suffice for a couple of volumes of observant gossip, are not enough for the building of one good short story. Mrs. Fraser, to tell the truth, does not play the game. She breaks the rules with an *insouciance* which almost disarms criticism. We will take an example from the title-story. We are sitting with Thornton, the hero, on a balcony, watching the father and uncle of the Japanese girl whom he loves. They are talking confidentially in the opposite house, and Thornton and we want to know what they are saying. Obviously Thornton and we should learn no more than we can hear or see. This is how Mrs. Hugh Fraser cheats at the game:

"But now Rinzo San," he said, "will you not ask me why I came?"

"For a good and brotherly purpose, I am sure," replied the other, trying to look unconcerned, and filling up the tea-cups with a trembling hand.

"For a better purpose than yours was when you left us," said his brother. "I come to undo the wrong you did, and to offer you reconciliation and friendship from all the family."

"What am I to pay for such precious things, Kato San?" asked Rinzo, eyeing him suspiciously and stroking his chin. *Such an offer from such a quarter seemed more dangerous than a threat.*

"There is nothing to pay between brothers."

Kato spoke as loftily as Confucius could have done.

"*There will be his hotel bill,*" thought old Rinzo; *but then he was comforted, for Kato evidently wanted something and was disposed to be polite about it.*

The points we have italicised could not possibly have been observed by a stranger sitting on the balcony opposite. Mrs. Fraser must really learn the rules and stick to them; for the breach that may pass in a novel is blatant in the short story. Further, we would beg her not to use "praught" as the past tense of "preach," even in fun. And, finally, we must point out that even if there were such a word as "anthrophoby," an "anthrophobic woman" could not denote a female who disliked men. Those who know nothing of the elements should not try to coin words.

*The Strange Story of Hester Wynne.* By G. Colmore.  
(Smith, Elder & Co. 6s)

THIS book has a quality of comeliness seldom seen in novels of which the object is to arouse a curiosity of dread. The author has set herself to write a sensational story which should also be artistic. In the result she has been rather more artistic than sensational—though more than a little sensational. Without descending to the familiar trickeries of the serialist, she has yet contrived at the beginning to communicate a shudder of apprehension, and gradually to intensify and enlarge that shudder as the end approaches. The prologue, describing the death of the drunken ancestor, is very well done, and (very different from the average prologue) legitimately and effectively chosen. The idea of Hester's necklet is neatly exploited; and the pursuit of her by Jesse Pimpernel, that terrible child of a terrible mother, is not only thrilling in its progress, but productive of continual uncertainty as to its ultimate climax. All these things are as they should be. It is just at the finish that, unhappily, "G. Colmore" comes to grief. The concocter of mystery is all the while piling up a debt of explanation and motivation which, if her readers are to be satisfied, must be discharged handsomely at the end of the book. We cannot admit that on p. 355, where she essays to elucidate Jesse's conduct, the author pays twenty shillings in the pound. The facts

are crudely and hurriedly stated, and they lack that misty atmosphere of suggestion which alone could make them accord with the vague terrors that precede them. Further, they are not "prepared." The author's nervous fear of giving away her mystery too soon has carried her into an excess of secretive prudence. The reader, when he hears the explanation, should be compelled to call himself an idiot for not having foreseen that explanation from the beginning. That compulsion is part of the mystery-monger's feat. "G. Colmore" has not performed it.

In spite of this, *The Strange Story of Hester Wynne* is worthy of much praise. Well-written, modest, and not without real imagination, it gives a glimpse of the artistic possibilities of the sensational novel. It would not have suffered had it been more sensational.

## Notes on Novels.

[*These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.*]

"PUNCHINELLO."

ANON.

This is the story of Anthony Dallas—"Punchinello"—who is represented as a pathetic hunchback ancestor of the editor, Dorothy Dallas. Dorothy finds Anthony's biography—"yellowed pages almost falling apart from stress of years"—in a table in the morning-room at Dane's End. With such a hero the story is necessarily couched in a minor key, but it is pretty and touching throughout. (Bowden. 6s.)

SECRETS OF MONTE CARLO.

BY WILLIAM LE QUEUX.

"With a view to giving the public some idea of the class of adventurers who, disguised in dress-shirts and claw-hammer coats, frequent the Rooms, I have induced Monsieur Antoine Martin, the General Director of the Surveillance Department, to relate one or two of his exciting personal reminiscences." The stories are eleven in number. The first ends abruptly on the Place de la Roquette. (F. V. White & Co. 1s.)

FIVE THOUSAND POUNDS REWARD. BY CHARLES BENNETT.

"Being a true account of the Recovery of the Sezmeer Diamonds." The plot is somewhat original, as the diamonds are found by a respectable householder in his outhouse, and it is from this point that the hue and cry begins. The hue and cry is conducted on land and sea, and we are introduced alternately to the rural Dogberry and to the smartest of Scotland Yard's detectives, men of "basilisk-like gaze." (Warne & Co. 1s.)

THE MYSTERY OF SHELDON BARS. BY INA LEON CASSILIS.

A typical holiday story for the pier-end and the boarding-house bay window. "Her hands were gloveless—one could not think of those slender, delicate hands wielding a murderer's weapon; one could not think of that fragile-looking girl, with her noble face, and pathetic, dark eyes, committing a hideous and cowardly crime." (Henderson. 3d.)

THE HUMBLING OF MARK LESTER. BY BESSIE MARCHANT.

A melodramatic story of married life. Trouble and misunderstanding are piled up, and then . . . "Alice had risen, and was standing before him, the dawn of a half-incredulous happiness in her eyes. . . . 'Then I am not Alice Desart' . . . and so the reconciliation was effected in the old apple-room under the eaves. . . . 'Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.'" (Simpkin Marshall. 2s. 6d.)



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## Wanted: Good Histories.

THERE is no doubt that popular history is in a bad way. Gibbon, Macaulay, Froude, Green—where are the successors of these men? Apparently they are buried in class-rooms and record offices, where they pore over ancient documents, and produce works which the average man does not recognise as histories. It appears, too, that they are scornful of the old giants, and not in the least inclined to emulate their triumphs. History, they say, is not for the public, it is not legitimate material for literary treatment, and on no account must it be invested with human interest. History is science; history is specialism. The very right of "general history" to exist is disputed. These views are set forth by Messrs. C. V. Langlois and C. S. Seignobos in their *Introduction to the Study of History*, and are thus interpreted by Mr. Andrew Lang in the current number of *Blackwood*. Reviewing the same book nearly a year ago under the title, "For Serious Students," we dwelt upon its uncompromising advocacy of scholarly methods in the display of history. The authors themselves describe their book as "an essay on the method of the historical sciences"; and we were led to remark:

Such a critical analysis as is here portrayed would have been impossible half a century ago. History was regarded as a branch of polite literature—picturesque effect rather than truth of actual fact was the aim of the historian. But the critical methods of the scholar and the analytical methods of the student of natural science have been adapted by the students of human history, and it would not be too much to say that the whole craft of the historian has been revolutionised.

It is this revolution which engages the attention of Mr. Andrew Lang, to whose article, "History as She Ought to be Wrote," we wish to draw attention. For we are glad that Mr. Lang has taken up—we were nearly saying his cudgel, but let us call it his effective switch in defence of glowing and readable history. Again reverting to our own review of Messrs. Langlois & Seignobos' book, we said: "What the writers, perhaps, fail to appreciate is this—that, however much the labour of the historian may be indebted to that of the antiquarian specialist, his own work must needs be essentially literary—in other words, that history must always remain a branch of literature." Unfortunately we have no historians using specialists in this way. The historians are themselves specialists, and are working for their own hands, neglecting the public and alternately hugging each other or quarrelling with each other. General history is neglected, because it is voted uncritical and impossible. "Thus," says Mr. Lang,

tiny bits of knowledge are to be the special property of a small class; some owning one "poffle or pendicle," some another. Nobody has a right in the general folkland of the past. To vary the metaphor, I venture to conceive that just as rivers exist to feed navigable canals, so monographs and other valuable works of specialists exist as feeders of "general history"; of something that intelligent men and women can read, and thereby be instructed. I am not arguing that the historian ought to be a mass of prejudices, like Froude or Macaulay; still less that he ought to employ the violent rhetoric of Mr. Green. But he should aim at producing a "work of art"; he should—

indeed, he must—employ his constructive imagination. The defect of Macaulay's, Froude's, and Mommsen's books is not that they are works of art, but that, as works of art, they are injured by glaring colour and want of keeping and discordant "values."

The public, maybe, do not see the discordant values. But they feel the charm of Froude's and Macaulay's histories, and nothing will wean them from these except histories of equal grip.

People who care for history fall back on Froude and Macaulay, though their works, in every sense, are not "up to date," and would benefit by *nota variorum*, correcting the errors and adding new material. The truth is, that the books of Macaulay and Froude—nay, even of Mommsen—are literature, while the new schools of historians "despise literature, and insist on producing what they call "science." Thus, though in our universities historical study is infinitely more popular than ever it was; though our young men pore over charters, and our young women (according to Mr. Frederic Harrison) peruse mediæval washing-bills—none the less we have scarcely a historian whom the public reads.

Nor is Mr. Lang the only writer who is conscious of the unsatisfied public hunger for good history. In the current issue of the *Speaker*, Mr. Quiller-Couch, in discussing the old county histories, points out that history may be interesting for its very lack of art. Mere stupidity and blindness—anything but cold, purse-lipped science—will achieve the readable. Thus he applies the lesson:

If our serious historians were one half so stupid as they insist they ought to be; if they really had no sense of proportion, of the difference between coins and lupins, no "literary" knack, no notion of composition; if they had the extreme courage of their opinions, and would throw the unsorted facts before us in shovelfuls; if, in short, they would write as the old county historians wrote, why, then their histories of Europe might not perhaps have the charm of Clarendon or Gibbon, but they would be, at least, as interesting as the ordinary history of a parish.

But the historians do not want to be interesting. They want to undo each other in accuracy. Nowadays, says Mr. Lang:

Historians are between Scylla and Charybdis, to use a novel phrase. They jump, like Mr. Froude, into a sea of MSS. and bring up a book of absorbing interest—a pearl, but a bizarre pearl, like those so cunningly set in gold by the artists of the Renaissance. Or they pore over their work with a patent double-million magnifying pair of spectacles, and never produce anything worth looking at. Of the two maladies, give me Froude's disease. Measles is better than paralysis. And paralysis it is when, as Von Pflugk Harting says, "The highest branches of historical science are despised: all that is valued is microscopic observations and absolute accuracy in unimportant details." Our authors, nevertheless, applaud the perpetual microscopic criticism which scholars bestow on each other. "Barring the harshness, they are quite right." They "bar the door against the tribe of incapables and charlatans who once infested their profession." But how can a scholar be doing anything worth mentioning if he eternally "gets up and bars the door"? Time, and that promptly, will get rid of humbugs.

Scientific history can never endure because it never trusts itself. Like Master Pliable it is for going back. Before its ink is dry new data are recognised, new conclusions insisted on. Now the historian who hopes to produce a memorable work must bar his door *once*, and bring his mind to bear on the facts he has acquired up to a given moment. He must make an end of the process of collecting material, and make a beginning of the process of shaping it. To quote Mr. Lang once more:

It is history written as literature, and with regard to style, that does and will remain, *ære perennius*. Clarendon lasts, Macaulay persists, Hume endures, Carlyle is not superannuated; though fresh facts are discovered, and old stories are disproved. These, and many other great historical writers, survive by their style. A historian, of

course, ought to be accurate (as far as mere mortals may); of course he ought to reason correctly ("at least as far as he is able"); but if he wants his book to be read, and if he wants it to go on being read after he is dust, an historian must have style. It is essential. Style is the salt of literature, and history is literature.

It is, of course, only by coincidence that the *Atlantic Monthly* prints this month an article on "The Vitality of Macaulay." It is a rather slap-dash eulogy, and we can imagine the ironic smiles of the scientific historian who reads it. We smile ourselves when we read that "the story of England outdoes the Waverley Novels." And we could wish that the secret of Macaulay's charm had been more discreetly and more accurately probed. But the very extravagance of the following passage points to certain qualities which can never be divorced from enduring works of history. That Macaulay had them in excess, and that they are here admired in excess, we do not deny. Mr. Sidgwick's article not the less is a sign of the times. He says:

Macaulay's History suits the majority of Englishmen by its virile directness, its honest clearness, its bold definiteness. Macaulay is never afraid; he never shirks; he never dissembles or cloaks; he never says "perhaps" or "maybe," nor "the facts are obscure," nor "authorities differ." He makes the reader know just what effect the evidence has produced on his mind. To be sure, there is danger in that brilliant rhetoric. The glow of declamation disdains the sickly hue of circumspection. The reader of the year 3000, for whom Macaulay winds his horn, cannot hear the shuffling syllables of shambling uncertainties. Men go to the window when a fire-engine gallops through the street; a gentler summons might not fetch them. There is something of martial music about Macaulay's prose. There is that in it which excites a man. It belongs to a great advocate, not to blindfolded Justice holding her cautious scales and doling out "ifs," "buts," "however," as she balances probabilities with all the diffidence of Doubt.

"He makes the reader know just what effect the evidence has produced on his mind." In other words, the literary historian sets himself to build a temple which shall at once contain and adorn the truth, and when he has done this he removes the scaffolding. His edifice may have grave faults, but it has been honestly built and artistically conceived. Whereas the scientific historian's edifice, painfully honest though it be, presents to the eye a world of poles and pulleys and, for its only ornament, a notice that "Business"—the dull necessary business of textual criticism, &c.—is being "carried on as usual."

## The Poetry of Amy Levy.

"IMMATURE, imitative, and monotonously sad" is the impression left of Amy Levy's poems from the notices of them that appeared during her life and at the time of her death. It is now ten years since she died, and still the delicacy and matured simplicity of "On the Wye in May," "The Village Garden," "The Lost Friend," and "Straw in the Street" have attracted little attention. Amy Levy's dominant mood, unfortunately for herself, was a sad one; but her sadness shows itself rather as a convinced intellectual attitude than an insistent note of personal despair. The optimism she had known seemed shallow-rooted, and to her, first as last, individual suffering and death and change remain hard, inexplicable facts:

Evil I see and pain; within my heart  
There is no voice that whispers: "All is well."

And it is her own feelings which inspire the earlier lines in *A Minor Poet*:

I lament  
The death of youth's ideal in my heart,  
And, to be honest, never yet rejoiced  
In the world's progress—scarce, indeed, discerned.

Her view of the conventional outlook on life and her

protest against it are found in the "Epitaph on a Common-place Person who Died in his Bed":

He will never stretch out his hands in vain  
Groping and groping—never again.  
Never ask for bread, get a stone instead,  
Never pretend that the stone is bread.

"Never to pretend that the stone is bread" was indeed the main principle of her mental life, and it is this principle more than the lyric gift with which it is enforced that gives vitality and weight to poems which she wrote even as a girl of nineteen or twenty.

A glance at these (*Xantippe*, Cambridge, 1881, and the collected volume, *A Minor Poet*, 1884) shows who her masters then were. In the two pieces from which the volumes are named there is Browning's rhythm, Browning's method, and here and there even an echo of Browning's words. In others Heine's influence is as clear. And yet in the manner of this open imitation there is something scholarly. She makes no claim to Browning's large humanity or Heine's bitter insight, but, nevertheless, her own power is steadily growing under the influence of each. From Browning she learnt that a subtler combination and a wider range of emotional experience than hitherto belonged to the field of poetry; from Heine, that no feeling is too deep or too painful to find vent in premeditated form.

In these early poems there are already passages of surprising beauty. One may quote, in spite of metrical defect, from the opening lines of *Xantippe*:

Low burns the lamp of life:  
The still morn stays expectant, and my soul,  
All weighted with a passive wonderment,  
Waiteth and watcheth, waiteth for the dawn.

*Xantippe*, with her ready self-expression, her conscious demand for intellectual comradeship, may belong rather to Cambridge in the eighties than to the Athens of Socrates. But she has life, and she makes a real lament. Moreover, when at nineteen a poet has written:

Death, holding high his retrospective lamp,  
with its fine imagery, or again:  
But swiftly in my bosom there arose  
A sudden flame, a merciful fury sent  
To save me.

With that quick insight into passion, she has made her claim to be heard.

In nearly every page of *A Minor Poet* there are examples of this masterly touch, and of a certain freshness of view. Her Magdalen, characteristically, is no penitent. She has no desire to be forgiven, and

The outer women's cold regard;  
The Pastor's iterated "sin";

are indifferent to her. "All things" she "can endure save one"—the memory of past affection.

Nothing is known or understood  
Save only Pain. I have no faith  
In God or Devil, Life or Death.

Perhaps in this volume the poem which shows most originality of conception is "Christopher Found." The woman with her poetic gift, her capacity for love, and her bare, inhuman life and death, is drawn with terrible reality.

*A London Plane-Tree* (1889) shows the same astonishing advance towards maturity in Amy Levy's poetry which was marked in her prose by the publication a year before of *Reuben Sachs*. It opens with a dedication to Clementina Black, a beautiful and thoughtful sonnet, followed by page after page where verse and feeling alike testify to the development of her power.

A genuine love of London, its varied life, its sights and sounds, has touched the depths of her nature. From the bewildering multitude of city impressions she has chosen those most real to herself.

The London poems are very few in number, and the impressions isolated are very simple. The plane-tree is one, green and fresh where other trees fade and pine, shedding her "recuperative bark" and listening "to the voice on city breezes borne." "London in July" brings before us summer in "the wide waste of square and street." Here, however, the city is only a background for the intensity of personal emotion, except in the last verse:

And who cries out on crowd and mart?  
Who prates of stream and sea?  
The summer in the city's heart—  
That is enough for me."

Four lines from "London Poets" give the feeling and colour of London in autumn and winter:

When, thin and grey, the melancholy snow  
Clung to the leafless branches overhead;  
Or when the smoke-veiled sky grew stormy-red  
In autumn.

But, perhaps, trivial as is the verse form she employs, the most powerful of this series is "Straw in the Street." The subject is the presence of death when the dying is unknown, and when we are thrown back on the simplest human fellowship:

Here, where the pulses of London beat,  
Someone strives with the Presence grey;  
Ah, is it victory or defeat?

Many passages could be quoted in proof that her love of the city arose from no deadness to the beauty of the country. She knew "the drowsy fragrance of the limes," and had heard "the long slow waves caress the shore"; but London, where, "for all the sunset glory, Pain is king," makes the most intimate appeal to her nature. The "Village Garden" presents with rare directness the combined charm of quiet beauty and long association:

Of many summers are the trees recorders,  
The turf a carpet many summers wove;  
Old-fashioned blossoms cluster in the borders,  
Love-in-a-mist and crimson-hearted clove.

But the lines of farewell which follow are among those which lift her from the crowd of verse writers into the company of poets:

Fain would I bide, but ever in the distance  
A ceaseless voice is sounding clear and low;  
The city calls me with her old persistence,  
The city calls me—I arise and go.

*A London Plane-Tree* is so small a volume and so imperfectly known that it is difficult not to quote poem after poem. "Impotens" is characteristic in its strength of sorrow:

The pitiless order of things,  
Whose laws we may change not nor break,  
Alone I could face it—it wrings  
My heart for your sake."

"The Lost Friend" is no mere wail of grief. She treasures the memory of joy, and as ever refuses to make terms with pain:

Where sorrow long abides, some be that grow  
To hold her dear, but I am not of these;  
Joy is my friend, not sorrow; by strange seas,  
In some far land we wandered, long ago."

"Captivity" explains still more clearly her passionate revolt against wrong, and her intellectual conviction that wrong is irremediable. The caged lion may be "loosed from the fetter to wander again," but in the years of captivity "there was wrought what was stronger than iron in fetter and bar." She also loves freedom as she loves life, but knows not whether her spirit is by this time bond or free:

I cannot remember my country,  
The land whence I came;  
Whence they brought me and chained me and  
made me  
Nor wild thing nor tame.

This only I know of my country,

This only repeat:—  
It was free as the forest, and sweeter  
Than woodland retreat.

When the chain shall at last be broken,  
The window set wide;  
And I step in the largeness and freedom  
Of sunlight outside;

Shall I wander in vain for my country?  
Shall I seek and not find?  
Shall I cry for the bars that encage me,  
The fetters that bind?

Shortly after Amy Levy's death a critic wrote of *A London Plane-Tree*: "Perhaps the saddest thing about this slim little volume of verse, which for the most part is so pathetic and often so hopeless in tone, is the evidence it affords that the author could never in all probability have achieved fame as a poet."

To me the saddest thought suggested by the volume, the proofs of which were corrected about a week before the author's voluntary death at twenty-seven years of age, is that no one can say what so uncompromising a spirit, combined with so rare a gift, might have achieved. In proof of this conviction I cannot do better than quote the sonnet which I have already mentioned, "On the Wye in May." No analysis can show, as this poem does, her delicacy of feeling, her skill in form, her love of nature, her realisation of passion, and her unconquered idealism:

#### ON THE WYE IN MAY.

Now is the perfect moment of the year.  
Half-naked branches, half a mist of green,  
Vivid and delicate the slopes appear:  
The cool, soft air is neither fierce nor keen,  
And in the temperate sun we feel no fear;  
Of all the hours that shall be and have been,  
It is the briefest as it is most dear,  
It is the dearest as the shortest seen.  
O, it was best, beloved, at the first,—  
Our hands met gently, and our meeting sight  
Was steady; on our senses scarce had burst  
The faint, fresh fragrance of the new delight. . . .  
I seek that clime, unknown, without a name,  
Where first and best and last shall be the same.

ADA WALLAS.

## The Governess in Fiction.

THE governess is, or was, well-known to fiction. Once a prominent figure in literature, she is now, perhaps, mainly the invaluable puppet of the penny or threepenny novelette.

Among these older and more imperishable heroines we recall a few: the sweet Miss Raby of *Dr. Birch and His Young Friends*; Becky Sharp; the audacious, vivacious, melodramatic Miss Gwilt of *Armada*; the pathetic Catherine George of *The Village on the Cliff*; Jane Eyre, and Lucy Snowe. All of the same period this little company, but what an assortment of character they present! Miss Raby is but a sketch, yet one from the pen of a master. A chance allusion, a short parenthesis, suffices to make definite that delicate outline, but from these we feel the pleasant glow of "the little school-room" wherein she sits! "She keeps the accounts, writes out the bills, superintends the linen, and sews on the general shirt-buttons. Think of having such a woman at home to sew on one's shirt-buttons!" Happy "old pupil" to whom such happiness befell.

Of another complexion is the sensational Miss Gwilt, with her "mocking laugh," her "symmetrical limbs," her "merciless tyranny" of voice and eye, a private in that regiment of governess-adventuresses of whom the immortal Becky is the chief. The resemblance between them is but a superficial one, their talents were of the

same order; the difference between them, both of one calling, both bold sinners as they be, is the difference between humanity and waxwork, between a figure in the National Gallery of Portraiture and an effigy in Madame Tussaud's.

Catherine George, the poor little twenty-year-old governess of *The Village on the Cliff*, has nothing in common with these arch schemers; she is a dreamer, a hungry child, who has "not yet outgrown the golden age when all things call and beckon, and the apples and the loaves and the cakes cry, 'Come, eat us! Come, eat us!'" and the children wandering in fairyland reply, 'We come, we come!'"

Fairyland was not to be her heritage: the cakes and apples were for other mouths; the time came when dreams had nothing to say to her; when her young life, "part worried, part puzzled, part sad, and part happy too," missed the scant measure of its happiness, and a mistaken marriage turned her gaze from visions to the cheerless maxim, "Ce qui coule le plus pour plaire, c'est de cacher que l'on s'ennuie." She moves through a world of bright colours and snatches of music and patches of sunlight and still shadows, real yet dreamlike—a world to which her creator only can admit us. For Miss Thackeray has lent to none her golden key.

The picture of little Catherine George contrasts oddly with her father's imposing portrait of "Rebecca, Lady Cranley"; and beside them, in this gallery of governesses, hangs "Jane Eyre." While *Vanity Fair* was born a classic, the legitimacy of *Jane Eyre's* claim to that title was to be proven. Born before its time, it had yet to win the sanction of society, which proves often to the foundling, like hope, "a timid friend." It is instructive to remember nowadays, when nothing, it seems, is unpermissible to youth, that to the young person of that period *Jane Eyre* was a forbidden book; we doubt, however, if it was a closed one. We suspect that many a young mentor, while zealously withholding from her pupils that too unfettered, too fervid romance, pored over it in secret, burning her candle low over its pages, weaving from them dreams that were to be the realities of the magic future—that dim, yet brilliant, and all-possible future, the saddest and the happiest fallacy of youth. How many Rochesters loomed there, as unsubstantial as that sorry hero himself, hidden only by the veil of the prosaic present, waiting to storm the easy fortress of their hearts!

*Jane Eyre* was a revelation, but *Villette* was yet to come, and it is to *Villette* we turn for that unique presentment of the governess in literature—Lucy Snowe. It was probably the accident of the author's own experience that determined the setting of that incomparable story, but artistically no finer or fitter environment could have been chosen for Lucy Snowe: the frame was created for the picture by the stroke of genius, or the stroke of fate. In most of those dramas in which the governess plays the rôle of leading lady, we look for her, by the exercise of her own ingenuity or the advent of the inevitable Prince Charming, to be delivered from her bondage in the author's own good time. But *Villette* was conceived in sterner spirit, its heroine was drawn by a stronger hand. It is in the *carré*, to the sound of the school-bell, amid all the paraphernalia of the pension in the Rue Fossette, that the drama of that strange creature of ice and fire is played out. It is in the intolerable desolation of that "long vacation" that her inflexible spirit falls upon despair. And with the fruition of hope (how characteristic it is of Charlotte Brontë to have it so!) there is to be no putting away of tasks, no cessation of labour; it is the old atmosphere of friction and of effort, which the aroma of love is to sweeten and rarefy. In yet another sense, Lucy Snowe remains above all the governess of fiction, if we view her through the penetrative eyes of Madame Beck. It was from no emotional point of view that that astute lady regarded her "English teacher"; from a pro-

fessional one she apprehended that she had landed a fine fish. The English teacher was almost an ideal teacher. She would perform her duties without surveillance and with discrimination, she would endure any discipline, she would exhibit a cynical impartiality and command where she could not persuade; if she lacked sympathy, she possessed that saving grace of a humorous perception, a perception with which her race is but meagerly endowed. Her skirmishes with that exasperating butterfly Ginevra Fanshawe are, after their manner, as unique as the communings of her repressed and impassioned spirit with its fate.

Happy the critic when *Villette* was young! It will not grow old, but it has passed beyond praise and analysis to the immunity of fame.

Whether the governess is in reality as interesting a figure as she appears in imagination is a question not to be disposed of here. If we are inclined to label her rather a prosaic than romantic personage, she may point with a protesting finger to the precious volumes on our shelves, and call great names to witness that she has not been found unworthy of regard.

But her proof lies mainly in the past. She survives still in the literature of the school library, a personification of all the milder virtues, clothed in the seductive but un-serviceable "plain white gown, with a bunch of roses in her belt," and with the aid of these habiliments she still contrives to satisfy the requirements of the more unsophisticated among her public.

But "these be toys," as Bacon saith.

Mr. Kenneth Grahame, in his *Golden Age*, in the few pages headed "Exit Tyrannus," has portrayed in his own delicate fashion the mixture of regret and bravado with which his children watch their governess depart. And it is chiefly in such slight sketches that for us our governess reappears. In fact, perhaps she has been our tyrant; in fancy assuredly she has been our friend. Is she in both, in life as in literature, becoming obsolete with the three-volume novel? If so be, so be it.

M.

## Things Seen.

### A Happy Woman.

THE garden stood on the skirts of the village. It was enclosed by a high wall, and upon the wall stood a further bulwark of trellis-work. The room where I lodged overlooked the garden. My reflection, when I peeped from the window in the early morning, was: "There might a prisoner take exercise." Presently a lady, well-nourished, well-dressed, not ill to look upon, but not attractive—just the typical, well-preserved, hearty British woman, a little anxious about her weight, distressed periodically by the heat—emerged from the house, talking rapidly in a high, strident voice. Her manner was militant and restless. Clearly she had grievances, and since she chose to give them articulate form in her walled garden beneath my window, I smiled and left the room, for the day was fine and the wind temperate, and it was in my mind to sit beneath a tree with a book. When I returned, some hours later, she was still roaming about the garden—still talking. I listened, and smiled no more, for as I listened I learned that she was of those in whom the spirit sleeps, who know not what they are, who being alive are yet dead. Her madness took the form of Vanity. She believed that she was supremely beautiful; that the German Emperor loved her; that her picture was on the line at Burlington House; and that her singing and dancing excelled anything to be seen upon the London or Continental stage. Through all that summer day, through—for aught I know—every day

of her healthy life (for the "touched" live long) that poor lady babbled of her loveliness to unheeding walls. Beautiful, rich, accomplished, beloved by a dashing monarch—these delusions were fixed ineradicably in her mind. They were her possession, hers eternally. For the world outside her garden time would range, fruits fail, beauty fade; but she would remain always young, always beautiful, always the desired. Other things might change or wane, but the inviolable dimness of her mind—never.

We give of our pity to this demented lady who lives in a walled garden. We pity those in whom the spirit sleeps—but consider! She has all that half the world pines for and strives at great cost to gain. Do you want wealth? She has it. Love? Adoration? Applause? She has them all, and can never lose them—unless she recovers.

### Illumination.

I HAD on very many occasions observed the old man. He had more than once moved me to curiosity and admiration. This evening I determined to address him. His bent figure—an attitude most thoughtful, an air redolent of philosophic speculation—was a landmark, a half-way house to me, and herald of the last three puffs of my post-prandial cigarette. Pipe in mouth, staff in hand, and sun-greened shoulder hard-pressed upon a friendly door-jamb, the old gentleman, quiet as evening, surveyed London from a point to me midway betwixt *petit verre* and study pipe, pet restaurant and den. He accepted my salutation and a cigar with sober, uneffusive courtesy. So much the more direct, then, my short cut to acquaintance. My questions were merely mine, and merit no quotation. Said my friend, in answer to them:

"No, I've done no regular work these two or three years now, and I'm nothing now but just a translator. What say? Modern languages? Lord love ye, a translator's a sort of a cobbler's assistant—makes boots out of old scraps. A cobbler puts new bottoms to old tops. A translator just fudges up new tops to put on old bottoms. Eh? 'How's that,' you say, sir?"

"Nothing, nothing," I said; "only now I understand what Quince meant when, in 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' he said 'Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! Thou art translated.'"

"Ay, ay, I dessay," replied the old gentleman.

### Memoirs of the Moment.

MR. THEODORE SCHREINER repudiates the assumption that his brother, the Cape Premier, and his sister, Miss Olive Schreiner, have been influenced in their attitude towards the Transvaal by their "German parentage." As a matter of fact, their father, though a German by birth, became by choice a British subject, and their mother is an Englishwoman. The senior Mrs. Schreiner survives, and her son, had he liked to go into family affairs, might have said that the Cape Premier had no hotter opponent than his own mother. To tell the truth, the most treasured ornament of the old lady's sitting-room is a portrait of—not President Kruger, but Mr. Rhodes; and her greatest treasure a letter from the ex-Premier at Cape Town telling her that her sympathy with him counts for much.

Is another sign of the general relaxation of manners to be seen in the sale-room? There, every now and then, are put to public auction private letters—private, not necessarily secret, but private in the sense of being intimate and domestic in their interest. Letters that congratulate on a birth or a marriage, or that condole on a death, are sometimes sold as autographs for a few shillings by those closely related to the men and women whom the letters name. Poverty, of course, may some-

times palliate this seeming insensibility to the dictates of an instinctive natural piety. That, however, can hardly be the excuse where the private papers sold belong to a brother-in-law of Lord Salisbury, an uncle of Lord Cranbourne, of Lady Selborne, and of both the Balfours; a father-in-law of Mr. Lowther, M.P., the Chairman of Committees—a sufficiently long recital of relationship, and one that may be left to the reader to extend through a network of ramifications.

Lot 80 at that sale was entitled in the catalogue "Large quantity of letters from titled personages." The title did not seem very promising; but these titled personages included Lord Raglan, fresh from the Crimea, Lord Hardinge, whose hand was shot away at Ligny, and another Commander-in-Chief of our army, Lord Hill, whose twenty-six victories are commemorated on his memorial column at Shrewsbury. All these heroes wrote letters of condolence about the death of Marshal Beresford, the step-father of Beresford-Hope, letters which hail him a hero in terms which, one would imagine, would make these papers precious to anyone who came after him. These are semi-public letters, to be sure; but Lady Beresford's private correspondence was also put into the market. One takes up at random a faded note from Lady Sophia FitzClarence: "Dear Mrs. Hope, why is one's Happiness to be at the mercy of other People's caprices?" That question, remains unsolved by Time—Time which has made void the trembling postscript: "Do not mention the purport of this note to anyone." The purport is lost although the words remain, and the secret is preserved even in the unlooked-for publicity of the Auction Mart.

BISHOP LLOYD OF BANGOR died at Llanarth, in Cardiganshire, the place where he was born. The fifty-six years intervening between his birth and his death had made a difference. Of humble parentage, he served, in early years, behind the counter of a little shop, and his Sundays were passed in a Methodist chapel. That is not the stuff out of which is usually made the occupant of an Anglican See, with a seat in the House of Lords. His cleverness—a cleverness of the schoolmastering kind, as he afterwards discovered—gave him a mastery of detail and an acquisition of facts and figures that carried him through examinations, won scholarships for him, took him to Oxford, and gave him a second in Moderations and in Greats. He was ordained; and the career of a schoolmaster in Bangor and in Brecon paved the way to his elevation to the See of Bangor. His speaking knowledge of Welsh was his great stock-in-trade for a See in a Church that, in the eyes of politicians, had to be national or nothing. The Bishop's career was a satisfactorily salient one, which had its counterparts often in the Church history of past centuries, though not many such are furnished in our own.

As a bishop in a diocese where Dissent prevailed, Dr. Lloyd had fitful missionary experiences, often visiting distant stations where perhaps only three or four of the inhabitants were faithful found. Ten years ago he was encountered on such a quest by the present writer in a hamlet on the coast of Anglesea. His herculean figure, in heavy black, with his orthodox gaiters, made a strange dot upon a stretch of miles of golden sand. There was not enough of a congregation to meet together on Sunday; but the bishop kept the day holy by discarding his black wideawake in favour of the episcopal high hat. Matthew Arnold was the poet of his choice; he carried the volumes about with him as a sort of breviary, which he exchanged that day on the sands for a volume similarly carried by somebody else; and that was the bishop's first introduction to the poetry of Rossetti.

## A Fable.

"SUPPOSING we love one another, where's the harm?" said the Land Fairy, as he dangled his feet over the edge of the rock, and gazed down into the pool below.

"Where indeed?" answered the Water Fairy from the pool.

"Again, supposing we love one another, where's the good?" said the Land Fairy, tying his legs into a knot, while he made an explanation.

"What do you mean?" asked the Water Fairy.

"Well, you see, I can't marry you?"

"Why not?" The Water Fairy looked like beginning to cry, and the Land Fairy had to turn his face away while he made an explanation.

"Well, you must be aware—you can't help seeing—in fact, there's a difference of rank between us."

"True," said the Water Fairy, "but love levels all things, does it not?"

"Oh, yes," muttered the Land Fairy gloomily to himself—he was not unkind enough to say it out loud—"it levels down the hills; I never yet heard of it levelling up the valleys."

"What is that you are muttering?" said the Water Fairy. "I shall begin to think you are proud."

"No, no, my peerless queen, but—"

"Oh, yes, you are! And you don't love me a bit, either!"

"Love you! My own, by all that's odd, I—"

"No, you don't. If you did you'd come down here and live among the water fairies. Not that they are anxious to have you! Oh, dear, no!"

The Land Fairy gazed down into the pool again. She looked very beautiful and white in the clear water, and her eyes looked so ready to cry, and her cheek looked so ready to blush, and her lips looked so ready to be kissed, that the Land Fairy untied his legs and jumped into the pool. And there he lived very happily for full five minutes, when he suddenly turned into a bubble and burst; which is a land fairy's way of drowning.

The Water Fairy looked disconsolately up at the place where the bubble had vanished, and then fell to weeping bitterly.

"My poor little girl!" said a sweet, low voice, just behind her, and turning round she saw the Queen of the Fairies. "My poor little girl, I am very sorry for you and for him, but it must always be so. A water fairy cannot live on the land, nor a land fairy in the water. Your poor lover had no gills."

## Correspondence.

## In a White Sheet.

SIR,—In the *St. James's Gazette* (August 5, 1899) Mr. W. P. James chastises me, and very properly, for crediting (in the current *Pall Mall Magazine*) Mr. Andrew Lang with a wish to meet the Ghost of the late M. Alexandre Dumas, when, in fact, the Ghost of Mr. Lang's desire was, and is, that of the late Mr. W. M. Thackeray.

Mr. James, who refers me to a certain *Roundabout*, is right; and I deserve the worst that (on this point) Mr. Lang will say of me. My blunder is the less pardonable, for that I read *De Finibus* not very long ago—read it, in fact, in Mrs. Richmond Ritchie's re-issue—and rejoiced in it, as of old.

Permit me here to make such expiation, and to do such penance, as I may.—I am, &c.,

Worthing: August 7, 1899. W. E. HENLEY.

P.S.—Says Mr. James: "Eminent literary critics should know their *Roundabout Papers*!" Should they? I wonder, why?

## Re a Neglected "Lowell."

SIR,—It was with delightful pleasure I read your contributor's note upon this little-known masterpiece, which I already long to possess.

I feel sure many, the same as I, would have dearly liked to have been "one of the ravens" to have offered a Sunday cigar to that dear professor of Greek.

Through your columns, allow me most heartily to thank your contributor.—I am, &c.,

Ipswich: August 8, 1899. T. EDWARDS-JONES.

## Cataloguing.

SIR,—A collection of the vagaries of cataloguing would be curious and amusing. I take the following description of the catalogue of the Bibliothèque Nationale (then called the B. du Roi) at Paris from the *Gentleman's Magazine* for October, 1822:

The English language must needs be unknown in this learned establishment, as the English books occupy strange places in the catalogue; they are frequently placed under the Christian instead of the surname of the author. The consequence is that John, Thomas, and William are authors of uncommon and voluminous celebrity. . . . The following illustrations of the catalogue may serve as examples of their profound knowledge of the English language,—they are taken at random. An author appears here unknown in England, called *Herself*, under the letter H; and this designates 'The Memoirs of Letitia Pilkington, written by herself.' Another book is titled as follows: 'The following Dialogues are with the highest esteem and gratitude,' 1 vol. The title-page has most probably been lost, and this appears to be part of the dedication."

—I am, &c.,

J. BARNES.

Carlisle: August 8, 1899.

## Peccadilloes.

SIR,—Is it not time to call attention to the very general misspelling of the particle "by" in combination? We are not surprised when the County Council placards open spaces with lists of the "bye-laws" and we are getting accustomed to the newspapers' intelligence of "bye-elections"; but a little while ago your Mr. Bookworm wrote "by-and-bye." Is it not dreadful! Dictionaries say this spelling is optional, but that does not make it less incorrect. By-laws, by-elections, and by-the-by we can understand, but what are be-with-ye-laws and be-with-ye-elections, and when is by-the-be-with-ye?

Then, again, there are "fewer" and less." As an incipient journalist I was taught to regard "no less than twenty-two people" as a literary crime, just as if one should write "no fewer than a stone in weight." And yet the *Times* wrote "no less" in speaking of numbers a little while ago. Is this optional?—I am, &c.,

INTERROGATION.

## La Jeune France et le Vieux Shakespeare.

SIR,—Your correspondent, M. Paul Mantoux, in the course of his clever protest against the idea that modern France adheres to the Voltairean view of Shakespeare, has an interesting passage. He says that Gautier "employs many pages to show that the apostrophe, 'Well said, old mole!'—which Mr. Forbes Robertson suppresses on the stage, I believe—is in the last degree sublime." If Mr. Forbes Robertson does suppress it, then he is decidedly wrong, and Théo Gautier decidedly right. The expression is in itself rudely familiar. But it is *dramatically* sublime. For it renders with splendid psychological truth the condition of a *névrosé* man, thrown into hysteria by over-tension, and trying to hide from his companions, by ghastly and violent affectation of mirth, how profoundly he has been affected by the awful interview. The false and tasteless levity, rising into unseemly



hysterical laughter, behind which an overstrained nervous nature strives to mask its feelings from alien eyes, has never been so profoundly grasped and subtly realised. It is an example of the *dramatic*, as opposed to the epical or lyrical sublime. I may add that I have not read Théo Gautier's comment (to which your correspondent refers), and am therefore ignorant on what grounds Gautier defends the passage. It should need no defence to an Englishman, and I am sorry that a present-day actor should be so ill-advised as to expunge it.—I am, &c.,

August 8, 1899.

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

### The High History of the Graal.

SIR,—Dr. Evans is still unconvinced that I can have read the romance he has translated; his sole reason, so far as I can see, being that I have come to a different conclusion from himself respecting its date and nature. In particular, he cannot away with my assertion that the Welsh translation represents an earlier form of the romance than the text printed by Potvin, an assertion for which "there is not the shadow of a foundation." The facts are very simple. There is only one complete MS. of the romance—that preserved in the library of Mons, and printed by C. Potvin as Vol. I. of his *Perceval le Gallois*. As the editor justly remarks (p. 356), "Ce manuscrit est très fautif." But in the well-known Berne MS., No. 113, are to be found two fragments of the romance corresponding to pp. 1-42, 209-221 of Potvin's edition. M. Potvin has printed the chief variants from the Berne MS. as footnotes to his edition of the Mons text. The most cursory glance at these variants enables one to appreciate his remark that "les fragments de Berne . . . sont beaucoup plus corrects" (p. 355). There also exists a Welsh translation, which, together with an English version, was printed by the late Rev. Robert Williams, London, 1876. The English version occupies pp. 547-720. In nearly every case where the Berne MS. differs from the Mons MS. the Welsh translation sides with the former. I will cite one example. The opening of the romance deals with the hero's genealogy. On p. 3 occurs the following passage: "Cil qui fu chiés du lignage de par sa mère ot nom Nichodemus" (Mons MS.). In the Berne MS. the passage is the same, except that *père* occurs instead of *mère*. The Welsh translation has: "The chief one on his father's side was called Nichodemus." That the Berne-Welsh version is preferable to the Mons one was evident even to Dr. Evans, who translates: "He that was head of the lineage on his father's side was named Nichodemus" (*High History*, I., p. 7). I think this instance will suffice; but, if necessary, I can quote others where Dr. Evans follows the Berne-Welsh reading in preference to the Mons one. Not that he always does so. In the Mons MS. the passage immediately following the one quoted above runs thus: "Gais li gros de la croix des ermites fu pères Julien." The Berne MS. has: "Glais li gros de la croix des ermites fu pères Julien le gros des vaus de Camaalot." The Welsh translation has: "And the name of his father was Earl Evrawg from the head of the vale of Camelot," evidently rendering from an original akin to the Berne and not to the Mons text. Dr. Evans translates: "Gais li Gros of the Hermit's Cross was father of Alain li Gros," substituting, as he has no right to do, a different name from that vouched for by both his texts. He omits, it will be seen, all reference to Camelot. Doubtless he feared undue encouragement to Celtic partisans.

In the face of these facts, which I repeat could easily be multiplied, proving that Dr. Evans knew there was a difference between the Berne and the Mons texts, knew the former to be the better of the two, knew the Welsh translation to agree with it as a rule, it is difficult, save on the hypothesis that he has really forgotten all about the matter, to account for his assertion that there is not "a shadow of foundation" for my statement—a statement demonstrably

correct, as to the Welsh representing an earlier form of the romance than the text printed by Potvin, unless he wishes seriously to contend that the more incorrect text is the earlier of the two. The fact is, that Dr. Evans quite misapprehends the points at issue, largely, I take it, because he is unfamiliar with the work of other scholars. Thus he complains that I do not give the "slightest reason" for asserting the lateness of the *High History*. But (*Studies*, p. 64) I expressly refer to Birch-Hirschfeld, who not only gives a full summary of the romance, but also (*Die Sage vom Graal*, pp. 135-143) an exhaustive analysis of its relations to other romances of the cycle. With the result of that analysis I agreed on the whole (though I find on the margin of my Birch-Hirschfeld a note expressly dissenting from his contention that the author of *Perceval le Gallois* knew and used the *Queste*); and it was, therefore, unnecessary for me to do more than refer to him. Whenever I dissented from Birch-Hirschfeld, who represented a view of the cycle differing from the one I advocated, I was at great pains to fully set forth the grounds of my dissent; I did not think it needful to particularise when we agreed. But upon Dr. Evans, who dissents from the views of every one of his predecessors without exception, it is surely incumbent to prove that the romance does really occupy that position in the evolution of the legend which he claims for it. Up to the present he has not brought forward one single argument in answer to those by which other scholars have sought to establish the lateness of the *High History*. What he has done is to elaborate a theory of the legend which undoubtedly does require a very early, if not the earliest, place in the hierarchy of versions for the romance he has translated. But that theory, itself utterly impossible, is no argument in favour of a contention that must be proved on quite different grounds. The assertion that *Pride and Prejudice* was written before *The Vicar of Wakefield* receives no support from the contention that both works give an allegorical account of the French Revolution. Dr. Evans's general theory of the Grail legend is even more far-fetched and fantastic than the one I have imagined, even less capable of serving as support to critical opinions advanced in the teeth of every other scholar. Dr. Evans most unjustly accuses me of setting up authority against facts. I never have deferred, never shall defer, to authority unless it make good to my reason its claim to be based upon facts. But if I challenge the authority, I thereby commit myself to disproving the claim; whereas Dr. Evans makes no attempt to disprove the claims of his predecessors, but contents himself with showing that they are inconsistent with his theory, and thereby imagines that he is rid of them. I repeat once again, and, I trust, finally, that until he examines critically all the romances of the cycle, and shows that their evolution is consistent with his theory, no scholar will treat that theory as anything but an amusing (and charming) example of unfettered imagination.—I am, &c.,

August 8, 1899.

ALFRED NUTT.

### Announcements.

UNDER the title of *The Patroness*, Messrs. Hutchinson & Co. will shortly publish a new novel by G. M. George. This new novel deals largely with parochial life in Wales, and it is understood that the Welshmen are not idealised.

MESSRS. METHUEN will publish in a few days a novel by Sara Jeannette Duncan, author of *A Voyage of Consolation*. The scene of the book is laid in Calcutta, and the story is told with the author's usual vivacity and humour.

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# The Academy

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## The Literary Week.

THE present year, from the publishing point of view, may come to be remembered for its traffic in reference books. The public is being saddled with dictionaries, encyclopædias, atlases, and the "hundred best." The good householder fills up a form, and posts it. Next morning a dray thunders up, and dumps all knowledge on his pavement. The "instalments" are perhaps a trifle wearisome, but the sight of the furniture—we mean the books—heartens him to write his monthly cheque. In one case the distinction between furniture and books need hardly be made, for a bookcase, compounded of the war-worn beams of one of Nelson's ships, is part of an enterprising firm's delivery.

VARIOUS devices are being adopted to mitigate the depression which the buyer feels when he surveys his new-gotten volumes. A very quiet man of our acquaintance was electrified the other day to find his name included in a widely-published list of people who had become purchasers or hire-purchasers of a colossal dictionary. A prince of the blood headed the list, and the names of a duke, a dean, several major-generals, a Colonial judge, and two or three countesses, to say nothing of a Paymaster of colonial police, hustled his own. Meanwhile Messrs. Harper Bros. announce that they have settled the preliminary plans of an encyclopædia which is to be larger than any existing publication of the kind. This is to be an entirely new work.

MR. STEPHEN CRANE will be interested in a new form of criticism applied to certain verses in his book, *War is Kind*. A writer in the *New York Critic* suggests that the lines in question may be read from bottom to top without any loss, and invites the reader to say which of the following versions is right side up without referring to the book:

Fast rode the knight  
With spurs, hot and reeking,  
Ever waving an eager sword,  
"To save my lady!"  
Fast rode the knight,  
And leaped from saddle to  
war.  
Men of steel flickered and  
gleamed  
Like riot of silver lights,  
And the gold of the knight's  
good banner  
Still waved on a castle wall.  
A horse,  
Blowing, staggering, bloody  
thing,  
Forgotten at foot of castle  
wall.  
A horse  
Dead at foot of castle wall.

Dead at foot of castle wall.  
A horse  
Forgotten at foot of castle  
wall.  
Blowing, staggering, bloody  
thing,  
A horse.  
Still waved on a castle wall.  
And the gold of the knight's  
good banner  
Like riot of silver lights,  
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war.  
Fast rode the knight,  
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Ever waving an eager sword,  
With spurs, hot and reeking,  
Fast rode the knight.

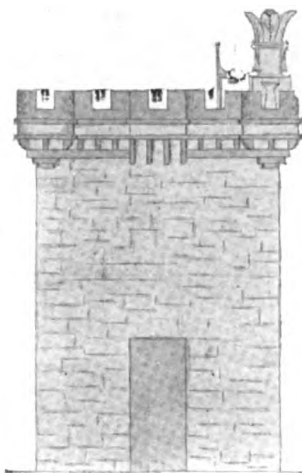
WHAT are the ideal books for children? A competition organised by *St. Nicholas* has resulted in the following first-prize list of twenty-five works for a young people's library:

Ivanhoe (Scott).	Child's Garden of Verses (Stevenson).
Quentin Durward (Scott).	Tom Brown at Rugby (Hughes).
Pathfinder (Cooper).	Pilgrim's Progress (Bunyan).
Last of the Mohicans (Cooper).	Sketch Book (Irving).
Jungle Book (Kipling).	The Man Without a Country (Hale).
Westward Ho! (Kingsley).	Robinson Crusoe (Defoe).
Arabian Nights.	Gulliver's Travels (Swift).
The Rose and the Ring (Thackeray).	Alice in Wonderland (Carroll).
Wonder Book (Hawthorne).	Uncle Remus (Harris).
A Tale of Two Cities (Dickens).	Jackanapes (Ewing).
Christmas Stories (Dickens).	Wild Animals I Have Known (Thompson).
Poems of Longfellow.	
Works of Shakespeare.	
Treasure Island (Stevenson).	

The list might be improved. Surely not "Works of Shakespeare" for children?

PERHAPS some of our correspondents would like to try their hands at framing a list of the twelve most suitable books for children under twelve years of age.

WE give here a reproduction of the elevation of the William Black Memorial Beacon which it is proposed to erect at Duart Point near the entrance to the sound of Mull. Apropos of literary memorials, a contemporary remarks on the absence of the names of notable men of letters from the subscription list towards raising a fund to place a stained-glass window in memory of Jane Austen in Winchester Cathedral. We cannot explain this; but of forms of monument a "storied window richly dight" strikes us as being—sentimentally and by natural association—not the most appropriate in this instance. Anything gorgeous or even impressive seems a little out of keeping with Jane Austen's simple works and ways.



stance. Anything gorgeous or even impressive seems a little out of keeping with Jane Austen's simple works and ways.

HITHERTO a novel called *If* has held the record for a brief title, but Miss Marjorie Williamson has this week beaten that record. She calls her first book "I." We have already had *She*. Who will snap up the remaining personal pronouns?

AMERICA is still true to *David Harum*, which, we may remark, was refused by six publishers before Messrs. Appleton accepted it. The following are the six books which were most popular across the Atlantic during the past month:

*David Harum.* E. N. Westcott.  
*When Knighthood Was in Flower.* "E. Caskoden."  
*Richard Carvel.* W. Churchill.  
*Red Rock.* T. N. Page.  
*No. 5, John-street.* R. Whiteing.  
*From Sea to Sea.* R. Kipling.

MISS FRANCES POWER COBBE recently offered to present her library to the town of Barmouth. After due consideration the gift has been accepted.

WE recently made reference to the symbolical mark, the "Swastika," which is found in each volume of the new edition of Mr. Kipling's prose works. A correspondent draws our attention to the very scholarly monograph, "The Swastika, the earliest known symbol, and its migrations," by Mr. Thomas Wilson, of the United States National Museum. Archaeologists, and readers generally, will find this very able work full of interest. It is published in the Annual Report (1894) of the Smithsonian Institution, a copy of which is presented to the British Museum and some of the larger provincial public libraries.

It were monstrous to expect a poet to be always at his best, and Mr. Kipling's poem "Cruisers," contributed to last Monday's *Morning Post*, is hardly of his best. Its eleven stanzas form an exposition of the functions of cruisers in war. But this expository note is hardly what we love in verse; it is more suited to a prose head-note. With the seventh stanza, however, the poem proper, as we conceive it, begins, for then Mr. Kipling is no longer explaining but is receiving and conveying impressions. Here are three stanzas:

Anon we return, being gathered again,  
 Across the grey ridges all drabbed with rain—  
 Across the keen ridges all crisped and curled  
 To join the long dance round the curve of the world.

The bitter salt spin-drift, the sun-glare likewise—  
 The moon on white waters bewilders our eyes  
 Where linking and lifting our sisters we hail  
 'Twixt roll of beam-surges or wrench of head gale.

What see ye? Their signals or levin afar?  
 What hear ye? God's thunder—or guns of our war?  
 What make ye? Their smokes or a fog-bank out-blown?  
 What chase ye? Their lights or the day-star low down?

THE town of Flint will be full of Shakespearian colour on Monday, when Mr. Benson will give, at the instance of the Mayor and Corporation, an *al fresco* representation of the surrender of King Richard II. to the Earl of Bolingbroke in 1399, Monday being the quincentenary of the event. The stage on which Mr. Benson and his company will perform will have for its background the very castle towers which frowned on the original drama. On one side the Flintshire hills will be seen, footed by the town, and on the other the low valley where "Deva spreads her wizard stream."

THE Committee which is promoting the interests of the National Burns Memorial at Mauchline have had the pawky ingenuity to issue their latest appeal in a set of Burnsian rhymes in which they embody some of the vicissitudes of the Fund and its present need.

At first we had a fairish start,  
 By tryin' every wile an' art  
 Our brain could frame, to reach ilk heart,  
 An' draw out cash,  
 But sune our trials cam' fu' smart,  
 Wi' muckle fash.

The "Indian Famine Fund" cam' round,  
 To gie to which a' folk were bound;  
 An' Abdul Hamid, d—d vile hound,  
 Armenians slew;  
 For help, his victims had go'd ground,  
 An' gat it too.

Our guid Queen's Diamond Jubilee,  
 Next brocht a scheme for ilk bawbee  
 That could be spared, an' bond or free  
 Had each their need;  
 Infirmaries, lifeboats, land an' sea  
 Some special plead.

Now they're a' past, an' we hae here  
 Guid crops, guid trade, and little fear  
 O' Strikes, "Lockouts," this present year;  
 Then gie's a hand,  
 And help us weel our feet to clear,  
 Is our demand.

MEANWHILE, the collection at Mauchline has been enriched by some new relics. Mrs. Burns Hutchinson has presented the nursing-chair in which her grandmother, the poet's "Bonnie Jean," reared her family. This chair was made specially for Burns when he removed to Ellisland, and has been preserved in the family since his death. Other relics have come from the Riddell family, with whom Burns foregathered so much and quarrelled so famously. Three cups and saucers, out of which Burns, it is said, drank tea in Mrs. Riddell's drawing-room, and a muffin-dish, will now remind visitors that the poet of the "peck o' maut" was a gentle drawing-room creature on occasion.

THE example of the Indiana Methodists who have turned Mr. Kipling's works out of their Sunday-school library has been followed in another Methodist quarter, and the dual catastrophe has inspired a correspondent of the *Daily News* to propound the question: "Is Kipling Profane?" and to answer it himself in the negative. These things happen in August. As for the Sunday-school people, their action, apart from their language, is comprehensible enough. A Sunday-school library exists for a definite purpose, and tales of adventure and soldiering in which the characters use the strong language of the fore-castle and the canteen are not the books which anyone would naturally hand out to small boys and girls on Sunday afternoon.

THE matter might well have been disposed of with less gush and spreading than are used by the correspondent of the *Daily News*. For example, it discomforts a bookman to read such criticism as this: "If Milton had detailed the manners of the cavaliers in his stormy times, he might have done so in the sweet language of the oaten lute. But his story would have been only a rosy half-truth, even if applied to some of Cromwell's soldiers. Only a robust literary style, like Kipling's, can adequately measure our military methods or set to music the rough-and-ready gossip of the canteens." This uncritical association of names and postulation of preposterous "ifs" all about a few *damns*! Milton could not have drawn the manners of rough soldiers; had he tried, he would not have used the sweet language of the oaten lute; and whatever he had produced, it would not have been a "rosy half-truth." Yet Milton's prose style was one of the most robust in literature. Ah, well, these things are written in August.

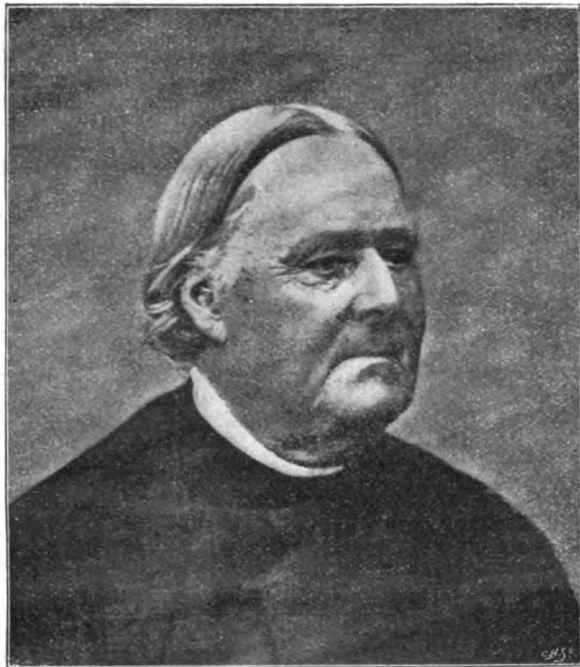
THE new musical criticism is fruitful in surprises. Thus, in an article—a clever fantastic article—on Mr. Henry Wood in the current *Dome*, "Israfel" writes: "In sheer charm and intimacy of emotion, Henry Wood, with his quite feminine intuition and his incomprehensively Slavonic fire, is unrivalled. He has an absolute monopoly of sympathy, and his sense of pathos is most womanly, sincere, and exquisite. Moreover, he has now and then a seductive langour upon him, a something which gives a remote



witchery to his art, that lies on his art as the dew on a flower. . . . Who could play the whimsical *Casse-Noisette*, that we're all so tired of, so daintily as Henry Wood? With the *Trepak* he gives us a thrill of excitement comparable to that which we feel when we see Tod Sloan win by a short head." Well!

We have received a newly issued catalogue of pictures in the Birmingham Museum and Art Gallery. It is a substantial book of over 200 pages, containing fifty first-rate illustrations, and it is issued at sixpence. Nothing like it has been attempted by the National Gallery, the Tate Gallery, and other London institutions. We suppose that most people know that it is necessary to go to Birmingham to see a really representative collection of the works of David Cox.

In noticing the collected edition of the works of Robert Stephen Hawker a few weeks ago we were able to give only a slight line portrait of this remarkable man. The much more satisfactory portrait here reproduced will,



ROBERT STEPHEN HAWKER.

therefore, interest our readers. It forms the frontispiece to the new edition of the Rev. S. Baring-Gould's *Vicar of Morwenstow*, just issued by Messrs. Methuen. That it exists at all is somewhat remarkable, because for many years the old man had refused to be photographed. He had even told his biographer that he would have inscribed on his tombstone the words: "Here lies the man who was never photographed." However, in the last two years of his life Hawker's views changed, and many will be glad that his features are not lost to us.

The charming little dialogue on the "Pleasures of Poverty" which Max O'Rell contributes to the *North American Review* is not less charming because it so keenly reminds one of Cousin Bridget's protestations to Elia. Max O'Rell's "wife" says:

"I will tell you this: happy as I am now, I am not sure that I was not happier still when we were quite poor, pulling, struggling together, hand in hand. I have never dreaded poverty; on the contrary, I have enjoyed it, loved it by your side. To poverty I owe the happiest days of my life. Do you remember, for instance, how we enjoyed

the play when, once a month, obscure, unknown to everybody, we went to the upper circle? Wasn't it lovely? And how we often yawn now, once a week in the stalls! . . . We were not overfed in those days. You cannot enjoy, even appreciate, anything intellectual after a dinner of six or eight courses; you are only fit for a pantomime or a music-hall. And that's why those pathetic forms of entertainment are so successful now. Why, look at the people in the boxes, indifferent, half sulky, lifting their eyebrows and staring their eyes out—like that—awful!"

Bridget's views were the same. They occur, as every Elia knows, in the inimitable essay, "Old China":

"You are too proud to see a play anywhere now but in the pit or boxes. Do you remember where it was we used to sit when we saw 'The Battle of Hexham' and 'The Surrender of Calais,' and Bannister and Mrs. Bland in 'The Children in the Wood'—when we squeezed out our shilling apiece to sit three or four times in a season in the one-shilling gallery—when you felt all the time that you ought not to have brought me—and more strongly I felt obligation to you for having brought me, and the pleasure was the better for a little shame. You used to say that the gallery was the best place of all for enjoying a play socially. . . . Now we can only pay our money and walk in. You cannot see, you say, in the galleries now. I am sure we saw and heard well enough then; but sight and all, I think, is gone with our poverty."

What is literary malaria? This affection of the brain is lightly diagnosed by Mrs. Earle in the *American Book Buyer*. Literary malaria is the state of strain and bewilderment, involving an inability to do creative work, which is brought about by poring on old books in search of local colour and illuminating facts. It is a disease most incident to historical novelists. The preliminary dive into history may be delightful, but the result is that the brain is fretted by the search, especially by defeat in the search; and the result of digging in this humus of decayed literature is a "fever an' ague" of the mind. The material is there, and it sends up exhalations that seem of themselves to form shapes and dramas that only require the aid of the pen to record them. But a subtle undermining of the executive power of the brain has been going on, and the old musty styles, which will never do for modern readers, go singing through the brain and obsess it.

Thus, says Mrs. Earle, the historical novelist is apt to

forget the real values of language, and, when he begins to execute the story which thrilled him as its outlines took form, he finds all his sentences bedecked with participial and prepositional qualifications. "Then," he writes, "seeing the Indian lurking behind a tree, and, knowing that no mercy could be expected from such a ruthless adversary, with a beating heart—" He stops and takes another piece of paper, feeling that, with so many encumbrances to carry along with it, his sentence will never reach the fact it started for. Next time, perhaps, the overweight of adverbs which have been forced upon his mind escape into the text, and not a step can his sentences take without a fringe of "ly's" flapping on each side of them, like the fly-net on a horse.

We doubt not that this is a real experience with many novelists, and very charmingly and deftly it is described by Mrs. Earle. Only a week or two ago, in reviewing Mr. Caskoden's *When Knighthood Was in Flower*, we made some remarks which agree with Mrs. Earle's conclusion—viz., that "the writer who wishes to interpret the characters and interests of the past must keep close to the characters and interests of to-day; for life is at all times the same, and is the only absolute specific for malaria of the mind."

No happier literary parallel could be found than the one which Mr. Percy J. Harding contributed to the *Daily*

*News*, on Wednesday, apropos of the trial at Rennes. Who does not remember the paper with the copy of verses which the White Rabbit picked up:

"Are they in the prisoner's handwriting?" asked another of the jurymen.

"No, they're not," said the White Rabbit, "and that's the queerest thing about it." (The jury all looked puzzled.)

"He must have imitated somebody else's hand," said the King. (The jury all brightened up again.)

"Please your Majesty," said the Knave, "I didn't write it, and they can't prove that I did: there's no name signed at the end."

"If you didn't sign it," said the King, "that only makes the matter worse. You must have meant some mischief, or else you'd have signed your name like an honest man."

There was a general clapping of hands at this: it was the first really clever thing the King had said that day.

"That proves his guilt, of course," said the Queen: "so, off with—"

Everything, it seems, may be found in Shakespeare and Lewis Carroll.

## Bibliographical.

THE appearance of an elaborate treatise on croquet reminds one of the remarkable revival of that most innocent (if not most inane) of games. It seems an age since the late Mr. Cholmondeley Pennell wrote and published his "piece" about croquet, beginning:

Most croquet is cheating,  
Most roquet mere folly,  
And yet we know  
Some belles and beaux  
Who fancy it's most jolly.

There is an allusion in one of his stanzas to "Balmorals," which dates the "piece" with some approach to accuracy. I do not remember any other notable "pome" in celebration of the game. There is, of course, Frederick Locker's description of it, in *Mr. Placid's Flirtation*, as "a dainty but difficult sport in its way," with the accompanying couplet:

Thus I counsel the stage who to play at it stoops,  
Belabour thy neighbour, and spoon through thy hoops.

So far, however, Cholmondeley Pennell is *par excellence* the laureate of the pastime.

Mr. Kipling, it seems, has bought back the copyright of his *Departmental Ditties*, so far as England and, I suppose, India are concerned; but how about the numerous copies of the work which must still be reposing upon private library shelves in this country? Is Mr. Kipling inclined to buy these up? Some of us, I am sure, would not be inclined to part with our possession—not because the *Ditties* are very notable effusions from the purely literary point of view, but because they were the first things from Mr. Kipling's pen that came before the English reader, and they are therefore biographically interesting. The third edition was circulated in England in 1888. My own copy is of the fourth edition ("with additional poems") and dated 1890. The book, as most people know, was published here by W. Thacker & Co., as agents of Thacker, Spink & Co., Calcutta. It at least revealed, in parts, an individuality, and prepared one, so to speak, for the Tales. It is pleasant to know that Mr. Kipling is not going to suppress the *Ditties* altogether. The rhythmic preface, for example, is much too Kiplingish to be lost.

I saw it stated the other day, in a quarter usually trustworthy, that Prof. Edward Dowden had undertaken to edit the text of Shakespeare's plays for Messrs. Methuen. I gather, however, that what Dr. Dowden has really undertaken is the general supervision of an edition of the plays. He will edit the opening volume, which will be devoted to "Hamlet," but I gather that he will not be

responsible for all the volumes of the series. If this be so, I can only say I am sorry, for a complete "Dowden Shakespeare" is a thing to wish for. The Professor's *Mind and Art of Shakespeare*, issued in 1875, was for very many students of the Bard a landmark on their journey. It owed, no doubt, a good deal to its author's familiarity with German criticism on the subject, but it was very suggestive and stimulating, for all that. Then, what a boon and a blessing to thousands was the Professor's *Shakespeare Primer*! His more recent work as editor of the *Sonnets*, the *Passionate Pilgrim*, and so forth, is within the memory of all but the youngest of us.

The volume on American Literature in the series of Literary Histories edited by Mr. Gosse and published by Mr. Heinemann will be from the pen of Prof. W. P. Trent. That gentleman's name is hardly a household word in England; yet some of his publications have found their way to this country. Of these, the one of most general interest is his edition of certain tales by Poe, included last year in the "Riverside Literature" series. Before that came a volume of studies of *Southern Statesmen of the Old Régime*, which, again, was preceded by "a study of the Gilmer Letters and an account of the English Professors obtained by Jefferson for the University of Virginia," to which the author gave the title of *English Culture in Virginia*. So long ago as 1881 Prof. Trent contributed to the "American Men of Letters" series a monograph on William Gilmore Simms, another American worthy with whom the English reader is not too well acquainted.

Life is to be made more beautiful for us by the publication of a sort of album of portraits of "stars" of the music-hall attired in "character." And really, this kind of thing has been done so freely for the "legitimate" stage that it is only fair that the "artists" of the "halls" should have what they would call "a look in." Such men as Albert Chevalier and Gus Elen have as much right to be dubbed "artist" as any actor has. And yet how little (apart from fiction) has been written about their engaging performances. Some nine years ago there came, from the pen of Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, a pamphlet, entitled *Music-Hall Land: an Account of the Natives*, but it had not the air of being written by an expert. The music-hall has had its bards, but no historian or critic of authority.

I notice that Messrs. Chatto & Windus promise a new edition of *The Choice Works of Edgar Allan Poe*—that edition to which a translation of Charles Beaudelaire's essay is prefixed. I am inclined to think that this volume has, in its time, done more for the popularity of Poe in England than any other edition of his Works, however splendid. It was published in 1872 by John Camden Hotten, and claimed to be the most nearly complete edition that had so far been issued over here, including as it did "some critical essays which will be new to English readers." The English editions of the poems, tales, and essays have since been legion; but Hotten's (which may have been edited by Henry Curwen, who translated the essay by Beaudelaire) still remains (*me judice*) the best one-volume collection in the market.

To what extent has Marcus Clarke, at this moment, a vogue in these islands? His widow and his son are among us, and are credited with a desire to dispose of some unprinted work of his. In 1897 one of our publishing firms gave us his *Stories of Australia in the Early Days*, and later in the same year we had from another firm a re-issue of his *Australian Tales of the Bush*, with a memoir by Hamilton MacKinnon. *Heavy Odds* had come in 1896, and *Chidwick Tichbourne* in 1893. Such is the indifference of the public to distinguishing Christian names that I believe Marcus Clarke is often confounded with Charles Carlos Clarke, the author of *Which is the Winner?* and other sporting novels.

THE BOOKWORM.

## Reviews.

## Daniel and Drayton.

*Selections from the Poetry of Samuel Daniel and Michael Drayton.* With Introduction and Notes by the Rev. H. C. Beeching, M.A. (Dent. 1s. 6d.)

THIS little volume could have found no better editor than Mr. Beeching; who, at home as he is among all poets, is never more at home than in dealing with the Elizabethans and their immediate successors. We have had no reprint in these days of reprints of either Daniel or Drayton, save Mr. Bullen's expensive and now scarce selections from the latter poet. Needing a text-book for his Oxford pupils, Mr. Beeching was moved to undertake the present volume. His selections are judicious, and his introduction a thoroughly understanding piece of criticism. The reader of modest means may now see for himself what minor poets were like at the close of the sixteenth century. For both these poets are representative minor singers, in that terminal period of the Elizabethan school which preceded the outbreak of seventeenth century poetry, with its Donne, Crashaw, Cowley, and the Cavalier lyricists. And both are well worth better knowledge.

To indulge our own predilection, we will reverse Mr. Beeching's order, and speak first of Drayton. More fortunate than Daniel, he is known to every schoolboy (not merely him too famous in Macaulay's pages) by the rousing *Ballad of Agincourt*; yet, unfortunate enough, he is further known in literary histories chiefly as the author of that very fearsome production—the *Polyolbion*. Not twenty Charles Lambs could get any unlearned man to read it. In reality he is one of the most masculine and individual among our minor poets. Whatever he does is burly, forthright, with a true English independence. Other ways may be better, he seems to say, but he will do things his own way. And his own way is mostly worth doing.

Yet Drayton, it must grudgingly be confessed, is a clumsy workman. Like most clumsy workmen who have something to say, he offends by awkward or downright unintelligible ellipses. Clumsy workmen who have nothing to say sin in quite other fashion. But inexpert craftsmen who are full of matter almost invariably try to bring their matter within metrical compass by the omission of connecting words—what is technically called ellipsis. It takes a great artist to use ellipsis well. Shakespeare is a master of it; yet even Shakespeare sometimes faults by excessive and crabbed ellipsis. Donne, a very pregnant writer, who, like Drayton, is not a good craftsman, is full of violent and knotty ellipses. But he has at least the palliation that his ellipses are scholarly, and result from an indiscreet imitation of the Latin, where the inflected character of the language permits bold ellipsis inadmissible to an uninflected language like the English. Drayton's ellipses are not scholarly; they are thoroughly indigenous and awkward, as well as crabbed; the mere untaught expedients of a man who finds it difficult to shepherd his thick-coming ideas into the strait pen of a defined stanza. For this reason—whether or not he be at his best poetically—he is least clumsy in expression where he employs continuous metre (as in his pastorals) which permits him to take what compass he pleases in his utterance—gives him, in fact, room to turn round in. And Drayton, like the sturdy, strong, not unbovine Anglo-Saxon he is, needs a good deal of room to turn round in. This lack of adroitness hampers him in his sonnets, which abound in lumbering and quite unclassical ellipses, making them difficult reading. He is still more clod-paced in his Odes, and other poems written in brief stanzas of curt lines. Yet he is curiously fond of such measures—doubtless from his instinctive love of pregnancy. His virile abundance of idea well qualifies

him for these stern, short metres—indeed, almost calls for them. But unluckily his indexterity of execution no less disqualifies him. He is like a man of pithy temperament but thick utterance. So that most readers had better take refuge in his pastorals, with their charming simplicity and flowing expression. Those only who are willing to wrestle with maladroitness and knotty expression for the sake of masculine substance—whose teeth are sound enough to crack a tough nut for the sake of a nutritious kernel—should adventure upon the sonnets and the poems in curt stanza form. He declares in one fine sonnet that his mistress has made the dumb to speak—in causing him to write. Whether he were really first urged to write by love or not, it is clear to us that he did to some extent compose *invitâ Minervâ*—driven on by an inward heat, in spite of a native obtuseness of utterance.

Yet this poet, whom we have in effect compared to a broad-shouldered Saxon farmer, needing much room to “come about” (in nautical phrase), can be delightfully dainty on occasion, full of pretty fancy—nay, even a certain arch caprice. So it was with rough old Ben, but Jonson had a classic elegance and accomplishment in his lighter moods, which is lacking to the less learned Drayton. Charming is the fancy and whimsy of “*Nymphidia*,” Drayton's mock-heroic fairy poem. Hark how the very metre seems to trip along on little feet, most apt for a fairy story:

Hence shadows, seeming idle shapes,  
Of little frisking elves and apes  
To earth do make their wanton scapes,  
As hope or pastime hastes them;  
Which maids think on the hearth they see  
When fires well-near consumed be,  
There dancing fays by two and three,  
Just as their fancy casts them.

He has, indeed, a happy instinct for minor metres; witness the most graceful measure of the song in “*The Shepherd's Sirena*.” Pity it is these things are flawed at intervals by his awkward twists of expression. His pastorals have a sweet and clean rusticity about them, if they lack the downright realism of Allan Ramsay, and are full of the open air. Old Walton might have quoted his praise of fishing in the “*Sixth Nymphal*.” There is much that is fine in the ode “*To the Virginian Voyage*,” with its prophecy fulfilled so splendidly in later times:

And in regions far,  
Such heroes bring ye forth  
As those from whom we came;  
And plant our name  
Under that star  
Not known unto our North.

One sonnet of Drayton's is famous: “Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part.” But the others are by no means so vastly inferior, for all the faults we have already noted in them. We think more highly of them, indeed, than Mr. Beeching does. Manly and full-sounding is this, for example:

Why should your fair eyes with such sovereign grace  
Disperse their rays on every vulgar spirit,  
Whilst I in darkness in the self-same place  
Get not one glance to recompense my merit?  
So doth the ploughman gaze the wandering star,  
And only rest contented with the light,  
That never learned what constellations are,  
Beyond the bent of his unknowing sight.  
O, why should beauty, custom to obey,  
To their gross sense apply herself so ill!  
Would God I were as ignorant as they,  
When I am made unhappy by my skill;  
Only compelled on this poor good to boast,  
Heavens are not kind to them that know them most.

Daniel resembles Drayton only in manliness. His style is very different, extremely clear and carefully finished.

Wordsworth and Coleridge both admired the openness and simplicity of his diction. His characteristic vein is that of grave and dignified reflection. Perhaps his thought is not always so deep as Mr. Beeching would have it; there may be more than a touch of conventional moralising about it, as about Wordsworth himself. Wordsworth borrowed from the "Epistle to the Countess of Cumberland" the final couplet:

Unless above himself he can  
Erect himself, how poor a thing is man!

He was full of such borrowings, and did not always acknowledge them, as he has done in this case. That great close of a great sonnet:

Who are to judge of danger, which they fear,  
And honour, which they do not understand;

is taken literally from Sir Fulke Greville, without statement of the fact. In sententiousness lies much of Daniel's merit; though in "Hymen's Triumph" we have beauty with no lack. But perhaps the finest specimen of him in this book is the chorus from "Cleopatra." Its severe and even language, its elevated thought, the stately movement and cunning structure of the verse, all leave an impression of high admiration. The final stanza may fairly be called great:

O then, all-seeing light,  
High President of heaven,  
You Magistrates, the stars,  
Of that eternal court  
Of Providence and Right,  
Are these the bounds ye have given,  
Th' untranspassable bars  
That limit pride so short?  
Is greatness of this sort,  
That greatness greatness mars,  
And wracks itself, self-driven  
On rocks of her own might?  
Doth Order order so  
Disorder's overthrow?

The closeness of both thought and expression is here so great that it needs more than one reading to understand the lines, though the language is precise enough. And in other places a like reason makes Daniel not quite fluent reading, in spite of his clear diction and structure. But he is a worthy companion to Drayton, with whom he makes a happy contrast. We could well do with more such handy little reprints of the older poets.

### An Essayist in the Stocks.

*Montaigne: Études et Fragments.* (Œuvre Posthume publiée par les Soins de M. Auguste Salles. Préface de M. Émile Faguet. (Paris: Hachette.)

EVER since the foundation of the Tower of Babel, fate has been jealous of *magna opera*. It is melancholy, but therefore not surprising, to learn that the studies of more than twenty years, directed by the late Prof. Guizot towards the achievement of a grand definitive edition of Montaigne's "Essais," were unfruitful as far as their main object was concerned. But what M. Faguet, in a long preface, is pleased to call a "très beau livre" has been compiled by Prof. Auguste Salles out of the snippets in Guizot's laboratory. Let us not be mistaken. The book is "très beau" in the sense of attaining an almost axiomatic neatness of expression and as the fulmination of a generous pro-Christian mind against the imperturbability of a selfish sceptic; but it is feverish and iterative. It nags at Montaigne, as it were. Moreover, while Guizot is turning Montaigne's wisdom inside out to the consternation of Sainte-Beuve (should he be looking on), he seems all the time to be puzzled as to the identity of his victim. "What was Montaigne?" we ask, and the fertility of the reply is amazing. He was "caractère détrempé plutôt que corrompu" (p. 42); "conscience éveillée et éternelle"

(p. 52); "un Ecclésiaste gascon" (p. 57); "un Girondin conservateur" (p. 63); "un pessimiste et un dégoûté en belle humeur" (p. 123); "un positiviste rêveur" (p. 131); "un endormeur" (229). Besides that he was "un aventurier et un habile, un inventeur prime-sautier et un styliste minutieux," and, shocking to state! he was "une des maîtresses plutôt qu'un des maîtres de l'esprit français" (p. 252). Ask, "Who was Montaigne?" and Prof. Guizot is equally communicative. He was "une espèce de Goethe superficiel" (p. 40); "un Socrate incomplet et infécond" (p. 160); "un Plutarque libertin" (p. 162); "le saint François de Sales des esprits profanes et moyens" (p. 171). He was also "cette Célimène gasconne dont nous sommes tous amoureux" (p. 165); he was even the "Hamlet" of France (p. 245). Now there is no mistaking the cleverness of much of this. "A pessimist in a good humour." Could anything be better? But a steady daylight were better than so many flashes of lightning.

Montaigne had the effect on Prof. Guizot of a chameleon, in a closet with looking-glasses on every side, who is so dazzled by the number of his images that he doesn't know himself. The Professor, *en revanche*, sternly determines to bring his man down to a very common level. As thus:

Montaigne dit dans ses *Essais* en parlant de ses enfants: "J'en ai perdu en nourrice deux ou trois, sinon sans regret, au moins sans fâcherie." O Montaigne! voilà un mot qui ne te fait point honneur! Il eût mieux valu ne savoir pas faire une distinction subtile entre la fâcherie et le regret, et savoir plus exactement le compte de tes enfants morts.

And again:

Bacon dit quelque part que si Lucrèce avait vu la Saint-Barthélemy, il serait devenu cent fois plus athée qu'il ne l'était. Eh, bien! Montaigne était plus flegmatique: il a vu la Saint-Barthélemy, et elle ne lui a pas arraché un cri.

He was a snob, insinuates the Professor; otherwise why did he write on the Ephemerides of his family that his father was "anterré à Montaigne, au tombeau de ses ancêtres," since the deceased was the first of his race to be interred there?

You incline to think Montaigne was impartial? First swallow this: "En politique Montaigne n'avait guère qu'une idée nette et juste." Then this: "Montaigne est le représentant de l'impartialité qui n'aboutit pas et ne sert à rien."

At any rate, you hold by Montaigne's style? "By all means," says the Professor in effect:

Cette puissance miraculeuse que, selon la Genèse, Adam eut pour nommer chacun des êtres nouvellement créés qu'il passait en revue, il semble que Montaigne l'a reçue à un degré aussi extraordinaire, au lendemain du chaos d'où sortait le monde moderne, pour nommer, définir, dépendre l'un après l'autre les sentiments petits ou grands, les pensées les plus générales ou les plus subtiles . . . qui se pressaient autour de lui.

But you are not to suppose that our Adam of the intellectual world invariably found the inevitable phrase at first. One of his most delicious—in a utilitarian country hardly one of his most popular—utterances originally ran: "Je ne trouve rien si chèrement acheté que ce qui me coûte du soing." You read it now: "Je presterois aussi volontiers mon sang que mon soing." As to his borrowings, the Professor throws up his hands; Montaigne was indeed a Latin scholar!

It seems that the worst of Montaigne's scepticism is that it is a cult. He repeats unceasingly that affirmation is an act of pride; he lives from day to day; his Bible may be reduced to Ecclesiastes. "Knock not, for it would not be opened; seek not, for you would not find; ask not, for it would not be given to you," in Prof. Guizot's bitter parody, is the gospel according to Montaigne.

In preferring the ordures of Rabelais to the sensuality of Montaigne, Prof. Guizot takes a popular line, but one that is fast becoming a cant. Venus emerging from the

bath excites an impressionable youth to seek *bonnes fortunes*; so, let us say, does a dance at the Alhambra. The same youth passes a dung-heap holding his nose. Montaigne writes of love with relish and curiosity; a fairly refined nature can follow his epicureanism with pleasure. Rabelais writes of Gargantua's monstrous snortings and gluttonies, and makes us sick. Is nausea morality?

Montaigne's friendship for Etienne de la Boétie Prof. Guizot considers the "roman" of his life, and he applauds the pages devoted in the "Essais" to the author of the discourse on "La Servitude Volontaire." But he does not lose the opportunity of comparing the two to Montaigne's disadvantage.

In fine, Montaigne is not in the first rank of French writers. Why? Because to put him there implies the impotence of reason, the incomprehensibility of the world, the aimlessness of life, the retrogression of humanity. This strikes one as inconsequent, not to say hysterical. On the other hand, Prof. Guizot admits Montaigne's vast influence on the literature of Europe. He speaks of one known to him who found for two years the consolation of a broken heart in "those pages filled with irony and lassitude." Montaigne has "tout son esprit en un clin d'œil." But "are we here below to chat?" asks the Professor. It is to be assumed that a man with his soul in an eyelash is not going to commit us to anything serious. "Tut, tut," says M. Faguet, if we may venture to paraphrase him, "let us be thankful for his good company."

### Wagner as a Letter Writer.

*Richard Wagner; Letters to Wesendonck et al.* Translated and Indexed by Wm. Ashton Ellis. (Grant Richards. 5s. net.)

*Letters of Richard Wagner to Emil Heckel. With a Brief History of the Bayreuth Festivals.* Translated and Indexed by Wm. Ashton Ellis. (Grant Richards. 5s. net.)

THERE is a tragic *mot* of Franz Schubert's which runs: "People think they are ever going to one another, and they only go near one another." Paul Pry feels this very acutely when he attempts to obtain an insight into the frame of mind in which great music is written, or when he endeavours to follow the process of composition. The written word touches the secret only to dismiss it: however deeply Mr. Pry dives into the desk of the departed, it is only an approach that he effects, never an arrival. We ourselves have abandoned the hope that letters would disclose for us the fundamental difference between the musician and the man in the street. And so in opening these volumes of Wagner's correspondence we are not disappointed to find that though we get near him we do not get to him. Nor are we chagrined to find that the prattle of a man like Ignatz Moscheles is vastly more "entertaining": the second-rate artist lives among his contemporaries and is the glass of fashion; the first-rate artist lives apart from his contemporaries and is the Narcissus-mirror of himself.

Mordant wit, a playfulness exuberant as a kitten's, a profound belief in his own need and worthiness to be subsidised, are perhaps the most characteristic features of Wagner's letters. The first thing we turn to is naturally ourselves. In the letters to Herr Wesendonck (a wealthy merchant whose acquaintance he made in 1852) we find the following passages:

No one here [in London] arrives at any kind of interest in a thing unwonted. . . . True art is something utterly strange to them, and they assuredly are not to be caught by anything but its incomings and outgoings. The equanimity with which these persons [the Philharmonic audience] listened to the singing of a wearisome duet [by Marschner], for instance, just thirty seconds after the close of the "Eroica," was an altogether new experience to me: all the world assured me that no one took the least offence

at it, and exactly as the symphony, so was the duet applauded. . . . Anything more objectionable than the genuine English stamp . . . I cannot conceive: they one and all have the type of the sheep; and just as certain as the instinct of the sheep for finding out its fodder on the meadow is the Englishman's practical sense; his fodder he finds, to be sure, but the whole lovely field, with the blue heavens above it, unfortunately is non-existent for his organ of perception. [March, 1855.]

And again:

The real delight of the English is Oratorio; there their music becomes the interpreter of their religion—*puissez moi le mot!* Four hours long do they sit in Exeter Hall, listening to one fugue after another in perfect confidence that they have discharged a good deed, in reward for which they will get nothing whatever to hear in heaven but the loveliest Italian operatic arias. It was this deep fervour of the English public that Mendelssohn gauged so well when he composed and conducted oratorios. . . . Mendelssohn is to the English completely what their Jehovah is to the Jews. And Jehovah's wrath now strikes the unbelieving one; for you know that, among other great qualities, the dear God of the Jews is also credited with very much rancour. [April 5, 1855.]

"To think that he put up with us!" one is inclined to exclaim, for there is no superfluous charity in these observations. Can it be that, as Chopin says, "the English are the only people who pay well"? Considerations of hard cash might, indeed, have led to the founding of the Bayreuth festival in London, for we and Chicago were quite willing; but the King of Bavaria countermanded, as it were, these coals of fire. In extenuation of his bitterness it must be remembered that Wagner suffered keenly, like all epoch-makers, from a sense of isolation from the life of the world. There are moments when the enthusiasm of a whole population of posterity may not seem to the artist as valuable as the ignorant applause of a handful of Exeter Hallites. Here is a *cri du cœur*:

That I am alive, is the ground of every cry; that I am thus; that my whole being and doing place me so entirely out of all relation with the actual world, and yet I have to keep on living in this world, in it to satisfy my needs. . . . With all my thoughts and schemes I stand, and remain, too far outside all present possibility! Lest I should abandon everything and quite despair, just rarely now and then a tiny smile, is cast on me by my surrounding, which surprises me the more and produces the greater effect on me, as it comes so unexpectedly and from amid the coldest strangeness. . . . But I have grown accustomed to fix my eye no longer piercingly and lastingly upon this smile: nothing earnest, nothing decisive to be awaited from it; it remains but just a smile, and only meant to cheer one for a moment. [October 25, 1859.]

Then, after an amusing account of the indolence of Roger, the Paris Tannhäuser, who seized the first pretence to steal away from the pianoforte to the domino-table ("Yet—I see well enough that I must try to find myself in Roger too," adds Wagner), he bursts forth:

Now I am bracing myself to get air again for the last act of "Siegfried": breathe I but that once more, then everything is alike to me. For this I see: I am entirely what I am, only when I am *creating*. . . . My most congenial art-friends have nothing beyond astonishment for any new works; everyone who stands at all near to our public art life feels too feeble for hope. . . . And they really are right! Nothing teaches me better how terribly I have overleapt all around me than a good sharp look—down from myself—as those who stand between me and just that world. So let me work myself completely out: oh, had I nothing, nothing else to do upon the earth! Rest! Rest! that the inner torch may burn soft and bright, which flickers so wildly under the breath of this life of want, and—soon must be extinct. Let me but create the works I there was given, in peaceful, glorious Switzerland. . . . Let me finish them: then am I done with and redeemed! But ask nothing, nothing else from me.



It is to be hoped they did not, for Wagner had not much else to give, and what he gave were indeed "wonder works." It must not be lost sight of that the artist is essentially an utterer of a message—one of the predestined, in short—and that to reproach him with "Skimpoleism" is not fair. It is only when the soul surrounds itself with oblivion that it can create the forms of genius. Wagner stands alone, in a singular definiteness of intention. He sees his life mapped out, and, fearfully extravagant as we believe him to have been, there is no doubt as to his exclusive reverence for his art. "Purely and entirely for money I could not sell myself," he writes (June 5, 1860) by way of explanation for refusing an offer to conduct in Russia for 50,000 francs.

The "tiny smile" of circumstance expanded as we know, in spite of his fastidiousness, and in its excessive beamishness the artist felt afraid. Writing to Frau Eliza Wille (May 4, 1864), he says of Ludwig II. of Bavaria, his patron: "Alas! he is so handsome and intelligent, so splendid and so full of soul, that I fear lest his life should vanish like a fleeting dream of gods in this vulgar world." And on the 26th of May he writes to the same lady of "the fearful labour pains of my good fortune"; and with Teutonic devotion to metaphor, dubs her his "midwife." Why did it come with such "drastic swift-ness" this good fortune? It came at all, Wagner would have us believe, because amid "deepest humbling" he stayed "meek and kindly." We have our doots, but none of the good fortune. "I simply am thought an all-powerful minion," writes Wagner, September 9, 1864, "the other day the orphans of a female poisoner appealed to me."

He calls Frau Wille "dear, precious friend, and again "Precious!" *tout court*. Consequently it leaves a rather nasty taste in the mouth when he confides to her, May or June, 1864, that "my having so petted and spoilt my own wife by excessive indulgence, that at last she lost all power of rendering me a little justice, has become to me a Nemesis."

To Herr Emil Heckel, founder of the very earliest Wagner Society, and still a member of the Bayreuth Council of Administration, the composer displays a very playful disposition:

My dear friend Heckel,  
my work-pot's Deckel [lid]

is his definition of him, and Silas Wegg is offered much cause to look to his laurels. The whole tedious business of getting the Bayreuth Theatre built is enlivened with much amiable jocosity that displays Wagner in a very sympathetic light. Like all egoists of genius he was an epitome of men, and in spending himself he became diffusive. He could get the best out of executants because he fascinated them. On the last occasion that he conducted (the work was "Parsifal") Reichmann said: "A thing like that, one can only go through once. To such an expenditure of breath, such a tax on one's strength of voice in general, only the master himself can pin one." Again, at one of the rehearsals of the Ninth Symphony, in the old Margrave's Opera House:

Niemann called down to him [at the beginning of the quartet] from the so-called "trumpeters' box" where the soloists were stationed: "Master, if you don't beat time for me here I cannot sing." Wagner answered: "I shall not beat time, for it would make the rendering stiff. You must sing this passage with absolute freedom. . . . I paint it for you in the air." At the unison for the 'celli and double-basses, he said: "Gentlemen, you must know this by heart now. Look at me; there is no beating time; I draw it for you in the air. It must speak like a recitative." The effect was marvellous.

In closing these fascinating volumes we are conscious that we have not got "to" Wagner, but we have had a rare gossip with him in which he has assisted. It would be unreasonable to ask more.

## Sheer Entertainment.

*A New English Dictionary on Historical Principles.* Edited by Dr. James A. H. Murray. Vol. V.: Horizontality—Hywe. (Clarendon Press. 5s.)

"With his legs horizontalised on his lodging-house sofa." This is almost the first quotation in the new part of Volume V. of the *New English Dictionary*. It occurs to us that a great many of our readers who are now horizontalising their legs on rural and seaside sofas could wish for no more entertaining reading than Dr. Murray's great dictionary affords. We are quite serious. Before now we have shown how easily enjoyment may be sucked from its pages. And although the size and make of the parts in which the dictionary is issued do not precisely recommend it for the shingle or a nest in the heather, yet if entertainingness is the important quality of holiday reading, then you have it here without stint or doubt. Besides which, the work affords to the resting man the spectacle of an industry so colossal that his sense of idle anchorage and of release from the hurly-burly must be deepened as he runs his eye down these wonderful columns, ranging through abstruse philological inquiry to gay quotation and curious analogy.

We have just used the word hurly-burly. It is one of the words dealt with in the present instalment, and its history is curious enough. In all reasonableness it ought to be nothing more than a sort of "initially-varied reduplication" of the word "hurly," meaning a commotion, an uproar. The odd thing is that "hurly-burly" is found in English literature more than half a century earlier than "hurly." Thus "hurly" first starts up in 1596 in *The Taming of the Shrew*. Petruchio says:

Ay, and amid this hurly I intend  
That all is done in reverent care of her.

Whereas "hurly-burly" occurs as early as 1539 and 1545. Hall (1548) writes in his *Chronicle*: "In this time of insurrection and in the rage of horley-borley." As a verb the word is found in a political ballad of 1678:

This hurly-burly all the town  
Makes Smith and Harris prattle.

Lindley Murray admonished his young grammarians to avoid "low expressions such as topsy-turvy, hurly-burly, and pell-mell," forgetting, perhaps, that Shakespeare had written:

When the hurly-burly's done,  
When the battle's lost and won,

and not foreseeing that De Quincey, that verbal epicurean, would write six years later: "In the very uttermost hurly-burly of the storm."

In the same column "Hurrah" catches the eye. It is a later substitute for "Huzza." We are told that "hurrah" was the battle-cry of the Prussian soldiers in the War of Liberation (1812-13), from which time it became a cry of exultation, though in practice "hooray" is the word that is shouted. Yet "hurrah" is found in Addison's "Drummer" (1716) as "whurra!" and in "She Stoops to Conquer," someone shouts "Hurree, hurree, bravo!" Earlier than this, "hurrah" was used to denote a cry of joy, but the actual exclamation in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries was "Huzza!" Thus, in Farquhar's "Recruiting Officer": "Huzza then! huzza for the queen and the honour of Shropshire." "Huzza!" is thought to have been originally a seaman's word. In a *London Gazette* of 1679 we may read: "At his passing over the Bridge the Castle saluted him with . . . three Hussaws, Seamen like," and various early writers connect the word with the sea. Dr. Murray suggests a connexion with "heisau!" "hissa!" which were hauling or hoisting cries. One is only surprised that the sibilant in "Huzza" was tolerated so long. In a short-lived allusive sense "huzza" stood for a riotous young fellow and a gallant.



Thus Wycherley's Dancing Master says: "We are for the brisk huzzas of seventeen or eighteen." And the party politics of Defoe's time crystallised one of its phases in "huzza-men," men paid to shout "huzza." An entry in a *Flying Post* of 1715 says: "For scores of huzza-men £40."

Less jubilant, though not less eager, kinds of shouting are those connected with the word "hue" in hue-and-cry. "Hue" stood alone once. As late as 1779 we read in the *Gentleman's Magazine*: "As soon as M. Lally appeared a hue was set up by the whole assembly, hisses, pointing, threats, and every abusive name." Poor M. Lally! And Drayton wrote:

Like as a Heard of over-heated Deere  
With Hues and Hounds recov'ed every where.

Dr. Murray says there is some reason to believe that *hue*, as distinct from cry, originally meant inarticulate sound, including that of a horn or trumpet, as well as of the voice. This seems to be borne out by Blackstone, who, in his *Commentaries*, says: "An hue . . . and cry, *hutesium et clamor*, is the old common law process of pursuing, with horn and with voice, all felons." And until 1839 the English *Police Gazette* used the phrase in its sub-title, which still survives in the *Police Gazette*; or, *Hue-and-Cry*, published every Tuesday and Friday for Ireland. Dickens often used the phrase, and every one knows how "six gentlemen upon the road" raised the hue-and-cry against poor Gilpin. In 1734 a critic of the *Northern Examiner* said he had "made hue-and-cry" all over some unlucky author's book, but found not what he sought. Reviewers might note the phrase.

"Humbug" is an instance of a word which sprang no one knows whence, and has survived by its own vitality. It dates from about 1750, when, in a paper of the time, it was noted:

There is a word very much in vogue with the people of taste and fashion, which though it has not even the "penumbra" of a meaning, yet makes up the sum total of the wit, sense, and judgment of the aforesaid people of taste and fashion! . . . I will venture to affirm that this Humbug is neither an English word, nor a derivative from any other language. It is indeed a blackguard sound, made use of by most people of distinction! It is a fine make-weight in conversation, and some great men deceive themselves so egregiously as to think they mean something by it!

Three years later, in the *Connoisseur*, Earl Orrery wrote: "Single words, indeed, now and then broke forth—such as *odious*, *horrible*, *detestable*, *shocking*, *Humbug*. The last new-coined expression, which is only to be found in the nonsensical vocabulary, sounds absurd and disagreeable whenever it is pronounced." Evidently the new word hit hard. It was jeered at as belonging only to the pretenders to wit. And for a time the word was used to denote a witticism. Killigrew's *Universal Jester* (1754) contained "a choice collection of . . . bon-mots and humbugs," and elsewhere we read of "sprightly humbugs and practical jokes." And in the north, and in Gloucestershire, a humbug was a sweetmeat.

Disraeli wrote in *Coningsby*: "A government of statesmen or of clerks? Of Humbug or of Humdrum?" The words are subtly antithetical, humdrum being always allied to respectability and lack of enterprise. It is doubtful, says Dr. Murray, whether the "drum" has any connexion with "hum" except by a very usual reduplicating process. "Humtrum" occurs as early as 1553; but the word begins to be frequent only in the eighteenth century. Its meaning is admirably suggested by Addison in his ninth *Spectator*: "The *Hum-Drum Club* . . . was made up of very honest Gentlemen, of peaceable Dispositions, that used to sit together, smooke their Pipes, and say nothing till Mid-night." As a noun, denoting a dull person, the word occurs in Jonson's *Every*

*Man in His Humour*, and Mr. Blackmore says, in *Perly-cross*: "There are none but hum-drums and jug-trots." "Humdrum" seems to have been suggested by the humming and sleeping of a top, and by low buzzing sounds conducive to slumber. The odd thing is that the same associations of rapid indistinct sound have caused the word "hum" to carry the opposite sense of activity. Mr. Kipling writes in *Many Inventions*: "The whole country was humming with Dacoits," and in America, and now in England, the significance of the word has been so forced up that to "make things hum" is to make them very lively indeed. Thus a new meaning becomes hostile to an older one. To "hum and ha," to hem and stroke one's beard, is to provoke the antagonist who wants to "make things hum." The question arises, did this intensification of the word hum take place in America? As in so many cases the answer is no! It is but a return to an old English sense. For while "hum" kept its associations of sleepiness and hesitation, or, at the most, a suppressed activity, the participle "humming" quite early detached itself for other duty. Thus, "caught in a humming lie" occurs in Gayton's *Notes* (1654), and a century later Horace Walpole notes that "*Humming* is a cant word for vast. A person meaning to describe a very large bird, said 'It was a *Humming Bird*.'" Could there be a quainter instance of the quarrels and divergences of words of the same family? Humming as applied to liquor meant effervescing and hence strong, intoxicating. "The wine was humming strong" says Sir Harry Wildair. But here the child had been forestalled by the parent. "Hum" meant strong or double ale long before Sir Harry Wildair's days. It is so used in Ben Jonson's *The Devil an Ass*, and Cotton writes in 1670: "The best Cheshire hum e'er drank in his life." Hence "hum-cap" a cant word for old, mellow beer, and—possibly—humpty-dumpty in its old meaning of ale boiled with brandy.

A phrase with a curious history is "humble pie." Why humble pie? Pies are not humble dishes, nor do most people feel humble when they are helped to pie. Eating the leek is quite another matter. We may not all be, like Pistol, "qualmish" at the smell of that wholesome vegetable, but his swallowing it under the blows of Fluellen is a picture which will for ever elucidate and consecrate the phrase. The explanation of "humble pie" may still be new to many. "Umbles" are the heart, liver, and other inward parts of the deer, and were the huntsman's perquisites. Dr. Brewer says: "When the lord and his household dined the venison pasty was served on the dais, but the humbles were made into a pie for the huntsman and his fellows." It seems reasonable, and Dr. Murray suggests that "humble pie" combines the two notions in a jocular way. According to Peacock, in *Maid Marian*, Robin Hood helped the sheriff to "numble pie . . . and other dainties of his table," but our impression has always been that the sheriff received on his platter the choicest cuts, and was made to eat "humble pie" only when his stomach was rejoiced and full.

It is interesting to find that "hush" as a substantive, meaning silence, was rarely used before this century. Dr. Murray suggests that Byron popularised this poetic use of the word. Thus in *Childe Harold*:

It is the hush of night, and all between  
Thy margin and the mountains, dusk, yet clear,  
Mellow'd and mingling, yet distinctly seen,  
Save darken'd Jura, whose cap heights appear  
Precipitously steep, etc.

Before Byron only two such examples are given, but later there are many. One might ramble on for hours in this well-ordered garden of words, facts, legends, and conceits. It is a harvesting of the past that Dr. Murray has undertaken, and not an ear of his gathered corn is empty or useless. But having set out to entertain, it becomes us not to weary. Abruptly, therefore, we horizontalise our pen.

## An Aftermath of Jowett.

*Letters of Benjamin Jowett.* Edited by Evelyn Abbott and Lewis Campbell. (Murray.)

THIS volume contains miscellaneous letters and documents concerning Jowett, which did not find a place in the *Life and Letters* of this remarkable man published two years ago by the same editors. They are arranged roughly under subjects, and reflect several of Jowett's leading interests. The first section is headed "Church Reform." Among its contents are a series of excerpts from Jowett's evidence before the 1871 Committee on Religious Tests—curious dialectic this—a scheme submitted to Stanley in 1853 for the reform of cathedral institutions in general and Canterbury in particular, and a rather noticeable letter "To a Friend, who was hesitating about accepting a living." This is a plea—casuistical, one must think—for signing the Thirty-nine Articles without weighing too closely your liberal acceptance of them. "Do you think religious scruples are a thing to be encouraged?" asks Jowett; and it is interesting to observe the close resemblance of the solutions to the problem of "tests" devised by the extreme High Church and the extreme Broad Church champions respectively. Newman would sign the Articles in "a non-natural sense"; Jowett would sign them "in a large and liberal spirit."

After the theology comes a long letter to Sir Charles Trevelyan, containing some valuable suggestions on Civil Service organisation; and this is followed by a number of letters on European Politics and on India. Many of these are written to Sir Robert Morier, in whose diplomatic career Jowett took the closest interest. "If all the letters to Morier," says Dr. Abbott, "were collected together, they would form the record of a watchful, unwearied friendship, outspoken yet sympathetic, to which it would be difficult to find a parallel." The volume concludes with a section of miscellaneous letters, and with a few "Notes and Sayings" collected from various sources. Mainly from these latter pages we put together a few remarks of critical value upon some of Jowett's contemporaries. Thus of Tait he writes:

I read through the Archbishop of Canterbury's charge yesterday. A very weak and, I think, foolish production, of which the effect will last for six months at the utmost. He assumes a certain air of moderation, but he calls everybody who differs from him scoffers and unbelievers. He inclines more than formerly to the High Church, and wants to make a league of all Christians against unbelievers on the basis of the supernatural. I respect him for his hard work and earnestness, but I feel almost a contempt for him when I read his writings.

## Of Herbert Spencer:

There is a fellow named Herbert Spencer . . . who knows a little of physical science, and gives back to the scientific men their own notions in a more general form. Of course, they worship him as a god; and instead of being thought an empty sciolist, he is regarded by them as the philosopher of the future. I hope that we shall some day put a spoke in his wheel at Oxford, but at present he is rather swaggering and triumphant.

## Of Matthew Arnold:

Mat Arnold is a great loss to me. He was one of my firmest and dearest and best friends. Every year I had a higher opinion of him. No one ever united so much kindness and light-heartedness with so much strength. He was the most sensible man of genius whom I have ever known, and the most free from personality; and his mind was very far from being exhausted.

Finally there is an interesting appreciation of Tennyson, written in 1861, after one of Jowett's annual visits to the poet's home:

The more I see of him the more I respect his character, notwithstanding a superficial irritability and uneasiness about all things. I have a pleasure in repeating this about him, because I find he is so greatly mistaken by

those who don't know him or only know him a little. No one is more honest, truthful, manly, or a warmer friend; but he is as open as the day, and, like a child, tells to any chance comer what is passing in his mind. He sometimes talks of going on with *King Arthur*. For my own part I hope he won't; he has made as much of it as the subject admits. Twenty years ago he formed a scheme for an epic poem on *King Arthur* in ten books: it is perhaps fortunate for himself that circumstances have prevented the completion of it. He dislikes Byron, but speaks very generously and warmly of Wordsworth. The subject on which I think he is most ready to converse—sometimes over a pipe—is (what do you think?) a future state, of which he always talks with a passionate conviction. He is the shyest person I ever knew, feeling sympathy and needing it to a degree quite painful. Please not to repeat this to the vulgar, who can never be made to understand that great mental troubles necessarily accompany such powers as he possesses. I should not tell it to you if I did not think you would comprehend it.

We do not think that the present book, any more than *The Life and Letters*, quite lets one into the "secret of Jowett." That, indeed, seems to have been an incommunicable thing, an affair of temperament and the personal relation, which the written word never quite managed to capture or convey. There have been such instances before—Sidney, for instance. The effect of Sidney upon the poets and men of action among whom he moved is certainly not adequately represented by some enigmatic sonnets and a frigid pastoral. And so it was with Jowett. The Jowett of the "Letters" is a busy man of the world, interested in many matters both practical and mental; a bit of a casuist, as we think; and certainly not averse to compromise. For the idealist you imagined you look in vain. There is sound common sense in every word; but hardly spiritual insight, hardly even the keener intellectual analysis. Yet that he was a spiritual force we know, from his friends and pupils. It was in the man then, and evaporated between pen and paper. On the other hand, of the *morale* of Jowett we are led to think more and more highly as we read. His steadfastness of purpose and sincere desire to do right are unmistakable. Thus he writes to Sir Robert Morier upon the double loss of Sir Robert's son and of poor Lewis Nettleship:

I think that sorrow should produce some good fruit in us, even though we are both rather tending to some kind of agnosticism. Tell me, old friend—it is a question that I ask myself—do I feel more desire to do good to others, more love of truth, more interest in important truths than formerly? Do I get better as I get older, or only keep on the accustomed tenor of my way? I think that sorrow should in some way be turned to good.

And there is a touching story in a footnote how, when Stanley lay dying, Jowett called at the Deanery to see him. Stanley, however, was already unconscious. Jowett, in considerable agitation, begged Canon Hugh Pearson to express to the Dean, should he recover, his "deep regret for having done so little, of late years, in support of his friend's continued efforts towards obtaining a greater latitude of opinion for the clergy."

DARK to its nest the light has gone;  
An unseen force prevails,  
And hands of storm lay hold upon  
The rigging and the sails.

High heaves the heart of night, and loud  
The water sobs and breaks,  
And overhead one helmet-cloud  
Its cap of darkness makes.

Strong wants whereto the welkin moves,  
They are but waifs like me;  
And all a storm of severed loves  
That strain across the sea!

Laurence Housman in the "Dome."

## A Master of Medicine.

*Claude Bernard.* By Sir Michael Foster, M.A., M.D., D.C.L., &c. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

THE "Masters of Medicine" series is a new step in the direction of popularising science. The list of names included in it—Hunter, Harvey, Simpson (the inventor of chloroform), Brodie, Helmholtz, Vesalius, &c.—places it on a higher range than the usual run of merely edifying



CLAUDE BERNARD.

biographies; and if the volume under notice be typical of the rest, it is plain that prominence will be given to the scientific achievements rather than the social side of the men selected. In the case of Bernard this may be partly due to lack of data as to his external life. Born on a vineyard in the St. Julien district of Beaujolais, he began his career in a chemist's dispensary at Lyons. The insight into the practice of medicine afforded him by this establishment, where all shop-sweepings were converted (like Mr. W. S. Gilbert's "bones and cold potatoes and broken pie-crusts and candle-ends") into a panacea for the deserving poor, drove him into literature, and on the profits of a one-act comedy he went up to Paris to seek his fortune with a maturer full-blown play in his pocket. The first advice he received, however, was to drop literature and stick to medicine, which he did, entering as a student in anatomy and physiology. His extraordinary dexterity in manipulation caused him to be appointed assistant to the great Magendie at the Collège de France, and here, in 1841, at the age of twenty-eight, he began those physiological studies which have made his name famous. Physiology at the time was practically under a ban. No proper laboratories or appliances existed for it; it was in a rudimentary state so far as knowledge went; and the experiments, performed under far less humane conditions than at present, were looked askance at by the police. Hampered as he was, however, Bernard speedily began to carry out important researches, first, as to the action and function of certain nerves, and, secondly, as to the digestive processes. The action of the pancreatic juice and the glycogenic function of the liver were his two main discoveries arising out of the latter investigation, and both were revolutionary in their influence over contemporary thought and knowledge. Sir Michael Foster gives, as a prelude to this branch of his subject, an account of the rival "vitalistic" and "physico-chemical" theories of organic life which prevailed at the time, and

which Bernard's labours practically settled. Those were days when a man of original ideas and experimental skill could make great basic discoveries, and lay the foundations of future knowledge. Bernard, however, did even more than this. In his work on the liver and its functions he not only laid the foundations but built up the whole structure of knowledge, which has scarcely been added to materially since. His next great subject of investigation carried him back to the earliest of his published researches, on the chorda tympani, in which he had been led to examine the action of nerves on blood-vessels and glands. It is a curious point that although no man was ever more systematic and logical in his experiments than Bernard, or less addicted to "fishing" for results, yet his great discoveries were mostly due to some side issue arising out of his work, which he had the genius to appreciate and follow up. The glycogenic function of the liver, for instance, was a discovery arising out of an inquiry into the causes and possible cure of diabetes. So, in his next investigation, which had for its immediate object to determine the influence of the nervous system on animal heat, by far the most important outcome was his discovery of the vaso-motor function of nerves. The value of this discovery was instantly appreciated and taken up by physiologists all over the world; but Bernard himself, in this case, though fully aware of its importance, did not follow it up to the end himself, being more interested in his calorific experiments.

Of Bernard's other work—his experiments on the physiological effect of poisons, especially of curare, the arrow-poison of the South American Indians, and his unfinished enquiry into fermentation, which partly corrected the magnificent work of Pasteur—Sir Michael Foster has much to say in a clear and lucid manner. Nor does he omit to point out how Bernard's record alone is a refutation of the calumny that physiologists have found out nothing important, urged by people who dislike their work on sentimental grounds. In this connexion it is interesting to note that all Bernard's experiments were undertaken with the object of explaining some obscure disease and discovering its cure. He was a physician first, and a physiological explorer second.

Personally, Bernard was one of those absorbed and reserved workers who take little interest in the political world outside them, and to whom fame comes without their seeking it. Of tall and splendid appearance, courteous, brilliant, and original, he was idolised by his students and much sought after by friends. Unhappily he married an ambitious and unsympathetic woman, whose only desire was for him to grow rich. His two daughters shared her shortcomings, and eventually retired with her into separation. At his death, in 1877, Bernard was honoured with a public funeral, and with almost national mourning, as one of the greatest men whose names adorned "La Patrie Reconnaissante." He was the first man of science to be so distinguished by his country, and Sir Michael Foster has done well to present in a book for English readers the true facts of his life and work, which are but little known, except in a form distorted to suit the purposes of the anti-vivisection propaganda.

## Modern Aphorisms.

REWARD is its own virtue.

A living friend is better than a dead love.

Ye cannot serve God and women.

There's no fool like an old maid.

Of two evils choose the prettier.

Never put off till to-morrow what you can wear to-night.

Where there's a won't there's a way.

Nonsense makes the heart grow fonder.

Whosoever thy hand findeth to do, do with thy might.

The wages of sin is alimony.

He who loves and runs away may live to love another day.

*Carolyn Wells in the "Criterion."*

## Other New Books.

FOLK-LORE IN BORNEO. BY WILLIAM HENRY FURNESS.

This is an unpretentious and attractive little monograph on the folk-lore of Borneo. The author aspires to present no more than a sketch of the curious beliefs held by some of the many tribes, differing from each other and separated by feuds and language, which make up the population of the island. The Borneans are savages of a rather high order, but their "fad" of head-hunting, as Mr. Furness calls it, makes them their own greatest enemies. This is the story of the Creation known to the Kayans of North-Western Borneo:

In the old, old days, when there was nothing but water and sky, there fell from the heavens an enormous rock; that part of it which protruded from the water was hard, slippery, and quite bare, with no soil nor plants upon it of any kind. After a long time, however, the rains produced slime upon the rock, and little worms, called *halang*, were bred in this slime, and they bored into the rock, and left fine sand outside of their burrows; this sand eventually became soil and covered the rock. Again years passed and the rock remained barren of all other life until suddenly there dropped from the Sun a huge wooden handle of a *Parang* (or sword) known as *Haup Malat*. This parang-handle sank deep into the rock, and, taking root in the soil, it sprouted and grew into a great tree, named *Batang Utar Tatei*, whose branches stretched out over the new land in every direction. When this tree was fully grown, there dropped from the Moon a long rope-like vine known as the *Jikwan Tali*. This vine quickly clung to the tree and took root in the rock. Now the vine, *Jikwan Tali*, from the Moon became the husband of the tree, *Batang Utar Tatei*, from the Sun, and *Batang Utar Tatei* gave birth to twins, a male and a female, not of the nature of a tree, but more or less like human beings.

The head-hunting rests its continuance on the belief that the taking of a head is necessary in order to reach the Bornean heaven.

The Kayan Hades is believed to be under ground, and like the Hades of the ancient Greeks, there is a guide to the entrance who corresponds to a certain extent to Charon. But their river Styx is not a stream, but a deep and wide ditch, through which flow ooze and slime swarming with worms and maggots; the souls of the departed must cross over this ditch, not by a ferry, but by means of a fallen tree-trunk, guarded by the great demon *Maligang*, who challenges all comers, and if they have no record of bravery he shakes the tree-trunk until they fall into the ditch below and are eternally tortured by the devouring worm that dieth not. Over the land of spirits presides the great demon *Laki Tenangan*, who assigns the souls to their proper place, and sees that they get their deserts, whether good or bad.

This Hades is divided into five regions, one of which is the joyless abode of suicides. In the Ling Yang region dwell the spirits of the drowned, who soon become exceedingly rich. "All the goods lost in rivers by the capsizing of boats in the rapids, or when they run foul of a snag in deep water, go into the coffers of the dwellers in Ling Yang."

Mr. Furness concludes with this human touch. He tells how he heard a Bornean mother crooning to her child the equivalent of "Hush thee my baby!" Thus:

From the River's mouth the birds are straying,  
And the Baiyo's topmost leaves are swaying;  
The little chicks cheep,  
Now my little one sleep,  
For the black house-lizard, with glittering eye,  
And the gray-haired Laki Laieng are nigh!  
Sleep, dear little one, sleep!

A few admirable photographs are scattered through Mr. Furness's pages. (Privately printed, Wallingford, Pennsylvania.)

THE ADVENTURES OF LOUIS DE ROUGEMONT.

BY HIMSELF.

The reader must make what he can of this book in the light of its contents and of the controversies which have raged around M. de Rougemont's narrative. The words, "As Told by Himself," on the title-page, seem to be the only concession which the editor and publishers make to public incredulity and scientific protest. Mr. Fitzgerald, the discoverer of M. de Rougemont, is his champion still. He tells us that "the Swiss Cantons glowed with pride on his account, and the great journals of France, pointing to the great world-renowned man, threw back at us our old jibe that a Frenchman cannot successfully colonise or rule savage races. There are many men in England who know Australia. Most of these wanted to get at de Rougemont, in order to overwhelm him. Many had the opportunity, and were soon converted into devoted adherents. The man was, in fact, a veritable Mahdi among the sceptics—those sceptics, that is, who had opportunities of conversing with him." The last phrase would seem to indicate that even Mr. Fitzgerald doubts whether the bare narrative can carry conviction. The opportunity of conversing with M. de Rougemont is not sold with the book. (Newnes, Ltd. 6s.)

J. CHAMBERLAIN.

PAR ACHILLE VIALATE.

We do not gather that M. Viallate has any affection for his hero; but he treats him, at any rate so far as English domestic politics are concerned, in the dry light of the scientific spirit, and the resultant portrait seems to us, on the whole, a very fair one. Some modification of this judgment is, however, required when we come to the later chapters of the book which deal with Mr. Chamberlain as the Colonial Secretary of the present Government. Like most of his fellow-countrymen, M. Viallate is smarting under the sting of Fashoda, and he is inclined to see the statesman whom he believes to have been the instigator of England's attitude with regard to that affair a little in the black.

It is to be observed, too, that M. Viallate has no hesitation as to the part played by Mr. Chamberlain in the Jameson Raid. He says:

Certainly the English Government has denied that it had any knowledge of that immoral attempt before it took place; but the singularly contemptuous attitude of the Colonial Secretary before the Parliamentary Committee appointed to investigate the affair permits the assumption that Mr. Chamberlain would have thought himself remarkably clumsy, and perhaps even remarkably blameworthy, if he had been so ill-informed. It is true that, as soon as Jameson's departure was officially known, he did not lose a second in telegraphing to the Cape to stop it by every possible expedient. But, most unfortunately, it just happened that the telegraph wire between the Cape and Pitsani had been cut. Who could have expected it?

M. Viallate's uncharitable view is also that taken by no less learned a student of English politics than M. Boutmy himself. M. Boutmy says outright of Mr. Chamberlain: "He conceived and prepared the Jameson expedition against the Transvaal, the result of which is notorious." Neither writer appears to think that the matter is one upon which there can be two opinions; and the bias which we cannot but feel that they show, when compared with the reasonable and impartial tone of the larger part of the book, is only another illustration of the extraordinary difficulty of arriving at a scientific treatment of events and personalities which are still the focus of controversy. Obviously any book attempting to sum up Mr. Chamberlain is a "little previous." (Paris: Alcan.)

## Fiction.

*The Virgins of the Rocks.* Translated from the Italian of Gabriele D'Annunzio by Agatha Hughes. (Heinemann. 6s.)

DECIDEDLY this is the best of D'Annunzio's novels yet translated into English. Free from the sinister and obscene characteristics of the trilogy strangely called *The Romances of the Rose*, it exists in a purer and more lofty air; and, though one is conscious of a certain ebb and flow in the fundamental imaginative power, the sum and quality of beauty obtained is immeasurably finer, richer, more considerable, than in any previous work. Realistic, of course—for D'Annunzio would be the last man in Europe to trifle sentimentally with fact—*The Virgins of the Rocks* is, nevertheless, the fruit of an implacable reaction against the realism of French schools, that realism which we in England have apparently just discovered. It is a spiritual novel. The trivialities of daily corporeal life have no place in it: they are assumed. Even time and place seem to be ignored as inessential. The period is vaguely suggested by political reference, and we are told of an ancient palace furnished with mirrors wherein the three cloistered and beautiful heroines behold their own sorrow, but beyond this the action of the drama moves almost unfettered by physical limitation. There is nothing like it in English fiction, and very little in French; Maurice Barrès' *Le Jardin de Bérénice* alone occurs to us as having points of similarity in the manner of conception. It shows that the novel, as a form of imaginative art, has not yet reached the zenith of serious significance; that there are in it not only æsthetic but philosophic and even didactic possibilities which remain to be generally exploited. That such an exploitation when it happens will demand from novel readers an increased mental activity and a more complete surrender, and will therefore encounter an opposition of ridicule, is beyond question. Nevertheless it will happen, is indeed now happening. Hitherto the novel has been regarded (if you look the fact squarely in the face) as an aid to digestion. The public has said to its novelists: "We have dined. Now divert us." And even a Balzac has not disdained to comply. To its poets the public would never dare to offer such effrontery. A change will come. The time approaches when we shall have to "tackle" our novels as we tackle *Paradise Lost*, or *The Ring and the Book*, or the score of *Tristan und Isolde*.

We do not imply that *The Virgins of the Rocks* is, to use the slang term, difficult. It is not difficult. But it is grave, weightily philosophic. It is far from being a "story," and its beauty, while full of enchantment, is profoundly austere. Briefly expressed, the book is a relation of the adventures of a man's soul among the souls of three women. Claudio is an egotist in the best and sternest sense; his one aim is to cultivate himself. By descent and by conviction he is an aristocrat. Here is one of his axioms:

The world represents the sensibility and the thought of a few superior men who created it, and in the course of time have enlarged and adorned it, and who in the future will continue to enlarge and adorn it more and more. The world, as it appears to us to-day, is a magnificent gift from the few to the many, from free men to slaves, from those who think and feel to those who work. . . . I recognised my own highest ambition in the desire to bring some ornament, to add some new value to this human world which is being eternally embellished by beauty and sorrow.

And this is his aim:

Thou, therefore, shalt labour to carry out thy own destiny and that of thy race. Thou shalt have before thy eyes at the same time the premeditated plan of thy existence and the vision of an existence superior to thine own. Thou shalt live in the idea that each life being the sum-

total of past lives is the condition of future lives. Thou shalt not, therefore, look upon thyself only as the beginning, aim, and end of thy own destiny, but thou shalt feel the whole value and the whole weight of the inheritance received from thy ancestors, which thou must transmit to thy descendant countersigned with the stamp of thy most vigorous characteristics. Let the supreme conception of thy dignity be founded on the certainty, so sure in thee, that thou art the preserving link of a multifold energy which to-morrow, or after the lapse of a century, or at some indefinite time, may reassert itself in a sublime manifestation. But hope that it may be to-morrow!

The words which we have italicised are specially important, since the theme of the book is Claudio's savouring of the souls of the three sisters, Massimilla, Anatolia, and Violante, in order to choose his proper mate. Upon the drawing of these women, the first—type of the adoring slave, the second—type of the mother and healer, the third—type of the imperial sovereign, D'Annunzio has lavished all his powers. He has striven here to create the loftiest beauty, and he has created it. These rare creatures, sad with the melancholy of a race about to decay, radiant with the final splendour which precedes dissolution, wistful by reason of a destiny never to be satisfied, move through the drama with a feminine perfection of bodily and spiritual elegance seldom equalled and certainly never surpassed in any previous prose fiction. The imaginary utterances by which each, to Claudio's secret fancy, reveals herself are shaped in a manner which is simply masterly:

"A boundless desire for slavery makes me suffer," says Massimilla silently, as she sits on the stone seat, her hands, with fingers interwoven, clasped round her weary knee. "I have not the gift of communicating happiness; but my whole being, more than any other creature, more than any inanimate thing, is ready to become the perfect and perpetual possession of a master."

A boundless desire for slavery makes me suffer. I am devoured by an unquenchable yearning to give myself up entirely, to belong to a higher and stronger being, to dissolve myself in his will, to burn like a holocaust in the fire of his great soul. . . .

I am she who listens, admires, and is silent.

From my birth I bear on my forehead between my eyebrows the sign of attention.

I have learned from the calm and intensity of statues the immobility of harmonious attitude. I can keep my eyes open and turned upwards for a long time, because my eyelids are light.

The shape of my lips forms the living and visible image of the word 'Amen.'"

Claudio, after an interlude with Massimilla, turns by right instinct to Anatolia, who was assuredly born to be the mother of great men. But Anatolia, glowing with the consciousness of duty to her venerable father, her mad mother, and her fragile brothers, refuses him. She was wrong, because she loved him; but she was a woman. So the book ends, inconclusively, demanding a sequel. We shall look forward to the succeeding parts of the trilogy, *La Grazia* and *L'Annunziata*, which in due course are to appear in English. If these are translated as well as *The Virgins of the Rocks* they will be models of good translation.

*Dead Oppressors.* By Thomas Pinkerton.  
(Swan Sonnenschein.)

MR. PINKERTON deserves a wider popularity than has hitherto been his portion. Some nine or ten novels stand to his name, but that name is not familiar to the public. Yet Mr. Pinkerton has a most engaging and original wit, and a very genuine imagination. We anticipated excellence in *Dead Oppressors*. We were not disappointed. Indeed, the quality of its excellence, despite certain shortcomings, surprised us. Mr. Pinkerton deals



with the fortunes of an old aristocratic family, and an old town intimately connected therewith. The Birlingfords and Old Millington were alike rotten, impoverished, eaten up with inherited vice and present malpractice, existing feebly under the sinister shadow of those "dead oppressors" their ancestors. Here is a characteristic description of the town:

The chief feature of Old Millington was a triangular space in the centre of the town, known as "The Stallage," perhaps from some old market-stall impost that had used to be levied there centuries ago. It was bordered by the chief public buildings, the estate office, and the dens of the leading solicitors, who lived sparsely on what was left of Old Millington, like moths upon an old rug. These buildings were so alike in a sort of bald, hapless decrepitude and liability to sudden collapse as to floor or stairs or ceiling, that it seemed almost as if they were the product of some sort of architectural commingling of first cousins. There was more appearance than stability about them. They were old houses, with bad circulations and constitutions, but new fronts. Now and then one of them had some disastrous internal complaint, not too easy to diagnose, though the term dry-rot might cover much; just as every now and then one of their occupiers would put out a limb through weakness, or settle down to a two months' dozy illness, for no apparent reason except, perhaps, that he was connected by marriage with nearly every other occupant of "The Stallage," and that he was the result of generations of such close connexion. The rest might, and probably did, congratulate themselves on such occasions, just as the skipper of one of an unseaworthy fleet of worn-out coasters might be glad, when he saw a colleague lose a spar, that it was not him this time.

The hero of the tale is Lord Eric Langdon, second son of the old Marquis, a young man of noble impulses, but thin-blooded and unsure of himself at a crisis. Lord Eric falls in love with Dalica Desmond, beautiful daughter of the pugnacious and scholarly Irish rector, a girl nourished on Greek and trout-fishing. Dalica caught trout for a living, and also wrote for Radical newspapers. She was a creature in every way superior to Eric; nevertheless, she loved him, and Dalica in love is superb. Mr. Pinkerton makes a real triumph in his love-scenes. They have the beat of a sane animal passion that would have pleased Théophile Gautier. Dalica might have been derived from Mademoiselle de Maupin.

It was inevitable that Lord Eric should come into the title, as it was also inevitable that he should, yielding once only to atavism, throw over Dalica and marry a couple of millions. Such happenings, though conventional, are excusable in a book whose strength and interest are not in its plot. But we think that Mr. Pinkerton exceeded his proper license when he made Lord Eric's son by his wife fall in love with Lord Eric's daughter by Dalica. The trick is stale and ineffective. It merely annoys. The culminating disaster, which swallows up the line of Langdon, is, however, well managed and compels sympathy.

Without exception the characters are finely and firmly drawn. The old Marquis is a sketch such as we seldom get in modern fiction. The analysis of Dalica's mother and the racial forces at work in her (pp. 175-179) is simply masterly. Mr. Desmond himself is an admirable creation.

*Dead Oppressors* is a notable novel. Had it been written with a little more dignity (and, let us add, grammatical correctness), and with a little more patient building-up of detail, it would have counted among the best novels of the year. Its spirit, its originality, and its imagination are indubitable.

### Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

SIREN CITY.

BY BENJAMIN SWIFT.

A new volume by the author of *Nancy Noon*, *The Tormentor*, and *The Destroyer* is a welcome incident. As we

stated a fortnight ago, *Siren City* deals with the disillusion of an international marriage. The hero is an Englishman, and the "Siren City," where the chief characters foregather, is Naples. (Methuen. 6s.)

A SON OF THE STATE.

BY W. PETT RIDGE.

This is the last addition to the sixpenny "Novelist" Library. It is a close study of the humours of low life in London. "The round white September moon lighted up Pitfield-street from end to end." Now Pitfield-street is in Hoxton, and Mr. Ridge has aforetime proved that he knows his "Oxton." (Methuen. 6d.)

THE HACIENDA ON THE HILL.

BY RICHARD HENRY SAVAGE.

The histories of the Spanish-American War have been many: the novels, we suppose, will now begin. This story, by the author of *My Official Wife*, introduces us to the Spanish and Cuban armies, and includes General Weyler in its list of characters. (Routledge. 2s. 6d.)

A SON OF RIMMON.

BY ATHOL FORBES.

This novel, by the author of *Cassock and Comedy*, takes its colour from the following proposition in the preface: "The belief in witchcraft is not dead. The next question follows naturally, Is there anything in witchcraft? To this I unhesitatingly reply, I believe there is; and this idea has moulded the character of the priest in the present volume." (Jarrold. 3s.)

I.

BY MARJORIE WILLIAMSON.

Confessedly a first book. It is a very short story, filling sixty-nine tiny pages. Fragile, sentimental, but not unpromising. (Arrowsmith. 6d.)

LOVE SHALL REIGN SUPREME.

BY G. S. ASTINS.

We read that Lucy Brookfield

was clad in a loose-fitting garment that graced her perfect figure with charming easiness, and as she rested her head upon her lily-hued hand, she appeared to Geoffrey as some beautiful statue: too lovely to be of the living, too divine to lay claim to the essence of mortality; yet her bosom throbbed beneath the silky wavelets of her dress, and her face was suffused with the roseate hues of life; silently they bore witness to the fact that her loveliness was in very truth a living reality.

Gracious! Mr. Astins should study everyday people and things. (North Herefordshire Publishing Co.)

MATTHEW QUIN, WILD BEAST AGENT.

BY W. MURRAY GRAYDON.

Red-hot reading for boys. Quin gives his experiences in successive chapters, with such taking titles as these: *The Outwitting of Tharadeen*, *the Dacoit*—*The Mystery of the Wrecked Circus Train*, &c. We were boys once, and it does us good to find the old note rung again on the toccin of melodrama:

On and on through the fleet night air, to the music of galloping hoofs and the clank of arms. Mile after mile slipped behind, and the Indians were gaining steadily. Then a silver gleam flashed close ahead, and the fugitives drew rein on the brink of the Rio Gila. But now the river was full and flowing swiftly—there must have been heavy rains near its head. In the middle of the three-hundred-yard current rose a little island, covered with stones and bushes.

"It's all right," said Calkins. "This ford is passable in high water; and it's the only one that is for fifty miles in both directions."

The horses plunged into the surging tide, and without once getting off their feet they carried their riders safely to the island. It was shaped somewhat like a bowl, the rim of which was formed of loose rocks and bushes. Quin examined the spot with a critical eye—with a plan taking form in his mind.

(James Henderson. 3d.)



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## The Love of Jeremy Taylor.

THE phrase is Charles Lamb's. He felt that a love of Jeremy Taylor's works is one of the good things of life, and he would not have his friends miss it. In 1796 he had not awakened to this need. The postscript to a letter to Coleridge in that year runs: "I will get *Nature and Art*: have not seen it yet, nor any of Jeremy Taylor's works." Three years later, writing to Manning, Lamb refers to Taylor casually, lightly. But in 1801 he wrote two long letters about Jeremy Taylor to his young Quaker friend—one might almost say his pupil in literary taste—Robert Lloyd. He deals with an inquiry of Lloyd's as to a selection from Jeremy Taylor's works, replying plumply: "It cannot be done, and if it could it would not take with John Bull. It cannot be done, for who can disentangle and unthread the rich texture of Nature and Poetry, sewn so thick into a stout coat of theology, without spoiling both *lace and coat*?" And then, with instances pat, and similes all Elia, he seeks to show the folly of the task.

We do not doubt that Elia was right. Still, the doctrine of the indivisibility of Taylor's, of Shakespeare's, and of our best writers' works is somewhat of a counsel of perfection; and Lamb's own *Selections from the Old Dramatists* countenance an easier view. It is significant that Lloyd did want a selection, and significant that very soon, to be precise, in 1805, a *Selection of Thoughts of Divines and Philosophers* was published, wherein Jeremy Taylor is regnant over a third of the pages. This was compiled by Basil Montagu, a writer on legal subjects, who brought to his task excellent moral intentions, but little taste or sense of artistic arrangement. However, his book ran through several editions, and the author's hope that it would contain "the slip for use, and part of the root for growth" has no doubt been fulfilled, since no set of selections from Jeremy Taylor could fail to furnish passages of fine teaching. It is, however, as a treasury of English prose, and not, we imagine, as a guide to conduct or an incentive to piety, that Montagu's book has just been reprinted by Mr. Dent in the "Temple Classics" series." In an age which has no time to pore over folios, and is shy of anything like dusty divinity, the collection may "take with John Bull," but we could wish that a new editor had been asked to select and arrange the best passages of Taylor, South, Latimer, and Hall.

It was on April 6, 1801, that Charles Lamb sent to Robert Lloyd the glowing panegyric on Taylor, which Mr. Lucas had the privilege to make public property last year in his *Charles Lamb and the Lloyds*. In this letter Lamb glories in inducting Lloyd into the presence of "Doctor Jeremy Taylor, Late Lord Bishop of Down and Connor in Ireland, and Administrator of the See of Dromore. Such are the titles which his sounding title-pages give him, and I love the man, and I love his paraphernalia, and I like to name him with all his attributions and additions." And then Lamb directs his friend to passage after passage. And first to "a simile of a rose, or, more truly, many

similes within simile," in the first chapter of *Holy Dying*. Here it is:

It is a mighty change that is made by the death of every person, and it is visible to us who are alive. Reckon but from the spritfulness of youth and the fair cheeks and the full eyes of childhood, from the vigorousness and strong flexure of the joints of five-and-twenty to the hollowness and dead paleness, to the loathsomeness and horror of a three days' burial, and we shall perceive the distance to be very great and very strange. But so I have seen a rose newly springing from the clefts of its hood, and at first it was fair as the morning, and full with the dew of heaven, as a lamb's fleece: but when a ruder breath had forced open its virgin modesty, and dismantled its too youthful and unripe retirements, it began to put on darkness, and to decline to softness and the symptoms of a sickly age; it bowed the head, and broke its stalk; and at night, having lost some of its leaves and all its beauty, it fell into the portion of weeds and outworn faces. The same is the portion of every man and every woman.

Will it be believed that in Basil Montagu's page the passage ends thus:

and at night, having lost some of its leaves and all its beauty, it fell, &c.

and that the editor of the "Temple Classics" permits this mutilated version to stand?

"Or for another specimen," continues Lamb—and with what a sober certainty of true guidance we await his word—"turn to the story of the Ephesian matron in the second section of the fifth chapter of the same *Holy Dying*." "Read it to yourself," he goes on, "and show it to Plumstead (with my Love, and bid him write to me), and ask him if WILLY himself has ever told a story with more circumstances of FANCY and HUMOUR." We obey, and find the bishop is discoursing on grief. "But that which is to be faulted in this particular is, when the grief is immoderate and unreasonable," which excess, he says, soon exhausts the very ability to grieve, and opens the door to contrary affections, "while a sorrow that is even and temperate goes on to . . . the distances of a past time." Which proposition he supports with this story:

The Ephesian woman that the soldier told of in Petronius was the talk of all the town, and the rarest example of a dear affection to her husband. She descended with the corpse into the vault, and there being attended with her maiden, resolved to weep to death, or die with famine or a distempered sorrow: from which resolution, nor his nor her friends, nor the reverence of the principal citizens, who used the entreaties of their charity and their power, could persuade her. But a soldier that watched seven dead bodies hanging upon trees just over against this monument, crept in, and a while stared upon the silent and comely disorders of the sorrow: and having let the wonder awhile breathe out at each other's eyes, at last he fetched his supper and a bottle of wine, with purpose to eat and drink, and still to feed himself with that sad prettiness. His pity and first draught of wine made him bold and curious to try if the maid would drink; who, having many hours since felt her resolution faint as her wearied body, took his kindness, and the light returned into her eyes, and danced like boys in a festival: and fearing lest the pertinaciousness of her mistress's sorrows should cause her evil to revert, or her shame to approach, assayed whether she would endure to bear an argument to persuade her to drink and live. The violent passion had laid all her spirits in wildness and dissolution, and the maid found them willing to be gathered into order at the arrest of any new object, being weary of the first, of which like leeches they had sucked their fill till they fell down and burst. The weeping woman took her cordial, and was not angry with her maid, and heard the soldier talk. And he was so pleased with the change, that he, who at first loved the silence of the sorrow, was more in love with the musick of her returning voice, especially which himself had strung and put in tune; and the man began to talk amorously, and the woman's weak head and heart were soon possessed with a little wine, and grew gay, and talked, and fell in love;

and that very night, in the morning of her passion, in the grave of her husband, in the pomps of mourning, and in her funeral garments, married her new and stranger guest.

A prudent as well as a partial counsellor, Lamb warns Lloyd to read Bishop Taylor with allowances, and to skip or "patiently endure" his tedious discourses on rites and ceremonies, the Clerical function, the Eucharist, and other doctrinal and polemical matters. But he is, "above all," to try to get Taylor's tract on *Measures and Offices of Friendship*. In Basil Montagu's collection the extracts from this *opusculum* fill about ten pages—pages written in gold. We select a single passage:

I will love a worthy friend that can delight me as well as profit me, rather than him who cannot delight me at all, and profit me no more; but yet I will not weigh the gayest flowers, or the wings of butterflies, against wheat; but when I have to choose wheat, I may take that which looks the brightest. I had rather see thyme and roses, marjorum and July flowers that are fair and sweet and medicinal, than the prettiest tulips that are good for nothing: and my sheep and kine are better servants than racehorses and greyhounds. And I shall rather furnish my study with Plutarch and Cicero, with Livy and Polybius, than with Cassandra and Ibrahim Bassa; and if I do give an hour to these for divertisement or pleasure, yet I will dwell with them that can instruct me, and make me wise and eloquent, severe and useful to myself and others.

Said not Charles Lamb truly that Jeremy Taylor's similes and allusions "are taken, as the bees take honey, from all the youngest, greenest, exquisest parts of nature, from plants, and flowers, and fruit, young boys and virgins, from little children perpetually, from sucking infants, babies' similes, roses, gardens . . . where no foul thoughts keep leets and holydays."

And although Jeremy Taylor often rose to the empyrean of contemplation, or was often concerned with the nearness of death, yet he was sometimes the smiling and practical counsellor, enlarging on friendship, nature, conversation, and on the pleasures of marriage. Of marriage the Bishop gives this account:

Marriage is the proper scene of piety and patience, of the duty of parents and the charity of relations; here kindness is spread abroad, and love is united and made firm as a centre; marriage is the nursery of heaven. The virgin sends prayers to God; but she carries but one soul to Him; but the state of marriage fills up the numbers of the elect, and hath in it the labour of love, and the delicacies of friendship, the blessing of society, and the union of hands and hearts. It hath in it less of beauty, but more of safety than the single life; it hath more care, but less danger; it is more merry, and more sad; is fuller of sorrows, and fuller of joys; it lies under more burdens, but is supported by all the strengths of love and charity, and those burdens are delightful.

Jeremy Taylor was far too ripe a gentleman to be a traducer of life and its good things. Well did George Rust, Bishop of Dromore, say over his grave: "He was a rare humanist . . . hugely versed in all the polite parts of learning . . . not unacquainted with the refined wits of the later ages, whether French or Italian . . . courteous, and affable, and of easy access." Quoth Lamb, "I love the man." How could he choose but love the stately divine—Late Lord Bishop of Down and Connor in Ireland, and Administrator of the See of Dromore—who could temper instruction with words like these:

Here is pleasure enough for a christian at present; and, if a facete discourse, and an amicable, friendly mirth can refresh the spirit, and take it off from the vile temptation of peevish, despairing, uncomplaining melancholy, it must needs be innocent and commendable. And we may as well be refreshed by a clean and a brisk discourse, as by the air of Campanian wines; and our faces and our heads may as well be anointed and look pleasant with wit and friendly intercourse, as with the fat of the balsam-tree; and such a conversation no wise man ever did or ought to improve.

There Jeremy Taylor spoke in Charles Lamb's ear.

## Things Seen.

### A City That Was: Her Past.

THE teeth of Winchelsea are drawn, her claws are pared. Archers no longer man the battlements of this Gibraltar of the plains. Kings and queens visit her no more. Never again will her harbour give asylum to the entire British fleet. Her harbour? It is no more! Once the sea washed three sides of Winchelsea. The sea is now a blue streak on the horizon. Where the British fleet rocked at anchor, the arms of the commanders embroidered on the sails, the red cross blazoned on the white shirts of the mariners, are now green fields and corn lands, little dykes, and rambling rivers, patient kine, innumerable sheep, and white winding roads. Perched three hundred feet above the roaming plains, perched on her arable and wooded rock, very old, very content, Winchelsea dozes. A thousand years of triumphant life are behind her. Great things were done within her walls. But—*finis*. She makes no more history. "I was!"—that should be the motto carved on her crumbling gates. To-day I stand on her grass-grown battlements: I close my eyes, and straight the splendid past of the two Wincheseas—the Old and the New—streams ghostlike through the lanes of history. The Winchelsea on whose grass-grown battlements I stand musing is the New, a child of six hundred years. Old Winchelsea fished and fought and failed down there in the marshes where Camber Castle sprawls like a fungus on the plains.

Six hundred years ago Old Winchelsea fell asleep in the arms of the sea. Her fate was her fate—preordained, inevitable. She was never a land city. The sea was her foster-mother. To the sea she belonged, and one day of masterful storm the old longing became too strong, and Old Winchelsea went back to the sea.

"I will go back to the great sweet mother,  
Mother and lover of men, the sea.  
I will go down to her, I and none other,  
Close with her, kiss her and mix her with me."

But the sea was the Ancient Foe, not the foster-mother, of the sailormen of Old Winchelsea. So when the waves roared down the streets and spat at their hearths, they shook their matted locks from their eyes, and climbing this rock, grass-grown and wooded, squatted on the height far out of reach of the sea, and prayed for help: sure, being sailormen and pious, that help would come. It came: royal help. Edward the First built New Winchelsea on this rock, 300 feet above the sea. He divided the land (there were 150 acres within its walls) into thirty-nine spaces of equal size, and in the chiefest he reared a great church, some of which Time has spared to this day. Through the city east and west, north and south, he drove broad, straight streets, and for two hundred years New Winchelsea was second to no seaport town in England.

One day in the year 1350 rises before me. Citizens and archers hustle one another on the walls; the streets are aflame with banners; men in armour peer through the gates; for out there in the bay a roaring fight is in progress, and Edward the Third and the Black Prince are each commanding ships of the Winchelsea squadron. That fight went well for England: the capture of twenty-six Spanish galleons was what the men of Winchelsea had to show; and sitting here on the grass-grown battlements this lazy summer afternoon, looking over the sun-steeped marshes, I hear, I think, the shouting as Edward and the Black Prince, stained with blood, tumbled by battle, climb the hill, and swagger through the shouting, joyous people. But it was the French this old city fought oftenest. Three times was Winchelsea burnt and sacked, and bitter and many were her reprisals. She lived amid fire and slaughter, for might was right, and all who were not of our breed were against us. And throughout all those perils of conquest and retaliation, in a green field beyond the city

wall, stark against the sky, stood the Holy Rood of Winchelsea—the Holy Rood—gaunt, bare, minatory, comforting, guarded by two friars who lived close by in the home of the Holy Cross. It confronted travellers as they approached the town from the land side; that great, grave symbol stayed in their memory after they had left the portcullised gate far behind. In the evening its shadow crossed the city, in the morning its shadow fell upon the sea. The sea! Ah! it was the sea, not the fury of the French, nor the Spaniards, nor the Dutch, nor the inconsistency of kings that brought New Winchelsea low. The sea conquered Old Winchelsea by an embrace. She overcame New Winchelsea by deserting her.

### Her Present.

I stand upon a mound of stones, once the northern angle of the city wall. These few stones are all that remain of the tower, whence the harbour master commanded the great haven. Again and again he saw his monarch, an army aboard his ships, sail forth to victory. I see only the sun-steeped plain, encompassing three sides of this ancient city—the plain of corn lands, and green lands, and dwarf bushes dark against the rich grasses; the plain of white, winding roads, little dykes, and bright rivers; the plain where innumerable sheep, scattered and patient, graze, and, day by day, the temperate breezes blow. On the west stretch the green hills of Udimore. Far away to the east the thin emerald belt of the sea curves and clasps the land. Up here, where the ancient city dozes in the sunshine and men are hale at ninety, nothing ever happens. King Edward's church still dominates the little houses that nestle about her. Sheep graze in the churchyard. In the corner where stood the campanile whose bells the French captured and carried away a painter sits. The sails of a windmill flap leisurely on the site of the outlook castle. Nothing happens at Winchelsea now. It is a place people pass through. They call her sweet, and photograph her—that is all. She lingers, a veteran on the stage of history. But who would have her changed? Sedate, peaceful, beautiful is she in her old age. As day declines, and the setting sun touches the waterways, and the flocks of homing birds pick themselves out black against the luminous sky, a great peace falls on the old city, and on those who have chosen her—that peace which is the attribute of lands where the eye can roam from horizon to horizon. Here, in later times, came Thackeray to write *Dennis Duval*, Millais to paint a picture, and Coventry Patmore to brood his thoughts into a little volume, quiet and suggestive as the ancient city herself—quiet as her night mood, the great, felt darkness over her plains—dark, dark, save for the lights on Dungeness, the swift-passing lamps of the distant liners, and all the stars.

## Pierre Loti's Outlook

Loti's new book, *Reflets sur la Sombre Route* (Paris: Calman Lévy), is no story, but the desultory, broken record of a vagabond-soul's saunterings in those shadowy aisles and dusky groves which lie so far away from the glaring well-trodden high-road along which the average novelist methodically jogs. Fugitive impressions of atmosphere, melting nuances of mood are captured, more with a view to please the author's own taste than the reader's. The subdued musical chant of Loti's prose (heard in all his pages, but never stale) gives something like artistic harmony and form to the disjointed matter. Little is new in the new Loti, for Loti is always Loti, even when he masquerades as a Mohammedan to make love to Aziyadé, or as the Japanese lover de Madame Chrysanthème. Again, in *Reflets sur la Sombre Route* we have the same sailor of sentiment and emotion

sucking melancholy from every landscape, flying from the commonplace of everyday material life to the realms of phantastic illusion. He is an æsthetic coquette who seeks ever a pose from which he views all things through a glamour, loses sight of reality in a mirage, and thus is saved from himself—more haunted than ever by his horror of the barren, unchanging monotony of the eternal.

Loti shrinks, too, from the universality of annihilation, from the "Triumph of Death." With the acute sensibility of some of d'Annunzio's heroes, he is a slave in the bondage of sensuous impressions. The tempo of modern life irritates him, and his subtle receptivity rebels against it. His nerves are swept like the strings of a harp with a pervading pity, the sense of tears in mortal things. Death paints itself for him in the fading colours of autumnal scenery in foreign zones, pictures of silence and coming nothingness. Out of this mood grows a sympathy, tender and Buddha-esque, with all groaning and traving creation, compassion for the weary and toilworn and for the aged, bent under the burden of existence. There is nothing active or philanthropic in such wide sympathy. It is the fellowship merely of one whose soul recoils and freezes to inaction at the misery he sees. Characteristic of this attitude is the fact that his sympathies are more keenly aroused for the sufferings of beasts than of men. In the *Reflets* Loti tells us of his last hunt; how the expression of death in the eyes of the baited brute moved him to anguish and to the resolve never to hunt again.

Here he devotes a whole chapter to cats and dogs, and the theme rouses him from his dreamy apathy. Physically robust, full-blooded men of action, says Loti, choose the dog for their comrade, but men of intellect and nerves favour the graceful, supple cat. It is not the first time by any means that Loti has paid his tribute to the charms of the feline race. Who that has read *Aziyadé* will forget the silent part played by a cat in the lovers' bower of Stamboul? Every fibre of Loti vibrates to the subject in this dog and cat chapter. Full of gentle drollery he jests over the dog's grotesque mode of social intercourse: his pompous buffoonery, the air of official importance he adopts in affairs, that men from their superior vantage ground regard as impropriety. Loti laughs over it all with the gaiety of a child.

This reminds me of a passage in Turgenev's *Prose Poems*, where he describes himself sitting alone with his dog, and meeting his canine gaze:

We are the same creatures; in both of us glows the same tremulous little flame. Death is hurrying onwards to sweep us away with one flap of his cold broad wing. . . . And then all will be over. Who will then decide what was the difference between my flame and yours? No, it is not man and brute who are exchanging glances, but two pairs of equal eyes looking into each other.

Loti might have been the author of such a reflection, just as Loti might have written that page "On the Sea," when Turgenev found himself without human companionship on the deck of a steamer with a small monkey: "The captain, a taciturn man, smoked his short pipe, and spat angrily into the calm sea." Taking the paw of the miserable, shivering little monkey in his hand, he goes on: "The little fellow ceased his whimpers and shivered no more. . . . The mist enveloped us like a soothing wrap, and we sat side by side as if we had been near relations. . . ." More and more has Loti wandered of late from that great panorama of his youth, *La Grande monotone de la mer*, that he painted on such a gigantic scale with a fresco brush to the intimate analysis of subjective reflection. And as quiet hermit on the shores of the Bidassoa the bizarre dream-blossoms he cultivates appeal to me perhaps more nearly than those brilliant exotic blooms which once as voyager in distant seas he gathered from all the enchanted gardens of the earth.

B

## A Plea for Bad Taste.

SOMEONE has rather aptly described the animal paintings of a venerable artist as "designs for sheep and cows." There was actually no need to inscribe "Sheep" or "Cows" under his work, though that he generally did: the species, if unfamiliar, and perhaps impossible, was at least sufficiently patent. Most writers who deal with the life of the present century are guilty of the same unconvincingness. They give us, not life, not men and women, but designs for men and women, a design for life. Read any novel, descriptive, putatively, of the life of modern men and women of the better sort: you shall find yourself, not in England, but in a country of temperate climate, with more or fewer English place-names, and a capital London, inhabited by folk of the race called Anglo-Saxon, but of mental origin unknown. They are possibly men and brothers, but by no means even our cousins.

Let us figure ourselves of a sudden translated into such a book. Between us and these strangers would upraise itself the impenetrable barrier of incomprehension: we should be dumb before them, dumb as we must always be when face to face with men of different genesis of mind. We could touch, at times, in grief and laughter, in danger, in sport, in small talk, in the comedies of manners, in all matters not coloured by the century, but there our traffic must end. The reason is of the simplest. We have not read the same books, seen the same pictures, read the same newspapers, yawned at the same plays; we have not concerned ourselves with the same problems. These people are like the folk of the theatre, monsters, with minds of the dark mid-century in bodies of our own date. Such people are all but universal, alas! in life, though in life we select; and fiction hardly offers us a wiser choice.

Not that one speaks always or often of books and problems, except in novels that deal with "literary society"; yet books are at once our experience and our touchstone. The divergence between a man who has read, between the ages, say, of seventeen and twenty-five, Keats, Browning, Morris, Swinburne, Rossetti, Thoreau, Whitman, Darwin, and the man who has not, is a divergence greater than the racial. And how are we to know if the men and women in novels have read what we have read, if they do not, as unobtrusively as you please, inform us? Again, there are many who do not, intimately, class men as soldiers, sailors, barristers, stock-brokers, Conservatives or Liberals, but as men who love or do not love certain books, certain things; it is our way, not of comprehending them, but of representing to ourselves the extent of our incomprehension.

We do not want our inhabitants of fiction to be always in the library, but merely to know that they, too, have read the last poet, the last philosopher, the last novelist; to know that their minds do sometimes play with the subjects that are in the air—in short, that they inhabit our atmosphere. For only so may we know to what extent we do not know them.

And here enters the matter of taste. There is a canon unwritten, undefined, and therefore (such is our noble wilfulness) seldom controverted, that no criticism, no mention of any author or any public character of less than semi-historic standing may be made by the personage of a novel. And the canon is so duteously observed that violations thereof do actually offend; such are fragments of rude unreticent life thrust into our design for men and women, like a passage of school-study in a wall-paper. That the violation offends by rarity is for me proved by the unladylike vividness of a story, not otherwise more than uncommon, of which the two characters were constantly reading the poems of Mr. Swinburne. That a longer story, in which Mr. Swinburne's poems figured very prominently, did not possess this vividness was presumably due to the patency of the fact that the poems

were dragged in for the vituperation of the writer, not of the characters.

There is also another canon, formulated, one can only suppose, by critics of the more robustious sort: that in a novel no man may truly think or reason, may be careful and troubled by matters of tragic import to humanity—for no better reason that appears, than that these gentry are content to air their little wits and eat their little dinners as all men, therefore, and not only well-bred reviewers, should be content. Thought, to them, is a defilement of art; as though the province of art were not the universe. But perhaps it is that they have not discovered man to think. Be it as it may, who dare depict a man not an ignoramus? Who dare let it appear that, for his personages, the thought and history of the last fifty years has not been in vain? "Tract" is the horrible anathema pronounced against the work of him that dares—of her, I should rather say; for women, to their credit, have rushed in where fools have feared to tread.

Thus do we cheat art of the best of life. To rescue the "novel of society" from its present position, wherein it is chiefly a decivilised and popular form of entertainment, but one remove in degradation above the drama, and to reconstitute it—what it was in the days of the great stupidity—a living art, we have to do—how little! To state, dramatically, and so without offence, what all may at present state personally, not always without offence, and even savagely, in the shape of quotidian criticism. That we do not so is one reason why the cultivated classes of the novel, like the cultivated classes of the theatre, have lagged fifty years in mental development behind their living equivalents; so that the drama has become almost exclusively a people's pastime, and the novel an ephemeral six-penn'orth. This, again, is one explanation of the fact that the best of living talent goes to presenting such people as perforce, in real life, could not think and would not read; for only so may talent convince without offending. That people honestly dislike the life of their equals or superiors in mind or character or "earnestness" to be portrayed vividly was proved by the recent outcry against Mr. Hardy, and the attitude, now venerable, of the superior and the genteel—one can use no other word—to the plays of Ibsen.

But what is to gain by this violation of taste? At the least amusement, a discrimination of temperament, a sense of reality, of kinship. And we should gain this, too—and we cannot exaggerate the value of such a thing—that nine-tenths of the world, deluded by the bait of considerable names, might learn, protesting if they please, how the other tenth thinks.

There is certainly one kind of author who admits the contemporary to the present, and he is most of all exasperating. He is the man who introduces imaginary writers and imaginary great men. He offends our dignities. What, these matters are great, and we have never heard of them! How shall we have patience with a hero whose favourite novelist is the brilliant N. M., whose adored statesman Sir M. N.? Have we heard of these? How, then, shall we suffer one who thinks them brilliant? Go to! the fellow is none of our kin.

A. BERNARD MIALL.

## Memoirs of the Moment.

GENERAL SIR WILLIAM BUTLER'S return from the Cape command is the most ominously warlike symptom in our controversy with the Boers. It is said that a soldier should have no opinions of his own; but when a soldier has to take also the part of Acting Governor, as General Butler took it during Sir Alfred Milner's absence in England, the formula fails. The soldier has then to prove his possession of a personality; and if he thinks his country is pushing its interests too arrogantly, he has even to say as much in

his despatches home. Perhaps his view is not accepted at home, and he has to become a chief engine in carrying out as a soldier the very policy he has condemned as an administrator. The position has its obvious strain; and Sir William Butler is to be congratulated on his resignation of a position which must have become more than irksome, even galling, to him.

AN actress who has lived in public as has Mrs. Langtry ever since Millais painted her (without, by the way, greatly admiring her) finds a little secrecy at last an almost piquant thing. That seems to be the only reason why she was Mrs. de Bathe for twenty days before the public knew it. It is thus that the law of reaction—that far too little recognised factor in the life of men and of nations—works.

THE *Quarterly* reviewer of Modern Mysticism, who somewhat fearlessly classes together Mme. Krudener and Mme. Blavatsky, has been made, in one minute particular, the victim of a slip of the pen or of a printer's error. "Annie" Kingsford she never was. Mary Queen of Scots and other interesting personages she imagined she might have been in previous incarnations; but here she was "Anna"; and she would have felt less the prophetess and the mother in Israel than she did if fate had given her the name which the *Quarterly* assigns her.

AN interesting chapter in the history of modern beliefs in what is popularly spoken of as mesmerism has yet to be written. In the 'forties, literary men and women were strangely stirred by it. Harriet Martineau wrote letters on the subject which Mrs. Browning and Mrs. Jameson read with much more sympathy than did, for instance, an *Athenæum* reviewer, whose article was a little sensation of the day. Bulwer, whom Mrs. Browning thought a "genius" and Mr. Browning did not, was full of specifics by which mortal ills were to be vanquished, even if the elixir of immortality itself was not to be found; and Mr. Browning, the creator of Mr. Sludge, was himself gently reprimanded by the *Times* for making a magician his hero in *Paracelsus*. Mrs. Browning, who did not quite know what to think, took refuge in the creed of her cousin, Mr. Kenyon: "I believe in mesmerism, but not in mesmerists."

THE special reporter may be so very "special" as to allow the simple details of life, such as the letter-rates of postage, to lie outside his ken. Speaking of the attempt on Labori, and of the impression created in London on Monday afternoon by the news, one enthusiastic reporter declares: "So great was the feeling stirred that an evening paper was posted at letter-rate to a leading ambassador in the country." The letter-rate of an evening newspaper is one penny.

SIR LAWRENCE ALMA TADEMA, though born a Dutchman, has felt very much on his own ground at Antwerp, where he did in fact receive his early training in art. Uninfluenced as he is by Van Dyck in his profession, there are vague personal resemblances between the two men which made Sir Lawrence a particularly fit representative of our own Royal Academy at the opening, the other day, of the Van Dyck Tercentenary Exhibition. Both men won high honours in England and Belgium; both were knighted by English sovereigns, and held also the favour of the Belgian Court, at which Sir Lawrence figures to-day as a Knight of the Order of Leopold. In London the two painters took a like pride in the homes they made for themselves. Van Dyck had his apartments at Blackfriars, royally assigned to him, and his country house at Eltham. Charles I. used to be rowed in a barge down to Blackfriars to visit the painter, and to lounge in the studio, a proceeding in which

he had, of course, innumerable imitators. Those were the days of real "private views"; and Van Dyck, with service and a table that exceeded in splendour anything attempted by any modern artist, used to ask his sitters to stay and dine with him, so that he might the better learn their expressions. The modern English artist has lost the habit of mere display; men like Lord Leighton were great diners-out rather than great dinner-givers; but the amount spent by Leighton in the artistic decoration of his house was such as might have made even Van Dyck stare. Sir Lawrence Alma Tadema follows the modern method. To the decoration of his house at St. John's Wood (his old fellow-student, Mr. Whistler, might and does demur to this use of the word decoration) the naturalised Dutch painter has devoted an expenditure of time, taste, and money without any parallel among painters now living in England.

THE few members of the Athenæum Club left in London are to be seen occasionally hovering near to the Paradise from which they are temporarily banished. Uneasy is the eye that is kept on the new storey by which the club-house is adding to its stature. The first purpose of a club-house is to accommodate its members with comfort, no doubt. But let that be frankly said, without any attempt to suggest that the extensions now in progress do not disfigure the building for the man in the street. At the Carlton, by the way, two members—Lord Ormawhaye and Mr. Leonard Portal—celebrate this year the golden jubilee of their membership.

## Correspondence.

### A Correction.

SIR,—The reviewer of *Darwinism and Lamarckism* has been led into an error by quoting a remark which Mr. Darwin made before he was aware of the facts. The passage runs:

"In the future," he says, in *Origin of Species*, "I see open fields for far more important researches. Psychology will be securely based on a new foundation—that of the necessary acquirement of each mental power and capacity by gradation." This work has been undertaken by Mr. Herbert Spencer, who seeks to show that man's mental qualities, as also his institutions, are subject to the same law of natural selection as his physical structure.

The facts are that the first edition of the *Principles of Psychology* was published in July, 1855, and that the *Origin of Species* was first published in November, 1859.

It is needful to add that mental evolution, as delineated in the *Principles of Psychology*, is not ascribed to natural selection, but is ascribed to the inheritance of acquired characters.

HERBERT SPENCER.

Brighton: August 14, 1899.

### "A Neglected Lowell."

SIR,—The correspondent who calls attention to the early volume of essays by Lowell, *Fireside Travel*, and that other who desires to make their acquaintance, may be glad to know, from one who knew Lowell intimately during the period in which they were produced, that of all his literary work these essays reproduce best the man as we knew him. They speak as he used to speak: they reproduce his happy extempore outpouring of erudition, wit, humour, and veiled pathos, and to read them now is like listening to him in his study as he used to talk to us. "Edelman Storg" was the late W. W. Story, the sculptor, but the failing memory of an old man who was a young man then does not respond to the names which correspond to the initials.

I believe that Lowell was returning after his professorial life, and the more ponderous manner of the then written



works, to the old and more natural manner of the *Fireside Travels*, when he was interrupted by his entry into the diplomatic career which, though it honoured the country which he represented and gave him a cosmopolitan position, deprived the world of better results in his own vein. Lowell was careless of his work though not careless in it. He wrote—he told me—the *Sir Launfol* in two evenings and never retouched it prior to printing. I remember his saying to me when he came back from his term of study at Dresden, “I must study more before I produce any more.”

The essays in the *Fireside Travels* are, I judge (for I have given away my copy of the book) distributed with no indication of their belongings through the volumes of the complete works (Boston 1892)—if not they will be found in the first volume of the prose works in that collection, but possibly revised. We who knew Lowell in the pre-diplomatic days recognise the justice of the opinion of your correspondent, seeing in those essays more of the man we knew when most himself.—I am, &c.,

Frimley Green, Surrey :

W. G. STILLMAN.

August 13, 1899.

### The High History.

SIR,—With all that extensive portion of Mr. Nutt's letter which repeats what I have already said in my *Translator's Epilogue* I cordially agree. The main difference between us is apparently due to Mr. Nutt's exceedingly loose use of language. If I understand him rightly, he employs the words “form of the romance” as synonymous with “text of the romance.” If he simply means that the *text* of the romance from which the Welshman translated is earlier than that of the Mons MS., I am disposed to agree with him. But this is not his statement. What he says is, that it “represents an earlier form of the romance,” which it does not. It represents simply a possibly earlier text of the same romance.

The instances he quotes from my translation, I am glad to note, bear witness to my editorial diligence in preparing it. The Mons scribe, in reciting Perceval's lineage, inadvertently writes *mère* instead of *père* in one passage, the result being that he gives his hero a brace of pedigrees on his mother's side and none at all on his father's. If the story really gave Perceval two mothers, I should myself entertain no doubt as to its Celtic origin; but to quote an obvious slip of the pen as evidence that the Welsh represents an earlier form of the romance is hardly worthy of so “serious” a scholar as Mr. Nutt. Not being a “serious” scholar, I contented myself with making the necessary alteration and saying nothing about it.

His next case is equally “serious.” I have corrected the name of Julien li Gros into Alain li Gros in the passage quoted by Mr. Nutt, who says that I had no right to do so, because the name Julien appears in both the Welsh translation and the Berne fragments. So it does, and wrongly. If Mr. Nutt had read all the passages which refer to Julien and Alain, he would have found that they one and all refer to the same person. In order to avoid confusion arising from calling the same person by two different names, I, as I had a perfect right to do, altered the name where it was incorrectly given, the original mistake having obviously arisen from the scribe reading “Alain” as “Julien.” Mr. Nutt is mistaken in saying that I have omitted all reference to Camelot. I have simply relegated Camelot to its right place; and if he will compare my translation throughout with the original, he will find a number of other cases in which I have exercised a similar discretion.

The real question is not the relative age of the Berne fragments, the text used by the Welsh translator on the Mons MS. On this question, I fancy, there would be but little substantial difference between Mr. Nutt and myself. The crucial point on which we differ is the position of the

High History with regard to the other versions of the Graal legend. I hold it to be the earliest of any; Mr. Nutt holds it to be “late and unoriginal.” It is on this point that Mr. Nutt, if I understand him, alleges that I “differ from every one of my predecessors without exception.” If this be, as I believe, his real contention, I am happily able to traverse the allegation on evidence he will hardly be disposed to repudiate. In his *Studies* he writes (p. 104): “From 1868 to 1870 M. Potvin brought out his edition of the *Conte du Graal* and the prose *Perceval le Gallois* from Mons MSS. In the afterwords, *priority is claimed for the latter romance* [the original of the High History] *over all the other members of the cycle*, and three stages are distinguished in the development of the legend—Welsh national, militant Christian, knightly—the prose romance belonging to the second stage, and dating substantially from the eleventh century.”

Now, I disagree with M. Potvin on many points. I cannot accept quite so early a date as he assigns to the romance, and although the circumstances of its production connect it with Welsh history at an important crisis, I fail to find any evidence of any Welsh national legend at all resembling it. But the point on which I do agree with him is the very one on which M. Potvin of all men is best qualified to express an authoritative opinion. He not only edited the French original of the High History, carefully collating the text with the Berne fragments, but also the poems on the Graal by Chrestien de Troyes, Gautier de Douleus, Manessier, and other continuators of this story. As regards the true position, therefore, of the High History in the Graal cycle, his “expert” conclusions are of the highest value, and I am glad to know that my own opinion, formed on quite independent grounds, coincides on this important point with that of the distinguished scholar to whom all students of the Graal legend are so deeply indebted.—I am, &c.,

SEBASTIAN EVANS.

### Peccadilloes.

SIR,—Notwithstanding all that your correspondent “Interrogation” has to say to the contrary, most of us are satisfied that “by-the-bye” is right. The spelling is classic. And as to his “no fewer” and “no less,” they are both bad as style, however accurate they may be as syntax. Every penny-a-liner tells us that “no fewer” than so many thousands of people have done so and so. It is an atrocity. If “Interrogation” be really anxious to purify the English language, why does he not keep his scorn for the unspeakable people who talk and write about “two weeks” when they mean a fortnight? And what of the wretches who write “a £100” when they mean a hundred pounds?—I am, &c.

J. P. B.

### Our “Hard” Reviewer.

SIR,—Surely your reviewer is rather hard on Lord Byron in his review of *Life and Letters*, Vol. III.? The Countess Guiccioli, in her *Life of Byron*, makes him out a most noble character in many ways. Personally, I believe that his *was* a fine character originally, warped by circumstances; such as his extreme sensibility, his lameness, his treatment by his own countrymen, &c. In his marriage I firmly believe that it was his wife who was to blame for all the misery of it. She *knew* she was marrying a great poet—and what a poet he was!—and an immense, though eccentric genius, and such a man is *not* to be judged by ordinary standards.

He hath outsoared the shadow of our night,  
Envy and malice, calumny and pain,  
And that unrest which men miscall delight  
Can touch him not, or torture him again.

—I am, &c.,

F. B. DOVETON.

Karsfield, Torquay, August 16, 1899.



## A Statement.

SIR,—A work on the Hudson's Bay Company, by Mr. Beckles Willson, has just been announced for publication in the autumn. Another work on the same subject, by my friend, the Rev. Prof. Bryce, LL.D., of Winnipeg, will also appear shortly.

As is well known to many friends and correspondents on both sides of the Atlantic, I have been engaged for more than ten years in collecting material for an exhaustive and authoritative History of the Hudson's Bay Company. For the purposes of this work I have personally made researches in all the best sources of information (official and otherwise) in England, France, and Canada, and have been granted access to the records of the Company.

In view of these facts, I think it desirable to state that I have in no way abandoned my intention to publish my History; that I am now actively at work upon it; and that it will, I hope, be ready for publication in a year or eighteen months.

I have not the least desire to disparage either of the works referred to above (indeed, I have reason to know already that that of Prof. Bryce's will be excellent); but, from information which has reached me, I believe I am justified in stating that, from the more purely historical point of view, neither writer has aimed at producing a work on this extremely large and interesting subject anything like so detailed and comprehensive as that I contemplate; nor will either of their works be in any sense a more "authorised" History than my own.—I am, &c.,

Broomfield, near Chelmsford. MILLER CHRISTY.

August 16, 1899.

## Copyright in Reports of Speeches.

## MR. MURRAY'S VIEWS.

THE discussion which is proceeding in various quarters on Mr. Justice North's decision in the famous newspaper copyright case shows that the decision has caused a good deal of bewilderment. The circumstance that Lord Rosebery's claim to copyright in his own speeches appears to be ignored by the decision, or at least greatly obscured, is an element in the confusion. The letter which Mr. John Murray contributed to Thursday's *Times* on the subject deals so lucidly with this point that we take leave to quote the following extracts:

"Now one of the leading facts in the case is that Lord Rosebery himself was no party to the suit. Had he been so, and had he desired to republish his speeches in book form, there were several courses open to him for the protection of his rights. He might have taken the statutory means of announcing that his lectures were copyright; he might have excluded reporters; he might have rewritten or dictated the speeches privately, from memory; or he might have taken any newspaper report and revised it for the Press. We can hardly be surprised that he did not adopt some of these expedients, but as a matter of fact he did adopt none of them, and we are free to assume that, though he gave his assent to the publication of his collected speeches, he was not a prime mover in it and took no personal trouble in the matter. . . .

"When the first Sir Robert Peel made an important speech it was the custom for my grandfather and my father to have a newspaper report of it pasted down on foolscap paper, and Sir Robert then revised it with the greatest care and labour for republication in pamphlet form. I have several of these revised reports in my possession, and in some of them there is scarcely a single line of the newspaper version left unaltered. Had Lord Rosebery done as Sir Robert Peel did, and published a record of his speeches prepared by himself, it is safe to say that we should never have heard of this case.

"Having, so to speak, eliminated Lord Rosebery, we

come to the true facts of the case. Any one who has had experience of shorthand reporting of long speeches must be aware that no two full-length reports taken down by different individuals will exactly correspond, *verbatim et literatim*, with each other; we may go a step further and say that no such report of a long speech corresponds thus accurately with the words as originally spoken.

"I can see no intention on the part of the *Times*—implicit or explicit—to claim a copyright in the speeches to the exclusion of Lord Rosebery, should he have desired, or should he now desire, to reproduce his *ipsissima verba*; all that they claim is that a third party should not be allowed to take their version of the speech and republish it word for word without permission.

"Viewed in this light it seems to me that the decision is just what anyone conversant with copyright questions would have expected.

"It does not really touch the main issue of a speaker's copyright in his own speech, and if Lord Rosebery desired, now, to bring out his speeches, restored by him to their original form, as delivered, I will venture to say that neither the *Times* nor anyone else would claim any right to them."

## Books Received.

Week ending Thursday, August 17.

## THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

- Ayles (H. H. B.) *Destination, Date and Authorship of the Epistle to the Hebrews* ..... (Clay) 5/0  
 Gilbert (G. H.) *Student's Life of Jesus* ..... (Macmillan) net 5/0

## POETRY, &amp;c.

- Mott (F. T.) *The Benscliffe Ballads* ..... (Gay & Bird) 2/6  
 Griffiths (W.) *The House of Dreams* ..... (Hudson-Kimberley Pub. Co., Kansas) 1 dol.

## HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

- De Rougemont (L.), *Adventures* ..... (Newnes) 6/0

## EDUCATIONAL.

- Blackwood's *Literature Readers. Books I., II., III., and IV.* (Blackwood)  
 Weekley (E.), *Le Roi des Montagnes, par E. About* ..... (Macmillan) 2/3  
 Atkinson (H. W.), *The Foreign Empire* ..... (Black) 2/0  
 Wardlaw (J. T.), *Examination Papers on Constitutional and General History of England* ..... (Methuen) 2/3  
 Stout (G. F.), *Manual of Psychology. Vol. II.* ..... (Clive)  
 Lyde (L. W.), *Age of Blake ("Sea Dog" Readers)* ..... (Black) net 1/0

## MISCELLANEOUS.

- Mendes (H. P.), *Looking Ahead* ..... (Neely) 5/0  
 Proceedings of the *Psychical Research Society* ..... (Kegan Paul) 5/0  
 Slater (J. H.), *Illustrated Sporting Books* ..... (Gill) 2/3  
 Pilling (W.), *Affinity* ..... (Bowden)  
*A Catalogue of Sculptured and Inscribed Stones in the Cathedral Library, Durham* ..... (Caldcleugh) net 5/0

## NEW EDITIONS.

- Scott (Sir W.), *Castle Dangerous, and Count Robert of Paris.* (Dent) each 1/8  
 Veale (H.), *The Devotions of Bishop Andrewes* ..... (Deighton, Bell & Co.) 7/6

## Announcements.

MR. HERBERT P. HORNE'S work on Botticelli is nearing completion. The volume is being printed on hand-made paper; it will contain upwards of forty photogravure plates, will be entitled *The Art of Botticelli*, and will be published by Messrs. Bell.

THE autobiography of the Rev. W. J. Stillman, who is in his seventy-first year, is in the printers' hands. Before publication in book form a portion of the veteran *littérateur's* life-story will appear in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

JOHN JAMES PIATT, well known as the author of *Idylls and Lyrics of the Ohio Valley*, will publish late in the autumn a work entitled *The Hesperian Tree, an Annual of the Ohio Valley* (1900), through George C. Shaw, Cincinnati, Ohio. The book will be issued in a limited edition to subscribers. It will consist of original contributions in prose and verse by William Dean Howells, James Lane Allen, Col. John Hay (late Ambassador of the United States to Great Britain), James Whitcomb Riley, Mrs. Piatt, Mrs. Catherwood, and others. The book will be illustrated with reproductions from paintings by well-known American artists.

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# The Academy

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## The Literary Week.

ALTHOUGH literary production is just now at its lowest ebb, herald signs of the autumn season are not wanting. Several firms have already issued their lists of announcements. Mr. Arnold White's study of *The Modern Jew*, which is to be published this week, may be regarded as the leader of the great procession which is forming. Mr. Sidney Colvin's collection of *Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson* stands up high in the crowd—none higher.

MR. RAGHUNATH PURUSHOTTAM PARANJPE, this year's senior wrangler, has pledged himself to teach mathematics at the Fergusson College, at Poona, for twenty years, at a salary of not more than seventy rupees a month. On this the *Theosophical Review* comments: "In this shines brightly out the old Indian ideal that the duty of the learned man is to teach, not to turn his learning into a means of gaining wealth; and Mr. Paranjpe has done more to raise India in the eyes of the world by his surrender of the prizes within his reach than by his brilliant University success."

OUR poets so far have been dumb on the Dreyfus case, but this week Mr. Stephen Phillips boldly addresses France through the columns of the *Daily Chronicle*. The following lines are from his invocation:

O by that soldier whom thou couldst not shake,  
That ever-breaking heart thou couldst not break;  
That dying body that refused the dust,  
That solitary brain that would not rust;  
With Suicide an opiate put by,  
And Madness a rejected luxury;  
And by that woman sleepless for a sail,  
That widow with no grave whereon to wail;  
By all the flaming injury, and sense  
Of most intolerable innocence;  
Arise! Arise! O be thou swift and fell!  
Of burning liars be thyself the hell!

APROPOS of the prophetic similarity of the trial scene in *Alice in Wonderland* to that now being enacted at Rennes, Miss Charlotte M. Mew writes to us: "To-day, in looking through *Cosmo di Medici*, by Richard Horne, a tragedy which hardly deserves the oblivion into which it has fallen, I came across this striking passage, one which might well proceed from the mouth of the man, *if guilty*, on whom the eyes of Europe are now so intently bent:

My trial  
Exceeds all condemnation; what is this?  
Methought I had pass'd the worst. Why, so I have!  
Naught now remains but idle repetition,  
Queries, conjectures, probabilities.  
These blows do harden me and make me dead.  
Appalling once, seem common as a cloud  
Wherein great faces frown and fade; my heart  
Is as a stone that's on the highway broken  
By wheels, men, cattle; and I almost feel  
With like occasion I could do't again:  
Terror hath dashed his torch before my eyes

Till Hell seems ashes; paralysed despair  
Lies, carved in ice, outstretched before my path;  
Remorse is beggared; scarcely grief remains;  
And of concealment I am grown so sick  
That on my coffin I would gladly sit,  
Saying: "Cease all this prate—'twas I!"

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL has joined the ranks of the novelists with



MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL

with "big circulations." Over twenty thousand copies of his *Richard Carvel* have sold in America. Oddly enough fewer copies have been sold in St. Louis, his native town, than in any other city. Mr. Churchill has wealth and leisure, but he writes laboriously all the same. When he wrote *Richard Carvel* he hired an office, and going down to it every day, worked as steadily as a clerk. He also went to Virginia and Maryland, to procure the right materials for his novel. *Richard Carvel*

has not been particularly popular in this country.

MR. LIONEL DECLE, whose book, *Trooper 3809*, we review this week, is well known already to English readers as the author of *Three Years in Savage Africa*. At the present time he is about to journey through Africa along the route of Mr. Rhodes's Cape-to-Cairo Railway, on behalf of the *Daily Telegraph*. Mr. Decle is a naturalised Englishman.

THE *Nottingham Guardian* prints an interesting letter which Lord Tennyson wrote to Mr. Edward Campbell Tainsh, explaining several obscure passages in his poems. Thus "the bar of Michael Angelo" signified, not the meeting of the eyebrows (as Mr. Tainsh surmised), but "that broad bar of frontal bone over the eyes for which he (Michael Angelo) was remarkable."

THE 150th anniversary of Goethe's birth is to be celebrated on Monday at Frankfort-on-Main with great fervour. There will be a "grand academical festival" and much oratory and singing. A procession past the Goethe statue, a torchlight gathering, and Goethe programmes at the theatres will take place on successive days, and nothing will be omitted that can fitly enhance the fame of Goethe in his birthplace.

APPROPOS of Goethe, there has just died in Germany a cultivated man, Dr. Gille, who was present at Weimar when Goethe died. His account of the scene is thus translated in the *Daily News*:

Everyone was naturally in the greatest excitement, and, unhindered, I ran up the steps and into the poet's study, which was open. Here I found Goethe's daughter-in-law, Ottila, his two grandsons, Walter and Wolf, his physician, Dr. Vogel, and a great many of his friends. I stood in the background, and through the open door could see the bedroom. There the immortal poet sat in his easy chair beside the bed, clothed in his dressing-gown, and covered up to the breast with a counterpane. His hands were folded, his majestic head rested upright on the chair-back. His features were unchanged, and it seemed as though he had fallen asleep while looking up to Heaven. On his brow there were no wrinkles but those engraved there by mental exertion.

That night Dr. Gille took part in the guard of honour, and he used to tell how he could not bring himself to turn his eyes from Goethe's silent figure.

DR. GILLE's picture of Goethe dead reminds one of a striking passage in Eckermann's *Conversations*. There we have a very similar impression of Goethe in the breathing majesty of his old age. Eckermann, who was a young man when he met his "master," says, under date June 10, 1823:

We sat a long while together, in a tranquil, affectionate mood. I was close to him; I forgot to speak for looking at him—I could not look enough. His face is so powerful and brown! full of wrinkles, and each wrinkle full of expression! And everywhere there is such nobleness and firmness, such repose and greatness! He spoke in a slow, composed manner, such as you would expect from an aged monarch. You perceive by his air that he reposes upon himself, and is elevated far above praise and blame. I was extremely happy near him; I felt becalmed, like one who, after many toils and tedious expectations, finally sees his dearest wishes gratified.

This may be rather young-mannish, but any young man of fine sentiments would probably have expressed himself in similar terms after such an interview.

APPROPOS of the recent sale of a set of the *United Services College Chronicle*, from No. 4 to No. 48, for £101, it may be mentioned that these contain upwards of thirty original contributions from Mr. Kipling's pen while he was at school and editor of the *U.S.C. Chronicle*. Other sets, more or less incomplete, have been sold since then to American enthusiasts for prices ranging between £35 and £65. Unluckily no copy of No. 1 exists, except that which is bound up in the volume in the College library, but as it contains nothing by Kipling its loss is not important.

No. 4 is a highly interesting number, containing five original "Kiplings"—viz., two poems, "Disappointment" and "The Excursion"; an article on "Life in the Corridors," descriptive of the ways of a small boy at school; a mock Baconian article, "Concernynge Swaggers," and an editorial. No. 5 has an article, "Life in the Studies," and a long poem, "De Profundis, a Ballade of Bitternesse." No. 5 has two poems, "Index Malorum" and "A Mistake, by R. . . . t B. . . . . g." No. 7 contains a poem "Waytinge," and Nos. 8 and 9 a serial story entitled "Ibbetson Dun"—a legend of Devonshire seafaring life.

No. 10 has a poem in Devonshire dialect, "Donec Gratus Eram." All these numbers, moreover, are full of interesting notes about young Kipling—his first and only appearance as an actor as Sir Anthony in "The Rivals," his motions at the Debating Society, and so forth. In 1882 he left the U.S. College, and henceforth his appearances in the *Chronicle* are either as an author being reviewed, or an O.U.S.C. contributor. Many reprints, too, from his early Indian publications occur in its pages. In No. 16 is a long poem by "Gigs"—Kipling's school nickname—entitled "A Song of the Exiles," descriptive of the life of O.U.S.C.s after leaving school, and their thoughts of the old college. In No. 36 (March, 1888) is a long original article, signed R. K., and entitled "East and West," and in No. 41 (March, 1889) a dedicatory poem, inscribed in a copy of "Echoes," which Mr. Kipling in that year presented to the Common Room of the United Services College.

It must be confessed that since Charles Lamb welcomed the firstfruits of Australian poetry Australia has bred more cricketers than poets. However, we believe that a fine poet has only to arise in Australia to be helped on his way as few poets in this country have ever been helped. Australia is keen on its talent. It subsidises its cricketers, and has lately been stirred to the depths of its heart and pocket by the advent of a new concert singer, on whose future considerable hopes are hung.

MEANWHILE nothing is neglected by the *Sydney Bulletin*, from the office of which we have received the first of a series of "Bulletin Booklets." The object of the series, we imagine, is to lift on to a slightly higher plane of publication any work of exceptional merit which has appeared in the parent paper. In the booklet before us we have sixteen poems, varying as to length and subject, but inclining most to the ballad, grouped under the title *The Hidden Tide*. That their author, Mr. Roderic Quinn, has ability is to be seen in "A Song of Winds." Here are some stanzas:

Cleaving the air with his chill grey shoulders  
And trampling the sea to foam beneath,  
The Wolf of the South goes howling nor'ard,  
A mastless hull in his long white teeth.

And flying high, a far faint phalanx  
Wings its way to a northern clime,  
Sending feathers of sad sound downward,  
Singing songs of an evil time—

An evil time, for the black Night chases,  
And darkness swallows the trailing flock;  
An evil season of wild white weather,  
And foam and tumult on reef and rock;

Of yellow floods on the northern rivers,  
And fierce waves swaying from crest to trough;  
Of creaking schooners wearing seaward,  
And signals crying—Stand off! Stand off!

Of frothy flakes on the wild waste flying,  
And anxious faces and fateful news;  
Of close-reefed topsails and battened hatches,  
And straining engines and racing screws.

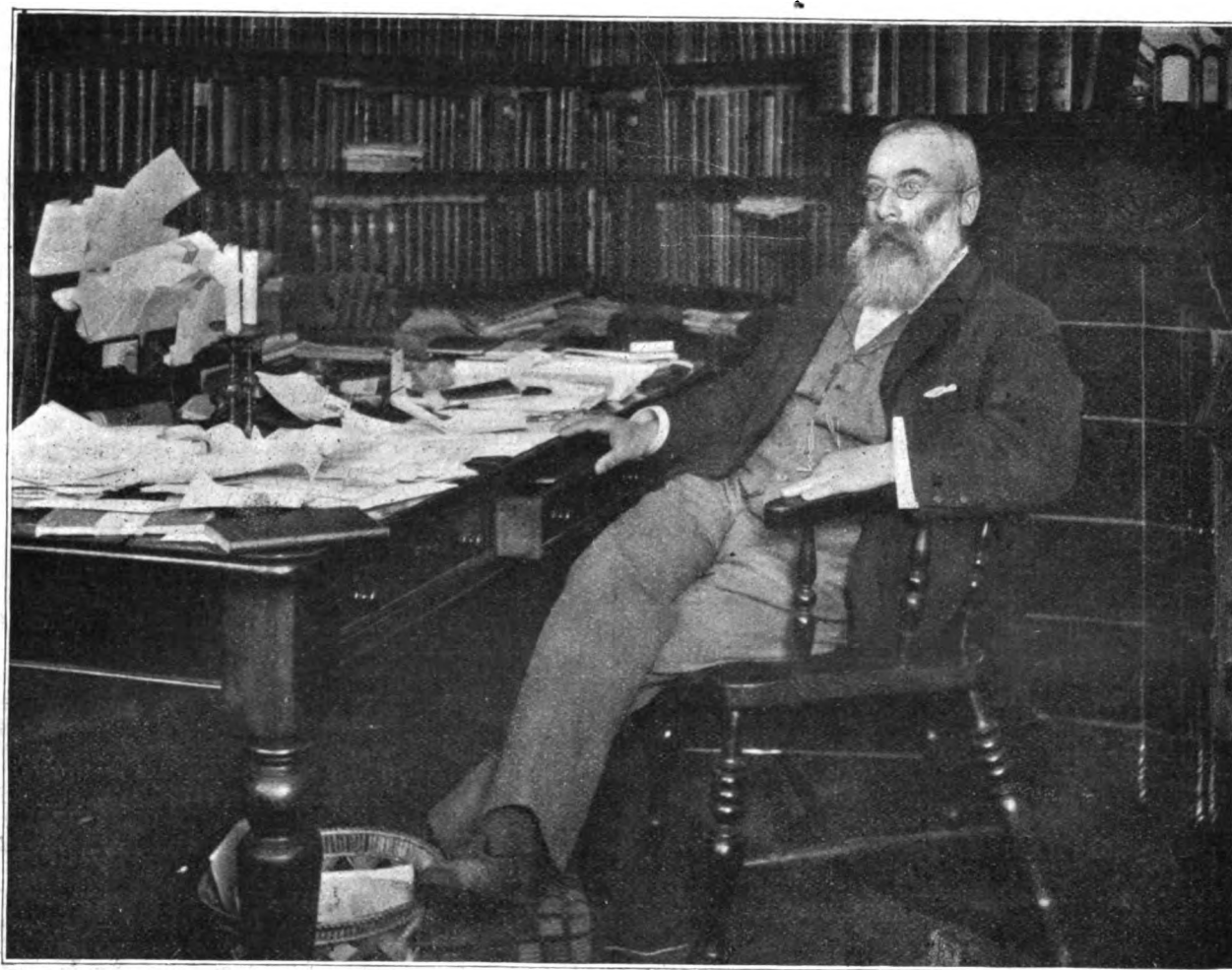
Of pumice-stone and brown weeds riven,  
Riven and flung on the hissing sand;  
Of squadroned waves and their mighty charging  
And the stern repulse of the frowning land.

Of whipped white faces faring stormward  
With smothered words and wrecked replies;  
Of trees blown down on the windy ridges,  
And stormy shoutings and tempest cries;

Of eyes that dance to the wild wind's music,  
Of strange sweet thrills through the calm-sick form;  
Of Storm, throned king on the mad white ocean,  
Of Storm the Monarch—all hail to Storm.

We hope the *Bulletin* will send us more booklets, and—print them in black ink instead of violet.





SIR WALTER BESANT.

*From the Copyright Series of Portraits of Contributors to the "Encyclopædia Britannica."*

THERE is one field, however, in which young Australia is running neck and neck with young England. The Australian schoolboy can produce "howlers" equal to any yet raised in the mother country. In the *Young Man* for September some amusing specimens of antipodeal examination humours are given. Thus:

"Give the meaning of 'athletic.'"—"Strong." "Give an instance."—"There is an athletic smell in the asphalted quadrangle." "What happened at Calais in 1588?"—"The Thirty-nine Articles of belief were put in the Bible." "A Papal bull is a document from the Pope which got its name because it was so strong and harsh that it was called a bull." Again, "A monopoly is a big house where monks and nuns live, and are not allowed to marry." "Comparative theology is the medium taken where theologians differ." "Savonarola, Voltaire, and Dante were the three men who built St. Peter's Cathedral. Savonarola was the sculptor, Voltaire the painter, and Dante the poet." "Areopagus lived in the year 56 A.D. He was one of Rome's greatest poets. Paul read a lot of his writings, and quoted them in his sermon on Mars Hill." "The Good Samaritan was the person who was fed by the birds of the air." "Hydrogen is made by taking a lot of chemicals and mixing them together."

SIR WALTER BESANT is one of our novelists from whom no new story is to be expected this autumn. This is not a matter for wonder considering that Sir Walter is more than ever absorbed in his *Survey of London*. We understand that there is no prospect of our seeing the first volume of this gigantic work until next spring. Sentimentally speaking, it would have been interesting if the publication of the new *Survey* had begun this year, just

300 years after John Stow's *Survey* appeared. But the difficulties of the task are great. Not the least is the constant arrival of fresh data. London refuses to stand still to be "surveyed"; and it is certain that the period during which Sir Walter Besant has been engaged on his task has been exceptionally marked by changes and vanishings in London. One satisfaction which Sir Walter Besant must feel in his task is that a work so gigantic must necessarily be long-lived, and carry his name far down the corridors of time. Even Stow's little one-volume *Survey* was edited and increased time after time, until like a snowball it gathered the accumulated lore of 150 years, and finally came to a stop in 1756 in the two enormous folios of Strype's last edition. Since then no work commensurate with the size of London has been undertaken. The expectation of Londonarians—the newly-coined designation of those who love London—is therefore fastened on Sir Walter's volumes.

To the readers of the *ACADEMY* the name of Showell Rogers, M.A., LL.D., may not be very familiar, though all who are interested in the literature of the law must frequently have seen it in the *Law Quarterly Review*. Dr. Rogers, though not an author in the strict sense of the word, was a great literary influence in Birmingham, his native place, and among a large circle of private friends he enjoyed considerable repute as poet and essayist. He was "never foolish enough to publish a volume of poems," he used to say; but every Christmas his friends received a dainty book of verses and lyrics from him. His lectures were reprinted, and his articles on "Mountaineering" (for he was an enthusiastic climber, and had no mean

record of exploits accomplished at considerable peril) were much enjoyed. Dr. Rogers's chief essays were: "The Pursuits of the Book Collector and the Spoils of the Chase," "Michael Drayton," "The Warwickshire Scenery of George Eliot," "Dr. Parr," and "The Ethics of Advocacy," the last-named being printed in the current number of the *Law Quarterly Review*. He was a vice-president of the Midland Institute, and a member of most of the literary societies in Birmingham. His unexpected death, at the age of forty-four, took place a few days ago, and excited keen regret.

MR. JOHN MUIR has unearthed, and reproduced in the *Glasgow Evening News*, an interesting after-dinner speech of Carlyle's on Burns. The occasion was a dinner at Dumfries, in 1831, given in honour of Allan Cunningham. The most interesting portion of Carlyle's speech was that in which he spoke as follows:

"I may mention a circumstance which is, perhaps, known to few in this room—namely, that within the last two months I have learned from Goethe, the greatest living German poet, that the works of our immortal bard are under translation in Berlin, so that foreign countries will speedily be as happy with them as ourselves. His life was undoubtedly a dark tragedy; penury and cold neglect curbed the flow of his noble soul. It is plain that we possess only a tithe of what was in him, for his genius was universal; he was the first man to strike the seven-stringed lyre to ecstacy, for he was equally the minstrel, the poet, and the philosopher. Alas, that such a master-soul should have been crushed! Alas, that we can only reflect, while we are thus celebrating Allan Cunningham's worth, that Burns was never so honoured while in life!" Mr. Carlyle then begged that the memory of Robert Burns should be drunk in solemn silence, as much might be thought that could not be uttered. The toast was drunk standing, and in silence.

## Bibliographical.

OF course the coming season will be distinguished by the issue of a number of reprints. I wish I could believe that in the selection of these the publishing fraternity would be likely to exhibit any independence in initiative. It seems to me that we go on reproducing the same things over and over again, in different forms and at different prices. Apparently there are only two ever-welcome novelists—Mrs. Gaskell and Miss Austen. Already we are promised for this autumn a new edition of *Cranford* and a new edition of *Pride and Prejudice*. Now, of *Cranford* the editions are already legion. No fewer than three came out only last year—one prefaced by Mrs. Ritchie and illustrated by Mr. Hugh Thomson; another illustrated by H. M. Brock, and a third in the series of "Nineteenth Century Classics." In 1877 there was an edition prefaced by Prof. Herford, and in 1896 there was one illustrated by F. H. Robinson. Mrs. Ritchie's preface appeared originally in a reprint dated 1891. Then, of *Pride and Prejudice* there were two editions last year, published by Messrs. Dent and Mr. Grant Richards respectively. There was one in 1895-6, prefaced by Mr. Dobson, and illustrated by E. F. Brock; another in 1894, prefaced by Mr. Saintsbury, and illustrated by Mr. Hugh Thomson; and a third in 1893, illustrated by W. C. Cooke.

Another announcement for the autumn is a new edition of Law's *Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life*, and this, in spite of the fact that three separate reprints of the work appeared last year, from the houses of Messrs. Macmillan, Messrs. Dent, and Mr. Griffith. For the recent reprint of Cavendish's *Life of Wolsey* there is much more to be said, though the work cannot be regarded as inaccessible, seeing that it figured in 1885 in Henry Morley's "Universal Library." New editions of *John Halifax, Gentleman*, and *Tom Brown's School-days* are likely to be called for till the crack of doom; so let them all come. There cannot well be too many editions of Thackeray's works or of

Tennyson's poems; but why cannot we have such excellent things as these without the interposition of "editor," "prefacer," or "introducer"? How can Tennyson or Thackeray possibly need introduction even to the youngest reader? Present-day *littérateurs* are far too fond of patting their betters on the back. It is to be hoped that the great writers of the past are unable to revisit the glimpses of the moon. What would be the feelings of Charles Dickens if he could see his works alternately patronised and pecked at by Mr. Andrew Lang?

The *Life and Letters of George Selwyn*, which we are told to look for soon, should be an acceptable addition to our libraries. It is some years since I handled Jesse's book on *George Selwyn and His Contemporaries*, but if my memory serves me, it was rather a flimsy publication. Up to now, indeed, the most valuable thing written about Selwyn has been Abraham Hayward's well-known essay, which contains some of the best specimens of Selwyn's ready wit. (Others, you may remember, are recorded by Walpole and by Rogers.) Selwyn, however, was something more than a maker of clever sayings, and no doubt the forthcoming volume will bring clearly before us the more serious side of his character. The *Letters* should be especially interesting.

We are to have from Mr. A. D. Godley a volume to be entitled *Lyra Frivola*. Is this to be an original work or an anthology? The title recalls to one the *Musa Jocosæ* of Mr. G. H. Powell—a little book of selections published in '94. There has been many a *Lyra* in our day. To go no further back than 1887, we have had *Lyra Christiana*, *Lyra Heroica*, *Lyra Christi*, *Lyra Sacra* (two of this), *Lyra Piscatoria*, *Lyra Hieratica*, *Lyra Collica*, and so forth. Who set all these lyres a-twanging? Was it Keble, with his *Lyra Innocentium*? or Locker, with his *Lyra Elegantiarum*?

"Lady Duntze," wrote a gossip the other day, "has written a novel which Mr. John Long will publish. It has the title *Infelix*." Now, the *Infelix* of Lady Duntze was issued nearly seven years ago—a not very important fact, but we should try to be correct even in trifles.

Mr. Clement Shorter, describing the riches of his bookshelves in the matter of Matthew Arnold's works, includes in them a privately printed pamphlet, entitled "Hamlet Once More, by an Old Playgoer." This was reprinted from an article contributed by Mr. Arnold to the *Pall Mall Gazette* for October 23, 1884. It is well known that Mr. Arnold contributed to the *Gazette* from time to time a number of such articles, many of which are referred to in the volumes containing the *Letters*. I wonder if those in whom the copyright of the "Old Playgoer" articles is vested would be willing to allow them to be reprinted in volume form? The identity of Mr. Arnold with the "Old Playgoer" has long been an open secret, and I am sure there are many theatre lovers who would be glad to possess these characteristic bits of criticism in a handy shape. It is not so long ago since "Mr. Matthew Arnold as a Dramatic Critic" was the subject of a paper in the *Theatre* magazine (now defunct).

The announcement that Mr. Langdon Mitchell has based a play upon *Vanity Fair*, and that the production of that play in America is imminent, has a literary interest. It seems to be generally supposed that Thackeray's masterpiece has not hitherto been dramatised. That is a mistake. So long ago as 1882 a comedy founded on the novel was produced at Leeds—with what success I do not know. It is not so very long, again, since Miss Janet Achurch appeared at Terry's Theatre in a one-act sketch by Mr. J. M. Barrie, called "Becky Sharp." "Becky Sharp," by the way, is the title which Mr. Mitchell proposes to give to his drama. In America, Mr. Mitchell has had at least two predecessors in the dramatisation of *Vanity Fair*—the well-known actor-playwright, John Brougham, and the scarcely less well-known playwright-actor, George Fawcett Rowe. Brougham's version was performed in 1849.

THE BOOKWORM.

## Reviews.

## Life in the French Army.

*Trooper 3809 : a Private Soldier of the Third Republic.* By Lionel Decle. (Heinemann. 6s.)

THE application of this book lies in the bearings of it put forth avowedly as a commentary on the Dreyfus case. Mr. Decle's narrative may appear at first sight to have only such a connexion with the drama of Rennes as an



THE PLANK BED IN THE "SALLE DE POLICE."

enterprising publisher, with an eye to advertisement, might construct in the way of business. For Mr. Decle's personal sufferings as a private in the French Army are twenty years old. In the interval many reforms, tending to improve the French soldier's lot, have been introduced; and, again, some of Mr. Decle's worst sufferings in the way of punishment were deserved. On both these points Mr. Decle makes frank admissions. It is difficult, indeed, to read his story without feeling that he might have had a more comfortable time if he had used more tact, and shouldered a year's discomforts with more philosophy. But when these deductions are made, and when a possible note of exaggeration has been allowed for, the narrative remains a striking exposure of the system which has brought about the Dreyfus *impassé*.

Everywhere in these pages we find the principle of the *chose jugée*. The stupid and brutal corporal is backed up by his sergeant, the sergeant by the lieutenant; and punishments which began in lies and injustice are not only ratified but increased as the appeal ascends the ladder of rank. And although under a rule, promulgated by General Boulanger (whose name is curiously fragrant in these pages as synonymous with barrack reform), no mere corporal may now send a private to the *Salle de Police*, yet the corporal can still work his vindictive will through the sergeant. Mr. Decle declares, on the authority of personal friends, that "the bullying of privates by corporals and sergeants is as bad as in my time, the officers are jealous of each other, and, instead of encouraging privates so as to make them love their *métier*, they plot and scheme to get promotion, while the corporals and sergeants chiefly strive to find or manufacture defaulters, well knowing that by so doing they will attract their chiefs' attention, and thus get advancement." It cannot be irrelevant to point out that no later than last

Monday the Paris correspondent of the *Times* related two stories of gross bullying similar in kind to scores which Mr. Decle fetches from his past. And Mr. de Blowitz pointed out that the grand obstacle to justice in the Dreyfus case is just that hypnotisation of each rank by the rank above it, which is the lasting impression one receives from Mr. Decle's story. The French military code and French traditions of discipline are inhumanly inflexible. They seek to expel human nature rather than mould it. They are softened by little of that *esprit de corps* and natural companionship in arms which are conspicuous in the least happy of British regiments. Even among the French officers lines of social distinction are drawn which are unknown at our cheery regimental mess-tables. Captains will not eat with lieutenants and sub-lieutenants, and majors must needs mess separately. Moreover, in the French Army an officer changes his regiment whenever he rises in rank. So that the faster he rises the more homeless he becomes; and when at last he obtains his colonelcy he has probably served in six different regiments, and has formed strong ties to none.

Turning now to Mr. Decle's actual experiences, we find that he entered the French Army in 1879 as a *volontaire*. A *volontaire* was one of those young men who, in virtue of a university degree and the payment of £60, could have the five years' service then exacted from every young Frenchman commuted to one year. Decle was drafted to the 50th Dragoons at Noilly. His annoyances began at once. The sergeant-major who took down particulars of Decle to be registered in his *livret* (regimental book) asked him whether he could read and write, and how many times he had been convicted. Stupid questions, perhaps, but they were only official, and Private Decle had better have taken them as a sensible new boy takes annoying questions when he enters a public school. Instead of this, he protested energetically against the last question, and provoked the sergeant-major to exclaim: "You're too much of a fine gentleman for my taste, so I fancy it won't be long before you get into trouble." In truth, the *volontaires*, with their money and short service prospects, were wretchedly received by the officers. One day the colonel came to see his gilded conscripts. They were mustered in the riding-school.

When he appeared he walked past us, surveying each one of us with a disgusted look on his face. He was a harsh, stout, sulky-looking officer. For a few minutes he walked up and down in front of us, talking with our captain and striking his boot with his riding-stick. Then, suddenly turning towards us with one hand in his pocket and the other on the handle of his riding-whip, which was stuck under his arm, he addressed us: "So," he said, "you're the *volontaires* who have been sent to demoralise my regiment. Well, there are a few things I want you to remember: you are serving five times less than other troopers; you will therefore have five times more work, five times more punishments, and five times less leave than the rest." Then turning towards the non-commissioned officer: "Dismiss your men," he said, and at the same time he walked away with our captain. Before dismissing us our sergeant also saw fit to address us: "You are now going to be under my orders," he began, "and you may have been told that the *volontaires* who served last year had a good time of it, but if you think you are going to be treated as they were you are jolly well mistaken. I mean to make you work, and to make you work hard too. There are a few hard-mouthed ones among you. I will use the curb with them so as to soon break them in."

The breaking-in process began forthwith. The little band of *volontaires*, seven or eight in all, were introduced to a daily routine which left them two hours a day for their meals, and none for other leisure. Private Decle was the first to receive punishment. He had early been warned that it would be a physical impossibility for him to make his own bed and clean his clothes and weapons in the time at his disposal. He accordingly employed two troopers at ten francs a week to take these irksome duties

off his hands, a course which was contrary to regulations. It was for accepting the services of one of these troopers in saddling a vicious mare that the drill-sergeant of the *volontaires* sent Decle to the *Salle de Police* for eight days. We soon become familiar with the *Salle de Police*. The narrative reeks of its foul air, its must and slime, its cantering rats, and its drunken men. Yet even here the human comedy smiles, and we are grateful for the portrait of the great, dull, faithful Breton conscript, Trooper Piatte, who in a midnight wrestling scene, by candle-light, in the *Salle de Police*, floors a gigantic conscript, previously known as "Jeannot the Butcher, the Terror of Belleville." Again and again Decle was haled to the *Salle de Police* by his unspeakable sergeant, Legros. This man, who was known as "one of the sulkiest brutes in the whole regiment," had such ideas of justice that before any offence had been committed, he would tell his awkward squad: "I am going to stick four of you in the *Salle de Police* to-night, so you had better look out"; and in such cases he always found a way of keeping his word. At one time never a week elapsed without Private Decle being sent to lie amid the lice and stench of the *Salle de Police*. Legros would say to him in the morning: "I am in a bad temper to-day, and you will get two days' *Salle de Police*—you'll find out why later on." But even Legros was mild compared with the man who succeeded him, Sergeant de Cormet. This man was reputed the most severe sergeant in the regiment, and as an example of his methods Mr. Decle tells a shocking story. De Cormet was in charge of a *peloton de chasse* (punishment company):

It was bitterly cold, and he was drilling the prisoners, making them do the sword exercise and keeping the troopers for five or ten minutes in the same position. He had ordered the second position of the "*coup de sabre vers la droite*," which consists in holding the sword extended to the right at arm's length; at the end of a few minutes the troopers became so tired that none of them were able to hold their bodies straight, and had to put their left shoulders down, and let the points of their swords drop. De Cormet, as usual, walked behind them, coolly saying, "Trooper Gabier, four days more for not holding yourself straight; Trooper Chirac, your sword is not straight, you will have two days more," and so on.

All of a sudden, one of the prisoners, a poor, weak fellow, said to him:

"Sergeant, my hands are frozen; will you allow me to blow into them for one minute? I can't hold my sword any longer."

"Four days for speaking in the ranks," answered Cormet, in his monotonous voice.

The trooper's fingers were as white as wax, and he soon repeated his request with a similar result. At last, unable to stand the pain any longer, the trooper put his sword under his arm and blew on his fingers.

"Hold your sword in position at once," said the sergeant. "I shall report you to the colonel."

"But, sergeant, I can't," cried the trooper.

"You refuse to obey?" said the sergeant.

"I can't, I can't," said the trooper, sobbing with pain, and at the same time trying to grasp his sword, but finding himself unable to close his benumbed fingers.

Again the sergeant ordered him to hold his sword out, but the man burst into tears, and once more sobbed, "I can't, I can't!" Thereupon the sergeant commanded another prisoner to carry the sword, and calling out to one of the troopers on guard, ordered him to fetch the corporal, and when the latter came he had the poor fellow conveyed to the cells, and reported him for refusal to obey orders. The trooper was, therefore, tried by court-martial, and sentenced to two years' hard labour!

Here a real echo of the Dreyfus trial is caught. But that tissue of false and forced evidence finds its closest parallel in another incident. A certain Sergeant-major Vaillant, Decle's very good friend, had deserted across the frontier, taking with him some clothes which Decle had lent him, but carefully repaying Decle a sum of £35 which he had been keeping for him during his detention in prison. Decle was asked to perjure himself by declaring

his clothes to have been stolen, this construction being necessary to procure Vaillant's extradition. Decle's refusal to charge his friend with theft brought on him threats and abuse; and when he was examined at the *gendarmerie* the following dialogue took place between himself and the corporal in charge:

"You had a suit of clothes which has been stolen from you by the Sergeant-major Vaillant?"

"No," I said, "I have had no suit of clothes stolen from me. I lent Sergeant-major Vaillant a suit of clothes, if that is what you are driving at." . . .

"What am I to do?" said the old corporal, turning helplessly to his subordinate. "This is a most serious matter. How on earth can I write down that a Dragoon swears that he has had no clothes stolen when his captain says they have been stolen? That is what discipline has come to nowadays," he went on. "When I was in the Guards, if my captain had said to me, 'Bouchard, someone has stolen your clothes,' I should have said, 'Yes, sir!' But now, if the colonel himself were to say to a trooper, 'You're a nigger,' the fellow would reply that he was a white man. And these are the men who are going to lick the Prussians! It breaks my old heart to see such goings on."

In the end Private Decle was allowed to depose the truth. Again and again, in his spirited independence and his love of truth, Private Decle seems to have been already a natural, as he is now a naturalised, Englishman in an environment essentially un-English. Take, now, the opposite instance of the corporal who swore away Trooper Piatte's promotion, and destroyed his self-respect as a soldier. Piatte had been nominated for a corporalship, and would have received his stripes after the manoeuvres. But, all in an evening, Piatte's future was blasted. While he was sleeping with three comrades in a barn full of straw a Hussar corporal entered, smoking. As he did so he heard an officer's step, and, instantly hiding his pipe, called out: "Who's been smoking here? Now look sharp; are you going to tell me or not?" Piatte was not asleep, and he saw through the corporal's dirty trick. The result was that the officer pitched on Piatte as the smoker, and gave him eight days' *Salle de Police*, the corporal keeping his own counsel. When the officer had gone, Piatte taxed the corporal with his treachery, and got two days more *Salle de Police* for "insulting" him. The matter became known, and caused friction between the officers of Piatte's regiment and the Hussars, but in no wise to Piatte's advantage, for when the smoking incident reached the General's ears he was furious and gave the innocent Piatte fifteen days in prison. This punishment was doubled when Piatte, who was now beside himself, tried to "take it out" of some Hussars. In the end he went to solitary confinement with his heart broken and all chance of promotion gone. Here, again, it is not so much the scoundrelism of petty officers as the system which makes that scoundrelism effective in ruining decent soldiers, that is so deplorable. Again and again Mr. Decle shows us how men who would make good soldiers under just treatment are turned into indifferent dare-devils. "When my serjeant, after asking me how I liked the *Salle de Police*, added 'You will soon get accustomed to it,' he condensed in those words all the reasons which make a blindly rigid system of discipline a complete failure."

Speaking now as an Englishman by naturalisation and by sympathy, but with a want of good taste which it is impossible to overlook, Mr. Decle bids his readers to make hopeful comparisons between our own "little army" and the "bloated armaments" of his native land. France can put a million men into the field; but Mr. Decle describes them as

a crowd of half-taught lads, lacking in thews as well as training, and led—or driven—to battle by officers whom either they have never seen until the day of conflict, or whom they know—and hate.

There, we think, Mr. Decle comes nigh to talking nonsense.

## Experiments.

*Sir Paul Pindar, and Other Plays.* By Harry Neville Maugham. (Grant Richards.)

THIS has the outward air and bearing of quite an imposing book. The liberal pages with their broad margins, the hand-made paper and Chiswick Press type, prepare you for masterpieces. But *nascitur ridiculus mus*: disillusion is not slow in coming; and you realise that fine feathers do not make fine birds, and that the printer's frippery may handsomely cover a very third-rate achievement. Mr. Maugham is not altogether without talent, but he is in the experimental stage, and, with one possible exception, these essays "in the most beautiful but most difficult of all the arts" should have found discreet oblivion in the bottom drawer of the author's writing-table. We think it quite possible that he may do better some day, and, if so, we feel sure that he will regret this premature publication of chips from his workshop.

The volume contains five pieces. Three of these are in prose: "Sir Paul Pindar," a Jacobean comedy; "The Old and the New," a comedy of modern life; and "The Landslip," a "drama," or perhaps a "melodrama," in one act. Mr. Maugham seems to us least successful in this sphere of his endeavour. His comedy has certain merits of ornament. The dialogue is tolerable and occasionally witty.

*Russell*: Yes, Master Bertie—Mister Bertie, I should say. I was so glad you got here in time for dinner. Master was fretted terrible. In the days when Master used to come down from Lunnon, there was only one train a day, but it came in punctual.

*Herbert*: What one might call the "constant service of the antique world."

But in drama ornament is apt to be irrelevance, and both "Sir Paul Pindar" and "The Old and the New" are of irrelevancies all compact. In the former, Mr. Maugham has attempted to reproduce the atmosphere of a London merchant's house in 1621; in the latter he has accumulated illustrations of the opposing views of life held by the present generation and the last. And in both cases he has forgotten that the essential thing in a play is the presence of a dramatic motive, the gradual evolution of which provides the unity of the piece. Mr. Maugham's scenes are not held together. They succeed each other, that is all. The actions of his puppets carry no conviction and excite no interest; they are but pegs to hang the ornament upon, and you hardly recognise that the trivial plot has begun before it has come to a desultory end.

The two remaining plays are in blank verse. "The Husband of Poverty" is based upon the *Fioretti* and the early lives of St. Francis. It shares the qualities of the comedies. The mere writing is quite fair, and a rather pleasing variety is afforded by the unrhymed, semi-lyrical verse in which some of the speeches of Francis are cast. But here, too, the construction is weak. An attempt is made to provide a central idea in the sentimental relations of St. Francis and St. Clare, but the motive is timidly introduced and fails to dominate the play. The result is a somewhat incoherent chronicle. Moreover, some of the episodes do not explain themselves. The position of Elias, for instance, is unintelligible without a knowledge of Franciscan history, on which Mr. Maugham has no right to count in his audience. A Greek dramatist dealing with familiar mythological subjects, or Shakespeare, dealing with well-known characters from English history, might introduce allusions to matters strictly outside his canvas, but the method is not capable of general extension.

Finally we come to Mr. Maugham's best endeavour, in the tragedy called "The Mystery of Men." We call this his best endeavour, because in it alone he has succeeded in some measure in subordinating the ornamentation to the development of the central theme. This theme is a

Nietzschean one. Hatasu, Queen of Egypt, is the incarnation of the *Uebermensch*, the lust for power, the "will to live." Thus she describes herself:

How little do you move me, poor bound mass  
Of maxims learnt from caution and the rules  
Of wizened prudery. I am a law  
Unto myself; what reason has our doing  
Save the desire that prompts it? I would live  
A thousand lives, as does the mutable,  
The eager thrill and stir of rich red blood  
Empassion me; for I am all I know,  
I am man, woman, beast, reptile, and flower,  
I am the fire, I am the limpid wave,  
I am the breath of spring, and morning dew.  
But while I can be virginal and sweet,  
There yet are pulses in me that declare  
A kinship with the vile and low that is  
Beauty in making. In this fleeting hour  
Between the two eternal silences,  
Guarded by the grim yawning janitors,  
The lions of the Past and the To-be,  
I cry "I live! I live!" and with my hands  
Snatch at all passions, marvels and delights  
To the last gasp of the attainable.  
I am the human-flower that has its roots  
In the disdained earth of vulgar lives,  
But from that rank luxuriance I draw  
The sap which I transmute to vermeil hues,  
And the fair miracle of flesh and blood  
Which leans to ravishment of every wind;  
Thus may men's hearts grow glad that of the travail,  
The hunger and the fret of sordid griefs,  
One work of wonder takes its bounteous bloom  
With all the world well lost to fashion me.

Hatasu slays her husband, Tehutimes or Thothmes, puts on the male beard, and reigns as king, until she meets one stronger than herself in a younger Tehutimes, brother of the dead king. It is in the clash of these two personalities, and the final surrender of the woman to the strength greater than her own, to which she does reverence, that the dramatic force of the play consists. And, on the whole, the motive is kept well to the front, though Mr. Maugham's craftsmanship is not yet equal to the task of winding-up neatly and providing his tragedy with an effective close. In fact, he calls in, literally, the primitive *deus ex machina*.

As a further sample of Mr. Maugham's blank verse may be taken the following soliloquy, which has some genuine poetic qualities:

Calm is the night and silent are the heavens  
Which nurse the echoes of the loud applause  
Of what I was. Grave deity of the moon,  
Thy lamp is bright; I see thee sit and smooth  
Thy great papyrus out to write a tale  
Such as the story-tellers wondrous weave  
At hush of sunset to the motley crowd  
Beside the banks of Nile. There is a queen  
Who wears a beard. A prince who brings to light  
The mummy of her husband, and bids the queen  
Prepare for death; when, lo! an ancient nurse  
Bears her an army of gods in her old hand;  
And what must next befall? I will not use  
My power as yet, but give mine enemies  
A little further time. We live our hour,  
Then the full page is rolled and put aside;  
But thou, eternal winter, dost go on  
To enumerate the sorrows of the world,  
The hope, the hate, the strife, and the despair  
That we call Egypt.—Oh, the little lasting  
Of all we do! how pitiable a jest,  
And transient as the winds upon the hills,  
That passeth to the land that loveth silence!  
Is that a cry of victory on the air?

Mr. Maugham has not succeeded in stirring us very deeply, but we recognise an honest artistic endeavour in his work, and we trust that he will go on and prosper. We fear, however, that the reconciliation of the stage to literature is, under present conditions, a more difficult task than he has quite realised.



## An Honest Man.

*Saint Louis.* By Marius Sepet. With a Preface by George Tyrrell, S.J. (Duckworth.)

M. SEPET's book is not so much a history as a series of historic pictures from the writings of Geoffrey of Beaulieu, the king's confessor, of William of Chartres, and of the Boswellian seneschal, the Sire de Joinville. Out of the mouth of these contemporary witnesses is skilfully built up the figure of a man very strange to our century, by reason of the qualities which dominated his own.

For his was an age when the notion of an imminent immediate providence had not become obscured by the perception of the science of mediate causes. Good works and asceticism found none to doubt their meritoriousness. The value attributed to prayer was of the most material kind, and in their devotion to the Heaven that was so close men could be extravagant without affectation. Almsdeeds were not yet discredited by political economy, and the empirical treatment of the sick was ineffectual enough to compare disadvantageously with the insanitary complaisances of devoted personal service. Add the estimation in which kingship was held as an office of a quasi-sacerdotal character. For between the secular and the spiritual power the line of cleavage was not yet clearly to be discerned. In a word, the Christian state was still a theocracy when, at the age of twelve, the son of Louis VIII. and of Blanche of Castile began to reign.

"Madame Blanche" during his minority ruled the state and trained her son with rigorous maternal governance. She married him early to Margaret, eldest daughter of Raimond Berenger Count of Provence; but regulated their relations with severity; so that, as we learn from Seneschal de Joinville:

The house in which the king and queen liked best to live was at Pontoise, because the king's room was above and the queen's room below. And they had so arranged matters that they held converse on a winding staircase which led from one room to the other. And they had so settled matters that when the ushers saw the queen coming into the chamber of the king her son, they rapped the door with their wands, and the king came running into his chamber; and so, in their turn, did the ushers of the Queen Margaret's chamber when the Queen Blanche was going there, so that she might find the Queen Margaret.

His ardour was soon brought reasonably into subjection; but to the end Margaret seems to have been a modern and moderating influence in the ordering of his daily life. She remonstrated with him when he notably neglected his dress, and in his grey years withheld him from the life of religion into which he desired to enter. But few monks surpassed him either in the regularity of their devotional exercises or in ascetical severity. The details of the former handed down by the queen's confessor are infinite. Besides the night and diurnal offices for each day, at which he assisted regularly at the canonical hours, repeating alternately with his chaplain the verses that were sung by the clergy, he said every day a votive office either of the Blessed Virgin or some other. He was wont to hear three or four masses, and his love for ecclesiastical music was so great that he carried always with him, even on military expeditions, a complete choir with the necessary instruments for the fit rendering of the psalmody. He wore a hair-belt always, and his fasting and abstinence far exceeded the precept. Every Friday, after his confession, he caused himself to be scourged by his confessor, and would suffer no mitigation of his self-imposed penance. This practice he commended to his children.

The pious king [says the Queen Margaret's confessor] sent to his daughter of Navarre two or three ivory boxes; and at the bottom of those boxes there was a little iron nail, to which he had attached small iron rings of an ell long or thereabouts; these chains were enclosed in each of the boxes, and the said Queen of Navarre would dis-

cipline and scourge herself with them sometimes, as she told her confessor when she was nearing death. And the pious king sent, moreover, to his same daughter a horse-hair belt as wide as the palm of a man's hand, with which she girded herself occasionally, as she told her confessor at the same time. And withal the pious king sent to the said queen a letter written with his own hand, in which it was stated that he was sending her by Brother John of Mons . . . a discipline contained in each of the said boxes, as is said above, and he begged her in that letter often to use these disciplines for her own sins and for the sins of her poor father.

He was profuse in almsdeeds, and knew no repugnance in the presence of loathsome suffering. One Good Friday, before the eyes of all men, he halted on his barefoot way to embrace a leper. He would visit time after time a leprous monk, and with his own fingers place food from his own table between his putrescent lips. His studies were in the Holy Scriptures and in the Fathers; he had a principal attachment to St. Augustine. Once he came into personal contact with St. Thomas Aquinas. The Angelic Doctor dined with him. They talked, perhaps—at any rate it was a favourite subject—of the malignancy of sin. The saint's mind wandered. The pious king, far from being indignant at the slight to his royalty and to the charm of his conversation, sent at once for secretaries to write down, there and then, at the offender's dictation the argument against the Manichæan heresy which had hatched itself thus untimely. In the conduct of his kingdom his indignation against moral offences manifested itself in such severity of punishment that the Holy See itself remonstrated:

The king loved God and His sweet Mother so well [writes the good seneschal] that all those convicted of speaking dishonourably of God or His Mother, or of some vile oath, were grievously punished by him. Thus, I saw him place a goldsmith on a ladder at Cæsarea in shirt and drawers, with a pig's entrails round his neck in such abundance that they reached his nose. I have heard that, after I returned from Cæsarea, he caused the lip and nose of a citizen of Paris to be burnt with a hot iron kept for this purpose. . . . And in reply to the murmurs caused by this punishment, the holy king said: "I would myself be branded with a hot iron if thereby my kingdom might be delivered from all vile oaths."

Of a piece with his indignation against blasphemers was his deep mistrust of the Jews. "Do what you can," he told his son, "to expel heretics from the land as well as other evil people, so that it may be thoroughly purged." The authenticity of those other words, "Keep the Jews in great subjection," is disputed. In the case of a lady who had colluded with her paramour for the taking off of her injured husband neither the intercession of the Countess of Poitiers and other great ladies, nor that of the queen herself availed to save her, though repentant; for, writes de Joinville, "the pious king ordered the said woman to be burned at Pontoise in despite of all prayers; and so she was, and justice was done in public."

Yet he was not deficient in the military spirit. It is his distinction to have glorified himself in the two Crusades which he conducted, not so much by successes in the field as by the heroism of his bearing in defeat and capture. It might have seemed to others that the God whom he had served with diligence had forsaken him in a campaign thus undertaken for His honour and glory. But the Christian champion's faith never failed him; it bred even in the bosoms of his followers, as appears from Joinville's narrative, a conviction of very present help in trouble manifesting itself day by day in miraculous aids.

The Bull of Canonisation was published in 1297, after an elaborate investigation. But he himself had been content with another name. "Master Robert," said he to Richard de Sorbon, "I had rather be called an honest man [*prud'homme*], if such I am, than a devout; . . . for this name of honest man is so great a thing, so good a thing, that it fills the mouth even to speak it."



## Mediæval Climbers.

*The Early Mountaineers.* By Francis Gribble. (Fisher Unwin. 21s.)

MANY mountain lovers will agree with Mr. Gribble that, the chapter in the Badminton *Mountaineering*, and the recent monograph on Mont Blanc notwithstanding, there was room for his book. How far he is indebted to the former for inspiration, and to what extent he has taken advantage of its "clues for the guidance of those who wish to pursue the subject further," he does not tell us. We merely notice that whereas in his preface he returns thanks to many other well-known authorities, to Sir Frederick Pollock he returns none.

For the initiated it will be enough to say that the 338 pages of *The Early Mountaineers* do not offer us much more than an acceptable amplification of the 38 pages of *The Early History of Mountaineering*, but for the uninitiated a more informing statement seems necessary.

It may be premised that mountaineering in the modern sense—the climbing of difficult mountains, that is, for the sake chiefly of emotion and brave adventure—is commonly held to date from the first ascent of Mont Blanc in 1786, though the heroes of that achievement—De Saussure, Balmat, Paccard, and the rest—were by no means the first pioneers, nor by any means the last. Here and there men with an original turn had, for this reason and for that, toiled to mountain tops before them; many others—"just for the obvious human bliss"—have made it their delight ever since to find access to inaccessible peaks. In his early mountaineers Mr. Gribble includes all the former and some few of the latter, and finds interesting things to tell about both, though the interest in the one case is rather of the antiquarian order, and if it stirs us at all, stirs us chiefly as all faithful records of the past stir us—by their testimony to the steady growth of the human mind.

Of the genuine ancients—from Noah on Ararat to the Emperor Hadrian on Etna—Mr. Gribble records little, but in that little nothing unworthy. Of his mediæval group the same can hardly be said. A search for hidden treasure, for instance, is scarcely a worthy purpose, even in the eleventh century, for the earliest recorded climb—that of the Roche Melon (nearly 12,000 ft.), in Savoy. The attempt failed, as it perhaps deserved to do. Even the monkish chronicler is glad to turn to "more worthy matters." Have we not improved, too, on the monk of Canterbury who, finding himself—professionally, it is to be presumed—on the Great Saint Bernard in 1118, can only pray that his "brethren come not to this place of torment"? And what are we to think of so great a man as Peter III. of Arragon, who, more than a hundred years later, ascends alone the Pic Canigou (about 9,000 ft.), in the Pyrenees, only to find on or near the top "a horrible dragon of enormous size"? It is only fair, however, to Peter to add that mountain-dragons were encountered by credible witnesses as late as 1649, just as ghosts, Mr. Gribble insinuates, are encountered by the Society for Psychical Research to-day.

From such trivial, fond records it is a relief to pass to Petrarch, "the first sentimental mountaineer," who, in 1335, at the time when he was living in retirement at Vaucluse, made his way to the top of Mont Ventoux (about 6,000 ft.), and straightway sent an account of the experience and his reflections thereon, to his spiritual father. "The life of the blest is indeed set on a high place," he exclaims on the way up; "straight is the path which leads to it; many are the hills which intervene; and the pilgrim must advance with great strides from virtue to virtue." On arriving at the summit, it occurs to him, after duly enjoying the view, to open at hazard his pocket copy of St. Augustine's *Confessions*, "a volume of small dimensions, though of great sweetness." He does so, and happens on the following somewhat disconcerting

sentiment: "There are men who go to admire the high places of mountains, the great waves of the sea, the wide currents of rivers, the circuit of the ocean, the orbits of the stars—and who neglect themselves." Taking the reproof deeply to heart, he walks the whole way down in silence, "thinking at every step that if it cost so much sweet toil to bring the body a little nearer to heaven, great indeed must be the cross, the dungeon, and the sting which should terrify the soul as it draws nigh unto God." If the indictment could thus give Petrarch pause, how is it with *nous autres*? And yet

He prayeth best who loveth best  
All things both great and small.

Another great name in Mr. Gribble's list is that of Leonardo da Vinci, who records that he once went up "Monboso, a peak of the Alps that separates France from Italy"—a description that has caused as much puzzlement as his remarkable discovery that "snow seldom falls there, but only hail in the summer when the clouds are highest."

Of the other pre-1786 pioneers—not more than a dozen in all—the most notable is Conrad Gesner, Professor of Philosophy in Zurich, who in 1543 made a resolve that will win the hearts of all who have ever set reverent foot upon the everlasting hills: "I have resolved for the future, so long as God suffers me to live, to climb mountains, or, at all events, to climb one mountain every year, at the season when vegetation is at its best, partly for the sake of studying botany, and partly for the delight of the mind and the proper exercise of the body." For more than twenty years, we are told, Gesner kept this resolve, though, in the absence of Alpine journals, he recorded little of his experiences. His description of Pilatus, however, which occurs as an appendix to his *Treatise on Milk*, published in 1555, inclines us to agree with Mr. Gribble, that "Gesner was a man with whom any modern mountaineer would be glad to climb."

The literature—not the practice—of snow-craft begins in 1574 with Simler's *De Alpihus Commentarius*, a chapter of which deals with the means of overcoming the difficulties of snow and ice. From the references to "shoes with three sharp spikes in them"; "sticks tipped with iron"; "guides who tie ropes round their waists, to which those who follow them are attached, the leader sounding the path with a long pole, and carefully looking out for the crevices in the snow"; "glass spectacles for the eyes"; and similar devices, we can see, as Mr. Gribble is careful to point out, "how much older snow-craft is than the specialised mountaineering, which consists in climbing things for the sake of getting to the top of them." We know, moreover, from other sources, that long before Simler's time the Col du Géant and other ice passes had been highways for traders.

Scheuchzer (born 1672), of glacier and dragon fame, and de Luc (1727), "the pioneer of snow peaks," lead up to the familiar Mont Blanc story, which, "to avoid the charge of incompleteness," Mr. Gribble tells once again.

Of the after pioneers, Father Placidus à Spescha (Tödi group) and Ramond de Carbonnière (Pyrenees) interest us most. Both, as Petrarch might have said, accomplished great journeys of the soul no less than great journeys of the feet, and both live, and suffer, and conquer in Mr. Gribble's pages.

We will only add that the book, good as it is, would be improved by a revision of the French accents and other misprints, by more attention to the æsthetic quality of the quaint illustrations—though Paccard's face, as it stands, is fine enough to prejudice us strongly in his favour—and, more than all, by the removal of certain blemishes of style. "To negotiate some frightful precipice" would be scarcely tolerable from the mouth of a modern mountaineer; it is altogether intolerable from the pen of a translator of sixteenth century writers. We are none the less grateful to Mr. Gribble.

### The Key to South Africa.

*The Key to South Africa: Delagoa Bay.* By Montague George Jessett. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

It may as well be said at once that this is a disappointing work. The student of South African affairs expects, when he takes up a volume with such a title, a really serious contribution to Imperial politics, well-written and exhaustive. Instead of this he finds an indifferent piece of bookmaking, largely quotations and margins, written in amateurish style, and not at all adequate as a presentation of the subject at the present crisis. Still, there is a great deal to be said in Mr. Jessett's favour. In the first place, he is a sound and honest politician, who looks at the question in a thoroughly English spirit. Next, he has visited Delagoa Bay and speaks with knowledge of its possibilities and of the misuse hitherto made of it by the Portuguese. It is, perhaps, not Mr. Jessett's fault that he has not been able to rise to the height of his subject: that would require a combination of qualities; and he has more excuse than most bookmakers in the necessity which exists for rousing sluggish opinion in England to the value of the Bay to us and to our future in South Africa. Therefore, in dealing with the book, it will be well to take the intention for the deed.

Delagoa Bay is the finest natural harbour in Africa, as it has a length of nearly seventy miles from north to south, and a width varying from sixteen to twenty-five miles. It offers a safe anchorage for vessels of almost any tonnage; and although, like nearly every South African port, it suffers from the inconvenience of a bar, the navigable channels made by the mouths of the English River render this drawback of but little consequence. It is the natural port of call for all ships coming from India or Australia, and is the harbour for all that great country lying north of the Cape Colony and south of the Zambesi. Its value can hardly be estimated, and yet the Portuguese, who are at present its owners, have made next to no attempt to profit by its advantages in all the years they have exercised a nominal control over it. As an example of the Portuguese method of not doing it, Mr. Jessett quotes the *Boletim Oficial* of the Province No. 3 of January 31 last:

On the beach, close to the Custom House piers, merchandise of a difficult sale is piled up, and passengers only manage to enter the town by crossing labyrinths formed by heaps of cases and bales, jumping over rails, knocking themselves against waggons, and being overthrown by carriers! These carriers drop the packages where it is most convenient, according to the orders received, as under Article 117 of the Customs Regulations the discharge and stowing away of packages in the Custom House must be executed by labourers paid by their employers. . . . The Custom House of Lourenco Marques is a sea Custom House of the utmost importance, and still it does not possess a single boat!

The English may be somewhat "as she is wrote," but the meaning is clear enough, and this is the testimony of a Portuguese.

The experiences of an English traveller are contained in another of Mr. Jessett's many quotations:

The main, or Customs pier, where passengers and cargo are landed, I found was a splendid panorama for an observant man. Everything seemed at sixes and sevens. Portuguese soldiers, native men and women, Greek boatmen and fishermen, all seemed mixed up. . . . The gruff man sat down beside me and recounted some experiences. He told me about some supposed rotten potatoes in cases being thrown overboard from a lighter in midstream, which afterwards proved to be a consignment of Yost typewriters. Like many other consignments landed at Delagoa Bay, this consignment cannot be accounted for since leaving the ship's side. He went on, pointing to a man searching among a huge heap of cases on the wharf: "That man," he said, "is a German from Johannesburg. Some time ago he imported four hundred cases of tallow candles; he is still looking for them. I can tell you all

about them. When landed they were left outside in the sun for months. You see that heap there covered with coal-dust? That's the tallow which melted and ran out of the cases. When the boxes were removed the bottoms fell out, and only the wicks were left."

And this is the way the Portuguese do business in the Key to South Africa.

It is the unanimous opinion of all authorities that this miserable state of things would be quickly altered under British rule, and that Delagoa Bay would take its proper position as one of the great harbours of the world. And the Bay actually was ours for a short time at the beginning of the century. In 1822 Captain Owen arrived in Delagoa Bay for the purpose of making a survey, and having been told by the Portuguese that they had no control over the native chiefs, who were in no way subject to Portuguese rule, made a treaty with the natives by which the country was placed under British protection. In 1861 H.M.S. *Narcissus* hoisted the British flag in Delagoa Bay, with the result that the Portuguese protested, and in 1869 signed a commercial treaty with the South African Republic. At that time the Portuguese Government might have been bought out for £12,000, but we lost the opportunity. We have, however, an option of purchase over the country; but, thanks to the ineptitude of the Ministers of 1872, we should now have to give many millions for what we might then have had for a few thousands.

### Other New Books.

ON FENLAND REEDS.

BY FRANK HAROLD CLARKE.

It is always agreeable to find a beginner selecting concrete themes for his verse. Indeed, within the limits of "minor" verse a halting treatment of a definite subject is often preferable to a more finished attempt of which the subject belongs to the hackneyed-abstract order. In a little paper-covered book of sonnets called *On Fenland Reeds*, by Frank Harold Clarke, we find a sonnet called "Yarmouth Beach," with its enormous Cockney tumult in August. Here we, at least, have a poem which is not caught out of the air or echoed from books. In such a case faults of execution are more than half condoned by the freshness of the poetic intention displayed. These are Mr. Clarke's lines:

#### YARMOUTH BEACH.

'Tis London's tide that thunders on the sand,  
Turbid as restless—London's voice we hear,  
In many keys, shouting from pier to pier;  
Vast Cockneydom at ease, or brusque, or bland,  
An omnipresence on the sea and land,  
Joyous and rude, tuneful as chanticleer,  
Bursting with chorus, ruddy with good cheer,  
Holds fearful revel on the Yarmouth Strand.  
But in the darkness these would turn to day,  
Sad with foreboding, voices on the shore  
Moan for man's fate and all his dreams gone by:  
And London fades as Corton's blood-red ray  
Flashes the signal of a hope before,  
'Mid gloom of waves, 'neath wastes of low'ring sky.

Unfortunately, most of Mr. Clarke's other subjects are less distinctive. And they might have been sung on other than Fenland reeds. (Wisbech: Poyser. 1s.)

A CONSTITUTIONAL AND POLITICAL HISTORY OF ROME.

BY T. M. TAYLOR, M.A.

To the student of modern politics there are two really interesting epochs in the history of Rome. They are when Rome changed from a monarchy to a republic, and again when she changed from a republic back to a monarchy. As Mr. Taylor covers the period from the earliest times to the reign of Domitian he deals with both these points. The expulsion of the kings is unfortunately

lost in obscurity; but it was not a rebellion of the people, but of the aristocracy, and followed the evolution from monarchy to aristocracy which was usual in the ancient world. The Roman Constitution was a thing of gradual growth; the changes that took place were almost unnoticed; but the Tribune of 133 B.C. was very different from the Tribune of 494 B.C., and yet so far as is known no laws had been passed during those three hundred and sixty years which definitely extended the powers of the Tribune. Alone of the States of the ancient world Rome is of use to modern politicians. The empire was led up to by gradual and easy stages from the time when Rome began to absorb her neighbours, and from the time of Marius the city was gradually becoming accustomed to the idea of the supreme power being wielded by one man with an army at his back. The political history of Rome is of far more interest than its wars, but it is on the latter that most of us have been brought up. Mr. Taylor is, therefore, doing a real service by bringing together in a handy English form the best ideas of the leading foreign writers, especially the Germans, on the subject. He has done his work well, and has compressed it within very reasonable compass, his account of the struggle for the crown being as clear as any that has appeared. Plenty of hard fighting was done before Octavius settled down as Augustus Cæsar, but even more was done by intrigue and diplomacy, and the Roman Senate played the part of a modern Parliament in a strangely prophetic manner. Mr. Taylor has produced a text-book which all students of history will have to read, as it gives them in a condensed form what they will have some difficulty in finding elsewhere. (Methuen & Co.)

## THE MAKING OF HAWAII.

BY W. F. BLACKMAN.

THE Hawaiian Islands have recently been incorporated among the territories of the United States, and as their annexation will probably form the starting-point of a momentous change in the world's history, they are certainly entitled to a volume, or, indeed, several volumes, of their own. Mr. Blackman is a member of Yale College, which, it has been remarked, "runs" the government of Hawaii, and naturally he writes from a Yale point of view. He divides the social and political history of Hawaii into three periods—the Early, prior to the discovery of the islands by Captain Cook in 1778; the Middle, from 1778 to the arrival of American missionaries in 1820; and the Late, from that date to the present time. The third period chiefly occupies Mr. Blackman, and he has done his work very thoroughly and carefully. In his account of the Early period he describes the condition of the Hawaiian people when first brought to the knowledge of the civilised world, and gives an excellent account of their manners and customs. With the Late period he, of course, deals more fully, and here he contrives to give a mass of the most valuable information in a readable form. The appendices, too, are very instructive, and the bibliography with which the volume closes provides the student with an exhaustive list of works to be studied on the subject. Unfortunately, Hawaii is not of absorbing interest to many Englishmen, but it is well worth attention, as it really introduced the United States to mankind as a world-power, and it is not too much to say that it will bring about a complete change in the relationship of the Old and the New World. (Macmillan & Co.)

## EMBROIDERY.

BY W. G. P. TOWNSEND.

THIS is a very useful text-book on its subject. The art of embroidery has been revived of late, and its students have multiplied. The Royal School of Art-Needlework is doing good work, and the subject is now recognised by the Technical Education Board of the London County Council. Mr. Townsend's book, which contains a preface by Mr. Walter Crane, and is admirably illustrated, will be of real value both to the practical embroiderer and the designer. (Truslove, Hanson, & Comber. 3s. 6d. net.)

## Fiction.

*Punchinello.* (James Bowden. 6s.)

THE anonymous author is almost certainly a woman. She has produced a strong (not virile), clever, and well-written novel, the scene of which, so far as we can gather, is laid in the early part of the present century. The hero, Anthony Dallas, whose autobiographical MS. is introduced in quite the usual way by a descendant, was a hunchback and a musician of renown—so famous, in fact, as to have been already the subject of a biography. The MS. purports to give the intimate story of Anthony's heart, the record of his love and of his jealousy.

The whole book shows skill, vigour, and a rather nice literary conscience. It is out of the ordinary. It has promise. It may be read. But, nevertheless, we might criticise it with severity and yet do no injustice. It has two grave faults, noticeable *passim*: it is sentimental, and the author is for ever "forcing the note." The incidents throughout are saturated with sentimentality, and, moreover, they are presented (to use the author's own phrase) with "a picturesque completeness that wakes unkind criticism." Take this passage from the Introduction:

In one of the morning-rooms at Dane's End, where Dallas was born and lived the first part of his life, and where I have so far followed his lines, there is an old square table, riddled, I may say, with drawers, pigeon-holes, and manifold receptacles for papers. Here, goes the legend, Anthony was found dead with his head lying on his arms, and a manuscript scarcely dried before him. For the truth of this I cannot vouch . . .

The idea of Anthony first discovering his deformity in the mirror of a willow-sheltered pond (with the indispensable "gigantic water-lily floating on it . . . gold heart bared to the blaze of sunshine") is prettily sentimental, but completely impossible.

The first important scene between Anthony and Nancy, his cousin and love, is another orgy of sentimentality, and not at all original either. Anthony "played on, revelling in my own music," and then the girl approaches:

"She looked like a swaying flower in her scarlet gown, her face flushed with eagerness, her eyes sparkling with excitement; and I had imagined her cooped within the house, shedding salt tears in tribute to a reprehensible memory. She discovered that I had detected her and waved her hand in greeting. 'Quicken, quicken!' The light gay voice floated to me, and I obediently played quicker, and Nan danced. And in that hour, although I knew it not, she danced my heart away. When it was over she came and perched herself on the seat beside me, and looked at me with something in her face that I had never seen before. . . ."

Anthony may not have seen that "something" before, but the reader of modern novels has seen it times without number. He has also seen this sufficiently often:

"I shall never forget her—the flying skirts, the clustering curls, flecked here and there with gold where the sun pierced the foliage overhead. She danced till she was forced to pause for dearth of breath, and then, all panting, she clapped her hands, and tossed me a kiss. . . ."

Despite such exhausted conventionalities, however, Nan is upon the whole drawn with unquestionable charm.

The death-bed of the organist, Anthony's tutor and mentor, is a further example of sentimentality unbridled:

"She was my wife a week," he wept. "Jess—my pretty Jess! I wanted to forget her, and now I shall never see her more—so base am I." The room was littered with evidence of his late libertinage, and now in the supreme hour his mind, as if slipped from a leash, was back with the only pure love he had ever known. "Jess—Jess," he cried, ever weaker, till death stilled his crying, and he slept with cold lips pressed to the smiling miniature.

It would be easy to quote many similar examples, for as the story proceeds they multiply at an astonishing rate. There are, further, faults of construction which cannot be passed over. The leading events are brought about by a fire in a church—surely a clumsy expedient. The ultimate catastrophe is due to the folly of a drunken man accidentally encountered. These happenings lack the inevitability which ought to mark the progress of a tragedy. The worst clumsiness is that of making the final explanation by means of a MS. left by the heroine. To cast the main story in the form of a MS. was an indiscretion; to conceal a second MS. within the first was inexcusable.

We have occupied ourselves chiefly with censure; but there are cases in which to be severe is to be not only kind but encomiastic. This is one of them. Few novels that deserve censure are worth the trouble of disapproval. In *Punchinello* there is the raw material of respectable literature. We trust that the finished article may ultimately emerge.

And yet, so adroit is the mere writing, we should not be surprised to hear that *Punchinello* is the work of some practised hand that yearned for a new sensation from its press cuttings.

*Jaspar Tristram: a Story.* By A. W. Clarke.  
(William Heinemann. 6s.)

THIS, which is one of the most unpleasant books we have read for a long time, has the countervailing quality of cleverness. And those who dislike such work, we advertise at once of the fact that it is a study of a temperament. Jaspar is a born pariah. He is precocious; he is already a watcher of his own spiritual processes at an age when the male of man has, as a rule, hardly become conscious of his *moi*. He is a worshipper of ideals, as a saint may be; but he clothes them in flesh and blood, and supposes himself to discern them incarnate in his commonplace comrades. But there is that in him which severs him perpetually from the object of his affections: a shyness, a self-love, unhappily masked beneath a misplaced tactless humility. He is clever, he is good-looking, he is capable enough in the playing-fields; yet though he thirsts for affection, and is ready to give himself away time after time to win it, he is always solitary, or, at best, the centre of a second-rate throng who—even they—look upon him rather as a wonder than as a hero or a friend. That is nothing to him; he would refrain altogether from competition rather than expose himself to the ignominy of a good second. And he reconciles himself but too quickly to failure, for he scents the worthlessness of the prize even as it comes within his reach. He must take refuge in his dreams against the sickening jar of actuality—even of actual success. From the sheltering roof of his guardian—a vulgar, greedy parson—he passes to the atmosphere of a large private school; and there first he meets Els, who becomes at once his idol and his curse. Together they go later to a public school, and together out into the world. Els, from being the pet of boys and masters, develops into the carpet-knight of society chivalry. Jaspar, the wretched egoist, in his pursuit of Nita, is no more fortunate than in his schooldays he had been in his efforts to win the affection of her brother.

"What an awful crowd!" he said, "how hot it is! Are you going anywhere?"

And as he uttered these commonplaces his clear-cut tones appeared to him to have acquired a power of stabbing quite independent of what he meant, while his eyes were ablaze with scorn. He could never remember what more either he or she had said till at last he had heard her asking: "What's that you've got?" as she pointed to a handkerchief he held in his hand.

"Oh, that?" he cried, and looked at it; "I found it the other day when I was turning over some old drawers. I rather think it's what they call a *gage d'amour*, but I've

forgotten whose it was. You don't happen to know by any chance?" and he held it out.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "why —," and stopped.

"I beg your pardon?" he said with elaborate politeness. "What did you say?"

But she answered never a word. For a moment he hesitated, and then with a gesture of sudden fury tore it in two; the sound of the tear seemed to him to symbolise the breaking of his heart; and, turning, he disappeared in the crowd.

The story has but little incident to enliven it; there are in it many faults of taste; but there is no room for doubt that essentially it is true. It seems to be one of those books of which every man's life affords him the material for one.

## Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THE PATRONESS.

By G. M. GEORGE.

A story of Welsh Congregational life. The heroine becomes, by the death of her father, Squire Llewellyn, the patron of the living; and her conscience and intelligence lead her to set aside the choice which her father had practically made. This act of courage and its results are the staple of the story. (Hutchinson & Co. 6s.)

THE ROSE OF JUDAH.

By GEORGE GRIFFITHS

This story deals with the love of Belshazzar for a Jewish girl, Miriam, the peerless daughter of Misael and Judith. In the first chapter Belshazzar is consulting Daniel about his love for the girl, whom he has seen bathing. The rivalry of Miriam's lover, Arax, captain of the Queen's Guard, and other incidents founded on the Bible narrative, bring the story forward to its climax—"Mene, mene, tekel upharsin," and the sack of Babylon by the Persians. (Pearson, Ltd. 6s.)

FOR A GOD DISHONoured.

ANON.

Dedicated to the "dear and deathless memory of a just man." Justice is the virtue which the story seeks to exalt, but it does this at the expense of probabilities, seeing that the heroine forces her way into the House of Lords and, hypnotising their lordships by her eloquence, takes her seat as a peeress by no one's leave. (John Long. 6s.)

THE ARCHDEACON'S DAUGHTER, AND OTHER STORIES.

By G. A. MUSGRAVE.

The story which gives its title to the book is amusing, with its cautious archdeacon, and his go-ahead daughters who have been to Paris to learn French and have come back unable to speak English. Says the Archdeacon, reading a letter: "How Colonel Anson, a man of good family, can write and say that if 'Ahmen' is substituted for 'Amen,' he will, as a matter of principle, withdraw all his subscriptions! I myself was brought up to say 'Amen,' but, without being a Ritualist, I like to go with the times." (Digby, Long & Co. 6s.)

DID I keep a seraglio, as Dr. Johnson contemplated doing (a seraglio of the fancy), it would contain

Elizabeth Bennet,  
Marianne Dashwood,  
Anne Elliot,

out of Miss Austen's lot.

Mr. Andrew Lang in "*Longman's Magazine*."

## THE ACADEMY.

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## Girls' Novels in France and England.

ENGLAND invented the modern novel for girls. During the Second Empire the Parisians began to learn English, and the English novel for girls was used as a school text-book. It achieved popularity—a popularity which it has retained, for it still forms the staple of French girls' reading. Imitation was inevitable, and the *selfpistas* of Italy are not more indubitably of Anglo-Saxon derivation than that school of French writers which acknowledges Mme. Craven as its head and the *Récit d'une Sœur* as its chief work. The net result of the whole movement, now some sixty years old, is widespread unhappiness for a nation of *jeunes filles* who have been mischievously taught by its agency to regard future husbands as lovers instead of as the mere "embodiment of marriage and the family." Such, stated afresh, is the conclusion of Mme. Yetta Blaze de Bury, who, under the title "Girls' Novels in France," contributes to the *North American Review* a literary essay in the style of Anatole France, at once acute, witty, cynical, and graciously malign.

Mme. de Bury is unmerciful towards the author of the *Récit d'une Sœur*, that blameless volume of which the fortieth edition is now on sale. We cannot but rejoice at her courageous and uncompromising attitude. With our English ideas, we might forgive Mme. Craven for having rendered two generations of French girls miserable by means of a romantic inoculation, but we could not excuse her monstrous snobbishness (Mme. de Bury with exquisite tact refers to her "vigorous tones of the spirit of caste"), nor her fanatical religiosity. In certain ways Mme. Craven surpassed the worst excesses of her English exemplars. We are reminded by Mme. de Bury of the Marchioness de Livernois, who said that "a gentleman cannot fall lower than in becoming a manufacturer," and of the young Marquis, who broke off his engagement with a beautiful English girl because the child made fun of a priest on Good Friday. Who will dissent from the verdict that "such books as these are written for a special public, a public composed of fossils, a public which since 1830 has given up everything excepting the admiration of its own obstinacy?" Even the Sunday-school which cast out Kipling might agree that the religion inculcated by such literature "is not the religion of the Gospel, but of a coterie; and the representation of human duty is just as false in these books, where honour and honesty turn their backs upon each other." It is with a gaiety only half hidden that our critic adds: "The duchesses in France for whom Mme. Craven wrote have for a long time now come chiefly from the manufacturing classes."

After Mme. Craven comes Mme. Gréville, the apostle of the "Sainte Bourgeoise," with a snobbishness even more outrageous, in that it works in both directions, both upwards and downwards, not only against the proletariat, but against Mme. Craven's duchesses themselves. Mme. de Bury seems scarcely to catch the irony of this situation. But, in truth, she does not expend many words upon the author of *Le Fiancé de Sylvie*, who is little more than a link between Mme. Craven and those more modern and

infinitely more excellent writers, Mme. Caro and Mme. Th. Bentzon, both of whom, if we mistake not, have, like Mme. Craven, been translated into English.

Mme. de Bury is generous in praise of Mmes. Caro and Bentzon. And she is right. The former's *Roman de Jeune Fille* is probably, judged as literature, the best and strongest "story for girls" ever written; and judged as a moral influence, it must also take high rank. As for Mme. Bentzon, it may be said that she has won the admiration of girls, and of critics like Mr. Andrew Lang. She is, in a word, an artist, though with perhaps less sheer imaginative strength than Mme. Caro. Not all her books, however, would commend themselves to the British matron. *Tony*, for instance, is what the British matron, if she expressed herself in French, would probably call *shoking*. To prove the charge we need only say that the heroine's father—her mother is dead—makes a mistress of one of his servants, and that the heroine lives on terms of familiarity with the fruit of this irregular union—Master Tony. Such a plot for such a book would be impossible in England. Yet are we not given to understand that the art of keeping young girls innocent reaches its highest perfection in France? If there are many girls' novels containing situations similar to that in *Tony*, the existence of Marcel Prévost's *Demi-Vierges* may conceivably be explained by the very fact!

With Mme. de Bury's final paragraph upon the ideal characteristics of the novel written for French girls we concur. She says:

In our opinion, the true "girls' novel" is the one that accentuates the rôle of personal responsibility instead of diminishing it, the novel, in fine, such as it is conceived by Mme. Caro and Mme. Bentzon, the novel which enables girls to see clearly into their own hearts. The taste for the things of the soul, the preference the Frenchwoman has for seeking to know what is going on in the heart, is peculiarly manifest in the child, who among us will be much more interested in Cinderella's thoughts and feelings than in the splendour of the godmother's coach.

A sense of personal responsibility is exactly what the "young person" lacks, especially in France, where nothing but marriage gives to a woman the licence to think for herself. Therefore, if the young person's novels are to be didactic, let them be didactic in fostering this sense. Here springs up a larger question: Should the young person's novels be didactic? Why must the young person, any more than the emancipated wife, be compelled to eat bread with her cake? Why should she learn out of school hours? Why, in her special case, should fiction be strained beyond the simple sincere presentation of life, or part of life? We fancy that Mme. de Bury, had she chosen to touch these points with precision, would have declared against any sort of overt or covert didacticism; her phrase, "accentuate the rôle," might mean anything or nothing. But, the fact is, Mme. de Bury is not disposed to take the girls' novels of France, even the best, too seriously. Her concern for them is strictly that of the disinterested observer, as would be expected from a lady who is not afraid to satisfy a more jaded taste. Nearly at the beginning of her article she inquires: "What necessity is there for a girl to read novels?" We should reply, "In France, none." In France, where girls not only act but think at the word of parental command, it would certainly be simpler to forbid all girls' novels by general social edict. No revolution would follow.

But in England, where the girl is a force, and in America, where the girl is paramount, the question of girls' novels has, or should have, an authentic importance. It would richly repay consideration, and, like most questions which would richly repay consideration, it is neglected by sociologists. If Mme. de Bury had written, for instance, on "Girls' Novels in America," she would have performed a service instead of merely producing a diversion. Who, except American girls, knows anything exact of girls' novels in America—one of the great influences



everlastingly at work in the formation of the national character? Probably, since in the republic of letters the United States form a suburb of London, the girls' novels of America are much like the girls' novels of England. If so, we take them to be sufficiently feeble. The immediate future of the girls' novel in England is not more rosy than its immediate past. We still have Charlotte M. Yonge; but Miss Yonge is no longer producing things like the *Heir of Redclyffe*, a work which remains, despite faults and limitations, a powerful book, standing in England as *Roman de Jeune Fille* in France. There is no girls' author of to-day with half the prestige which Miss Yonge enjoyed in the seventies. The single recent recruit of promise is Mrs. Tynan Hinkson, whose fiction for girls has delicacy, unusual breadth, unusual wit, and a real literary flavour. Of the "practised hands," Mrs. L. T. Meade has discovered that she can write sensational tales for the man in the street as well as anyone in the three kingdoms, and naturally she does little else. Mrs. Molesworth usually caters for the quite small girl. Miss Rosa N. Carey, Miss Evelyn Everett-Green, Miss Hesba Stretton—these ladies do not excite us by leaving the trodden ways.

Turn to the periodicals which devote themselves to girls, and there is perceptible no brilliant light in the east. The most expensive and luxurious of all, *The Girls' Realm*—may we say that it appeals to the English equivalent of Mme. Craven's duchesses?—has in its current number an instalment of a serial by Miss Carey. In quoting the following passage from it we should like to ask whether "the vigorous tones of the spirit of caste" were ever more implacably struck by Mme. Craven herself:

This question had been asked several years before, but as she grew older Bonnie had not interested herself in her mother's fate. Somehow she had taken it for granted that her father had married beneath him, and that her mother was not a lady; and having a proud spirit she was quite willing to ignore the existence of a humbly born, uneducated parent.

At the other end of the scale is *The Girls' Friend*, with twelve pages for a halfpenny, "three grand, long serial tales," and probably a tremendous circulation. Here is an extract from a summary of the principal serial, the author being Miss Mabel St. John:

Maurice Ainslie, really the Earl of Rothdale, and his friend John Beaumont are touring the country in the disguise of artists. The former rescues a young lady who has slipped into the river. Her beauty and charm of manner at once impress the mind of the young earl.

The two friends visit a local theatre, and, to Maurice's astonishment, the young lady of his adventure appears on the stage. Her professional name is Claire Alaine.

Beaumont taunts Maurice about losing his heart over an actress, and the latter promptly knocks his friend down.

Maurice proposes to Claire, and is accepted. Beaumont does not relish the news, and, with a sinister purpose in view, drugs Maurice's coffee. He then meets Claire, and endeavours to persuade her to forget his friend. She promises.

If any English renaissance of literature for girls were to occur, a searching and unprejudiced investigation of their literary tastes ought, if this world were Utopia, to precede it. Very little is actually known of girls' real tastes, even by their mothers. We are apt to assume that they are what we think they ought to be—an absurd and perilous assumption. We may be sure that whatever the literary taste of the average girl is, it is not catholic. In this connexion there never was a wilder theory than that which says: "Turn the average healthy girl into a good library and she will instinctively choose what is good for her." She will do nothing of the kind, for girls are human beings, though we use every effort to conceal the fact from them and from ourselves. It is doubtful, too, whether the average girl veritably prefers a love story to any other sort of story. It may be so in France—Mme. de Bury says it is—but there is no question that many English girls prefer boys' books to girls' books.

## Their Golden Wedding.

From the French of Edouard Rod.

THEY had settled, five or six years ago, at the top of Lafontaine-street, at Auteuil, coming heaven knows from where. They were called "Walter"—one of those cosmopolitan names that betray no origin; and their strange appearance afforded the peaceful suburb talk, where gossip is rife as in a provincial town. Many a day, at eleven o'clock and at five, M. Walter might be seen going out for his constitutional, very erect, his step light in spite of his seventy-five years, his face of the artificial freshness of a preserved apple, tightly buttoned in a correct double-breasted coat, with a foreign order in his buttonhole. On rainy days he shortened his walk, entered a *café*, looked over the papers, and exchanged a few words with the customers. His voice was brief, with a certain accent as discreet as his name, in which there were slight guttural sounds that might be German, diphthongs that might be English, and aspirations that perhaps came from the Russian. "Where on earth does he hail from?" the people asked behind his back, and speculation went apace; he may perhaps be a German who is hiding his nationality, or an Englishman who does not mention it because "it is nobody else's affair"; or even a Russian, who plays at mystery for the love of mystery.

As for Mme. Walter, she only went out on messages, and never forgot herself so far as to gossip with the shopkeepers. A few years younger than her husband, she was more broken-down: white-haired, muddied-skinned; she had the bent figure, the faded eyes, and in her bearing, in her walk, all about her, that indefinable something of suffering that those who have grown old in pain possess. Her sole domestic assistance was a charwoman called Marianne, the wife of a workman upholsterer, who came in the morning and left at noon, at the moment M. Walter returned from his constitutional to lunch. Marianne only cleaned the rooms and did the rough work. Mme. Walter herself did the cooking—middle-class cooking, well prepared, which comprised a few outlandish dishes: Milanese "risottos" with fowl's liver, cock-combs and white truffles, curry, skewered bits of mutton such as are eaten at Constantinople under the name of "chops," fried anchovies, and white cheese called "sphinx" in Sicily—in short, cosmopolitan dishes which as little as the rest betrayed the origin of the married pair. Of their life Marianne saw nothing. Once, returning by chance, she heard the irritated voice of M. Walter thundering in the dining-room. Two or three days later, again returning, under some pretext or other, again she heard the scolding voice. But as Mme. Walter gave her to understand that if she ever entered the flat except at the settled hours she would be sent away, she repressed her curiosity. From the little she saw, however, she concluded that M. Walter was greedy and exacting, and that his wife condemned herself to solitude with him to hide their quarrels from strangers. So she was much astonished when one day Mme. Walter said to her:

"Could you stay all day to-morrow, Marianne? I have a special dinner to prepare, so I need you."

Marianne knew that her questions generally were left without response, yet she ventured to ask in a burst of curiosity:

"Madame expects guests?"

Instead of crushing her with a glance, Mme. Walter explained:

"No, but we celebrate our golden wedding, and we are treating ourselves to a little feast. On this occasion I wish to dine without getting up from table, you understand?"

Marianne understood; her peasant quickness, that instinctively unravelled the complicated problems of a neighbour's conduct, told her at once that there was a



mystery here, and that this golden wedding would be original.

The idea of the golden wedding came, of course, from M. Walter. One day, after some disagreeable remarks about a dish that he did not find sufficiently spiced, he said to his wife:

"By the way, you know it will soon be the 14th of October."

For a long time she had ceased to celebrate any anniversary, and even the great feasts of Easter, Christmas, and the New Year hardly broke the monotony of her days.

"Well?" she said, without understanding.

"What! Well? The date says nothing to you? Ah, how I recognise you in that—as little heart as head. The 14th October is the anniversary of our wedding—the fiftieth, my dear; our golden wedding. Why, we must, of course, celebrate it, eh? A nice little dinner, you can cook one on your good days, with a bottle of champagne at dessert. Ah, you'll see, that'll freshen us up a bit."

A nice little dinner, with champagne at dessert—that was all M. Walter saw in the date. It suggested gluttony to him—no more. As he never troubled about his wife, he did not remark that she paled and ate nothing more. And tranquilly he awaited "the great day."

But she, Mme. Walter, was upset. Fifty years! God! was it possible? For fifty years, half a century, the length of two generations, she had dragged out this sad sacrifice of her life; for fifty years during which she had aged, waiting ever for the ray of happiness or of affection that never burst forth; for fifty years ideas of revolt had secretly taken germ and then died in the depths of her being. Fifty years ago, young, fair, pretty, with mind alert and open heart, she had placed her hand in that man's hand. That was far away, no matter where, in a southern country, on a day of sunshine, a day of warmth, amid the smiles of nature in bloom, with song and laughter and gaiety and dance. He was young. She loved him, she believed in him; before them a bright and easy future unrolled its blue horizons. Alas! deception came the very day after the wedding, when in the heart of the man she had adorned with every delicacy of feeling she found nothing but a monstrous egoism. From day to day, from month to month, from year to year, his selfishness threw its shadows across her life. He dragged her off from one end of the world to the other. In what should have been common sorrows he did not share, so clever was he in casting from his path every obstacle to his well-being; and, nevertheless, in spite of the anguish that prolongs the hours of every day, in spite of tears slow to fall, time had moved on—moved that life, now practically ended, concealed nothing in the remnant of life that remained. She had now no other hopes than those of the mysterious Beyond! Even those supreme hopes the selfishness of the man had destroyed like the rest. Had he not dulled her faith with the very same raillery with which he had scoffed at her young girl's dreams; and now, indifferent to the regrets of the past as to the menaces of the future, he asked for a good dinner, with champagne at dessert. Ah! that dinner! If it might be a vengeance! If the poor woman could only serve up all her bitterness, all the poison absorbed drop by drop! If it might be the last of their life together! If only she had the courage to realise at last the project so often sketched, to shake off her chain, and go away, and leave him alone, and live her remaining days far away from him!

M. Walter was in a good humour all the day of his golden wedding while waiting for the little dinner as his wife knew how to cook it. To tell the truth, his good humour was worse than the other; it showed itself in jokes of quite a special taste, bitter, bilious, which he accentuated with the little rasping laugh of a rattle which seemed to her like exact expression of

his soul. Three or four times in the course of the day he said to his wife, in the same tone, in words he believed to be witty and veiled, that he never much liked her, that she was only fit to mind the house, and other such pretty phrases which lashed more than gross insults. Following her habit, she made no other reply than a broken-hearted glance, the dolorous reproach of which he had never understood; and the hours passed on.

When the old Empire clock, which had accompanied them everywhere throughout their wanderings, was on the stroke of six, M. Walter, who came back from his constitutional with the regularity of a palate hostile to burnt sauce, opened the door of the dining-room. The table was not laid.

At the aspect of the empty chamber that threatened a long delay, M. Walter at once went into a rage. Agitated, red with anger, he rushed into the kitchen, where he found Marianne alone.

"And Madame?"

"Madame is out."

"How? Out! Where? What did she say?"

"Madame said that to-day dinner would be at seven o'clock."

"Seven o'clock! An hour to wait! And out? Why?"

The hour was long. M. Walter had never felt a keener vexation. He walked up and down and round about his study, pondering the unsolvable enigma that held possession of his mind. Why had his wife gone out on that very day. Why had she changed the hour of dinner? The enigma increased, became more aggravating, till at length he, the least imaginative of men, ended by imagining the wildest solutions. Had his wife suddenly gone mad? When the clock struck seven, and she did not appear, he felt his study too narrow, and strode through all the rooms of the flat, opening and shutting doors, counting his steps to divert his attention; he finished by returning to the kitchen. Marianne took care not to tell him anything. She glanced slyly at him, with a mocking air, which fortunately escaped him. He questioned her.

"Well, she is not hurrying?"

"Ah! I forgot to tell Monsieur. . . . Madame told me to tell Monsieur that he was not to be uneasy if Madame were a little late. . . ."

A little late! An hour and twenty minutes beyond the ordinary hour! And the dinner, the festive dinner, the dinner of this golden wedding, confided to a charwoman whose cooking he knew nothing about! He asked angrily:

"What is there for dinner?"

And Marianne, always sly:

"Madame told me to say nothing to Monsieur, because there were surprises."

Surprises! The word was a ray of light. No doubt his wife had gone out to look for something exquisite for him, something rare, coming from afar, perhaps by an afternoon train, and not to be had earlier. . . . Good woman, all the same! And his anger melted in a vague affection that sharpened his large appetite.

A step on the stairs, the door opens, Mme. Walter is there, a little pale, out of breath after the four flights. . . . Her hands are empty; there is no surprise.

"Ah, there you are at last! It is nearly eight. What does it mean?"

"Nothing. I preferred to dine late to-day. You may serve dinner, Marianne."

Having assumed his grandest air of despot in a fury, the unaccustomed calm of the reply disconcerted him. They sat down to table in silence. Marianne brought in the steaming soup.

"Pumpkin soup! Pumpkin! And you know that I detest it."

"I like it, and it is more than thirty years since I have eaten any." It was said in a measured, reflected tone that admitted of no reply. M. Walter, stunned, remained with mouth open, without a word to say, while his wife ate slowly, with an effort, a few spoonfuls. . . .

"Here is the fish."

"Ah! are you making fun of me? A pike! and Dutch sauce! As if you did not know that I only like sea-fish."

"And I only like fresh-water fish." And yet she did not touch the portion she had given herself. With a vague glance she stared into the void, into the great void behind her, into the void that had engulfed her youth, her beauty, her mind, her love and her strength, into the void of those fifty years of slavery that made all her life. Her heart was full of hate, and when her glance fell upon her husband astounded, humiliated, frightened with a vague fear, she enjoyed his childish annoyance, which was her sole revolt and all her vengeance.

"It is gay, the golden wedding," said Marianne to herself, bringing in the juggled hare. M. Walter looked and shouted:

"But it is hare! You have selected everything I detest."

"And everything I like."

"One would say you had done it on purpose."

"You perceive it at last? Yes, I have done it on purpose." He was standing now, his face congested, his fist lifted, while she repeated in her dead voice:

"Yes, I did it on purpose."

And this revolt, this tranquillity, seemed to him so colossal that he sat down again.

"Look here," he said, "explain it. I don't understand. Have you gone mad? Do you know what you are saying? Isn't it my golden wedding?"

"Mine also, alas! I have not gone mad, there! And if you want to know what I was thinking of, I will tell you. . . . For fifty years I have had to submit to all your whims; you have imposed your will upon me in all things, without ever supposing that I had an idea of my own. For fifty years I have been your slave. I wanted you to be mine—for an hour, only for an hour, and in only the smallest matters of life. After to-night you will resume your liberty, and I will take up my chain again. I would have liked to throw it off altogether, to go away and leave you alone, but I could not. I am too old; I should be afraid; you understand now?"

She trembled in every limb. Her eyes already implored pardon for her audacity. While she was speaking M. Walter's face brightened again. It was only that! A crisis that would not recur; even now, he had the intuition that it had passed, that he could fly out, scold, shout, and that his wife would ask his pardon. For the first time in his life, because, no doubt, of the strain upon his nerves, shaken by vague fears, he was generous; he smiled almost amiably, and murmured:

"Women will be women to the end!"

A few tears rolled from Mme. Walter's lids upon her empty plate. She wiped her eyes, and asked timidly:

"Shall I ring for the rest? There is something that won't displease you—a duck *paté*."

M. Walter's glance became quite jovial:

"From Amiens?" And on an affirmative sign. "You had taken away my appetite, but it will return, I hope. And the champagne, did you forget it?"

"No, it is here iced."

The old fellow's face positively beamed:

"Iced!" he cried joyously. "Ah, this time I recognise you! I'm not angry. I forgive you."

## Things Seen.

### The Intruder.

LIFE to Prince meant sticks. The game was simple. You threw a stick a few yards, Prince recovered it, brought it to your feet, and, after a solemn pantomime suggesting that he would never again part with it, the stick was dropped and you were expected to throw it again. The village where Prince lived was an ideal village for the playing at sticks. The road was white and dusty, with here and there oases of cool cobble stones on which a dog could rest his nose; and there was hardly any traffic. Facing one side of the road was a seat, and behind the seat the churchyard wall. As the village stood on a hill, travellers and idlers often sat awhile on the seat. That was Prince's opportunity: that was why this village was so good a place for playing sticks, why Prince liked living there. For if, when you have reached the top of a hill and are comfortably seated, a great shaggy colley dog drops a piece of stick at your feet, and lies down just behind it, with front paws tucked in under his chest, asking you, begging you to throw the stick—could you resist the appeal? Well, I had been playing sticks with Prince intermittently through a Sunday afternoon. When the bell calling to evening service ceased I threw the stick for the last time, entered the little church, and found a seat near the door. The service progressed slowly: the vicar had lived forty years in the village: he was old, short-sighted, but benign: no gabbler: a lover of his calling: a stickler for punctilious propriety in the observance of the rubric. The first hymn (*We Love Thy House, O Lord*) had begun; the vicar, his gentle eyes peering into the hymn-book, had given himself up to the influence of the hour, when I heard a slight scuffling in the porch beyond the open door of the church. I glanced over my shoulder to see Prince pick a piece of stick from the ground. He paused a moment, as if selecting a playmate among the congregation. Then he advanced solemnly up the aisle. He ascended the chancel steps—slowly, seriously—halted in front of the old vicar, settled himself, tucked his front paws beneath him, dropped a piece of wet stick on the ground—and waited.

### The Newspaper.

THE tale had been easy to read, even had I not gathered, from her words with her father, who had stood at the window to see the last of her, that she was on her way to London, to study music. Her blue serge frock was short at the sleeves, and old; and there was the violin on the rack, and the gallant effort not to cry before strangers.

And indeed she held her tears, but with a treacherous endurance; so she set her face to the window (being seated in a corner), and the disorder of her hair hid at least her eyes. She was no more than fifteen, and beautiful. All of us that saw her had one hope: that she would not break down. We were nine men, of all ages, all Scots but myself, and all strangers.

The silence, all but unendurable—for the tears were soon discovered, though unfallen—was altogether too much for my neighbour, a young and very pink commercial. He drew a prodigious breath, and rolled a determined eye. So—it was our salvation—he espied, on the rack above him, a paper: hesitated, rose, and seized it. Then came a very pretty piece of acting. He glanced it over (without, as events proved, seeing it), grunted, and muttered, quite audibly: "Eh, I have seen it a'ready!" Then he leaned suddenly forward to the girl, who shrank back, at the limit of her self-control. "Will ye like to see the paper?" he said, very civilly and gently.

I envied him her sudden look of comprehension. She took the sheet in silence, and shook it out in front of her; pressing back into her corner, so that she was cut off from the carriage securely as by a screen. Who knows how we breathed, and envied the hero of our rescue!

And then there sounded, loud above our talk—for we were suddenly speaking of this and that: golf, and seals, and ministers—the splash of a tear on paper. Five of us involuntarily looked towards the girl. Nothing of her was visible above her waist but her finger-tips. But what we did see, with tragic distinctness, was the heavy headline of the paper. It was—what do you think?—the *Financial Times*.

## A Library for Children.

IN quoting last week a "first prize list" of the twenty-five best books for children, we suggested that the list could be improved upon; and we invited any of our readers to frame lists of the *twelve* most suitable books for a children's library.

Our remarks have brought us several letters. Two of these convey such useful information, and are so evidently the outcome of observation and parental thought, that we give them *in extenso*, although, as will be seen, the first gaily throws over our idea of "twelve best books."

Mrs. E. J. L. Atkinson, of Penarth, writes:

"It is too hard a task to attempt a list of only twelve books suitable for children under twelve years of age. There is that dreadful period between three and five, where the mother has to read the same tale over a dozen times a day!

I am sending you a list of books which my twin girls, who are now 11½ years, have read—and love. When they first began to have paper books—and not linen or glazed calico, home-made ones—my husband and I tried to teach them to love and care for books: so we only allowed one book at a time to lie on the shelf in the nursery; the others were carefully locked by, not to hurt their 'faces' (covers), their 'bones' (edges and back), or their 'insides' (leaves).

The children got to look upon books as things that could feel; and although the very earliest of their books have suffered in a measure, and have been patched and gummed, yet they are presentable, and are in their library in the schoolroom.

My husband makes a rule of buying good editions, well illustrated; and we never allow them to be lent to other children out of the house. Any little friend, however, is welcome to read them here.

### THREE YEARS TO FOUR YEARS.

The Owl and the Pussy Cat. Lear.

The Duck and the Kangaroo. Lear.

Jack the Giant Killer and other Stories.

Little Red Riding Hood and other Stories.

(The last two should be simply told, and may be based on the tales in the *Blue Fairy Book*.)

### FOUR YEARS TO FIVE YEARS.

Nonsense Songs and Stories. Lear.

English Fairy Tales. Jacob.

Young England's Nursery Tales. Warne & Co.

Fairyland. Tom Hood. Warne & Co.

Lady Goodchild's Fairy Ring.

### FIVE YEARS TO SIX YEARS.

Blue Fairy Book. Lang.

Red Fairy Book. Lang.

Any-How Stories. Mrs. Kingdon Clifford.

Eight Tales of Fairyland. Poirer. Leadenhall Press.

The Rose and the Ring. Thackeray.

### SIX YEARS TO SEVEN YEARS.

Terra Cotta Plays. Prevost.

Der Ball der Thiery.

Struwwelpeter.

Kinder- und Haus-Märchen. Brüder Grimm.

(The last three were read over and over again until they knew them by heart.)

A China Cup.

Story of a Puppet.

Stories from Fairyland.

(These three in Fisher Unwin's 'Children's Library'.)

Mrs. Craig's Fairy Tales.

(In this book they picked out a wrongly translated word from the German, and came to me laughing merrily about it. 'Geislein' translated 'goslings,' instead of 'little goats,' or kids.)

### SEVEN YEARS TO EIGHT YEARS.

Alice in Wonderland.

Through the Looking-Glass.

Church's Story of the Odyssey.

Church's Story of the Iliad.

The Heroes. Kingsley.

Jackdaw of Rheims. Ingoldsby. Printed by Raphael

Tuck & Sons.

Parables from Nature. Mrs. Gaskell.

### EIGHT YEARS TO NINE YEARS.

Jungle Books, 1 and 2.

Goblin Market. Christina Rossetti.

Sing-Song. Christina Rossetti.

Vicar of Wakefield. Illustrated by H. Thomson.

Struwwelpeter.

Harold, Last of the Saxons.

Sprechende Thiery.

Die verkehrte Welt.

### NINE YEARS TO TEN YEARS.

Jackanapes. Mrs. Ewing.

History of England. Dickens.

Midsummer Night's Dream. Illustrated by Robert Anning Bell.

The Lady of the Lake.

Quentin Durward.

Anne of Geierstein.

Water Babies.

Tom Brown's Schooldays.

Ivanhoe.

The Abbott.

As You Like It.

Merchant of Venice.

The Tempest.

### TEN YEARS TO ELEVEN AND A HALF YEARS.

(Their Present Age.)

Silas Marner.

Hereward the Wake.

King Robert of Paris.

Nicholas Nickleby.

Dombey & Son.

Barnaby Rudge.

Pride and Prejudice. Illustrated by Hugh Thomson.

Our Village. Illustrated by Hugh Thomson.

Cranford. Illustrated by Hugh Thomson.

Bab Ballads.

Treasure Island.

Pilgrim's Progress.

The Forsaken Merman.

Daddy Darwin's Dove-cot.

All these books they still have and cherish. In many cases they can quote pages. They have picked up reading, both English and German, by watching and looking as I read to them. They have learned German side by side with English, having a German nurse.

They will not listen to 'Westward Ho!' 'Robinson Crusoe,' and 'The Days of Bruce.' They say, 'It fidgets us!'

The other reply which we wish to quote this week is sent to us by Mrs. H. A. D. Seymour, who writes from her husband's official residence at the Royal Mint. Mrs. Seymour gives the following list of twelve books suitable for children:

Struwwelpeter.  
 Alice in Wonderland and Through the Looking-Glass.  
 Uncle Remus.  
 Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales.  
 Grimm's Fairy Tales.  
 The Water Babies.  
 The Pilgrim's Progress.  
 Holiday House.  
 Masterman Ready.  
 Talisman.  
 Child's Garden of Verses.  
 Longfellow's Poems—particularly "Hiawatha."

Mrs. Seymour explains that the above list has been compiled by her from experience gained from the tastes of her own six children. Mrs. Seymour adds: "No doubt every family would make out different lists, and some of the above books are only suitable for reading out loud. *Uncle Remus* was most popular when read by anyone who could grapple with the spelling, but no child under twelve would be able to do this for himself. *Hiawatha* might not be generally popular, but was so in a most marked degree with a boy of about seven, when read aloud. Many children under twelve delight in Shakespeare and Scott, but except *Julius Caesar* in the one case and the *Talisman* in the other they are more suitable for older children."

## Essays in Enthusiastic Journalism.

### I.—The "Lark."

"It is not likely that you will forget an April morning in the studio, here on the Barbary coast, when we demolished Decadence and picked Hope out of the dust-heap, and, with a fine enthusiasm, took her to lunch with us at the Restaurant aux Gourmets; nor how there the *Lark* was named, in a baptism of *vin ordinaire*; and while we, as sponsors, kindled and flamed, the *ouvrier* of the Quarter fed stolidly at the next table, little guessing, as he has not yet learned, the splendour of the moment!"

So wrote Mr. Bruce Porter, my intellectual mentor, when the *Lark* died. Ah, no! I shall not forget that day. The California spring was at its green high tide, and our hare-brained youth was in the heyday of its enthusiasm. I had found my people, and when a man has once learned the grand hailing sign of his clan he comes to himself and begins to live.

It was in San Francisco that we, as *les jeunes*, put forth our first venture. San Francisco, the city of miracles! Whose voice is the babbling clatter of ten thousand pulley wheels slapped by the cables where the rope slackens in the valleys of the little streets between the hills, whose mantle is the sea fog that packs in through the Golden Gate, and piles over the coast range, tumbling upon the shabby wooden town, garbing it in a robe of romantic mystery. For her holiday dress she flings about her hilly shoulders a robe of sunshine, fringed with a violet haze, which sweeps the borders of the barren slopes that lock her in beside the bay. Nothing is impossible within her domain.

In such a place it was not hard to be optimistic. The Latin Quarter of the city, peopled with castaways from every corner of Christendom, was a literary inspiration; Chinatown, with its perpetual feasts of colour, was an artistic delight. The town had already a spirited and picturesque history, for Aztec, American Indian, Spaniard, and Argonaut had been there before us, and the English tourist still walked at large in a cricket cap, and wondered

at Tar Flat, the Mission, and the Barbary Coast, whose very names are alluring. As for the Presidio slopes, the dunes by the shoreside, the cliffs, and the waters of the Gate, and Mount Tamalpais sleeping in the north—there Nature came to our very doorsteps and bade us be of good cheer. As the hills changed from green to yellow, and from yellow to dun red, we sped past the equinox and thanked God that we were alive!—indeed, one cannot write of San Francisco save with exclamation points and dashes!

What did we care for the old rituals? We were isolate, remote. What did we know of them, indeed, if the truth be told? Not too much! If the *Révue Blanche*, the *Yellow Book*, and the *Chap Book* represented the acme of modern culture, then we would have done with that at least, and go back to clean child's play—we would strike for freedom and sanity, and to the devil with those who had no caste-mark of our own sense of humour, which we worshipped as a fetish. What had we to say? Nothing. We were in the mood for song rather, and hence for that and the pun of the thing we named our amateur output the *Lark*!

Never was a periodical better named, and for long we so oscillated between gravity and nonsense that our readers doubted our purpose. But we agreed to count the magazine a success if but one in every ten understood how such extremes could meet. The make-up was heretic, from the Chinese wrapping-paper that we used, to the non-"justified" lines in which we set our type. We printed on but one side of the sheet, and folded it *à la japonaise*; we eschewed advertisements, page numbers, tables of contents, signatures—everything but what the newspapers call "pure reading matter." And lastly, in an ungenerous spirit of revolt, for a year we forbade contributions from women!

It is harder to confess the other indiscretions, but to make a clean breast of it—we ran the gamut of French forms, from Virelai to Glose and Sestina, with two imperfect Chants Royal thrown in, for good measure: these, however, with but a rhyme gone wrong—they were not so bad. We resurrected obsolete definitions in cold blood, but we did not split infinitives, we were still too "precious" for that. Still, with it all, our poetry was serious, and so was a good hard third of our prose. There was neither satire nor parody from one year's end to another, nor was there "local colour" either; we aimed pointblank at Boston and New York, with a hope, at times, that we might hit even London by some clever chance.

The "one-in-ten" it seems, however, was of the literary coterie, and he showed our birds to his friends, as a sly delicacy, too rare a treat for public relish. It seemed that there were other *jeunes* in the world, and this was our reward. Now, conceit aside—and surely one may be conceited who has done as he pleased for two whole years—we could endure flattery, but the accusation of having a "purpose" was too much for us. Before we knew it we had a sort of policy, at least—if that was only not to whine at the world's ways, and let other better, older, wiser, stupider persons have to do with the tragedy of sorrow. Should the *Lark* be stuffed? *Jamais de la vie*! It should go up and wait for us on the nearest cloud.

So we came to an end with a presto movement while our eagerness had not yet cooled. That "one-in-ten" should never say that *les jeunes* had grown old, that they had lost their fire! We would not dwell over long with gaiety, but be up from our play, and at the world's work.

We did not take ourselves seriously—ah! you should have visited the *Lark* office during the second year (after ladies were allowed to contribute), and see!—but, such as it was, *les jeunes* had formed a "centre" and, in a way of speaking, a cult, if but a newer cult of nonsense. Ah! Nonsense, what crimes have been committed in thy name!

But it is all over now; all save one doggerel verse which tossed our creation into prominence, and the fact that the two volumes of the *Lark* are now sold for thirty shillings.

GELETT BURGESS.

## Charles Kingsley as a Novelist.

FEW boys, perhaps, have read *Westward Ho!* for the first time without thinking its author the greatest novelist of the age, and fewer still have not reversed their boyish judgment in more discreet years. For *Westward Ho!*—although very much against the author's intention—is above all things a boys' book. The slightness of the love interest, the frequent and daring adventures scattered



CHARLES KINGSLEY.

through the book, and the fights, both duel and *melée*, described in it are nothing but so many appeals to the boyish mind. As for the hero Amyas, brave, resourceful, and of superhuman strength, hating subtlety and punctilio, he is that *beau idéal* of the boys, the popular fourth form master, in slightly different circumstances of time and place. But, as time went on, Kingsley's own idea of what a hero should be seems to have altered. In *Hypatia*—by far the most correct in form and ambitious in aim of all his novels—we find Amyas Leigh again, but Amyas Leigh with the vices which, as men of the world, we know a man of his temperament and of his adventurous life must have acquired before he was five-and-twenty. Animal, brutal, and stupid, “a mere wild bull and soulless gladiator,” the author rightly relegates him to the second place, and takes as hero the Jew Aben-Ezra, the *blasé* and all-accomplished man about town whom the prayers of a noble Roman maiden and the arguments of St. Augustine convert to the Christian faith. While in *Two Years Ago*, Amyas Leigh is, so to speak, split in two, his virtues going to Gentleman Gun and his vices to Trebooze, and the part of hero is conferred on Tom Thurnall, a personage as freethinking and as cunning (in the best sense) as Aben-Ezra, but withal, as his creator confesses, what would in modern phrase be called “a bit of a bounder.” It was, no doubt, the desire to hold the mirror up to Nature which led the author thus to exhibit successively lower and lower types, but only a cynic can gracefully portray a hero in whom his author sees faults, and Kingsley was, of all things, no cynic.

A worse fault, however, in a critic's eyes than this desire to show the spots in his marble is the intolerable love of preaching which Kingsley's characters display. *Alton*

*Locke* and *Yeast* are professedly didactic, for which reason we can leave them out of the account; and it is such a sermon-ridden age that is depicted in *Hypatia* that the four or five pages of sermon put into the mouth of Cyril may pass as local colour. But why should we endure besides preachments more or less long from Hypatia, Aben-Ezra, Pambo, and, most unexpectedly, from Miriam? As for Old Wulf, a sort of prototype of Major Campbell, the Dobbins of *Two Years Ago*, civilisation compels us to bear with such people, but to ask us to believe that a party of Goths bent on enjoying themselves would long have stood the company of such a determined spoil-sport is to put a considerable strain on our credulity. The explanation of which is that Kingsley was a popular preacher before he became a novelist, and that like all men whose heart is in their work, he found it difficult to get beyond his last.

But with this the quiver of the devil's advocate is well-nigh exhausted, and for the other qualities of his work one can have nearly unqualified praise. No writer, perhaps, has ever had a greater power of dramatic presentation than Kingsley; no one has ever succeeded in bringing a scene more vividly before the reader; and no one has ever made his *dramatis personæ* so reveal their characters in a few words. Will Cary, who seems introduced into *Westward Ho!* merely to give the cue to Amyas, we know as if we had met him, and Eudaimon, the little porter at the museum, who hardly speaks a page in the whole course of *Hypatia*, and Fray Gerundio, who appears but once, are characters which live; while if we want a spirited scene enacted before us, can we do better than read the taking of the gold train or of the galleon in *Westward Ho!* the “murder grim and great” of the mob of Alexandria by the Goths, or even the shipwreck in *Two Years Ago*? So powerful is the illusion in the first two cases, that the unlikelihood of the whole story, of the impossibility of a handful of men always conquering against overwhelming odds, never occurs to us. Can there be any greater test of dramatic power?

And with this Kingsley combined a gift even rarer—the power of poetic description. We say poetic advisedly, because in his pictures of the tropics and of ancient Alexandria he was painting that which he had not seen. Yet can there be a finer or, in fact, more truthful rendering of the gorgeous scenery of the West Indies than that which we get from *Westward Ho!*? As for Egypt, take this sunrise:

... a long arrow of level light flashed down the gorge from crag to crag, awakening every crack and slab to vividness and life. The great crimson sun rose swiftly through the dim night mist of the desert, and as he poured his glory down the glen, the haze rose in threads and plumes, and vanished, leaving the stream to sparkle round the rocks, like the living, twinkling eye of the whole scene. Swallows flocked by hundreds out of the cliff, and began their air-dance for the day; the jerboa hopped stealthily homeward on his stilts from his stolen meal in the monastery garden; the brown sand-lizards underneath the stones opened one eyelid each, and having satisfied themselves that it was day, dragged their bloated bodies and whip-like tails out into the most burning patch of gravel which they could find, and nestling together as a further protection against cold, fell fast asleep again; the buzzard, who considered himself lord of the valley, awoke with a long querulous bark, and rising aloft in two or three vast rings, to stretch himself after his night's sleep, hung motionless, watching every lark which chirruped on the cliffs; while from the far-off Nile below the awakening croak of pelicans, the clang of geese, the whistle of the godwit and curlew, came ringing up the windings of the glen; and last of all the voices of the monks rose chanting a morning hymn to some wild Eastern air. . . .

Poetical and dramatic power, the art of expressing character, earnest purpose, and the love of high ideals—these are gifts which fall to few, and which should make Kingsley's works live when his preaching is forgotten.

F. L.



## Memoirs of the Moment.

THE Earl of Mexborough had lately entered on his ninetyeth year when he died the other day at Brighton. Time had been kind to him in many ways by merely leaving him alone. He kept up old interests without weariness, and as an octogenarian he made new ones. Witness his reception into the Roman Catholic Church when he was eighty-five, an episode which his friends did not forbear to attribute to the impetuosity of youth. It is rather difficult then to begin to confess, to say your Rosary, and the rest, after more than fourscore years of conscious Protestantism. But Lord Mexborough's flexibility was equal to the strain.

EVEN in the political world, Lord Mexborough found himself made almost famous by time. He sat for Gatton in a Parliament which passed Lord John Russell's Reform Bill, disfranchising Gatton, and he was a silent member. Even when Gatton went by the board, its representative did not rise to defend its political existence. Once only in the House of Commons was the voice of Viscount Pollington—as he then was—heard. It was when he asked the House's permission—necessary in those days—for a short absence of his father, the third Earl of Mexborough (whose Irish peerage did not carry with it a seat in the House of Lords, and who was with his son in the House of Commons). Mr. O'Connell opposed the permission, and Lord Pollington collapsed. That was his only lip-service in that famous Parliament; and almost the only occasion on which father and son found themselves in the division lobby was when they voted against Reform. He could not have had much less of a career; yet Time made it unique. For during the last year or two of his life he was a political survival—the only man left who had sat in the Unreformed Parliament, a man to whom, senatorially, the Gladstones and the Disraelis were as upstarts. The distinction which only the lapse of time—friendly for once—conferred on Lord Mexborough the politician belonged to him by right, however, in various other departments of life—as a linguist, a traveller, a connoisseur; but to these points allusions have not been wanting in the daily press.

SIR EDMUND ANTROBUS will hardly persuade the Government to give him £125,000 for Stonehenge and its surrounding 1,300 acres, though the *Times*, in fair return for having the first news, may lend a smiling countenance to the proposal. Sir Edmund talks of the high price paid for works of art of late years. Yes, but they are works that can be removed at pleasure. They are "liquid assets" in every capital of Europe. They can be deposited with Sir Edmund himself at Coutts's Bank. Stonehenge is stationary, all rumoured offers of American millionaires to the contrary. The man who carts away Stonehenge destroys it. Once severed from its own environment and its unbroken tradition, the wonder will cease to work. Its re-erection will take away all the mystery of its erection: what man does now, man of old ought to have been able to do. So, on another continent, would the sightseer of the future think—that is, if he does not smile away the early history of the stones as a legend. Equally inimical to Sir Edmund's claim is the fact that Stonehenge could never be really used by "the advertiser," who is thrown at us in company with "the speculator." The charm of the spectacle is dependent on its freedom. Stonehenge enclosed would be another story: it would not pay by gate-money the bankers' rate of interest on a quarter the sum Sir Edmund asks.

It is an odd freak that has this week transformed Stonehenge, for the first time in its history, into journalism. The mystery that is greater than

the mystery hid  
Underneath the pyramid

has become topical. One note may be added to those

supplied by so many busy pens this week. Inigo Jones, who knew nearly as much as Vanbrugh himself how to move masses of masonry, had no elucidation here to offer. He made great friends with those unblabbing blocks of stone (at a guess he inclined to assign them to the Romans) while he was building for the Earl of Pembroke the noble front at Wilton—the Wilton where Sir Philip Sidney wrote his *Arcadia*, where Van Dyck was in his best form, where Holbein helped Inigo Jones with his architectural imaginings. "Wanting was what?" Something, evidently; for Lord Pembroke had that very conventional thing—a quarrel with his architect; and it was on a copy of a book on Stonehenge that the Earl, strangely enough, scribbled down his random remarks, accusations, and witticisms at the expense of "Iniquity Jones."

A CURIOUS little ceremony was enacted the other day when the Guardians of Byker, a particularly forlorn portion of Newcastle-on-Tyne, met together in their Sunday best to place a wreath of flowers upon a grave in a local cemetery in that land which the smoke of furnaces and pit-mouths puts perpetually into mourning. There was something incongruous in the rite, unpossessed of either Pagan gaiety or Pagan gravity: yet it had its own meaning. For the grave was that of one Lewis Thompson, who died eleven years ago, leaving the poor of Byker the interest on £15,000—£417 a year—and asking in return that their Guardians should place yearly on his tomb a wreath that should cost (he seems to have been a little in dread of possible economies) "not less than two shillings." Who was Lewis Thompson? Very few people know. He passed through life strangely, pursuing science with some skill, known to chemists in London (where he lived in a poor lodging in Bermondsey, so as to be one with the humble); known also to scientists in Paris, but unknown even to his next-door neighbours in Newcastle. These lines, if they meet the eyes of former comrades, and invite to speech, will be the means of adding an interesting passage to local history. Other loves, it seems, than those for the poor and the laboratory Lewis Thompson had: he attended Tyne boatraces, and he had a delight in looking at boxing.

ONE of the strange group of men who brought the flowers the other day expressed surprise at the privacy of the ceremony. Why had Lewis Thompson no friends to gather at his grave? Well, he had none, it seems, or had only one still living in the neighbourhood, Mr. Joseph Cowen, and from him the Guardian in question had a letter in his breast-pocket—a characteristic letter, excusing himself for not attending a ceremony "calculated," as he says in tones still in the recollection of the House of Commons he strangely deserted, "to raise the minds of the thoughtful above the occupations of the hour, lead them to look before and after, and meditate on the inwoven mysteries of life and death." He proceeds:

Lewis Thompson's career verifies the correctness of the familiar line "the world knows nothing of its greatest men." He was a man of pre-eminent ability and encyclopedic knowledge, with all the generous temper of genius. He was as conversant with the ways of men as the contents of books—had studied much and seen more. . . . He did not advertise, had a contempt for display, shunned notoriety, and led an erratic life. He was a sturdy individualist, and did not accept prescriptive opinions or adopt conventional practices. He was genial though abstracted, sincere though prejudiced, always however in great causes and usually on the right side. Mr. Thompson, in short, was a typical specimen of those attributes which are associated with the name of "Englishman" as Eliza Cook has sung and Emerson described him. He had been bruised by adversity and crossed with misfortune, but it had not soured his disposition. His "heart had learn'd to glow for others' good and melt at others' woe." Such men fan the flame of public spirit and raise the standard of civil virtue.



## Correspondence.

## Chambers's New Dictionary and Mr. Herbert Spencer.

SIR,—In a recent issue of the ACADEMY I pointed out the inaccurate and unfair treatment accorded to Mr. Herbert Spencer in the pages of *Chambers's New English Dictionary*. As this Dictionary professes to be compiled by a lexicographer, and a lexicographer is defined in the preface as a "harmless drudge," I was not disposed to be too severe on the errors of such an individual, who, having entered the regions of philosophy and got beyond his depth, was unable to distinguish between an abstract formula and a motor car. I find, however, that I was under a mistake, and that quite innocently and inadvertently I was bringing to light something of far more importance than I at first imagined. For several Scottish newspapers have taken up the matter, and, forgetting for the moment the deepening interest attached to the Dreyfus case and the latest news from the Transvaal, have been writing leaders in defence of Mr. Herbert Spencer and saying very hard things about *Chambers's Dictionary*. Further examination of the Dictionary reveals the fact that in addition to the instances I gave of absurd statements of Mr. Spencer's teaching and emphatic condemnation of his views on a certain question, innuendo is indulged in about Mr. Spencer where innuendo is entirely uncalled for and out of place. Thus we have the "so-called philosophy of Herbert Spencer," and other things of a like nature. What can it all mean? A whole army of writers and teachers, men like Comte, Swedenborg, Berkeley, E. B. Tylor, Huxley, and Darwin are treated fairly and impartially, and their particular views and "isms" are stated in a way that none of their adherents could object to. Only in the case of Mr. Spencer has the compiler forgotten his task and gone out of his way to indulge in misrepresentation and ridicule. Some explanation is called for. The individual who compiled the dictionary and his colleagues are quite capable of defining Mr. Spencer's teaching, and I cannot believe that they *deliberately* set themselves to the task of turning the masked batteries of a dictionary on a man who, alone and unaided, has given us the philosophic doctrine of evolution, a far more stupendous achievement than the limited work of Darwin. The publishers of the dictionary, Messrs. W. & R. Chambers, have had a long and honourable career, and they owe it to themselves and to Mr. Spencer to look into this matter at once and take steps to rectify what is nothing short of a great blot on a book which has found much favour and is enjoying a wide circulation. There is a definite enough theory abroad about the origin of these literary atrocities, but I hesitate to give publicity to it. The publishers are, however, quite capable of doing all that is necessary in the meantime, and I now appeal to them through your columns to make the necessary honourable amend for a piece of gross injustice.—I am, &c.,

WILLIAM C. McBAIN.

Glasgow: August 18, 1899.

## The High History.

SIR,—I am satisfied with having brought Dr. Evans to recognise the true facts of the relation between the Welsh version and the text printed by Potvin, and do not care to complain of the somewhat grudging manner of the recognition. But I must, I fear, notice one or two points in his last letter. The Berne MS. styles a certain person *Julien le gros des vaus de Camaalot*; the Welsh translation styles him "Earl Evrawg from the head of the vale of Camelot"; the Mons MS. styles him simply *Julien*; Dr. Evans styles him *Alain li Gros*. I described Dr. Evans as omitting all reference to Camelot. This is literally exact, as anyone can see by referring to p. 7 of his translation. For some

reason which I cannot fathom Dr. Evans declares I am "mistaken," and that "he has simply relegated Camelot to its right place." This is a delightful euphemism for "omission," but I prefer my description.

Now for a still more amazing example of Dr. Evans's capacity both for seeing on the printed page things which are not there and for entirely misconceiving the point at issue. He says "the name Julien appears in both the Welsh translation and the Berne fragments," although I had quoted (and have requoted above) the passage from the Welsh translation, in which the latter styles Perceval's father Evrawg. *Julien*, an obvious error for the *Alain* of other romances, occurs in both texts of the French original, in the earlier Berne fragments, as well as in the later Mons MS.; and it occurs not once, but three times. Thus the very romance which Dr. Evans believes to be the earliest in date of all the Grail cycle makes a gross blunder as regards the name of the hero's father. I do not wish to lay undue stress upon what is, compared with other proofs of the lateness of the romance, a very small matter; but, small though the error be, Dr. Evans had no right to conceal it by correcting his original and substituting the genuine form Alain for the bogus form Julien. Let me suppose the discovery of a new Greek poem which its first editor imagined to be the earliest draft of the *Iliad*; what would be said if the only two MSS. both styled Achilles' mother Phutis instead of Thetis, and if the editor, nevertheless, took it upon himself to suppress the MS. reading and print Thetis?

Dr. Evans maintains an artistic gradation in his communications, and in each successive paragraph exhibits a fresh marvel of "ingenious" reasoning. He is proud of the fact that, like himself, Potvin held the prose romance of *Perceval le Gallois* (Dr. Evans's *High History*) to be the earliest in date of the Grail romances. It is surely pertinent to ask why Potvin did so. He has set forth his reasons at some length, and if any one of them deserves the smallest weight Dr. Evans's interpretation of the Grail legend (the sole ground upon which he urges the priority of the romance) collapses at once. If two people believe the same thing for reasons which are diametrically contradictory, what possible weight can be attached to their common belief? Dr. Evans disbelieves, and is bound to disbelieve, every single argument by which his predecessor, Potvin, essayed to prove the priority of *The High History*, and yet, whilst rejecting all that entitles the contention to the slightest consideration, he triumphantly cites it as a support of his own theory, a theory more opposed to Potvin's view than to that of almost any other scholar. I ought not to be astonished, but I confess I am.—I am, &c.

ALFRED NUTT.

## Peccadilloes.

SIR,—Surely if language, good or bad, is a means of expressing ideas, there can be no great harm in spelling in a different way words which have the same sound, even if some of them may originally have been contractions.

The word *bye*, for instance, has had for many years a distinct meaning in coursing, and, in fact, in any sport where pairs of competitors are drawn and the numbers odd.

A *bye* law would be distinct from other matters, "by law established," and the meet of a pack of hounds advertised with the note, "bye day," would preclude the idea that the remainder of the week's sports took place *by night*.

Possibly we are all more or less inclined to go to "bye bye," *sub tegmine fagi*, in the present hot weather, and are a trifle captious if aroused.

Would not a literary "close time" be a blessing in August? There are patent evidences of uphill work to be observed and a tendency to forget the words of Dr. Watts: "Your little tongues were never made to—well—be personal to each other's eyes."—I am, &c., E. H.

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OPENING OF SESSION, 1899-1900.

UNITED COLLEGE,  
(Arts, Science, and Medicine.)

This College will be formally opened on Tuesday, 10th October, and the Winter Session will begin on Wednesday, 11th October.

The Preliminary Examinations, with which the Examinations for Bursaries are combined, will commence on 29th September. Schedules of admission will be supplied by the Secretary up to 14th September.

There are sixty-four Bursaries vacant (three of which are open to second year students and one to fourth year students only) ranging in value from £40 to £215. Of these forty-six (of which twelve are restricted to male medical students) are tenable by men only, fourteen (restricted to students who intend to enter the Medical Profession) by women only, and four (two Bursaries of £40 each and two of £20 each) by either men or women.

In the course of the Session eleven Scholarships will be completed, six of which are open to both sexes. They range in value from £100 to £250.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE.  
(Divinity.)

This College will be opened on Tuesday, 21st October. The Examinations for Bursaries will be held on 20th and 21st October. Intimation of candidature is not necessary. There are eleven competitive Bursaries vacant, ranging in value from £40 to £65. At the close of the Session two Scholarships of £100 each, one of £21, and one of £14, will be open to competition.

The Classes in the University are open to students of both sexes, and include Latin, Greek, English, French, Hebrew, Syriac, Sanskrit, and Comparative Philology, Modern Greek, Logic and Metaphysics, Moral Philosophy, Political Economy, Education, Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Zoology, Embryology, Botany, History, Ancient History and Political Philosophy, Physiology, Anatomy, Materia Medica, Systematic Theology, Biblical Criticism and Church History.

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JNO. E. WILLIAMS, Secretary.  
University of St. Andrews,  
21st August, 1899.

## UNIVERSITY of GLASGOW.

CHAIR OF HISTORY.

The University Court of the University of Glasgow will at an early date proceed to appoint a PROFESSOR to occupy the above Chair in this University, recently rendered vacant.

The Professor will be required to enter on his duties as from 1st October next, from which date the appointment will take effect.

The normal salary of the Chair is £900, subject to § VIII. (2) and (3) of Ordinance No. 25. The appointment is a *vacation* and *carriage*, and carries with it the right to a pension on conditions prescribed by Ordinance.

Each applicant should lodge with the undersigned, who will furnish any further information desired, twenty copies of his application and twenty copies of any testimonials he may desire to submit, on or before 18th September next.

ALAN E. CLAPPERTON,  
Secretary of the Glasgow University Court.  
1, West Regent Street, Glasgow.

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ASSISTANT LECTURESHIP IN CLASSICS

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Applications, accompanied by testimonials, should be sent to the undersigned, not later than Saturday, the 16th of September.

The Candidate elected will be required to enter upon his duties on October 3rd.

Further particulars may be obtained from  
GEO. H. MORLEY, Secretary.

VICTORIA UNIVERSITY.

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T. MORTIMER GREEN, Registrar.

August, 1899.

## TECHNICAL COLLEGE, HUDDERSFIELD.

PRINCIPAL.—S. G. RAWSON, D.Sc.

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The successful candidates in all these Scholarships will be required to enter to the full course at St. Bartholomew's Hospital in the October succeeding the Examination.

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## The Literary Week.

THE attempt to fix upon Mr. J. M. Barrie an ambition to cut a figure in Parliament has no real foundation. Mr. Barrie is not like that. He has no intention of contesting any seat, or of ever becoming a little minister, either Cabinet or Prime.

THE September instalment of Stevenson's *Letters in Scribner's* belongs to the period 1887-8, when Stevenson was at Saranac Lake, in the Adirondacks. We give extracts. These are from a letter to Mr. R. A. M. Stevenson:

Wealth is only useful for two things: a yacht and a string quartette. For these two I will sell my soul.

I know a little about fame now; it is no good compared to a yacht; and anyway there is more fame in a yacht, more genuine fame; to cross the Atlantic and come to anchor in Newport (say) with the Union Jack, and go ashore for your letters and hang about the pier, among the holiday yachtsmen—that's fame, that's glory, and nobody can take it away.

To Mr. Gosse:

I had some experience of American appreciation; I liked a little of it, but there is too much; a little of that would go a long way to spoil a man; and I like myself better in the woods. I am so damned candid and ingenuous (for a cynic), and so much of a "cweatu' of impulse—aw'" (if you remember that admirable Leech), that I begin to shirk any more taffy; I think I begin to like it too well. But let us trust the Gods; they have a rod in pickle; reverently I doff my trousers, and with screwed eyes await the *amiri aliquid* of the great God Busby.

To Mr. Crockett:

I am no great kirkgoer, for many reasons—and the sermon's one of them, and the first prayer another; but the chief and effectual reason is the stuffiness.

Don't put "N.B." in your paper, put *Scotland*, and be done with it. Alas, that I should be thus stabbed in the home of my friends! The name of my native land is not *North Britain*, whatever may be the name of yours.

And here is an account of another scheme of fiction which never came off:

A Mutiny novel on hand—*The White Nigger*—a tremendous work—so we are all at Indian books. The idea of the novel is Lloyd's: I call it a novel. 'Tis a tragic romance, of the most tragic sort: I believe the end will be almost too much for human endurance—when the White Nigger was thrown to the ground with one of his own (Sepoy) soldier's knees upon his chest, and the cries begin in the Beebeeghar. Oh, truly, you know it is a howler! The whole last part is—well the difficulty is that, short of resuscitating Shakespeare, I don't know who is to write it.

I still keep wonderful. I am a great performer before the Lord on a penny whistle.

EVERY month we are able to see more and more how interesting and companionable a book the Stevenson Letters will make. It bids fair to become one of those works which are kept very close to the armchair, and kept there not merely during its first public vogue, but continuously. We have before stated—yet, as the day draws

nearer for its publication, it may be stated again—that in *Scribner's* is appearing only a selection of Stevenson's correspondence. Many of the best letters are being reserved for the volume.

OUTWARDLY, Count Tolstoi's new novel, *Resurrection*, is a curious apparition. Six paper booklets, enclosed in a buff wrapper and secured by an indiarubber band, the whole looking like a packet of temperance tracts—such is the form in which the first volume of *Resurrection* reaches us. A list of the characters in the novel is given, and the motto-texts on the title-pages are taken from Matt. xviii. 21-22, Matt. vii. 3, John viii. 7, Luke vi. 40. The book is published by the Brotherhood Publishing Co. We think it half a pity that Tolstoi's novels should be issued in this colporteur fashion. Not that the books are the worse for it, but why not present them in the form which readers prefer and are accustomed to? We note, however, that a six-shilling edition is to follow the penny parts.

It will be observed that the new novels which have reached us this week are but three in number, a very tiny output even for the end of August. One reprinted novel has, however, been issued to swell the number—Maria Edgeworth's *Ormond* (Gresham Publishing Co.), with an introduction and illustrations. It will be interesting to learn to what extent *Ormond* will be read in this form. People are just now very readily buying the sixpenny reprints of the middle-century fiction; but will they go back to an Irish story dating from 1817?

MR. G. W. STEEVENS'S Indian letters to the *Daily Mail*, written at the time of Lord Curzon's inauguration as Viceroy, will be published by Messrs. Blackwood under the title, *In India*.

OWING to various misleading statements that have appeared regarding the publishing firm of Messrs. Hurst & Blackett, we are requested to state that the business has not been purchased by Kelly & Co., nor by Kelly's Directories, Limited. The business will be carried on as before. Mr. Herbert Blackett, who has been connected with the firm for the past twenty years, remains a director. He will in future further become manager and sole representative.

WITH the disappearance of the *Suffolk Chronicle* as an independent journal another link between Dickens's early days and the present time vanishes. Had it not been that the editor of the *Suffolk Chronicle* required extra help in reporting an election in the thirties, Mr. Pickwick might never have got into trouble at the Great White Horse Hotel, and might never have met Mr. Peter Magnus, while Sam Weller would probably have sought his bride elsewhere than at Mr. Nupkins's. For Charles Dickens was one of the reporters who went down from London to assist the *Suffolk Chronicle* in its difficulty, and there is no doubt that his stay at Ipswich was the foundation of the Ipswich chapters in *Pickwick*, and probably also of the Eatanswill election. The *Suffolk Chronicle* is now merged in the *Suffolk Times and Mercury*.

APPROPOS of *Pickwick*, this is the concluding passage of Mr. George Gissing's introduction to that book in the forthcoming Rochester edition :

It has been remarked that Mr. Pickwick and his serving-man bear a certain far-off resemblance to the Knight of La Mancha and his squire; and in one respect, at all events, the parallel is suggestive. Like Cervantes' great book, *Pickwick* appeals equally to childhood and to those of riper years. *Don Quixote* enthralled a boy's mind with mere joy in the picturesque, the adventurous; not till long after does he perceive the profound significances of that study in human nature. So, in the minor degree, with Dickens's work. To the young, its high spirits, its hilarity, its brisk movement and gay surprises, are an all-sufficient delight. Turn to the volume in middle age, and these things assuredly have not lost their charm; but the eyes bring a larger power of seeing, and to follow the old story from page to page is to marvel at the observation, the charity, the wisdom, which insensibly convert a book of jests into a cherished masterpiece of literature.

MR. QUILLER COUCH has just added another to the limited editions which are the delight of some collectors. He has had a little volume of verse printed to be sold at the Fowey Cottage Hospital Bazaar. The book contains ten pieces, and is limited to 300 signed copies. We quote from the "Commendatory Verses on the Ensuing Lays" at the beginning of the work :

Though *Shakespeare* needs no Pyramid,  
Milton nor urn nor pall,  
I've yet to learn what good they did  
Our Cottage Hospital.  
Though *Pope* could perfect Art command,  
And Shelley Lyric skill,  
On our Subscription List they stand  
For absolutely nil.  
You must allow the time has come  
For Someone to begin  
To wipe off this opprobrium,  
—And that's where I step in!  
Though Bees of Hybla never swarmed  
About my berceauette;  
Though I with *Orpheus* ne'er have charmed  
Tigers and Apes (as yet)—  
The shilling you in me invest  
Will help maintain a Cot:  
The money spent on all the rest  
Admittedly will not.

Among the poems in the tiny volume is the "New Ballad of Sir Patrick Spens," which may be remembered by readers of the *Pall Mall Magazine*; and the title of the work is *A Fowey Garland*.

THE editors of the *Pall Mall Magazine* are doing their best to remove the reproach that English magazines cannot compare with the Americans in illustrations. In the matter of quantity, *Harpers'* and the *Century* are still first, and probably will not be beaten for all-round merit for many years to come, yet the brilliance of some of the figure illustrations in the current *Pall Mall Magazine* has never been excelled by any American periodical. Mr. Greiffenhagen, Mr. E. J. Sullivan, Mr. A. S. Hartrick, to name no others, may be seen this month at their best.

THE *Century*, by the way, makes a departure in its terminology this month. The September number is described as a "Salt-Water Number." The sea truly reverberates therein. Among other articles is an account by Captain Joshua Slocum of his voyage of 46,000 miles around the world in a sloop single-handed; and the indispensable Mr. Bullen describes "The Way of a Ship."

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "The ACADEMY had something to say last week about Rudyard Kipling's 'first and only appearance on the stage,' an event which is supposed

to have occurred during his schoolboy days at Westward Ho! This is a mistake. The Allahabad *Pioneer* published in its weekly edition dated January 2, 1884, an account of an amateur performance of 'Plot and Passion,' which came off a few days before the previous Christmas Day at the Railway Theatre at Lahore. Mr. R. Kipling took the part of 'M. Desmarets.' Mr. Ernest Benedict, C.E., a son of Sir Julius Benedict, was 'Fouché, Duke of Otranto'; and Mrs. Benedict, 'Madame de Fontanges.' The local dramatic critic wrote: 'Desmarets (Mr. Rudyard Kipling) "smiled and smiled and smiled and was a villain" of the more pronounced type. To my thinking he overdid some portions of the business, notably a certain devilish delight over the fall of Madame de Fontanges at the end of the third act. He showed, however, an undeniable talent for acting, much power of facial expression, and an enormous pair of top-boots, into which from time to time he almost disappeared.' The extract may be of use to the future biographer who cares for these things."

"I WANT to know a butcher paints, a baker rhymes for his pursuit," wrote Browning; but he said nothing of bankers. And yet the literary style of a banker should be as well worth studying as that of any man. At least, so we thought, until at Exeter last week we picked up the local evening paper and read an article entitled "The Voices of the Gloaming. By a Banker." On laying this aside we felt we had read enough banker's prose for one sitting. The essay begins:

The orb of day has sunk low down beneath the horizon, and the roseate and purple glory of his train has given place to a changeful and subdued glow of wanting tints of emerald green and violet. The twilight is advancing, and as the light of day fades into the gloaming the Queen of eve shines forth in ever brightening lustre, while near her may perhaps be glimpsed, glittering like a tiny sparkling diamond, that coy and giddy little twinkler, the nearest tributary of our great luminary, which is careering round and round, immersed in the full ardour of his burning rays, at the lightning speed of a hundred thousand miles an hour.

We are now turning to a new work on Buds and Stipules, by Sir John Lubbock, another banker, to adjust our balance.

THE first of the almanacks for 1900 to reach us is *The Philatelist's Almanack*, issued by the ingenious Mr. J. W. Palmer, "The Stamp King." Mr. Palmer, in addition to philately, cultivates also the muse. He even addresses (in August) an ode to the old year—a remarkable anticipatory feat:

Old year, again, with beating heart  
I watch thy weary steps depart,  
I see thy form bent very low,  
Thy failing powers quickly go.

This is the true poetical prevision.

A LITTLE article in the *Speaker*, entitled "In Pater's Rooms," will be read with interest by the devoted band of students of *Marius the Epicurean* and *Imaginary Portraits*. The slight description of the sitting-room itself has something of Pater in it: "Yes; there were, indeed, rose-leaves on the table, set in a wide, open bowl of blue china; and it was just possible to detect their faint smell. The warm blue tone of the room was the first impression one received on entering: the stencilled walls, the cushions of the chairs, the table-covers, and the curtains to the mullioned window, that projected over the pavement—all these were blue. And whatever in the room was not blue seemed to be white, or wood in its natural colour, or polished brass. The books, in their low, neat case, seemed all white calf or vellum; above them an alto-relief in plaster showed white; in the corner a pure white Hermes on a pedestal stood with tiny wings outspread."





MR. EDMUND GOSSE.

From the Copyright Series of Portraits of Contributors to the "Encyclopædia Britannica."

MR. EDMUND GOSSE, whose portrait we give this week, has been invited to attend the first performance of Ibsen's new play in the capacity of what might be called English Literary Ambassador. It is just twenty years since Mr. Gosse published his *Northern Studies*, a volume which must have been for most Englishmen their first introduction to the work of Ibsen and Björnson. Since then Mr. Gosse has steadily acted as literary middleman between Scandinavia and this country, although of late years Ibsen has been to a large extent taken out of his hands by others, notably by Mr. William Archer. Mr. Gosse, however, was the pioneer; hence there is peculiar fitness in the invitation to him to act as England's representative at the forthcoming performance.

A CORRESPONDENT forwards us the following cutting from Tuesday's *Daily Chronicle*:

HATASU.

SIR,—In regard to a letter in your issue of Aug. 25 I have merely to point out to the writer that I never suggested that Hatasu grew a beard.—I am, sir, yours, &c.,

D. SCOT SKIRVING.

"I merely draw attention to the letter," he remarks, "as a sublime example of the unintelligible things one finds in one's morning paper the day after returning from a Norway fjord. Who is Hatasu? Why is his beard interesting? It is awkward to have to go out and meet one's friends entirely ignorant of Hatasu. Editors should write footnotes for their travelled and travelling readers."

HEAD-LINE editing surely reaches its apogee in the list of headings which the *Cincinnati Inquirer* has placed over

its report of a sermon delivered a few weeks ago by the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage. It was thus that the sermon was recommended to the *Inquirer's* readers: "Jephthah, The Old Freebooter—At an Early Age He Was Forced to Rough It—He Held Up the End of his String in Great Shape—and Soon Sewed up the Games of Twenty Cities—On His Return from Victory He Kept a Promise—He Must Sacrifice the First Person Seen in His Door—He Looks—Holy Horrors—It is His Fair Daughter—But Jephthah was a Man of His Word—And the Beautiful Young Girl was Slain."

ACCORDING to an article on Mr. Pinero, which appears in *Cassell's Family Magazine*, that gentleman seems to have expressed very oddly his feelings on first meeting Tennyson. "How did I like him?" he is reported to have said, "God bless my soul! I was frightened out of my life. It was overwhelming—like meeting Milton face to face!" But why Milton? Why should meeting one poet seem like meeting another?

IN the reminiscences of eminent persons which "L. F." contributes to the *Cornhill* for September a few glimpses of Tennyson are also to be had. According to this lady the poet objected to say "good-bye" when parting from a friend in the evening. He said "good day," keeping "good-bye" for more solemn occasions.

A CORRESPONDENT, who seems bent on extensive travel, asks our readers to help him in his search for guide-books ("akin to Murray's") to Northern Asia, Africa, America, East and West Indies, Australia, Persia, and Siam. Mr. Murray, he explains, publishes no guides to these lands.

MR. E. T. REED'S series of pseudo-heraldic pranks in *Punch* is a joy in the memory; but it is now, also, a book on the shelf. Among the literary examples of Mr. Reed's humour is the coat conferred on Mr. Louis de Rougemont, whose *Adventures* have recently reached book form. This we are tempted to repeat:

LOUIS, FIRST BARON ISLAND DE ROUGEMONT.

Arms (quarterly): i. a thorough-bred riding-turtle naiant and ridden on the curb, thereon a Swiss gentleman rouge-monte proper in nudity dirigeant with the big toe; ii. a flight of wombats volant, soaring in desuetude on the wing across a setting sun; iii. under a chief nunes, adept and ubiquitous in reclame, several gulls of science landed and exploited proper ad nauseam; iv. looking up a genealogical tree shady or insufficiently indorsed, an inquiring editor spectacted or "Massingham" chronically regardant in scepticism a series of travellers' tails artistically garnished and flaunted in the Press.

## Bibliographical.

"So far," says a contemporary gossip, "no attempt has been made to illustrate on a large scale, and from every side, the life-work" of Dante G. Rossetti. This is apropos to the promised "illustrated memorial" by Mr. H. C. Marillier. I sincerely hope that that gentleman will give us "a Rossetti gallery such as has not been seen before," but meanwhile let us give credit where credit is due. There is, for example, the *Dante Rossetti and the Pre-Raphaelite Movement* of Mrs. Wood, published by Low & Co. in 1894. Therein are reproductions, admirably executed, of eight of the most remarkable of Rossetti's paintings. Then, did we not receive last year from Mr. W. M. Rossetti, *via* Mr. George Allen, a volume entitled *Ruskin: Rossetti: Pre-Raphaelitism*, containing reproductions of eleven famous pictures by the painter-poet? It would, of course, be very satisfactory if a thoroughly representative reproduction of Rossetti's pictorial work could be placed within the reach of the art-loving public.

The late Mr. Edmund Routledge will hardly rank with the literary publishers; still, he deserves to be remembered with gratitude as the editor of *Every Boy's Magazine* and *Every Boy's Book*, which have, no doubt, given pleasure and imparted instruction to thousands who are now "old boys." I believe Mr. Routledge was the compiler of a little book on *Everyday Blunders in Speaking*, and of a condensed but comprehensive *Date Book*—both of which, I dare say, have been found useful. In my own slight intercourse with him I did not note any particular turn for or interest in literature, but he appeared to have some shrewdness as a business man. I understand that he latterly acquired a share in the proprietorship of a well-known weekly, for which he wrote (I am told) some literary and theatrical matter.

Charles Reade's *It is Never too Late to Mend*, and Wilkie Collins's *A Dead Secret*, having been published originally in 1857, are now out of copyright, and are to be re-issued at the nimble sixpence. For once we can be glad that literary works are now public property, for it is to be hoped these cheap editions will help to convince a good many ignorant readers of to-day that exciting stories of adventure and embroglio were written and read long before Mr. Guy Boothby or Mr. Max Pemberton (to name no other popular contemporaries) were heard or thought of. By the way, why not reprint, in a cheap form, Collins's *Basil* and *After Dark*, and *Other Stories*, which date from 1852 and 1856, and Reade's *Christie Johnstone*, which dates from 1853?

The promised *Life, Letters, and Reminiscences of Sir Arthur Sullivan*, by Mr. Arthur Lawrence, can hardly fail to be attractive reading. I would that the book had been

all from the composer's own pen—that he had, in fact, himself written his reminiscences; and the more so because he contributed lately to Mr. O'Connor's paragraph-paper some agreeable recollections. We may expect that the forthcoming book will go somewhat into detail. Meanwhile, let due praise be given to the excellent little monograph on Sir Arthur which Mr. Charles Willeby included in his volume on *Masters of English Music*, and which, up to now, has remained the best available account of the musician's life and work.

Announcement is further made of the *Life, Letters, and Reminiscences of Mr. Sims Reeves*, also to be edited by Mr. Arthur Lawrence. Here, again, Mr. Lawrence has had his predecessors, for did not Mr. Sutherland Edwards put together particulars of the *Life and Artistic Career* of the popular tenor, and publish them so long ago as 1881? Moreover, Mr. Reeves has himself transferred his *Recollections* to paper and type. The book came out about eleven years since, and was quickly followed by Mr. Reeves's other brochure—*My Jubilee; or, Fifty Years of Artistic Life*.

The first published account of the Baroness Nairne was, I suppose, the memoir which the Rev. Charles Rogers, LL.D., wrote for the first collected edition of the lady's verse. This dates back a good many years. On the other hand, it is just five years since Messrs. Oliphant, of Edinburgh, issued a little book about the Baroness, from the pen of her great-grand-niece. We are now told to expect a volume on *Lady Nairne and Her Songs*, which has been written by a clergyman of the Scottish Establishment, and which, we may hope, contains some new matter of interest and moment.

The next volume of the series of "Periods in European Literature," edited by Prof. Saintsbury, will be on *The Augustan Age*, and from the pen of Mr. Oliver Elton, whom some may recognise as the author of *An Introduction to Michael Drayton*, published at Manchester a few years ago. After that will come a volume on *The Romantic Triumph*, by Mr. T. S. Omond, who must not be confounded with Mr. G. W. T. Omond. The latter has written books on *The Lord Advocates of Scotland*, *The Scottish Union Question*, *Fletcher of Saltoun*, and so forth, to say nothing of some stories. Mr. T. S. Omond, I fancy, has published only a pamphlet on the subject of *English Verse Structure*. Of Mr. G. Gregory Smith, who has written for the series a volume on *The Transition Period*, I know (I am ashamed to say) nothing.

Nobody, I think, should be a publisher who is not fruitful in ideas. As a class, I consider, publishers are too fond of the game of "follow-my-leader." Thus I see that one of them is now announcing a "Sports Library," a series of little works on separate pastimes, as if I had not had dozens (nay, hundreds) of such manuals of all sorts and sizes on my table during the last few years! When, again, I note the advertisement of a new series of publications on *Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture*, I bethink me of the series of handbooks on *The Great Artists* which helps to fill one of the shelves of my library, and which appeared no later than the early nineties. In this case, to be sure, "artists" stood for "painters" only, so to that extent the new series will have novelty.

I read that the latest editor of Walton's *Lives* is going to tell us, in his prefatory essay, that in his opinion Walton's merits as a biographer have been exaggerated. I dare say they have; but if so, why does this gentleman take the trouble to add another to the editions already in existence? Mr. Dent published the *Lives* in a dainty form last year; Messrs. Methuen reprinted them in 1895; and there were other editions in 1888 and 1884, no doubt still in the market. However, the aforesaid latest editor may say what he likes about the *Lives*. Wordsworth described them as "satellites burning in a lucid ring," and nothing can shake their position as a classic.

THE BOOKWORM.

## Reviews.

### The Modern Jew.

*The Modern Jew.* By Arnold White. (Heinemann. 6s.)

EIGHT years ago Mr. Arnold White was sent to Russia by the late Baron Hirsch to obtain, if possible, some amelioration of the lot of the Russian Jews, and facilities for their emigration to the philanthropic colonies founded for them in Argentina. It was, therefore, to be hoped that in the present volume we might have a temperate, reasoned, and evidenced statement of the Jewish case that might help to clear away the fog which the extraordinary proceedings at Rennes have thrown round it. But it is not thus that Mr. Arnold White has set to work. Dominated, apparently, by the desire for "timeliness," he has collected into one volume the contents of his note-books with so little method that the reader is hurried by way of England from Russia and the Continent to America, then back again to Russia and then to England again without apparently any reason. Yet Mr. White has done what in him lay to bring some order into this chaos. With a faith in the virtues of a good headline, he has split his book up into chapters, each bearing a title, with, however, but little relation to its contents. Thus we turn to the chapter "The Jew in America," to find there nothing but the story, told in the sufficient compass of two pages, that two Aragonese nobles, "unquestionably of Jewish blood," lent Ferdinand and Isabella the money for Columbus' expedition of discovery; and to the one headed "Jewish Humour," to be rewarded by about the same quantity of jokes from Jewish newspapers.

But it would be idle to deny that Mr. Arnold White's matter possesses much interest. The main position, to which he returns again and again, is that the Jewish race are "increasing by leaps and bounds in numbers, in wealth," and so on, so fast that the nations of Continental Europe will soon rise upon them and cast them forth. Then, he says, they will come to England, who alone knows no distinctions among her immigrants, with the dire result of "the press being captured as it has been captured on the Continent, and the national life stifled by the substitution of material aims for those which, however faultily, have formed the unselfish and imperial objects of the Englishmen who have made the Empire." To avert these evils but one remedy is, he thinks, possible. Turkish Armenia, which he describes somewhat vaguely as lying "between the valley of the Tigris and Euphrates," has been depopulated by Turkish massacres, and is now "available for resettlement." The Jews of Poland and the Russian Pale should be dumped there on "the break-up of the Turkish Empire"—an event which he seems to consider imminent. By this means the flow of pauper immigrants into Europe would be cut off, and we should be saved from a massacre which would throw back civilisation for a hundred years. For it is by no means all Jews to whose presence among us Mr. White objects. The rich Jews, or "Jewish aristocracy," are, in his opinion, worthy of all praise. They differ, he says, from their Christian peers "by more strenuous and uniform patriotism, by more systematic and larger benevolence, by quickness and by a nimbleness and rapidity of intellect, and sensitiveness to public opinion [!], which is not a common characteristic of nobles of recent creation." Moreover, they intermarry with Christians, and will, therefore, in time become absorbed like the Huguenots and other immigrants, whom we have welcomed with good results. Then there is the professional class, "the highly-educated and Anglicised Hebrew, who has practically relinquished his faith without abandoning his racial characteristics." Although he will not allow his daughters to intermarry with Englishmen, he is too valuable a citizen to be spared. The pauper Jew immigrant is,

as we have seen, to be restrained from immigration, but there remains the unlovable trading class, nearly always belonging to the Ashkenazim, or German-speaking variety of Jew, who will neither intermarry with the English, provide for his own poor, nor comport himself like a decent citizen. "This," says Mr. White, "is the class which is the cause of coming danger; and the peril arises, not from their enjoyment of life, nor from their capture of the good things that are going, but from their hide-bound refusal to discharge the responsibilities as well as accept the privileges of money-making." It seems impossible that England should longer warm these vipers in her bosom, and yet Mr. White makes no distinct proposal for their removal. They are, no doubt, intended to be taken to Armenia, but they are mostly well off—the fact that "they fill the stalls of every fashionable theatre, occupy the best rooms at the best hotels," and the like, is dwelt upon with much emphasis—and will, therefore, hardly fall under Mr. White's proposed legislation against alien paupers. We can, therefore, only suppose that they are to be expatriated by what Mr. White's Russian acquaintances would call "administrative order," or, in other words, by the scruff of their necks.

This is a pretty sweeping programme, and, before it is adopted, it may be well to see whether there is not something to be said against it. And here we luckily need hardly go beyond the pages of Mr. White's book. "You are a most polite disputant," says Sir Anthony Absolute to Mrs. Malaprop, "for every third word you say is on my side of the question." And so it is with Mr. White. The Jews are increasing on us hand-over-hand, he says in effect. Yet he tells us that the Jews in England number "probably not more than 120,000 or 130,000," a figure which he afterwards reduces, without reason given, to less than 100,000. Their wealth is enormous is another of his arguments; and is met by his own assertion that four-fifths of "the Hebrew population of the world drag out an existence of tribulation and anguish" in abject poverty. Their children are, he says, "astonishingly clever," the Jew has obtained "intellectual pre-eminence" in the professions, and they acquire wealth by "superior sharpness over the native-born"; and then we find him giving in full Lord Rothschild's letter to the parents of the pupils in the Jews' Free School at Spitalfields, warning them that the diligent attendance at the *Chedorim*, or Hebrew schools, was enfeebling the minds of their children, and his own remark that "over the Yankee of the Eastern States, the Auvergnat, the Scotchman, the Armenian, and the Greek mercantile community," the Jew has no pre-eminence of astuteness. Lastly, against his statements that Jews cannot be turned from their faith, we have his quotations that "250 Jews, or the sons of such," are ordained clergymen of the Church of England, and that "Jewish baptisms are of very frequent occurrence in these days"; while his frequent allegation of the "solidarity" of the Jewish people is countered by his regret that at the very time when Russia was sweeping the lower class of Jews into ghettos under circumstances of hideous cruelty, the richer Jews were engaged in raising the successive loans without which Russia must soon have become bankrupt. We really need go no further to see the utter baselessness of the case which Mr. White would set up.

As it is probable that this book will be followed by others dealing with the same subject, either from the Semite or the anti-Semite point of view, it may be as well here to state a few plain facts. In the first place, is it the fact that Israel is the sort of monster which her foolish enemies and some of her even more foolish friends would make out, so prolific that her sons would soon, if allowed to increase unchecked, outnumber the rest of the human race, and of such transcendent abilities that the whole earth must soon belong to her? We have no figures that will enable us to

estimate accurately the numbers of the nation before its dispersion by the Romans, except the remark of Josephus that 1,100,000 perished in the war with Titus (*Bell. VI. ix. 3*). This is probably a gross exaggeration; but if we take into account the numbers who were afterwards killed in the two years' war with Hadrian (still called the War of Extermination), we may guess that a million Jews really died at the hands of the Romans. But the latter did not kill women and children, regarding them rather as valuable property, and on the usual calculation this would give a total for the whole nation of six million souls. These were the descendants of those who returned from the Babylonian captivity; but it was only the fanatics, the clergy, and the paupers of the nation who did so return. The prosperous Jewish bankers and merchants remained with their dependents under the shadow of the Persian kings, and it is from them that the Sephardim, or Jews of the Peninsula, are probably descended. If we consider that they were equal in number to those of the Western Dispersion, we shall find that the Jewish subjects of the two Empires before the fall of Jerusalem must have numbered twelve million souls, while now, according to *Whitaker's Almanack*, there are not more than seven million in the whole world. Since the War of Extermination, too, they have been at peace, while the non-Jewish nations have endured constant wars, and have yet doubled their populations many times over. Where, then, is the evidence of their increase?

Nor will the legend of the mental superiority of the Jews over their neighbours hold water for a moment when seriously examined. Few will dispute in these days that a sound body is necessary to a sound mind. Yet Dr. Jacobs, in 1886, proved before the Anthropological Institute (*S. A. I. xv. 267*) that the modern Jews of all ages contributed more insane, deaf-mute, and blind persons than their neighbours to the common stock, and that their mortality, after reaching the age of sixty, was also greater. Individual cases, of course, prove nothing, but it is probable that the average intellectual power of the Jew, like that of other Semites, is low in comparison with that of the Aryan, or perhaps even of the Mongol races. The absolute incapacity which they have shown throughout their history to maintain for more than a very short period of time any form of self-government is, perhaps, the most striking proof of this. On the other hand, they have always been willing, as the late Leroy-Beaulieu said (we owe Mr. White the quotation), to amalgamate with any nation which gives them the chance; and when the effect of religious animosities has died away, they will probably be absorbed by the nations among whom they live, to the ultimate benefit of both parties. From all which facts it results that the anti-Semitic scare is a bugbear which will some day follow the fear of witchcraft and the dread of the end of the world into the limbo of forgotten follies.

### Goethe.

HE took the suffering human race,  
He read each wound, each weakness clear;  
And struck his finger on the place,  
And said: *Thou artest here, and here!*  
He looked on Europe's dying hour  
Of fitful dream and feverish power;  
His eye plunged down the weltering strife,  
The turmoil of expiring life—  
He said: *The end is everywhere,  
Art still has truth, take refuge there!*  
And he was happy, if to know  
Causes of things, and far below  
His feet to see the lurid flow  
Of terror, and insane distress,  
And headlong fate, be happiness.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

"THEY call me master, but continue to follow their own noses."—GOETHE.

### History in Homespun.

*Letters Received by the East India Company.* Vol. III.: 1615. Edited by William Foster, B.A. (Sampson Low, Marston & Co.)

WE have every respect for the dignity of formal history. But for our own reading the sting is less in Gardiner or Macaulay than in those documents, artless and unadorned, which, written with no eye on posterity, show history in the making. The letters now before us are records of the early struggles and successes of the East India Company. They are mainly reports sent by the factors in India and the isles to Sir Thomas Smith and the Company in London. In 1615 the charter had been held for sixteen years. Settling first in Sumatra and Java, the adventurers had made their way to Surat upon the mainland. The Portuguese had protested against this invasion of a profitable monopoly, and had taken their licking at Swally Road. Now it became a question of maintaining the commercial position by every possible means. One of the factors—William Edwards—was despatched inland to visit the Great Mogul, Jahangir, at Ajmere, and sue for his favour. Others made haste to write to the Company, detailing the qualities of goods which in their experience found the most ready market among the natives, and requesting the necessary consignments. Thus, Thomas Elkington writes:

Commodities fitting to be sent for this place yearly will be some 200 cloths, the most part stametts and Venice reds, the rest yellows, popinjays, grass greens, and pink colours; but for other colours by no means to send any. . . . Sword-blades, broad and crooked, with thick backs, and such as will bow and not stand, but no straight. Coral in round or long beads and branches; great vent for it here, and will turn to great profit, whereof may it please your Worships with the first to send what quantity you can procure of any of the sorts, especially round beads and branches, with some amber beads and amber unwrought; fair emeralds and pearls likewise well requested, with some crimson-coloured velvets and satins of the best. Any other commodity that our land affordeth I cannot perceive to be here requested.

William Edwards sends very similar advice from Ajmere: "I wish that you send no sad colours of any sorts except grass-green, for they delight altogether in light colours, and if you hold to those colours now sent, I think you shall not err therein." Divers commodities which would not sell had nevertheless a value as presents. Such, for instance, were "comb-cases, black looking-glasses, cases of bottles, pictures, knives, spectacles, burning-glasses, &c."

Some five or six white beaver hats, with the brims somewhat broad, would be well accepted; as many cushionets, such as are used in London by women to work upon, with their boxes well set forth; some pillow sweet-bag, or other like thing of the rockwork used lately in England, and now out of fashion, and therefore may be had good cheap, give good content.

The factors had to be liberal of presents both to the Mogul and to his grandees. "We are to buy their loves with our moneys." The great success was scored by a young mastiff which Edwards took to the Mogul. A leopard was brought to make trial of it, "which the dog so pinched that few hours after the leopard died." Also it outdid some Persian dogs in a boar-fight, and altogether the Mogul was so pleased that he said "that a rich jewel would not have more contented him." On the other hand a fancy portrait of the Mogul painted in England turned out, not unnaturally, so unlike that it could not be presented. Complaints to the Company as to the bad quality of the goods sent out, and of the ship equipment provided for the factors, are not uncommon.

The baftas you sent in the *Osiander* are the most part of them so spotted, stained, and some rotten, that they will never yield the price they are rated at, and of force they

must be so before they were put aboard, for that the papers are fair without and the goods rotten within. As also the parcel of wax is so bad that no man will look at it.

The cloth sent by the *Dragon* was "not very well conditioned"; sword-blades were "neither good nor well-fashioned"; a case of knives had bad blades; the masters of the ships neglected a consignment of mastiffs, and they died. Worst of all, the workmanship of the vessels proved gravely defective.

In the night and in a stiff gale of wind the *Gift* her long boat broke from her stern, and with her the jollywatt, and were both driven into the bottom of the bay, the stem of the long boat breaking short off by reason of bad and sappy timber whereof it was made and bad workmanship, wherein generally your lordships are much abused in all your provisions by such workmen as you employ, to the hazard of all, shuffling up their work in such manner, in hope of never hearing more of it by reason of the length of the voyage, as is lamentable to see men to be so respectless of the safety of such a voyager and men's lives, and all for some private gain of their own; being thought the *Hector's* foremast was defective before it was set in.

Apart from these picturesque details of Jacobean merchant adventure, the letters contain some elements of humour in the bickerings and discomforts of the factors themselves. There is, for instance, a certain egregious Samuel Juxon, who appears on the scene with a stilted epistle to Sir Thomas Smith in which he acknowledges his "imbecility" in "marine discourses," and fears "that my rustical discourse should in no wise be answerable to him that writeth to least effect, or that the splendid and copious advice of others may darken and obscure my slender and insignificant methods." One can hardly be surprised that Sir Thomas Smith curtly endorses the letter, "Of no moment at all." The next we hear of Samuel Juxon is that he takes part in a violent quarrel between Mr. John Oxwicke and other factors on board the *Hector*, and declares "that John Oxwicke abused me by most base and vile words and struck me twice or thrice on the face until the blood gushed out of my nostrils, and challenged me the field, in the presence of Edmond Aspenall and Robert Johnson." Shortly afterwards Samuel Juxon's brief and stormy career as a factor closed, for the "flux" or dysentery carried him off in fourteen days.

The majority of the Company's correspondents are business men of no great standing or education. A new note is, however, struck in 1615 by the appearance on the scene of Sir Thomas Roe. The factors soon saw the desirability of having the interests of England represented at the court of the Mogul by someone of greater weight and significance than themselves. "A lieger here," writes one of them, "of necessity you must keep for redressing of wrongs, otherwise we must be subject to many inconveniences in our affairs, and him to be a scholar of good understanding and presence, for such a one will be much respected here." Consequently, in 1615, Sir Thomas Roe was sent out as a special ambassador from the court of King James to that of the Mogul. Nor could a better choice have been made. A scholar, traveller, statesman, and man of business, Roe maintained the better Elizabethan traditions in the midst of the Jacobean decadence. He enjoyed the friendship of John Donne and of Ben Jonson, both of whom addressed poems to him. Roe arrived on the scene in India about September, and his vigorous diplomacy soon triumphed over the difficulties before him. His despatches are models of dignity and incisiveness. Here is an example, from a protest sent to the discourteous and unfriendly Governor of Surat:

The injuries you have offered me, contrary to the faith given by your King, to all civility and law of nations, being a free Ambassador, and contrary to your own honour and promise, forceth me to send you word I am resolved not to endure it. I come hither not to beg, nor do nor suffer injury. I serve a King that is able to revenge whatsoever is dared to be done against his subjects. I

come under assurance of the Great Mogul's firma and letters sent unto the King of England, my master, promising all love and friendship to him; and therefore I am confident that no man dare presume to wrong me. . . . I am sorry for nothing but that ever I vouchsafed to send you any remembrance of me, of whom in love you might have received anything, but by this course, of me, nor my nation, I am resolved you shall never get one pice; assuring you I am better resolved to die upon an enemy than to flatter him, and for such I give you notice to take me until your master hath done me justice.

The full narrative of Sir Thomas Roe's mission is contained in a *Journal* of his own. This has just been re-edited, together with the letters and other documents bearing on the subject, by the editor of the present volume, Mr. Foster; and should give Roe his rightful place as one of the founders of the Empire. A touch of comedy is added by the pranks of a page of the ambassador's, who was left behind sick at Surat while his master went up to Ajmere, and on his recovery caused trouble between the factors and the natives by his insolent demeanour. He made wanton advances to the wives of respectable Banyans, beat the "peons," and outraged the sentiment of caste by running into the houses and "putting his hands into their pots of meat and drink of purpose to anger them." A very recognisable type of Anglo-Indian 'Arry!

The editing of the volume is unexceptionable, and Mr. Foster's notes are always helpful and entertaining. In one of them he tells the sad story of the Souldanian Corée who was brought home to England by Captain Towerson, who kidnapped him at the Cape. He was lodged in Sir Thomas Smith's house, where

he had to his good entertainment made for him a chain of bright brass, an armour, breast, back and head-piece, with a buckler, all of brass, his beloved metal; yet all this contented him not, for never any seemed to be more weary of ill-usage than he was of courtesies; none ever more desirous to return home to his country than he; for when he had learned a little of our language he would daily lie upon the ground, and cry very often thus in broken English: *Coree home go, Souldania go, home go*. And not long after, when he had his desire and was returned home, he had no sooner set footing on his own shore but presently he threw away his cloathes, his linen, with all other covering, and got his sheep-skins upon his back, guts about his neck, and such a perfum'd cap as before we named upon his head; by whom that proverb mentioned 2 Peter 2, v. 22, was literally fulfilled: *canis ad vomitum*.

And this is the pathos of empire.

### The New Topography.

*Toledo: the Story of an Old Spanish Capital.* By Hannah Lynch. (Dent & Co. 4s. 6d. net.)

A new literature of topography is springing up—a literature which is concerned more with the spirit of a place than with its form. The old topographers came with rule and schedule. Even Defoe, whose love of *place* was as near to a passion as anything in his nature, saw only the actualities of a town, its houses, shops, inns, trade, and customs. These he examined and described with gusto; and so, with less genius, Pennant worked, and Grose, and a whole school of writers whose methods survive in the ordinary guide-book. Your new topographer is different. The first thing he does on arriving in a place is to throw himself on his back and dream. He postpones all minor inquiry until he has caught the spirit of his surroundings. He thinks less of the place than of the human spirit which has passed into it; he is solicitous to find not a description, but a metaphor. In the first sentence of her book Miss Lynch speaks of the "legendary still visage of Toledo." And presently you find her quoting the intensely modern



words of M. Maurice Barrès: "It is less a town, a noisy affair yielding to the commodities of life, than a significant spot for the soul, . . . an image of exaltation in solitude, a cry in the desert." In the new topography, as we may call it, line and measurement, epitaph and inscription, orderly sequence of statements are not wanting, but they are servants to the early and intuitive comprehension of the soul.

This method lifts topography to a higher notch in the literary scale. Books about places have always depended for their charm on the amount and the quality of personality brought to bear on stocks and stones. But now the personality is to go farther: it is to see that the stocks and stones have accumulated a soul, that the river heaves with its own memories, and that the trees preserve an undying whisper of tradition. So there will be two personalities instead of one, and deep may call unto deep.

Miss Lynch is sealed of this new school, and we may say at once that her *Toledo* is a charming book. In spite of her resolve to show us the heart of Toledo, we have here presented no city of a nebulous fancy, or a poetic wish. Toledo, throned among her rocks above the dead Tagus, with her air of surly pride and venerable feudality, has to be accounted for by patient procession of fact and detail. The vague memory of Celtic shepherds watering their flocks along the Tagus; the faint finger-mark that indicates Rome's half-mastery of the city of the rocks; the dim days of early faith, and the stubborn Toledan Councils that hurled down decrees and bans in defiance of the Pope; the short Gothic dynasty lit up by the deeds of Wamba and Rodrigo—Rodrigo who invited all the chivalry of Europe to his inaugural tourney; then the Moslem era, when Toledo foamed at the mouth, and struggled, and fell, and rose again in sickening conflict, but accepted the Moorish arch, and many a divine arabesque and patio, and noble bridges and delicious gardens: through all these periods, with their dim and intricate associations, Miss Lynch takes us with a verve and a loyalty to her main idea which win her pages from anything like tedium.

Still, we are not ungrateful when we are permitted to walk in the Toledo of to-day, and apply its history to its appearance. Unfortunately the fierce element in Toledan character has declined into rapacity and shameless beggary:

Other Spanish towns are proud and noble in their decay; Toledo is, unhappily, degraded and brutalised. She has no commerce, no stir, no money. She has no communication with the outer world, except through the travellers who briefly pass her way, and upon whose exploitation she lives. She has no standard of civilisation. Her object is to make every foreigner pay for every step he takes along her rude and inhospitable pavements. The people have no desire whatever to make a good impression, no pride in the hope that the stranger shall go away and speak them fair in remote parts. They neither want his good opinion nor his sympathy; but they want as much of his money as they can get. The ill-will is general. Canons, citizens, sacristans, guides, interpreters—all appear to be in a secret league to multiply difficulties and exact tips. Only the common women, all over Spain the cream of the race, retain something of Spanish good-nature and courtesy.

However, the traveller who is weary of parting with his coppers may taste revenge by watching the Toledans raking the Tagus for gold that never comes. Miss Lynch's picture of the dead river and the gold-seekers is striking:

The most witching element in the enchantment of this river is its stillness, its unfathomable, unbroken quietude. In the sixteenth century it was navigable as far as Toledo, but the mills upon its bank are now for ever silent; no traffic has disflowered its legendary charms; neither boat nor barge cuts a way along its inactive waters. In an age when every resource of nature is feverishly applied to the service of commerce or luxury, there is something majestic in such uselessness. When the wherry that plies sleepily

from bank to bank floats into view, the sight is a positive shock of artistic sensibilities. It seems an idle desecration. Only the gold-seekers—symbol of eternal illusion, ever nourished and ever elusive to the grasp of man, who builds fresh illusions of the ashes of past deceptions—may continue to trouble its wild and untamed depths. So from time to time these children of tradition, believing in the tale of its golden sands, go down to the reedy banks, after an inundation, with sifters, and industriously gather up the sand the river has flung from its bottom. They pour water over it, shake it well, and then hungrily examine the grains that remain, in the vain hope of finding gold. Before Ponz's time the dean of the Church of the Infantas was said to possess a piece of gold cast up by the Tagus, and the complaint then was that many another piece had been carelessly broken and scattered by the silversmiths. But Ponz doubts the golden legend even so early as the last century. To explain the undoubted fact that the river had at different times cast up treasure, he assumes that in each reversal and exodus of the race brought about by the evolution of Toledo's history—Roman, Gothic, Moorish, Hebrew, and Christian—the fugitives had the habit of burying near the river treasure in provision for the expected return. Even this is no supposition to be scorned, and adds to the romantic interest of the deserted Tagus.

The street scenery of Toledo has the same note of deadness, the present fluttering like scant rags over the past:

Streets so narrow that hand may touch hand from either side, and soft converse be held through opposite windows; so rounded that an enemy advancing might fall upon you unperceived. How many lovely façades, alas! eaten away, a sullen, magnificent protest against modern times, with divine arches showing here and there through miserable plaster! Everywhere Moorish faience, and curious Toledan doors in Arabian or Gothic porches, for all the world like the doors of palaces in fairyland, ornamented with huge carved iron nails. And when the doors stand open, glimpses of bright, clean patios, with their gleaming bands of *azulejos*, their centre well, and little stunted trees. All so dull, so still, so silent.

A complaint, and we have done. Miss Lynch's account of the old Toledo sword-making is very meagre: it fills one page. Considering that the general reader associates Toledo with little else than the steel blades with which it armed the knights of Europe, Miss Lynch might, we think, have condescended to him more in this matter. There is no lack of information on the subject, and it would have served Miss Lynch's turn to have explored it: for what is more pathetic than the pretence which is still made of keeping up the old craft? The tinkle of discouraged anvils, that will not cease and cannot triumph, is Toledo's voice to-day.

### A Mighty Hunter.

*After Big Game in Central Africa.* By Edouard Foa.  
Translated by Frederic Lees. (A. & C. Black. 21s.)

THIS chronicle of sport is relieved and elevated by a great deal of keen observation. If this were not so, many readers might find it difficult to stomach the long tale of slaughter. Between August, 1894, and November, 1897, M. Foa shot 488 head of big game and 520 head of small game; he snared, trapped, or netted 192 animals; poisoned four; and captured twenty-four animals alive. As will be surmised, M. Foa is an old hand. For the last fourteen years he has travelled incessantly in Africa, hunting, exploring, observing; and this is not the first record of sport he has published. The Foa expedition, of which this book gives the sporting side, started from the Zambesi in August, 1894, to cross Africa. M. Foa had a mission from the Minister of Public Instruction, and it is clear from Mr. Lee's statements that he did an immense amount of scientific work and collected specimens with industry



and acumen for the Paris Museum. The *grande médaille d'or* was awarded him for these results by the Paris Geographical Society; and M. Foà is preparing a separate and larger book dealing with the general results of his journey.

Here we pass from Mr. Lee's introduction to a frank and curiously French chronicle of shooting. M. Foà appears to be a thorough sportsman, but he recounts his exploits with the fervour and fancy of a Frenchman. He adopts the dramatic present tense on almost all occasions, and when this is not enough he showers dots among his words, and seems to pant as he narrates the tale of thrilling danger or escape. As a specimen of M. Foà's more excited manner, take his description of his really narrow escape from a gigantic wounded elephant. He and his native hunters had encountered a small herd of elephants, and in the end they killed four. But not before one of the animals had nearly avenged his race. A cry of rage from an unexpected quarter, a "shrill trumpet-blast similar to the shriek of a siren," and the black mass "bursts like a locomotive from the thicket we are skirting."

Each of us leap aside in search of safety. . . . Kambombe and Tchegallo, who were ahead, make off to the left; Tambarika and Rodzani scamper off the way we came; Msiambiri and I dash straight ahead through the hole made by the herd. . . . The ground trembles. . . . A sinister rustling of the leaves, a breaking of branches, the shriller and shriller trumpet blasts tell us that the elephant is behind, and overtaking us. . . . There is no doubt about it. . . . We throw down our heavy rifles so as to run the quicker.

It is impossible to describe the terror, mingled with rage, which fills me at this moment. During our mad race all my thoughts are summed up as follows: "No rifle, . . . many elephants killed with impunity, and this is the hour of reckoning! . . . the game is up, . . . a rapid vision of my native country." . . . That is all. . . . And now, clenching my fists, I run and jump in a supreme struggle for life. . . . Minutes slip by and seem hours. Some one, whom I recognise as Msiambiri, though without seeing him, brushes past me. . . . Our feet pass swiftly over the ground; trees upon trees flash past. . . . Behind us the shrill cries stop, but on our heels are heavy footsteps which shake the ground; a powerful, spasmodic breathing is heard; then, warm air passes over my shoulders and neck. . . . Heavens! it is its trunk. . . . "Tchitamba! tchitamba!" (trunk), murmurs the wretched fellow at my side. On we fly, maddened and blinded, bruising ourselves in grazing trees, insensible either to thorns which tear us or to branches which whip our faces. . . . It is useless! . . . I shall soon grow feeble and fall. . . . Then I hear, as in a dream, the cry "A mola!" ("It is all over"), uttered in despairing accents, and I see a body rise in the air. . . . I am alone. . . . The noise has ceased. . . . I continue running for a few seconds unconsciously, but the awakening comes. . . . I stop, and the reality stares me in the face. . . . Yes, I am saved; but the other is dead!—and through my fault. . . . Remorse and regret complete my distraction. . . . I lean against a tree, faltering, overcome.

After this it is pleasant to find M. Foà in his appendix writing generously and calmly about the elephant. He there discusses the possibility of domesticating the African elephant, and he has the candour to admit that this desirable and profitable end will never be gained until the hunting of the elephant is forbidden in Central Africa. At present the animals' habits are being modified by the everlasting chase. No longer do elephants herd calmly in grass countries and among the swamps and shelters that they love. Instead they are continually on the move. "A herd here to-day will be fifty miles away to-morrow, and the day after will be somewhere else. Probably you will never see it again." Under these conditions elephants cannot be captured. A stray elephant may be caught, but the opportunity to create establishments like those in India is not existent. The

elephant's powers of travel and its distinctive character among beasts are thus touched on by M. Foà:

The elephant has only one enemy—man. It fears none of the animals. In addition to intelligence relatively superior to theirs, it possesses strength, size, courage if need be, and, moreover, a sense of touch more delicate than that of any of them, even the monkey. It travels everywhere, swims like an amphibian and crosses ravines and rivers, forests and thickets, without distinction. Everything gives way before it. It climbs and descends hills which one would think inaccessible to it; it crosses whole countries in a night, like an undisputed master in his vast domains; it is here, there, and everywhere, hiding like a mouse despite its great size, and noiselessly disappearing like an unseizable Proteus, much to the discomfort of the hunter; finally, if its life is spared, it is ready to become once more, as in former times when it fought by his side, the ally, the friend, the servant, and the protector of man. The elephant is the true king of animals. Compare this noble animal with the useless lion, that nocturnal prowler at the mercy of a pack of wolves.

M. Foà admits that the death-pangs of an elephant are enough to make the most hardened hunter remorseful. "Several times have I said to myself, upon seeing these splendid animals suffer, that I ought to place my rifle in the gun-rack for ever." No such feelings attend the slaying of a man-eating lion, a fine instance of which occurs early in the narrative. A couple of natives came to speak to M. Foà on behalf of a chief. They said that a lion had eaten an old woman, and had since come prowling in search of another meal. M. Foà set off to the village, and, on the very night of his arrival, when it was too late to organise a hunt, the same lion appeared and carried off a boy at the very moment when he cautiously reached through the half-open door of his mother's hut to take up a bundle of firewood. An immense clamour arose, and the mother threw herself in tears at the Frenchman's feet. At daylight, with ten natives, M. Foà set off in chase, and very soon traces of the lion and child were found. At last M. Foà was in this position: he could see the tops of tall grass swaying, but could not locate the hidden lion. Kambombe mounts a tree; the other natives take up strategic positions.

Kambombe gives me information in a low voice from his tree: "He's off. . . . No, he comes this way. . . . He stops and looks in the direction of the men. . . . He raises his mane. . . . Ah! he comes in your direction. . . . at walking pace. . . . He is going to pass the ant-hill. . . . Ah! if you were here! . . . How well I see him. . . . He looks behind him. . . . There he is! there he is! . . . Get back a little; get back!"

One can understand with what anxiety I hear these words. Following his advice, I retire two steps. My men are behind me with their weapons ready. "Only fire in case of necessity," I tell them. . . . "Don't hurry yourself" . . . murmurs Tambarika.

The rustling grass bends forward, then opens on either side, and the lion walks out eight yards away from me, looking behind him, engrossed by the noise of the voices. Upon turning his head he sees me standing motionless, shows his teeth, and snarls, without deviating from his path. At the same time his tail rises, he flattens his ears, and I see he is going to charge at the very moment when, having followed him with my rifle, and aiming at the nape of his neck, I pull the trigger. . . . His four feet give way under him, and he falls stone-dead without a movement. [ . . . ] At the camp in the evening, when looking at the sky sown with stars, so serene and calm, I was still thinking of the poor negress over there, her mother's heart so wrung, and I asked myself how many such unknown sorrows there are each day in the universe.

Turning again to M. Foà's appendix, we find an interesting note on the precise behaviour of a lion when, as in the above case, it is met at close quarters and is provoked to attempt a charge. In the daytime lions usually avoid travellers, and, when seen, make off with an assumption of dignity until they are out of sight, when

they suddenly gallop off to safety. But a lion's tactics can never be reckoned on with certainty, and it is important to be able to interpret its behaviour.

First signs of anger are shown as follows: its tail rapidly twists from side to side, the bottom slightly rising; and, the black tassel at the end beating the air, it lowers its head more than usual and growls, at intervals showing its teeth. Then its voice becomes louder, it roars, shows its teeth, and lowers its ears, the movements of the tail increasing all the time. At the time of charging—that is, at the height of its anger—the tail rises in the air until it is almost vertical, the black tassel continues to move, the ears are flattened completely, and the animal comes toward you at a slow trot, then at a gallop, and finally springs forward with open mouth and extended claws. Sometimes it shows these various symptoms without charging, restrained by prudence; but it never charges without showing them. When the tail rises the hunter can bring his rifle to his shoulder and await his opportunity. In hunting, a man who is on his guard is worth four. A charge is extremely dangerous, almost always fatal when unexpected, either because of dense vegetation or other causes; but if you see the animal getting ready, flight is useless. Stand your ground: the only thing to do is to keep cool and trust in your weapon.

M. Foà's rifle seems never to have been silent; yet he had a hunter's disappointments in full measure. Once, after a month of nightly watchings, he comments:

Eight successful days out of thirty-seven! That was sufficient, however, for I killed animals which amply repaid me for my trouble. But what feelings of discouragement I have had also, what moments of real anguish? How many times have I said to myself on returning, tired out by my night of waiting, during which fever was my only visitor: "I shall return there no more!" Yet I was there in the evening. There is a host of sensations in the life of a nocturnal hunter which would need a more skilful pen than mine to describe them adequately.

But even in these pages M. Foà gives us many a hint of the psychology of the combats and ambushes incident to big game shooting. Mr. Lees' translation might be better. The excess of the present tense might have been avoided, and in not a few cases the rendering is too literal. But the book is well edited and well illustrated, and it provides some memorable reading.

### Scamping the West Countrie.

*A Book of the West.* Vol. I., Devon; Vol. II., Cornwall.  
By S. Baring-Gould. (Methuen. Each 6s.)

ONE thing is very certain, patience is a virtue that every day recedes farther from "popular" authors. Their books, which come tumbling one upon the other like boys from school, bear every mark of hurry, and the ambition to be immediately read and remunerated seems to be the only one that has any force with them. To make literature, that is a secondary matter entirely. Let us take Mr. Baring-Gould as an example. Many years ago he wrote *Mehalah* and *John Herring*, wherein are strength and order and a dominant purpose. To-day he puts forth *A Book of the West*, two bulky volumes of odds and ends of gossip concerning Cornwall and Devon, flung down just as they came into his head, without any studious care for arrangement or well-knit framework. In the preface we find these disarming sentences:

In this *Book of the West* I have not sought to say all that might be said relative to Devon and Cornwall; nor have I attempted to make of it a guide-book. I have rather endeavoured to convey to the visitor to our western peninsula a general idea of what is interesting, and what ought to attract his attention. The book is not intended to supersede guide-books, but to prepare the mind to use these latter with discretion. . . . My object, then, must not be misunderstood, and my book harshly judged accordingly. There are ten thousand omissions, but I

venture to think a good many things have been admitted which will not be found in guide-books, but which it is well for the visitor to know, if he has a quick intelligence and eyes open to observe.

The critic's ground is here almost cut from under his feet. Mr. Baring-Gould practically says: "I am writing merely for tourists as much in a hurry as myself. It is no business of any reviewer at all." But when books are printed and bound and illustrated, and marked six shillings, and entitled pretentiously, they come into the reviewer's purview, and we therefore feel bound to protest. Moreover, we know something of Devon and Cornwall, and have much love for them, and we hate to see them perfunctorily treated. Mr. Baring-Gould has not even so far revised his work as to take out the phrase "the writer of this article" in the middle of it, thus betraying its miscellaneous origin. A book entitled *A Book of the West* should be a real book, the outcome of much pains and much toil and much thinking.

The pity of it is, that Mr. Baring-Gould is really a good and erudite writer. He knows his subject well; he knows the West-Country people; he is interested in legends; he has a robust, sympathetic, tolerant mind, and a fine sense of life. In other words, he is the born historian of Devon and Cornwall. Yet, instead of doing the work thoroughly, easefully, once for all, he pitches out these volumes of anecdotes and quotations, scraps and whimsies, and passes on to his next piece of book making, having accomplished really nothing at all. The thing was worth doing slowly, laboriously—in short, thoroughly. It must now be done again: as it stands it is a medley. It is not guide-book, as Mr. Baring-Gould admits—it is too heavy and cumbersome and incomplete; it is not history—it is too haphazard and incomplete; it is not narrative—it is too jumpy. It is just the erratic, disordered talk of a clever, well-informed, genial man, printed and bound up with pictures. It is notes for a good book; it is anything but the book itself. We have a theory that in compiling this go-as-you-please effort Mr. Baring-Gould was carried away by the ideal which rose before him as he penned this sentence in connexion with Lynton (a sentence surely out of place in any work which does not profess to be a guide-book): "At Lynton is the fine mansion of Sir George Newnes, the publisher of *Tit Bits* and many kindred papers, who was created a baronet by Mr. Gladstone for political services."

Every now and then Mr. Baring-Gould shows us what an epic he might have made. Thus, in the Cornish volume, in an excellent chapter concerning smuggling, there is this fine passage:

I was in a little seaport tavern in Cornwall one winter's evening, over a great fire, with a company of very old "salts," gossiping, yarning, singing, when up got a tough old fellow with a face the colour of mahogany, and dark, piercing eyes, and the nose of a hawk. Planting his feet wide apart, as though on deck in a rolling sea, he began to sing in stentorian tones a folk-song relative to a highwayman in the old times, when Sir John Fielding, the blind magistrate at Westminster, put down highway robbery.

The ballad told of the evil deeds of this mounted robber of the highways, and of how he was captured by "Fielding's crew" and condemned to die. It concluded:

When I am dead, borne to my grave,  
A gallant funeral may I have;  
Six highwaymen to carry me,  
With good broadswords and sweet liberty.

Six blooming maidens shall bear my pall,  
Give them white gloves and pink ribbons all;  
And when I'm dead they'll tell the truth,  
I was a wild and wicked youth.

At the conclusion of each verse the whole assembly repeated the two final lines. It was a striking scene; their eyes flashed, their colour mounted, they hammered with their fists on the table and with their heels on the floor.

Some, in the wildness of their excitement, sprang up, thrust their hands through their white or grey hair, and flourished them, roaring like bulls.

When the song was done, and composure had settled over the faces of the excited men, one of them said apologetically to me: "You see, Sir, we be all old smugglers, and have gone agin the law in our best days."

That is the best thing in the book.

Mr. Baring-Gould's quaint stories are sometimes excellent. "I am not sure," he writes, "that West-Country women ever forget that they were once comely. An old woman of seventy-five was brought forward to be photographed by an amateur; no words of address could induce her to speak till the operation was completed; she then put her finger into her mouth. 'You wouldn't ha' me took wi' my cheeks fallen in? I just stuffed the *Western Marnin' News* into my mouth to fill'n out.'" Peter Odgers lived at Mullion, in Cornwall. One day when out with his horse and cart he drank too freely of cider, and was overcome. Some boys took the horse out of the cart and drove it away. An hour later Peter awoke. "Well, if iver!" he said. "Be I Peter Odgers, or be I not? 'Tis contrary anyway. If I be Peter Odgers, I've lost an 'orse; if I baint, why I've gained a cart."

A final objection—the book is without an index.

### Yiddish.

*The History of Yiddish Literature in the Nineteenth Century.*  
By Leo Wiener. (Nimmo.)

OBVIOUSLY the first question is: "What is Yiddish?" and we are bound to say that we have had some difficulty in excavating the answer from Herr Wiener's imperfectly ordered introduction. Herr Wiener has spared no pains or learning in writing this book: he has made a tour through Europe with the express view of gathering material; he has ravaged the book-stores of Warsaw and Cracow, and has collected a library of eighteen hundred Yiddish volumes, which now repose in Harvard Library. His erudition is undoubted; but if he had joined to it a little more respect for the methodical and lucid exposition of first principles, his ignorant readers would have had doubled cause for gratitude. Briefly speaking, it appears that Yiddish, more politely termed Judæo-German, and more impolitely Jargon, is a dialect of High German, written in a Hebrew alphabet, and largely adulterated with Hebrew and Slavonic elements. Hebrew being the "learned" language of the Jews throughout the Middle Ages, Judæo-German naturally absorbed Hebrew, just as other German dialects absorbed Latin. The Slavonic infusion is explained by the history of the language. It was used by the colonies of Jews from the Middle Rhine who settled in Bohemia, Russia, and Poland about the beginning of the sixteenth century. It was fostered by the isolated life of such communities, in ghettos and pales, which prevented their taking part, as Jews have done, for instance, in England and Spain, in the normal literary and linguistic development of the countries they inhabited. Even the German Jews, from the time of Mendelssohn onwards, became merged in Gentilism: in the Slavonic lands alone they have remained to this day a caste. Up to the nineteenth century, Yiddish literature remained thoroughly mediæval in its type, and in its popular branches it is so still. But during the last hundred years it has been used also by enlightened Jews, who desired to set on foot among their backward countrymen a propaganda of the Mendelssohnian reform. Had they succeeded Yiddish would probably have ceased to exist. Probably it will, in any case, perish before long; but its end has been deferred by the Russian persecution of the eighties, and by the renewed migrations of Yiddish-speaking Jews to dwell as aliens in London, and to an even greater extent in America.

The Jews were, as Herr Wiener says, "the most potent factors in the dissemination of folk-literature in the Middle Ages," and popular Yiddish literature remains a mass of folk-stories and folk-lore garnered from all ends of the earth:

Their mysterious world is peopled with the imaginary beings of the Talmud, the creatures of German mythology, and the creations of the Slavie popular mind. These exist for them, however, not as separate entities, but as trans-fused into an organic whole in which the belief of Babylonia and Assyria has much of the outward form of the superstition of Russia, just as the spirits of Poland and Germany are made to be brothers to those of Chalda and Egypt. To their minds the transmigrated souls of the *Gilgulim*, the scoffing *Leezim*, the living dead bodies of the *Meessim*, the possessing *Dibukim*, the gruesome *Scheedim*, are as real as the *Riesen* and *Schraetete* of Germany, and the *Nischtgute* (niedobry), *Wukodlaki* (werewolf), *Zlidne*, *Upior* (vampyre), and *Domowoj* of Russia. The beast *Reem* of the Talmud, the *Pipernütter* (Lindwurm) of Germany, are not less known to them than the fabled animals of Russian fairy tales. In case of sickness they consult with equal success the miracle-working Rabbi with his lore derived from Talmud and Cabbala, as the Tartar medicine-man (znachar), or get some old woman to recite the ancient formula for warding off the evil eye.

If you try to analyse out from this cosmopolitan mass the racial characteristics, two present themselves. Yiddish is essentially urban and profoundly melancholy. Its folk-song is lyrical, but entirely devoid of natural magic. Humanity is all in all; its setting nothing. If a flower or a tree is named it is as a symbol, not for delight. The Jew, indeed, has been since the dispersion a dweller in cities. Centuries of exclusion and oppression, moreover, have set their brand upon his *Ethos*.

The perfection of art is to the mind of a Jew its ability to move to tears. It is expected of the violinist that he shall play the saddest tunes in the minor key, such as will make his hearers weep like "beavers"; the precentor's reputation depends on his powers to crush his audience, to call forth contrition of spirit, to make the hearts bleed; and the author who can make his reader dissolve in tears, no matter how absurd the story, is sure to become popular with a Jewish public.

Let us tell the reader a secret. Yiddish literature does not come to much after all. It is the voice of a worn-out people, hidebound in convention, and missing the Antæan contact with earth which is the fount of song. Therefore, for the most part, we forbear quoting. But for a sample here are two brief stanzas, with Herr Wiener's translation. And perhaps they have something of the lyric cry:

Jähren kleine, Jähren schoene,  
Was sent ihr asô wënic dâ?  
Ihr sent nor gekummen,  
Me hât euch schoen aufgenummen,  
Un' sent nor gewë'n bei uns ein Scho?

Jähren junge, Jähren g'ringe,  
Was sent ihr asô gich aweg?  
Es seht euch nit këin Ängel,  
Es derjagen euch nit die Voegel,  
Ihr sent aweg gâr ohn' ein Eck!

Little years, beautiful years, why are there so few of you? You had scarcely come, you were well received, and you stayed but an hour with us!—Young years, light years, why have you passed so quickly? Not an eye can see you, not a bird can fly as swiftly, you have passed without return.

The folk-literature of Yiddish has always been very largely in the hands of the *badchens* or *marshaliks*. These are jesters, whose proper functions are at weddings. Originally they delivered witty and even serious discourses to the bride, the bridegroom, and the guests; they came to form a regular minstrel class, and at the present time they are chiefly singers of songs. The Yiddish theatre also has its rise in specific national custom. The earliest plays are mysteries performed on the feast of Purim, and dealing

with such subjects as "The Sale of Joseph," "Ahasuerus," and "David and Goliath." There is a secular theatre now; but the mysteries are still played by *badchens* and beggar-students, and, in strangely corrupt forms, serve, like our own St. George play, for the mummers at festival *quêtes*.

Herr Wiener deals at length with the chief figures of the Yiddish literary revival of the last half-century. He singles out for especial praise Leon Perez; and quite rightly, for in the "Chrestomathy," which concludes the book, Perez' "Bontsie Silent" stands out with startling effect from the mediocrity of its companions. We regret that we have not room to quote this fine story, remarkable alike for its humanity and its satirical vigour. Perez is clearly an artist. But, as Herr Wiener points out, it is, in a sense, by accident that Perez writes in Yiddish at all. Himself emancipated, and thoroughly in touch with general European learning and culture, he devotes himself to the spiritual enfranchisement of his own people. He regards literature, not as "a flimsy pastime of the otiose, but a consolation to those who have no other consolation; a safe and pleasurable retreat for those who are buffeted about on the stormy sea of life." He is not, however, popular; and Yiddish critics say that his love of symbolism makes him unintelligible to precisely that class for whom he writes. Verily, the prophet is without honour in his own country.

## Other New Books.

### REMINISCENCES OF THE KING OF ROUMANIA.

EDITED BY SIDNEY WHITMAN.

From the Balkan Peninsula the jangling sound of confused issues arises without much interruption; Servia, Bulgaria, Montenegro, and what is left of European Turkey joining in the hubbub each with its own peculiar note of discord. Only from Roumania do we seldom hear anything, until people have come to forget that it is one of the emancipated states of Turkey, and to imagine that it is separated from those who are its fellows by something broader and deeper than the Danube. For this happy state of things the Roumanians are indebted to no overweening merit of their own. They, too, have known the worse than Turkish curse of Levantine and Phanariot rule, and had they been left without, or even with indifferent guidance, would have been in no better condition than the Servians now are. The credit belongs to King Charles, or Carol, the Prince of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, who was elected to rule over the provinces of Moldavia and Wallachia in 1866, and has for three-and-thirty years worked for his adopted country in the face of misrepresentation and opposition with the happiest results.

King Charles was the second son of Prince Charles Anthony of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, and was born just over sixty years ago. Though a Hohenzollern, he is partly French by descent, his paternal grandmother having been a Princess Murat, and his maternal grandmother Stéphanie Beauharnais, the adopted daughter of Napoleon I. This mixed descent will account for the many non-German traits which are to be found in his character. The story of his arrival in the Principalities reads like a chapter from some romance of Ruritania, and the spectacles of Herr Hettingen, the second-class carriage through Austria (then arming against Prussia), the landing at Turnu Severin, and the headlong gallop to Bucharest, were but a fitting prelude to the stormy and difficult years which were to follow. Many a time did Prince Charles think of resignation; but he acted always on his father's maxim, "A wise and an honest ruler must never pursue a personal policy, but only a national one." That the king possesses the power of statecraft in the highest degree is shown by the way in which he has surmounted

the financial troubles of Roumania, the pitfalls of the Jewish question, the dangers of the Franco-German War and of the Russo-Turkish War—when the very existence of the country was at stake—the peasant rising of eleven years ago, and the dynastic opposition which has been scurrilous and bitter ever since he took up his duty. All this is set forth clearly in Mr. Whitman's story, and an added value is given to the book by the letters from Queen Victoria, the Czar, the German Emperor, Napoleon III., and others, by which it is illustrated. Especially to be noticed are the prescient letters of Prince Charles Anthony, King Charles's father, who, writing in closest intimacy to his son, showed a statecraft and a gift of political foresight which prove him to have been a very remarkable man.

The book really ends with the coronation of King Charles on May 22, 1881, when the independence won on the battlefields in Turkey was finally acknowledged, and Roumania became a kingdom, and one of the great European family. The king's crown was, in accordance with his wish, made of steel from a Turkish gun captured at Plevna, and in putting it on, King Charles said, "I assume with pride this crown, wrought from a cannon sprinkled with the blood of our heroes, and consecrated by the Church; I accept it as a symbol of the independence and power of Roumania." Mr. Sidney Whitman has given us a valuable contribution to the history of the States of Eastern Europe, and one which throws many a sidelight on the politics of the greater States of Europe during the past thirty years. Incidentally, it proves how large a part the personality of a ruler still plays on the world's stage, and the superiority of a limited monarchy over all other forms of government. (Harper Bros. 10s. 6d.)

### THE ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT FISHERIES.

By JOHN WATSON.

The "Angler's Library" has established its claim to confidence, and this volume is as good as its predecessors. No doubt Mr. Watson's book can be regarded only as a tentative guide, for, as he himself points out, the great system of lakes, tarns, and rivers with which he deals contain potentialities of sport far beyond anything now existing in the Lake District. Excellent as the sport is in many places, the natural advantages of the district have not yet been much cultivated or improved. In this connexion the author prints a very practical letter from Captain Ormrod, of Wyresdale Park, Lancashire, in which the writer, after declaring that he has always looked upon the Lake District as "thousands of acres of water almost wasted," sketches the lines on which reform should proceed. He says:

I consider it quite out of the question to think of improving the larger lakes at present. Beyond keeping down the perch, which are far too numerous. I should not interfere with the present state of things. Perch can be netted out during the spawning season very easily, and destroyed. They do little harm to trout except for the fact of their being most voracious, and where there are a lot of perch there cannot be many trout.

What I should suggest is that a start should be made with one of the smallest lakes in the Lake District.

If the thing is properly managed in a practical manner, in three years' time the fame of this little lake will have reached over England. New fishing hotels will be started on its banks; fishing tickets will be sold which will begin to repay the outlay; and hotel managers who live on other lakes less favoured will be clamouring for some way of introducing fresh blood into their waters, so that they too may benefit by the influx of angling visitors. There is no exaggeration in all this.

The literature of fishing in the Lake District is curiously scant, and is not very practical. Mr. Watson's work is perhaps a shade too practical, but his material is so extensive that he must have been hard put to it to find space for necessary information, apart from reminiscence

or anecdote. But he pauses to remark that the casual visitor knows little of the beauties of Windermere.

It is alike beautiful in spring, in summer, in autumn, in winter; and only those who know the "river lake" as comparative strangers are bold enough to set the transcendent beauty of one season against another.

Its ordinary aspects are known to thousands of people; fewer know the great charm of trout-fishing through a summer night; and fewer still, perhaps, the almost inexpressible beauty of being abroad on the lake just at the dawn of a new day in May or early June. These are things which must be experienced—they leave impressions which can never be translated.

The book is admirably illustrated by photographs. (Lawrence & Bullen. 5s.)

ILLUSTRATED SPORTING BOOKS. BY J. HERBERT SLATER.

Illustrated sporting books are entirely worthy of a well-arranged catalogue to themselves, and this has now been provided by Mr. Slater. Published prices or auction prices are given throughout the volume, which forms a very handy guide to an interesting and rather recondite world of books. (Gill.)

## Fiction.

*Siren City.* By Benjamin Swift.  
(Methuen & Co. 6s.)

In earlier books Mr. Swift has been preoccupied with his own brilliance, and these books have suffered, as books will, from such a preoccupation. We are glad to observe that in *Siren City* he has almost abandoned the pyrotechnic displays of youth, and settled down to the serious development of his talent. *Siren City* is certainly his best book, and it is the work of a strong man. It has sobriety, not only of manner, but of spirit. It will command respect, in place of the wonder accorded to his previous novels. Nevertheless, it is so far from being a complete success that after the perusal the faults, not the merits, stand out conspicuous. The faults are of several kinds, and they differ in degree.

To begin with the most important, the theme has intrinsically neither originality nor bigness, and it is not treated in a way to conceal these defects. The siren city is Naples. Mrs. Morpeth and Rebecca, wife and daughter of a great English banker, are on a visit there. They meet Count Hector di Rosa, who calls himself of the historic family of Maddaloni. Hector is handsome, passionate, vicious, and a fool. Rebecca falls in love with him; he gives a ball in his immense bare palace, and in an instant they are engaged. The banker angrily recalls his wife and daughter. Hector follows them to England, stays at the Morpeth mansion in Pont-street, and ends by infuriating the banker. He elopes with Rebecca. Married to the rascal, and isolated in the immense bare palace, Rebecca suffers a sudden and horrible delusion. She has a child; her husband gets imprisoned for life for a lottery fraud; her mother dies. She returns to England; after much delay is reconciled to her father; journeys again to Italy to see Hector die; and then marries an excellent guardsman, Roland, who from the beginning has adored her. These things, with the machinations of a couple of Neapolitan usurers, Vacca and Tizio, constitute the plot.

It is just the usual story of the young woman who at the bidding of her heart makes a silly mistake, and emerges safe in the end by means of a nicely contrived piece of good fortune. We must have encountered the identical plot dozens of times. Of course Mr. Swift has added Naples. His descriptions of Naples and the Neapolitans are good, the best things in the book, though inclined to the hue of purple. Here is one:

Neapolitans are noctambulists, and love their city as much when it covers itself, like London, with the dark as

with a garment. The great red beacon of Vesuvius is the city's torch and pillar of fire by night, and in the starry south there is always a great league of stars. The sea, all the silver and gold of it, pouring round the happy isles, is the city's broad southern gate, and when it is moon-bright or moon-yellow, as in autumn, there is no more amazing scene. Temples of the Saracens, temples of Serapis, old shrines of the sun and pillars of forgotten gods, may still be seen, watching the bay from their ruins, and stretching gaunt arms out of forgotten ages. And although those altars and symbols are now dust, the heart of Naples is still pagan, city of suffering, bride that has endured the caresses and lusts of countless aliens and barbarians, when they came to make their bed with her by the sea. Mysterious mistress who has been in wedlock with North and South, and in harlotry with East and West, putting on gold raiment of the morning, all nations have drunk of the wine of the wrath of her fornication, and the kings of the earth have committed fornication with her, and the merchants of the earth are waxed rich through the abundance of her delicacies! Her streets indeed may be gay, but her gaiety is full of the earnestness of vital and organic passion. It is a gaiety whose goal is persons as well as things, and which, if unsatisfied, never lets itself go unavenged.

He has in truth made Naples a siren city, but it is not a siren city for his characters. It does not "call" to them like the East. Indeed, most of them seem to regard it as a beautiful place to depart from. Even when Rebecca lives within it, she shuts herself up and will not see it. Curiously, this part of the book is the only part in which is struck the lofty and dignified note of tragic pathos. Elsewhere, either Mr. Swift has curbed himself too tight, or he has failed to find any grand aspect of his theme. The consequence is that, except for the episode of Rebecca's dreadful isolation in the palace, the actual story has an air of being common, undistinguished.

To leave this and come to the next point—that of construction. We are bound to say that Mr. Swift's ideas upon the proper shape of a novel have amazed us. The story begins on page 29, and it duly ends on the last page. Pages 1-28 should have occurred immediately after page 287. We seek in vain for a reason why Mr. Swift should have selected, apparently by chance, a passage from the conclusion of his tale, and placed it at the front of the book as the first chapter. Young authors are indubitably prone to begin their novels in the middle, but this feat of Mr. Swift's surpasses anything in our experience. So far as we can see, it serves no purpose, except to disfigure the form and weaken the interest of the tale. We attribute it to simple thoughtlessness. Further, Mr. Swift has an unmistakable aptitude for slurring over important scenes in his drama. For example, the recital of Hector's fraud is not at all convincing, and the night temptation of Rebecca by the boy Tizio—which should surely have been impressive—seems to us a mere hasty sketch. The return of Lady Middlemass's missing husband is like a joke at the expense of the reader.

Lastly, there is the question of style. The faults of Mr. Swift's style, when at its strongest, are sufficiently clear in the passage already quoted. He is, in addition, guilty of positive sins. He seems not yet to be quite cured of the disease of feeble epigram: "It is one of the ironies of civilisation that certain women become marriageable only after they are married." Could not nearly anyone produce this sort of thing by the gross? In many places the writing is really bad, and even incorrect, as in the following sentences:

It used to amuse him to compare the amount of attention paid to rank, combined with splendour, compared to the amount paid to it when its purse is empty.

It was evident that he was not jealous of Maddaloni's appearance. He did not require to be.

Such sentences, in a novel of the pretensions of *Siren City*, appear to us to be very regrettable.

Our indictment of Mr. Swift is a fairly comprehensive one. In stating it as fully as limited space permits, we



have sought to render a service not only to him, but to English literature. For we think—and we are not alone—that he might belong to English literature. He is a *writer*; he has the sense of words, withheld from nearly all. His great strength lies in his grasp and presentation of character. With a single exception all the characters in *Siren City* are admirably drawn: this is the merit of the book—a merit, however, not sufficient quite to redeem it.

*The Magic of the Desert: A Romance.* By W. Smith-Williams. (Blackwood. 6s.)

As a romance this book is lacking in coherency and unity. On the other hand, its rather scrappy pages are enlivened by a series of capital yarns, told with all the buoyancy of literary adolescence. The author has been around; and surely not one of his lively impressions can have been reserved against a future occasion.

The hero starts for Australia in the train of a colonial governor. On the way through the Canal he sees a mirage, which we mention because apropos of it occurs the phrase which gives its title to the book; for which elsewhere we have sought in vain for any justification other than its impressive appearance: "How wonderful it is . . . that Nature should play such pranks, and that there should be such magic in the Desert!" Of that particular desert, however, no more is seen. We are presently in an Australian colony, and plunged in the social whirlpool of which the Governor's House is the centre. Of the tornado of popular wrath that swept over the club founded to enable "the nicest people to meet in the nicest way"; of the lady whose milliner's confection of precious stuffs, at £5 a yard, found itself parodied in the decoration of a whole room of her rival's house; and of the reputed convict who in his prosperity cherished the popular delusion as a preferable alternative to the divulgence of the fact that he was the innocent origin of the rabbit pest, and of many other like topics, we hear exuberant news. And there is delivered a rather delightful letter from "Aunt Julia" (of whom we would gladly have learned more), expressive of her admiration of a land in which the sun was accustomed to "rise in the middle of the night." When the yarns of the colony are exhausted Mr. Williams, by the heartless device of killing his governor on the eve of matrimony, sets his hero free to volunteer in a South American war, which is the main episode of the assortment. And it is very capitally done. Here, for instance, is some real observation. A torpedo-boat is to make a night attack; her friends watch her from the shore:

Suddenly the thin, clear notes of the bugles pierced the air; the search lights flashed out; the electric arms fell tentatively for a few moments upon the surface of the sea, and soon caught the approaching *Nina* in their grasp. The stir on the ships, the bosun's whistle, the tramp of the crews hurrying to quarters, the shouts of the men on the look-out, could be plainly heard from the plateau. The *Nina* was now like a fairy in pantomime advancing down the centre in a flood of light, which, while it did not make her grey hull very conspicuous, appeared to solidify the dense masses of smoke trailing out of her funnels.

That is one of the best bits in the book. The worst (and the funniest) is the description of how the reprobate Dick, who, "he does not know why," determines to become "a monk of St. Francis"—whatever that may be—was discovered lying prone before the altar, while the monks, singing (to organ accompaniment) the psalm *De Profundis*, approach him one by one, and scourge his "grovelling body" with a thong, in order to make him, after the manner of Dotheboys Hall, happy and contented. The points will probably be lost upon the general public, but for the sake of any reader who is qualified to appreciate its exquisite absurdity we have noted so much.

*The Secret of Sorrow.* By Cecil Headlam. (Macqueen. 6s.)

"BEING the Confession of a Young Man"—so runs the sub-title, and the array of quotations (there are four before the tale commences) and general parade of a somewhat facile culture prepare us for a slightly insincere and affected confession—the confession of a *poseur*. Young men of the stamp of George Hesperdale have swaggered through the pages of scores of novels during the last decade. They all go the same gait.

We delighted in seeing and tasting every side of London life. If the mood was on us we would be fashionable, and suffer inordinate boredom in smart drawing-rooms. The mood would change, and we then affected the clothes and manners of a sham Bohemianism. The mood that was past always gave a fresh and pleasing piquancy to the mood that was present. We took all life outside our own as little more than a jest. We cared as little for it, in our hearts, as does the bather for any particular wave which passes under him and causes his nerves to tingle. We were careful of our own feelings, but to the instruments that roused them we paid in comparison but little heed. One night we would dine magnificently at Willis's Rooms or Kettner's, and sup at the Continental, the next, perhaps, at the most insignificant restaurant in Soho. One night we would listen, quivering with emotions of pleasure and pity, to the performance of a Wagnerian opera. The next night we would go home aching with laughter at some screaming French farce.

And this is "seeing life"!

George Hesperdale seduced a peer's daughter. (The seduction scene is gross, after the refined Gallic fashion.) Some time afterwards the pair met again, and Lady Mary forgave him and married him. Then in a year or two the terrible question began to trouble him, Was I the only one? Follows jealousy, with a tragic ending. Indeed, George Hesperdale might have stepped full-grown out of some fiction by René Maizeroy. He was an unredeemed cad, and that is the first thing and the last to be said about him.

As a whole, *The Secret of Sorrow* lacks both good taste and (what is more important) imagination. The first chapter, however, describing the infancy of the ineffable George, is good and strong.

### Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THE PATH OF A STAR. BY MRS. EVERARD COTES.

Another addition to the vivacious works of the lady who is known as Sara Jeanette Duncan. *The Adventures of a Memsahib* here finds a worthy companion. The author's eye for humours is as keen as ever. (Methuen. 6s.)

FOR THE SAKE OF THE DUCHESS. BY S. WALKEY.

"A Page from the Life of the Vicomte de Championnet." The Vicomte tells the story himself, as so many vicomtes have done of late. "It was a beautiful duel, and all the time I kept wondering where I should pink Silvain first. He panted like a stag, but came upon me with such excellent spirit that I was loth to kill him in a hurry." A spirited, if conventional, romance. (Arrowsmith. 6s.)

CARAMELLA. BY G. P. HAWTREY.

A good-humoured medley of story, satire, and burlesque. Caramella is the island where Tennyson's Lotos Eaters settled, and Mr. Hawtreys's hero has adventures among their descendants—Ajax, Helen, Achilles, and all the rest. "Thank goodness, it is not necessary for me," says the author, "to explain how England is governed. To tell you the honest truth, I have no idea. It rubs along somehow, and one or two foreign nations are said to be jealous of it; but I don't think that anyone knows why." (Arrowsmith. 6s.)



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## The Knapsack Library.

I ONCE had a dream of editing a little library of books for the scholar gipsy, such books, in such miniature yet comfortable *format*, as he would care, and be able, to carry with him in a wayfaring knapsack. Nothing has ever been so exquisite as the *format* of that little unborn library. If you can imagine exactly the kind of book that would go with a meal of bread and honey by the roadside, you will have some idea of the deliciousness of my edition, say, of Spenser's *Minor Poems*. Well, I took the dream to a publisher, and, as he was a lover of beautiful books as well as a publisher, he thought it a charming little dream, and longed to set paper-makers and printers and binders at work upon its embodiment immediately. There was but one difficulty: "Who, then, would buy?" In his shop he had so many dreams to sell. Prudence counselled that he should add no more for the present. "For," he said, "it is a melancholy fact that your tourist, particularly your cyclist, on whom we should chiefly rely, never reads anything—either at home or abroad. Your bookish pedestrian is extinct, or only survives in numbers too small to carry off even the most limited edition."

Personally, I think the publisher was too pessimistic, though I confess that two or three booksellers I likewise consulted confirmed his view. One of these, something of a philosopher, with an eye for the causes of things, suggested a possible reason. "It comes a good deal," he said, "of some of you literary men, so to say, fouling your own nests. It was Stevenson who began it with his talk of longing for a more manly way of life—as if he could have been happy for five minutes in a world without words. Then Mr. Lang, perhaps the most literary temperament that ever lived, would have you believe that to write a good book is nothing compared with playing a good game of golf. And, of course, all the imitative youngsters follow suit. It is a pose, a fashion, like any other, and it will pass; but, meanwhile, it is not very good for the book trade."

There is a great deal in what the bookseller said. At the moment, books are at considerably more than a threepence in the shilling discount. Only battle-axes are at a premium. "Life is more than literature," like many another good phrase gone wrong, has run amok in certain brains; and we have the strange spectacle of a highly organised civilisation aping the barbarism from which it started.

"Life?" Yes! But it seems rather the taking of life that is meant; and if life is more than literature, how much more is it than mere golf and cricket, or even soldiering and sailing? No one would deny that the "crowded hour of glorious life" is worth all libraries, including even my Knapsack Library, though perhaps it depends a little on what you crowd into that hour; and I fancy that Scott must have meant something more than, say, a good time with a Gatling gun.

Of course, a book is no more a substitute for *life* than a fiddle is a substitute for a beautiful woman; but a book is more important than a cricket bat, and a fiddle than a sword. Similarly, had I to choose between the lark and

Shelley, I would choose the bird with the bigger brain and the many meanings in his voice.

Fortunately, however, no such choice is necessary, and I confess that, as a matter of personal practice, when the lark begins over the down, I shut my Shelley. One poet at a time. (On the other hand, I prefer Izaak Walton, always, to fishing.) I have mentioned Shelley advisedly, as representative of one of the two types into which true knapsack writers are divided. True knapsack literature either fulfils Walter Pater's ideal of literature in approaching as near as possible to music, or it is like the smoking of a pipe. For us to take it away with us, a book must either be a song or a companion. Shelley is not much—or, perhaps, too much—of a companion; but who shall match him at a song? While for a thoroughly seasoned briar, who is there still that can compare with Charles Lamb?

But, before I steal bits from my unwritten preface to "The Knapsack Library," I realise that I have not quite finished the vindication of that library's existence. Says your plain athletic man—there is no such sentimentalist—"With all this glorious nature about you, this blue air, this green grass, these variously coloured cows; this haughty exercise of prize muscles: what do you want with books? Are not these enough? Leave your bookishness in your London chambers, dear bookworm, and come eat with us the simple grass, like Nebuchadnezzar."

"Bookishness!" I never talked of that. I am no bookworm; nor, indeed, any book-feeding insect, unless it be a book-butterfly happy in the sun of literature. Nor did I for a moment mean that one should read *while* rowing, or cycling; nor would I advise it during football, or cricket—though in the latter game it might, perhaps, be recommended to "stonewallers," as a pleasant way of passing the time—it would be delightful to watch the effect of an Australian cricketer reading Marcus Aurelius at Lord's).

In fact, however it may sound, my Knapsack Library is not necessarily intended for reading at all; for, more than likely, it would be composed of the books one knows by heart. In book-love, as in any other form of love, there is a physical as well as a spiritual. I know, say, pretty well all I care to read of Mr. Swinburne by heart—the reader must excuse my thus bragging a prodigious memory—but was that any reason why I shouldn't carry for the last fortnight in a cruel saddlebag *Faustine*, and *Felise*, and *Dolores*, and fifty more imperishable shapes of music? It is not enough to say a poem you love, you must see, even touch it too. You want it with you in its bodily presence, that at evening you may place it on your dinner-table, as you would set a rose in a glass; or that at morning it may be a lark at your bedside. You pack it among your clothes for lavender. There is, perhaps, hardly a purpose to which a real book may not be put—including reading.

Those who aver that nature—*plus* boating—is enough holiday, and that books are an effeminate intrusion, talk as though one expected them to take Mommsen in their travelling bags, and it is difficult to persuade them that our sixpenny Ouida (and what a boon is that!) is not one of the Fathers in disguise. They know so little of the secondary, or rather primary, uses of books. All books to them are either guide-books, or lexicons, or—Whyte-Melville. They either teach you something dull, or miserably pass the time in the intervals of grouse-shooting. The only book they can see in a man's hand on a holiday is a Bradshaw—a book one is always glad to lend to a friend. If you took a fiddle with you on your wanderings, or if you ran the terrible risk of taking a friend, they would understand easily enough. Well, they must be kind enough to try and comprehend that the book one takes on a journey is at once a fiddle, a friend, and a flower, and, last of all, a book. There is so little room in a knapsack that you are obliged to be thus epigrammatic

in your baggage. Probably, if I were a great singer—a Correze, for I am just deep in love with a sixpenny *Moths*—I might not take a book with me; for, apart from the psychological fact that great singers never read anything, I should be able to shape for myself my itinerant feelings in the presence of the various well-known phenomena of nature; but, as I am neither a singer, nor even a “word-painter,” I am driven to express myself at second-hand in all the irrelevant splendours of literature. Sometimes, as I coast down a hill, I chant out in a rapture of speed something gloriously different from Mr. Lang’s *Theocritus*. As I dodge the affrighted occupants of a wagonette, I am probably exclaiming (genuinely, it will be observed, “from memory”): “Men call thee a gipsy, gracious Bombyca, and lean and sunburnt; it is only I that call thee honey-pale. Swart is the violet, and swart the lettered hyacinth. Yet are these flowers chosen the first in garlands.”

Uphill, I have found this verse from a great living poet no less useful (again I quote from memory, but this time, I suspect, more accurately):

You with shelly horns, rams! and promontory goats,  
 You whose browsing beards dip in coldest dew!  
 Bulls, that walk the pastures in kingly-flashing coats!  
 Laurel, ivy, vine, wreathed for feasts not few!  
 You that build the shade-roof, and you that court the rays,  
 You that leap besprinkling the rock stream-rent:  
 He has been our fellow, the morning of our days!  
 Us he chose for housemates, and this way went.  
 God! of whom music  
 And song and blood are pure,  
 The day is never darkened  
 That had thee here obscure.

This learned metre is not a fortunate choice for hill-riding, as you need almost as much breath for its properly decorative pauses as for mounting the hill. No doubt some sufficiently solemn physiologist would be able to trace the exact correspondence between the metre and the hill. “Tell me the poem you quoted,” he might say, “and I will tell you the length of the hill, the rate you mounted, and the point at which you decided to continue the poem—but not the hill.”

It will be observed, as I have endeavoured to point out, that these merely accidental, but on that account all the more typical, quotations have absolutely nothing to do with the matter in hand. That very fact vouches for their sincerity as quotations. Had they been *à propos* you might have suspected them. It is their very irrelevance which stamps them as jetting up from the deep rock-springs of human joy; and they may serve as an illustration of the place of books on pilgrimage. I suspect that the inspired reading (or remembering—the same thing!) of books is much the same as the creation of them. Inspiration of any sort is seldom relevant to the moment. Because you love one place with all your heart you must go to another to express it. The adjustment in these matters is something much subtler than external correspondence: it is merely one key of emotion crying out for a companion in the same key. That companion may talk any language, or celebrate something quite different from that which excites the first emotion; all that matters is to strike a similar note of true feeling.

Emotion of any sort does not crave the scientific expression of itself; the expression of the diametrically opposed emotion will serve its turn, if only the expression be spirited or splendid or tender as itself. Words caught in the passionate rhythm of any feeling are such wonderful things. Feeling of any kind seizes upon any instrument to express itself. Death will sometimes play the guitar and love the piano, while war of late has been satisfied with the banjo. In short, one reads or sings a favourite book *en voyage*, as better educated people hum “My girl is a high-born lady,” or some such wayward lyrical expression of thankfulness for the gift of life. It isn’t “bookishness” at all; it is only another form of concertina.

Joy often expresses itself in the saddest songs—in fact, it revels in them. We don’t write love-letters in the presence of the beloved. Similarly, we don’t necessarily read Richard Jefferies to Nature’s face. Nature would become self-conscious on the instant. She loves to be worshipped, but she hates to be inspected. Books on the country are best read in town—though Nature does not object to a gracefully-made quotation from the poets. They are never too personal.

And, of course, books on a journey do not only provide us with that verbal outlet for feeling which man, being unhappy as an enforced dumb animal, is always craving, but they do often enhance for us the charm of natural things. “Nature,” indeed, is largely the creation of the poets. If the sea had not been already created, it is certain that Mr. Swinburne would have created it; and no one can read Mr. Meredith’s nature-poetry without gaining a deepened intimacy with the earth and a keener zest in his intercourse with her. The beauty of the earth is the result of a long series of discoveries, and the discoveries are always being made. Indeed, the paradoxical position of those who would banish books from our holidays is seen when one realises that nothing is so saturated with literature as what we call “Nature.”

But it is most, perhaps, for their sense of unexactness that companionship that books are well taken on a journey. As the companionship of old friends is but little dependent on talk, and is far more an intercourse of the wireless telegraphy of silence, so with books. When we wish them to talk, they talk, just as long or short a time as we please; but, for the most part, we take them along with us as imaginative presences, symbols of fair natures in whose atmosphere we delight to move.

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

## Mme. Maman.

From the French of Jean Madeleine.

QUITE little, coming out of school, she had begun to look at him, and found him nice. When love began to trouble her, she lifted the edge of her window curtain, and flung him a kiss which never reached him. And she grew up with this thought. He became the Being of her heart, the vibration of her maiden’s dreams. But he knew nothing of it. It is a crime for a young girl who loves to let anything of it be seen. Her only hope lies in being understood. She was not understood. He went away, remained some years abroad, then came back. On his arm leant a perfectly charming young woman. He was married.

In the square where she sometimes came to sit with a book she perceived one afternoon, playing near the bench, two little fellows, with a big Norman nurse. Loving children dearly, she asked of the woman:

“To whom do these pretty little darlings belong?”

The answer caused her delicate blonde profile to bend over the book. They were his.

Next day they came again. She called them.

“You are not afraid of me, I hope? Sit down here, come.”

She lifted one on each knee. Leaning over the warm, curly heads, she examined them tenderly. They let her do so, with the easy familiarity of children. She asked:

“What are your names?”

One of them replied, “Peter.”

She shivered. His name!

It was Peter she kissed first.

Ever afterwards she came every day, and sat upon the bench they played about. Every day at the hour she knows the blue cloaks of the little dears will appear at the railings of the square. They know her now quite well, the pretty lady, and as soon as they arrive they hasten to kiss her. Oh, those kisses of his children, the clasp of those little dimpled arms, in which she seems to find once more something of him! See, here are his very eyes, the dimple at the tip of his chin. Who knows if sometimes some of those caresses showered upon them do not reach him?

She has become their friend, the friend of both babies, their confidante, their "Madam Mamma," as they call her, associating thus their tenderness and their respect. Pictures, sweets—she always brings them some small pleasure. And the little ones never ask themselves who is this pretty unknown lady, who kisses them and spoils them, and whose eyes follow them so wistfully as they race round the damp-eaten garden.

The new foliage brightens the square. A delicate gaiety, this awakening of warm lights, with shuddering still along the branches; stilly impressions, that give coolness to the spring sunshine.

The alleys begin again to echo tiny footsteps, after the long winter, during which the little ones have coughed so much. And once more the wide ribbons of the nurses float and wave under the frail foliage, in slow, multi-coloured procession.

She is seated on her bench once more.

But why do they not come, the little blue cloaks? Why are they alone absent, when all the sparrows of the square are back?

An anguish seizes her. "No, it is not possible." And day after day she watches the iron railing enviously.

What a joy! It is they. Both of them, but their dear little faces are clouded by the deep mourning of their cloaks. They are walking very gravely, as if struck or bewildered still by the quiet of the house suddenly become so sad, the twilight of shuttered windows, the meals quickly despatched in silence, and the going to bed at night with no mamma to come any more and kiss them in their cots. It is most touching, and funny as well, to watch them walking thus, holding each other's hand, stiffened in their mournful astonishment.

She is just rising, but beside them she perceives their father. He! He, also, is all in black, with a wide band of *crêpe* round his hat.

So she is gone, the young creature he had brought hither from afar, and who leant on his arm!

And there is not the faintest jealousy in her heart of the dead woman.

From the distance they perceive her, but no longer rush to her to be kissed. The presence of their father, their black clothes, in which they feel as if they cannot run, intimidate them, keep them immovable in an unconscious and awkward trouble. They only point her out to their father, who lifts his hat, but does not approach.

And when they have passed she remains on her bench, depressed, struck to the heart by a horrid chill. A sensation of forsakenness, of sudden solitude, seizes hold of her; she feels languid from lassitude, with her arms fallen in that pretty suffering attitude of sorrow-touched womanhood. Then jealousy of the dead grasps her—the dead who has carried away all her children's kisses, probably all of his too. All the heart of his being! A little while ago, in divining the intimate drama, she only saw the heartbroken look of the young mother kissing her babies for the last time. The sympathy of the frail and blonde woman had gone out to that other frail and blonde woman, bent little by little, then carried off in full tenderness, in full happiness. And by the mysterious affinity of a like temperament she had bestowed all her pity on the vanished

—her heart had followed the coffin shrouded in roses and white lilies.

Now all that has gone. She only thinks of the rival, of her who had robbed her of her love, to whom the children she would were hers belong: of the other, the hated one. And her wish to be kind remains impotent before this unhealthy impression that troubles her serenity.

Little by little, as the days follow, the children come back to her. It was like a fresh start. At first the timidity of the early days, then the gathering familiarity, and then the joy of free and complete friendship. You would have said that the tragedy, still not understood, a thing of outward details only, had so taken hold of their poor, fragile little lives that they were as if suddenly congealed in the great cold of the house, and that poor little lives needed to be born again in the fresh opening of their minds and their hearts.

He accompanied the children each day to the square, but he never approached her. He lifted his black hat from the distance with a dejected gesture.

One afternoon she saw him come into the garden. He was alone. He seemed to be looking about for something, and, perceiving her, he approached the bench on which she was seated. She feigned to continue her reading, but her fingers trembled upon the open page.

"Mademoiselle—"

He was in front of her, all in black—the rigid black of recent mourning. It was the first time she heard his clear, grave voice.

"I ask you to pardon, Mademoiselle, what I am going to say. It is hardly usual, but you are above convention. My children have so often spoken to me of you, they love you so." His voice lowered. "You know there is no mother now at home. Will you replace her who has gone?"

He held out his hand.

She closed her eyes, benumbed by a strange bliss that she had never dreamed of. And she remained surprised that this immensity of joy which seemed to come to her from a long way off, from an unknown land, that filled all space, and flowing through her veins, stirred her being deliciously, should find place in her heart—in such a little heart as hers—where it melted into an exquisite unconsciousness.

She placed her hand in his.

"Thanks," she said, "you are kind. What you have said has made me very happy!"

Again she closed her eyes.

"But if you will allow me, I will remain simply your friend, and for those little darlings I shall be 'Madam Mamma.' It will be better so."

For suddenly, in the midst of her great joy, she remembered the evil feeling of the other day, her jealousy of the dead. She told herself that if she lived in that atmosphere which had been the other's home, still impregnated with her soft perfume, every minute in contact with objects to which something of the dead still clung, in the continual touch of their two souls, her jealousy would be free to seize her again; there would be ceaseless, unwonted moments of struggle with that impalpable existence with which she would ever be in touch, and that he, too, would never be entirely hers, for no power, no tenderness, could prevent the other from *having been*.

It was not possible to turn backward and find the past intact. Life could not be begun afresh.

Then, as the evening was falling, she left the square and went away slowly, walking like a widow, so weary.

## Things Seen.

## The Modern Christian.

As we were moving from the corner an old newspaper seller had stepped on the footboard and made as if to mount the 'bus with his papers. But the conductor had stopped him and dismissed him to the kerb again. No sooner were we started than a woman who sat close to the door began to upbraid the conductor for this. She kept up an alternation of blame and chaff, for while rating the man she wished to keep his favour. Impossible to convey the manner in which a woman of this type talks!—she was one of those to whom marriage gives a formidable assurance, and I was easily aware that she would offer advice on any occasion, and take the side of the angels with nod and wink and virtuous compression of mouth. "What I say is, live and let live. Pore old man! And him with grey hair too. You'll be grey-haired yourself some day, young man. Yes, Live and let live, that's the motto. Perhaps someone on the top wanted a paper. Where's the harm? Pore old man! Eh, what is he?—a sheeny? A sheeny! That's different. A sheeny, was he? Oh, well, I must say I'd never encourage a Jew"; and she leaned back, quiescent, with folded arms and correct lips.

## The Battle of the Books.

THE air of the library was filled with the soothing influence of Sunday afternoon, and I, who had taken the most comfortable arm-chair with the intention of reading, had fallen asleep and wandered into a dreamy allegory. I thought I was on a hill in the land of literature, and in my memory were the incidents of a climb on the road stretching down behind me. I had started with all the enthusiasm of a traveller in the morning of his journey—"I will press onward," I had said to myself, "and soon the whole world of learning will be mine." But ever as I went I had turned aside from the straight road that led to knowledge, and strayed into the neighbouring fields to pluck flowers that had withered in an hour and fallen from my hand. And at last I was at the summit, and lo! I had taken only the first step. Before me, and on either hand, lay a vast country bounded by hills higher than mine, each with a prospect wider than that upon which I was gazing. The task had grown larger, and would continue to grow larger as I advanced with it. And, having learned that it was impossible of accomplishment, I was glad that I had gone astray to pluck the flowers.

Suddenly the door of the library opened and I was awake. Small footsteps told me that some one—just such another traveller as I had been at the beginning of my journey—had come for a book. On one side of me was a shelf full of the stirring deeds of warriors—books with gay covers bursting to tell all the things that boys best love to hear. On the other side was a shelf of "Sunday books." They were dry stuff, these Sunday books. They bristled with didactic dialogues between hideously omniscient parents and children astoundingly ignorant and most astoundingly desirous of learning. The footsteps indicated hesitation. A new battle of the books was raging. The Sunday books, strong, no doubt, in the atmospheric influence of Sunday, warred against the week-day records of deadly peril. For a minute or two the fight continued, and then the victory was won. The footsteps gravitated to the shelf of warriors.

The traveller had turned aside to pluck a flower.

## Paris Letter.

(From our French Correspondent.)

M. REMY DE GOURMONT has made an interesting and most erudite study of the *Esthétique de la Langue Française*. He is at war against the disfigurement of the pure and elegant French tongue by the introduction of base foreign words. His supreme concern is the physical beauty of words, and he tells us that "the signification of a word and the intelligence of a woman add nothing to, nor take anything from, the purity of their form." He objects to the Latinised termination *ation* substituted for the normal French *aison*.

Out of two thousand words purely Latin in *sion* and *tion*, there are not twenty that can be used in a page of beautiful prose literature: there are even less which a poet could dare to insert in a line of verse . . . if we cannot treat certain questions without their help, we can discard the greater number in essential art, which is the ideal painting of life.

Technical terms of any kind M. de Gourmont haughtily rejects, as having no place whatever in literature. These are fit for the barbarian and pedant. Why should not the French say *longue-vue* instead of telescope? And he opposes *bécane* to bicycle, as more agreeable and sonorous. He makes merry over the *delirium græcum* of modern commercial language. A seller of photographic apparatus pompously calls his shop *photo-emporium*, and notifies that he sells *vitagraphes* and *kromskopes*; another calls the oils he sells *engines- auto- and moto-naphtha*. Such is the lamentable result of the vulgarising of instruction without taste. "It is correct to speak French as little as possible, and to have the air in pronouncing barbarous syllables of confessing a secret." Here and there M. de Gourmont gives lists of pedantic words with their equivalents in picturesque old French words, and it needs no persuasion to convince us that beauty and charm, as well as sense, all lie on the side of the old French. Who, for example, would consent to say *adéphagie* when he might say *fringale*? And surely *mésurage* is a far prettier word than the more learned *mensuration*. There is a visible beauty in languages," he adds, "which is diminished by introduction into the verbal city of foreign figures of dissonant voices." M. Anatole France has defended the right to misspell in every form, with all its fantasies; but while M. de Gourmont thinks that many unnecessary double letters might with advantage be suppressed, his point of view on spelling is opposed to M. France's. If there were no fixed and unalterable laws of spelling, personal whims and eccentricities would speedily bring about a dreadful state of anarchy in books. His horror of German and English, with their present ravages upon Gallic soil, is so intense that he even welcomes Latin as a safeguard against them.

Balzac's letters to Mme. Hanska, *Lettres à l'Etrangère*, is a monster tome. These letters are by no means light reading. They suggest a kind of feverish activity and a state of constant worry. In one he writes: "Must I then cross all Europe to go and show you a visage aged but a heart ever deplorably young, which still quickens about everything, an ill-written line, an address, a perfume, as if I were only thirty-six?" The note of melancholy is profound, and never absent; age and disease are terrors that haunt him constantly. An indolent person like myself admits that such a sentence as this is enough to fell imagination or ride it like a nightmare:

Walter Scott wrote two novels a year, and was said to find happiness in his work; he astonished England. This year I have produced, first, *Le Père Goriot*; secondly, *Le Lys dans la Vallée*; thirdly, *Les Mémoires d'une jeune Mariée*; fourthly, *César Birotteau*. I have sent three numbers of the *Études de Mœurs* to Mme. Béchet, and three numbers of the *Études Philosophiques* to Werdet. Finally, I shall have finished *Séraphite*. But also, shall I be alive or in my

right mind next year? I doubt it. Sometimes it seems as if my brain were inflamed. I shall die on the breach of intelligence.

Brain inflamed! Why, it inflames the reader's brain alone to think of so much intellectual labour massed into a single year. Prodigious is a very small word indeed to qualify the feat. Recall the first four books, colossal triumphs of an astounding career, and tell yourself these creations were almost simultaneous.

Here is an odd sketch of George Sand :

Last year George Sand did not leave Paris. She lives in the Rue Pigalle, 16, at the bottom of a garden, over the coachhouse and stables of a house on the street. She has a dining-room where the furniture is of sculptured oak-wood. Her little sitting-room is coffee-coloured, and the room she receives in is full of superb Chinese vases, full of flowers. There is always a flower-stand full of flowers. The furniture is green; there is a side-board full of curiosities, pictures by Delacroix, her portrait by Calamatta. The piano is magnificent, straight, square. Chopin is always there. She smokes nothing but cigarettes [this Balzac underlines, "cigarettes" being in small capitals]; she does not get up before four o'clock: at four Chopin has finished giving his lessons. You go up to her rooms by the stairs called the *millier*, stiff and straight. Her bedroom is brown; her bed two mattresses on the ground, Turkish fashion. She has such pretty, pretty little hands—a child's.

I hardly know what M. Hugues le Roux meant to make of his novel *Jeunes Amours*. As memories of adolescence it is not particularly original. M. le Roux treats his heroine in the spirit of respectful admiration, and seems to expect the same from the reader. The lady is over thirty, and falls in love with her son's comrade, a boy of fifteen, who reciprocates her passion. The author perceives nothing ghastly in the situation.

H. L.

## A Library for Children.

A NUMBER of other suggestions as to the best dozen books for children reach us this week from parents and observers. The word children, it should be explained, means in this connexion boys and girls below the age of twelve.

Mr. Arthur Rickett sends us the following list, and remarks :

Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales.  
Grimm's Fairy Tales.  
Arabian Nights.  
Eastern Tales.  
Wonder Book. Hawthorne.  
Christmas Carol. Dickens.  
Little Lame Prince. Mrs. Craik.  
Cross Purposes, and Princess and the Goblin. George Macdonald.  
Alice in Wonderland.  
Through the Looking-Glass.  
Book of Nonsense. Lear.

NOTE.—Up to twelve, surely, it is little use to appeal to children except through the imagination, and it was with this idea that my selection practically consists of fairy tales in one form or another. A great mistake, it seems to me, is made by including in these lists books that are written by clever writers about children, but which require grown-up people to appreciate them. They remind me of Mr. Bultitude's middle-aged reflections while in the youthful body of his son. How is it that George Macdonald's delightful fantasies are so largely neglected? When I was a child George Macdonald gave me more delight than any writer, except, perhaps, Hans Andersen, and the storyteller of the *Arabian Nights*.

Mr. Rickett states the case soundly. His list, according to his guiding principle, is good. Perhaps Kingsley's *Water Babies* might supplant with advantage the *Eastern Tales*. Hawthorne's *Tanglewood Tales* and Kingsley's *Heroes* seem also likely to be favourites with

the kind of reader here suggested: they might take the place of Dickens and Edward Lear. Mr. Kipling's *Jungle Books* will, we trust, if they cannot be coaxed into the first twelve, be at any rate thirteen and fourteen on the list.

Mr. Alick D. Brash :

Little Lord Fauntleroy. Mrs. Burnett.  
Black Beauty. Mrs. Sewell.  
Eric. Dean Farrar.  
The Water Babies. Kingsley.  
Us. Mrs. Molesworth.  
Her Benny. Hocking.  
Grimm's Fairy Tales.  
Alice in Wonderland.  
Story of a Short Life. Mrs. Ewing.  
Sweetheart Travellers. Crockett.  
Probable Sons. Amy le Feuvres.  
Child's Garden of Verse. Stevenson.

This list is more miscellaneous. Children are, of course, catholic minded, but it is a far cry from Lewis Carroll to *Probable Sons*. We are doubtful about Stevenson's *Child's Garden*, but the fact that the majority of lists include it is, perhaps, against us. The author's original appeal, however, was to the adult; and most children, we fancy, would in their hearts find far more pleasure in the domestic tragedies of Jane and Ann Taylor. Parents, however, like to have Stevenson in the house.

Mrs. Sappho Scott :

I send you my own favourite books at the age of twelve, and those that I have ready for my little daughter. These are mine :

Shakespeare's Poems.  
Scott's Poems.  
Swiss Family Robinson.  
Queechy.  
The Little Duke. C. M. Younge.  
Grimm's Goblins.  
Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales.  
Little Women and Good Wives.  
Feats on the Fjord.  
Gulliver's Travels.  
The Days of Bruce.  
The Boy's Own Paper.

These are Marjorie's :

Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare.  
The Water Babies.  
Ab. Stanley Waterloo.  
The Jungle Books.  
Alice in Wonderland.  
Hans Andersen.  
Treasure Island.  
Grimm's Goblins.  
Little Women and Good Wives.  
Robinson Crusoe.  
Heroes. Kingsley.  
The Boy's Own Paper.

Mrs. Scott's record is personal and historical, and we cannot, therefore, criticise it. But exactly how Shakespeare's poems please a child it is difficult to understand. Scott, of course, is a natural choice. *Treasure Island*, for a girl of under twelve, is a curious inclusion, but the remainder of the list for Marjorie is interesting and well chosen.

## New Tennysonianana.

A WRITER in the *Nottingham Guardian* has been privileged to give a very interesting Tennyson document to the world. In 1868 Mr. Edward Campbell Tainsh forwarded a copy of his *Study of the Works of Alfred Tennyson*, and it was in acknowledging this that Tennyson entered on a series of interesting explanations of various obscure points in his poems. In giving these to the world the correspondent writes as follows :

"When 'Enoch Arden' appeared in 1864 a cleavage took place in the ranks of Tennyson's admirers. Mr.

Tainsh, representing one section, contended that we find here 'a sort of mechanical supernaturalism such as is found in Pagan art, instead of that spiritual supernaturalism which otherwise pervades his writings, and which seems the most natural thing of all, God being postulated.' On the other hand, many discerned in the new element now introduced for the first time by Tennyson in 'Enoch Arden' the apprehension and expression of certain profound psychical truths—and this is not merely as Mr. Tainsh would have us believe, the enhanced admiration of those 'whose standards of judgment had been formed by lower masters.' Tennyson's letter to Mr. Tainsh touches upon passages in 'Enoch Arden' which, in the critic's opinion, 'give to the thoughtful student the impression of unreality, and therefore a weakness in the structure of the story.' The following lines are cited as an instance of 'mechanical supernaturalism':

Though faintly, merrily, far and far away,  
He heard the pealing of his parish bells.

Tennyson's comment is this: 'A friend of mine told me that he had heard his own parish bells in the midst of an Eastern desert—not knowing at the time it was Sunday. He accounted for it to me by stating that there was a ringing in his ears which his old associations moulded unconsciously into the sound he heard. There is nothing really supernatural, mechanically or otherwise, in E. A.'s hearing bells; though the author most probably did intend the passage to tell upon the reader mystically.' The poet had another intention, surely. Earlier in the narrative we read of Enoch and Annie:

So these were wed, and merrily rang the bells,  
And merrily rang the years, seven happy years,  
Seven happy years of health and competence,  
And mutual love and honourable toil.

Again, when sad at heart Annie consents to marry Philip, the poet, with full intent, alludes to the ringing out of the merry bells. Apart from whether or not a mechanical supernaturalism is involved, the repetition of the phrase to call up Enoch's experiences, when alone and far away, is eminently effective. In reply to another criticism on the same poem, Tennyson says in this letter: 'The costly funeral is all poor Annie could do for him after he was gone—entirely introduced for her sake, and, in my opinion, quite necessary to the perfection of the poem.' In later editions of his 'Study,' it may be mentioned, by the way, Mr. Tainsh adheres in the main to his original objection, occasionally substituting the word preternatural, however, for supernatural.

Some students of the late Poet Laureate may recall that Mr. Tainsh examines, verse by verse and canto by canto, 'In Memoriam,' aiming to explain 'certain obscurities,' and the like. In this connexion Tennyson's letter is of peculiar interest. For instance, the final two lines in Canto 36 run:

And those wild eyes that watch the wave  
In roarings round the coral reef.

In 1868 the commentator gave it as his opinion that by 'those wild eyes' was meant a sailor. Tennyson replies that what he intended is the 'Pacific islanders'—wild having a sense of 'barbarism' in it, I should not have ventured so vague a periphrase for 'sailors.'

Again, in the last line of Canto 87 allusion is made to 'the bar of Michael Angelo,' signifying, as Mr. Tainsh read it, the eyebrows of the great Italian master, which 'met in the middle and formed nearly a straight line above his eyes.' Tennyson's meaning is stronger, more profound. The words signify 'that broad bar of frontal bone over the eyes for which he [Michael Angelo] was remarkable.' One could have wished that, despite his dislike of 'writing even so little about my own composition,' Tennyson had indicated a few more 'of those little errors that I have no time to explain.'

## Memoirs of the Moment.

THE Goethe celebrations in Germany seem to be of rather ancient origin, for they commemorate the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of his birth. That sounds an event sufficiently remote; but there are many ties of his with England which make the author of *Wilhelm Meister* almost a modern. He was alive when Disraeli read that book and admired it to the point of gently imitating it in *Contarini Fleming*. Goethe returned the compliment and read Disraeli; also Bulwer. With Scott and Byron he was, of course, very familiar, and Carlyle. But what brings Goethe down to date most of all is the friendship that he had with Thackeray. It was the friendship of an old author and a young man who had not published—one cannot say had not composed—a line; for Thackeray, when a youth, in the last of his teens, was "finishing" in Weimar, and made friends with young Mrs. Goethe, and was by her admitted to the sanctum which Napoleon himself (who read *Werther* seven times) was proud to enter.

BARON GRANT, the butt of much misfortune and much ridicule at various times of his life, ended his days in repose at a quiet place in Sussex, and leaves behind him an enduring memory. One hopes he sometimes came to Leicester-square late in his life and rejoiced in it as the most frequented of public grounds set apart by private or public munificence for the rest and recreation of the poor. On the site of another of his former possessions he could hardly, however, look without a pang. Had he kept his own great pleasure garden at Kensington for a few years longer he might again have been a millionaire. It is now covered with streets of mansions and flats that yield a rental equal to a king's revenue. For the house itself at Kensington Mr. James Knowles may be permitted a regret. It was the *magnum opus* of that architectural career which he abandoned for magazine editing and owning. Few architects in our day have had so lavish a client as was this bearer of an Italian barony; and artists had good reason to regret the failure of a princely purchaser who wrote for one picture-dealer cheques of £100,000 at a time.

MR. J. E. C. BODLEY, who was once Sir Charles Dilke's private secretary, but has been in the delightful banishment of Biarritz for now nearly a decade of years, is pushing on with his monumental book on France, the next volume of which is to deal with the Church, and with the general state of religion among the French. The workroom at the Château de Bellefontaine contains its dossiers marked with such labels as "The Concordat," "Anti-Semitism"—to which last one may imagine that rather heavy additions have now each day to be made. It is a strange fate that has converted Mr. Bodley—Messrs. Macmillan may claim to have been the missionaries—into the historian of the Roman Church in France; for he very nearly became its chronicler in modern England, and this by the will of Cardinal Manning. As secretary of the Housing of the Poor Commission Mr. Bodley won the warm friendship of the then aged Archbishop of Westminster, who had long interviews with him, and of whom the story is told, that when one night the talk at the Archbishop's House, Westminster, was prolonged till nearly eleven, the Cardinal's devoted valet apologetically intruded, and confided to Mr. Bodley as he left: "You see, sir, I have got to get the Cardinal to bed, and he doesn't jump in like you and me—he has his little readings to do." Undoubtedly the Cardinal intended to nominate Mr. Bodley as the writer of, at any rate, his political biography. But the Cardinal died—unexpectedly to himself, whatever were the fears of those about him—and the literary legacy was never made. Among the relics at the Château de Belle-



fontaine, however, is the malachite crucifix, familiar to those intimates of Cardinal Manning who were admitted to his inner sanctum.

LORD WILTON is leaving Houghton Hall, the famous old Norfolk home of the Walpoles, and is renting instead Drayton Manor, the home of the Peels, near Tamworth. Both houses in their day have been famous in the annals of art-collecting, and both houses illustrate the difficulty with which works of art remain in one family, however historic and wealthy it may have been. Horace Walpole, in his *Anecdotes*, makes many allusions to the pictures at Houghton, as if they were there for ever, and regrets the almost giving away of Vandycks for which there was no room in the Hall. It is all one now, whether they came or they went; and the larger part of the Peel collection, despite the publicity given in the Law Courts lately to certain heirlooms in the possession of the present baronet, was long ago dispersed, to the great gain of the Dutch section of the National Gallery.

LADY EDEN is known on the boulevards as the unambitious heroine of a Whistler portrait, a Whistler lawsuit, and a Whistler brochure. In the North of England her name is very differently associated. For her Cottage Hospital at Bishop Auckland promises to be a centre of perpetual benefactions where they are most of all needed—among a population of workers in the mine and at the furnace. The house-party invited to Windlestone, Sir William Eden's place, near at hand, to assist at the Hospital opening, will not, of course, include Mr. Whistler, who is absent in Paris; but Lord Rosebery will be there; and so will Lord and Lady Londonderry, at whose festivities for the coming of age of Lord Castlereagh the Edens have been assisting.

In placing Abergeldie Mains at the disposal of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, the Queen has proved her appreciation of the companionship recently given her by her soldier son at Osborne. Of old, Abergeldie was lent to the Empress Eugénie on several occasions; and only rapidly increasing infirmity has cut short the intercourse of the ex-Empress and the Queen, between whom was established a singularly close confidence. It seems as if the ties between the Queen and the Duke of Connaught were now to be drawn closer and closer; and the bond is one to which other exigencies must yield, even those of the Duke of Connaught's distinguished military career.

MR. WHITEING must by now have become the most clerically quoted of novelists. At the Catholic Conference in Stockport this week Cardinal Vaughan delivered an address; but the daily newspaper report—even the *Daily News* report—left out, as Mr. Whiteing might very well complain, the most interesting passages—those in which the Cardinal quoted from *No. 5, John Street*, accompanying his extracts with enthusiastic praises of the whole novel.

## Correspondence.

### The "High History."

SIR,—Mr. Nutt's "critical attitude" is again sadly out of the perpendicular. He asserts that the Welsh Graal represents "an earlier form of the romance" than the *High History*. I prove to demonstration that it does nothing of the kind, and he replies that he is satisfied with having brought me to recognise the true facts of the case. Again, he asserts that my opinion as to the originality of the *High History* is opposed to that of all my predecessors without exception. I quote his own words disproving the assertion, and he answers that on other matters, as I myself

had pointed out, I disagree with Mr. Potvin. His quibbles as to my "substituting the genuine form Alain for the bogus form Julien," and so forth, are not things to answer. What else would he have had me do in a translation intended for the general reader?

In simple fact, his present difficulties arise out of the "incorrect critical attitude" he has chosen to adopt in claiming to speak as an "expert." It is a dangerous claim at best, one better left to others to discover than for the claimant himself to announce. Others besides myself may have smiled at Mr. Nutt's assumption of the character; but what I wish now to point out is that the assumption really heavily handicaps himself. The real student and critic, whose one object is to ascertain and state the truth, is thankful to accept and acknowledge correction.

So long as Mr. Nutt maintains his pretension to speak as an "expert" on matters of which his "expert" knowledge is at most not greater than that of the editor and the translator of the *High History*, I leave him to the society of his fellow experts and professors in *Le monde ou l'on s'ennuie*. I decline to follow him there.—I am, &c.,

SEBASTIAN EVANS.

[This Correspondence must now cease.—ED. ACADEMY.]

### Dr. "Anna" Kingsford.

SIR,—With reference to your "Memoirs of the Moment" in your issue of August 19, will you allow me to say that Mrs. Kingsford's baptismal name was "Annie," not "Anna"? She was my sister.—I am, &c.,

J. BONUS (Major-General).

The Cedars, Strawberry Hill:  
August 21, 1899.

## Books Received.

Week ending Thursday, August 31.

### THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

- Jowett (Rev. J. H.), *Meditations for Quiet Moments* (Religious Tract Society) 1/8  
Norfolk (Henry, Duke of) and Gatty (C. T.), *Arundel Hymns. Part II.* (Boosey) 1/0

### POETRY, ETC.

- Langbridge (F.), *Little Tapers* (Religious Tract Society) 1/0  
Derry (E.), *Rhymes of Road, Rail, and River* (Arrowsmith) 1/0  
Woodward (A. T.), *Songs from a Studio* (Robertson & Co.)  
Thielton (A. E.), *Some Textual Notes on the Tragedie of Antony and Cleopatra, with Other Shakespearean Memoranda* (C. S. Palmer) 2/6  
Bell (H. J. S.), *A Modern Hermit* (Juta & Co.)

### HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

- Statham (Rev. S. P. H.), *History of the Castle, Town, and Port of Dover* (Longmans) 10/6  
Plummer (M. W.), *Contemporary Spain* (Truslove, Hanson, & Comba)

### TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

- Poster (W.), *The Embassy of Sir Thomas Roe to the Court of the Great Mogul, 1615-1619* (Hakluyt Society)  
Fletcher (J. S.), *A Picturesque History of Yorkshire* (Dent) net 1/0

### EDUCATIONAL.

- Countts (W.), *Publi Vergili Maronis Aenidos. Libri I.-III.* (White) 3/6  
Le François (E. B.), *Les Deux Bossus, from "Les Légendes de France"* (Blackie) 1/0  
Ely (G. H.), *Songs of Béranger* (Blackie) 1/0  
Abbot (A.) and Key (A.), *Progressive Lessons in Science* (Blackie) 3/6  
Riddell (J.), *Practical Plane and Solid Geometry* (Oliver & Boyd)  
Marshall (A.), *Elements of Economics of Industry* (Macmillan) 3/6  
Thomson (C.), *Adventures of Beowulf* (Marshall) net 1/0

### MISCELLANEOUS.

- White (A.), *The Modern Jew* (Heinemann) 7/6  
Padelford (F. M.), *Old English Musical Terms* (Hunstein, Bonn)  
Ferris (G. H.), *History of the Peace Conference at the Hague* (International Arbitration Association) net 1/6  
Sheldon (C. M.), *For Christ and the Church* (Bowden)

### NEW EDITIONS.

- Grand (S.), *The Tenor and The Boy* (taken from "The Heavenly Twins") (Heinemann)  
Dennis (J.), *Chiswick Shakespeare: Macbeth: Othello* (Bell)  
Hugo (V.), *The Satyr. Translated by C. J. Bowen* (Rice)  
Dean (T.), *Reveries of a Widow* (Routledge) 1/6  
Dickens (C.), *David Copperfield. 3 vols.* (Dent) net 3/6

\*\* New Novels are acknowledged elsewhere.

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# The Academy

A Weekly Review of Literature and Life.

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## The Literary Week.

THE new way of publishing books through the agency of newspapers seems to be by no means spent. We understand that an important announcement will be made this month by a leading London paper which has not hitherto entered into this class of business. Of the nature of its particular publishing scheme we are not at liberty to speak; but it is breaking no confidence to say that it is not the Hundred Worst Novels.

WE recommend to the notice of the Library Association, now meeting at Manchester, the following letter from an over-conscientious parent to a local librarian, illustrating one of the many difficulties which beset the routine of that official:

I return you a book which my boy has had from your library. He joined it without telling me and I have forbid him borrowing. I am a believer in the second coming of our Lord—see 2 Peter iii. 10-12—and think it likely that He will do so shortly. How could I meet Him with a clear conscience whilst I had borrowed books in my house? May I respectfully urge upon you to read 1 Thessalonians v. 2, and flee from the wrath to come, for, sir, your business is sinful. "Better be a doorkeeper in the house of the Lord, than dwell in the tents of wickedness" (Psalm lxxxiv. 10).

ONCE again it is our duty to give the names of the six new books most in favour in America during the past month. The six favourite old books would make a more interesting list, but unfortunately there is no opportunity for acquiring data. Possibly, indeed, old books are not read at all. These are the six (*David Harum*, into whose merits we propose shortly to look searchingly, of course coming first):

David Harum. E. N. Westcott.  
Richard Carvel. W. Churchill.  
When Knighthood was in Flower. "E. Caskoden."  
The Market Place. H. Frederic.  
No. 5, John Street. R. Whiteing.  
The Fowler. B. Harraden.

Only two of the books, it will be noticed, are of English make.

APROPOS the popularity of *Richard Carvel*, the second book in the list above, we are informed that its position there is largely due to advertising. Upon this novel alone, we are told, as much as eighteen thousand dollars was expended in advertisements.

A WRITER in the current *Journal of Education* records an interesting, but polyglot, utterance which Browning once made to him concerning the poem, "The Lost Leader": "I know it is rough and rugged; but *ich kann nicht anders*; my genius, such as it is, is *prime-sautier*—if I hesitate I'm lost."

THE gigantic illustrated Sunday supplements which of late years have been issued by the leading American papers could not be expected to stay. Their cost must be enormous.

We are not surprised, therefore, to hear that the *New York Times* has decided to abandon its Sunday supplement. In future the Sunday issue will be of the same size and character as the week-day issues.

IN addition to the *Life* of Mrs. Lynn Linton, on which Mr. G. Somes Layard is now engaged, other new Linton books may be expected. One of these is a little volume, entitled *Reminiscences of Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, and Others*, with a preface by Miss Beatrice Harraden. Another is Mrs. Linton's last novel, which was withheld from serial publication, and which contains her ripest views on social questions.

A NEW collection of studies of seventeenth century life, by Prof. Dowden, will be published shortly, under the title *Puritan and Anglican*.

THE arrangements for the new *de luxe* edition of Mark Twain can now be made public. The edition will consist in all of twenty-two volumes, all, save the last—to be called *Literary Essays*—illustrated. The title of the edition is the "Author's Edition." Prof. Brander Matthews will write a biographical criticism, and there will also be a special general preface from Mark Twain's own pen. Everything, indeed, is satisfactory about the new edition, except that only six hundred persons in this country will be able to possess it. Reasons for the justification of such limits can always be found, but a sense of absurdity remains none the less. All future books of Mark Twain's are to be added to the edition, if the subscribers care to have them: a concession which promoters of Library Editions always ought to make, but do not. The English publishers are Messrs. Chatto & Windus.

IN the *Literary Essays* volume will be found, we imagine, the trenchant article on the Jew which Mark Twain contributes to the September *Harper's*. Therein he answers a number of questions which a Jewish correspondent had asked him concerning Jews and his feelings towards them. The last question ran thus: "What has become [among the persecutors of Jews] of the Golden Rule?" Mark's answer is characteristically direct: "It exists, it continues to sparkle, and is well taken care of. It is Exhibit A in the Church's assets, and we pull it out every Sunday and give it an airing. But you are not permitted to try to smuggle it into this discussion, where it is irrelevant and would not feel at home. It is strictly religious furniture, like an acolyte, or a contribution plate, or any of those things. It has never been intruded into business; and Jewish persecution is not a religious passion, it is a business passion."

WE regret to announce the death of Prof. Peter Peterson, of Bombay. He was an occasional contributor to the ACADEMY in past years. Prof. Peterson was a candidate for the Boden Chair of Sanskrit at Oxford, and had some reason to be hopeful of success. In Bombay he was well known, and interested himself, during his twenty-six years of life there, in all questions affecting the welfare of India.



THE discussion between Mr. Stephen Gwynn and Mr. Andrew Lang concerning the merits of Miss Austen may be said to be over, Mr. Lang's *Longman's* notes being finally answered by Mr. Gwynn in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. The sum of it is that Mr. Lang likes Miss Austen and her work more than Mr. Gwynn does; and there's an end as far as that incomparable storyteller is concerned. But a new cause of war has been set up by Mr. Lang in the person of Charlotte Brontë, and we may therefore expect, as Mr. Gwynn suggests, more battle on this ground. Mr. Lang has written this judgment: "Miss Brontë had neither wit nor humour. Passions in tatters, parts to tear a cat in, were in her line." So many Brontëolators are there, that surely much disputation must ensue.

CONCERNING Charlotte Brontë, M.B.-E. (initials which we may take to indicate Miss Betham-Edwards, herself a novelist) has been writing to the *Westminster Gazette*. She has been in Brussels, exploring the Brontë district there, as described in *Villette*, and particularly the house. M.B.-E. writes: "Externally, the wide, two-storied house, with its double row of six windows on either side of the door, is unchanged. The interior has been much altered within the last three years, the premises having been purchased by the town and turned into a municipal school. But much familiar to Charlotte Brontë readers is still there—the covered alley, as in her days, covered with greenery, the pear-trees, the *préau*, or inner recreation ground, the little rooms for pianoforte practice; above all, the mistress's parlour in which Lucy Snowe's fate was decided."

SUBSEQUENTLY Miss Betham-Edwards visited friends of the Hegers, the originals of Monsieur Paul and Madame Beck, who died not so very long ago. "Never, surely," she remarks, "was human being more unkindly treated by novelist than poor Madame Heger by her artiled pupil. As I studied the calm, intelligent, dignified face of the old Belgian lady [in the portrait] before me I could well believe all that my hostess said of her. 'Madame Heger was in every respect a remarkable woman, and it may be said that the greater number of well-educated elderly ladies now living in Brussels were her pupils. She was the very soul of order, and her establishment was of the first class. M. Heger also possessed unusual accomplishments. His powers as an elocutionist were remarkable; no one in his time was said to surpass him in the art of reading aloud. The pair were devoted to each other, and their three daughters, two of whom are now living, were most carefully brought up. Charlotte Brontë's pictures of the school life were doubtless due to the distastefulness of her foreign and Catholic surroundings. She was evidently very unhappy at Brussels.' M. Heger, the Paul of Lucy Snowe, as represented by a bronze bust, was a man of great mental power and decision of character. The pair, I was told, of late years never alluded to *Villette* or its author, and any vexation that had arisen therefrom was clean forgotten."

SIR WILLIAM CROOKES's presidential address, delivered before the British Association at Bristol last year, has just been published in an enlarged form by Mr. Murray, in time for this year's meeting at Dover. Sir William Crookes gives it the title *The Wheat Problem*, and he has incorporated with it two articles by American experts. Mr. Murray issues the work in flaming orange paper covers.

It was stated in the ACADEMY a little while ago that croquet had inspired but little verse, and mention was made only of that of Mr. Cholmondeley Pennell and Frederick Locker-Lampson. Mr. Ashby-Sterry, writing in the *Graphic*, adds to these names. Shirley Brooks and

others treated the game lyrically in *Punch*, he says; Mortimer Collins, in his *Echoes from the Clubs*; Mr. Savile Clarke somewhere else, and many singers in *London Society*. Also Mr. Ashby-Sterry himself has rhymed on the subject.

For croquet, itself, I have no admiration—  
But who, in his senses, could ever refuse  
To hammer his toes in a quiet flirtation  
With one of those daintily booted croqueuses?

he once sang. Still, we cannot hold our contributor much to blame for not remembering or knowing of all the wealth of fugitive croquet verse.

SOME little while ago a writer in the ACADEMY inquired into the popularity of Mr. Silas K. Hocking's stories, and Mr. Hocking replied, objecting to one or two points. In last week's *Daily News Weekly* is printed an interview with Mr. Hocking with reference to the same article, wherein the novelist expressed his case rather more fully. We quote a few passages:

"What do you think of the suggestion that Nonconformist readers have no appreciation of art—I mean literary art?"

"I think there's nothing in it. Why should there be any difference between Church people and Nonconformists in artistic appreciation? My firm opinion is, that taking the same social grade, there is as much appreciation of art, whether literary art or any other kind, in Nonconformist circles as in Church circles."

"It was said that your books are not stocked in West-End book-shops."

"I can't help that. It is very likely true. I have never sought to interest Belgravia. After all, Belgravia is only a small part of London, and London is only a pin-point in the world. While my books travel widely in India, South Africa, Canada, and Australia, Belgravia needs not to be worried about. It may be that Belgravia desires something more piquant than I have set myself to supply. I have heard that it is largely interested in books that deal with playing tennis with the seventh commandment."

"Well, there is something like that in real life, is there not?"

"No doubt there is. Yet I am all against the realists. I have never sought to be a realist. Not that it is so very difficult. But your realist is apt to bring the ugly into the foreground, and I think writers of fiction can be better employed than in the assiduous depicting of sewers. Artists—the great ones, at least—concern themselves with the lines of beauty."

"This, of course, puts you at a great advantage in one way, inasmuch as it commends you to the parent as a safe purveyor of pabulum for the young person?"

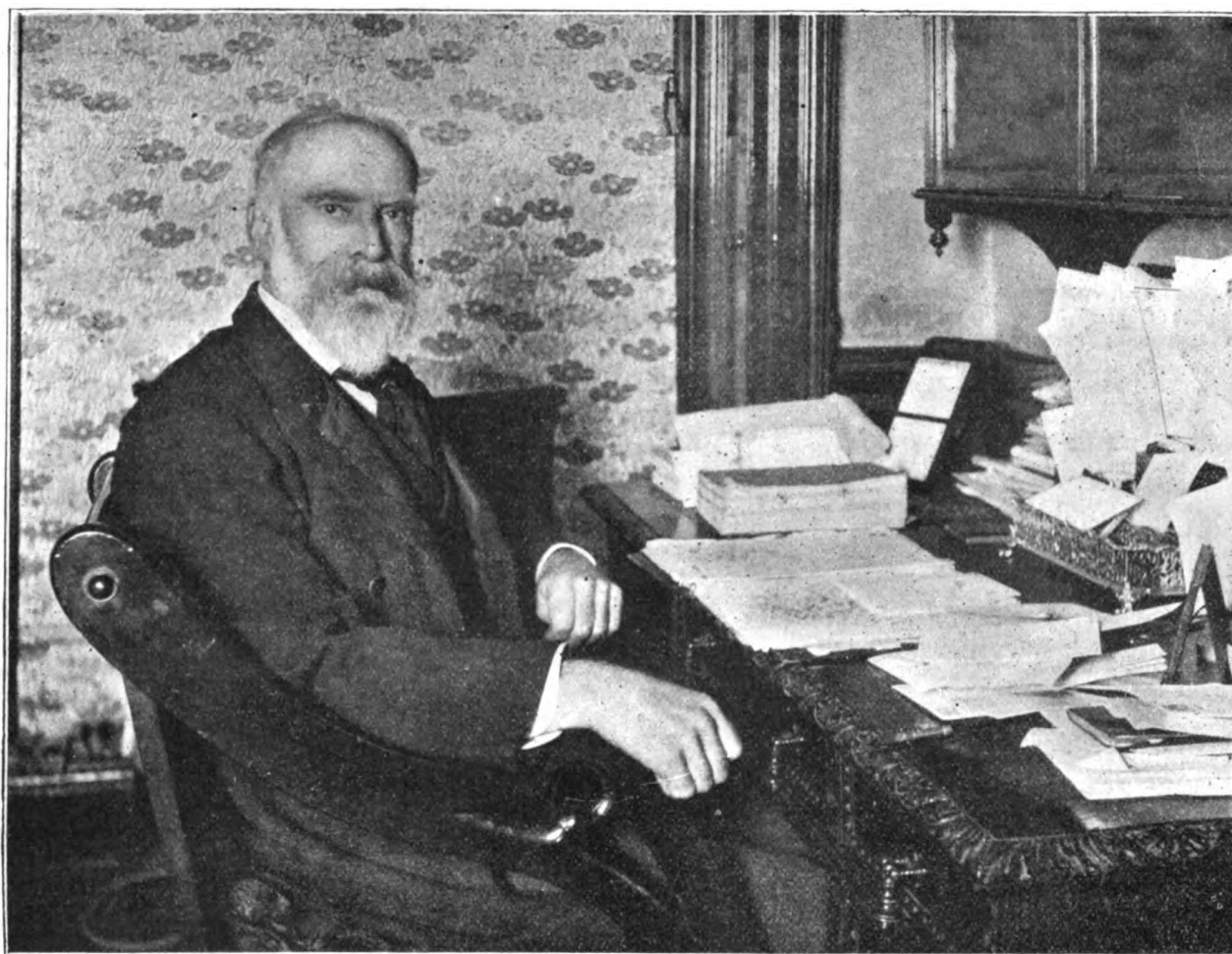
"Certainly it does, and there is no reproach in it that I can see. I have never kicked over the traces in this direction. But before now I have hurt the narrow theologians; yet that does not grieve me greatly. . . . The great thing is to keep young, so as to sympathise with the youthful generation that is always springing up with a keen hunger for fiction."

Incidentally, Mr. Hocking remarked that it was he who gave Dr. Conan Doyle the idea of removing Sherlock Holmes by dropping him down a crevasse.

THE lady who is known as Sarah Grand has just performed upon her novel, *The Heavenly Twins*, an interesting operation. She has cut from it the narrative of Israfil and Diabolus, and has issued it through Mr. Heinemann as a distinct book, under the title *The Temor and the Boy*. According to a publisher's note this course is the result of a number of requests from readers.

THE Right Honourable James Bryce, M.P., whose portrait we give this week, would possess, if he appended the initials of all his distinctions, a name extending from the Athenæum Club to the Savile. In addition to P.C.,





MR. JAMES BRYCE.

*From the Copyright Series of Portraits of Contributors to the "Encyclopædia Britannica."*

D.C.L., LL.D., F.R.S., and M.P., Mr. Bryce is honorary LL.D. of Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Michigan; D.C.L. and Litt.D. of others, and corresponding member of various societies. He and Mr. Lecky are, perhaps, the two most learned men in Parliament. Mr. Bryce's experiences in preparing his last important book, *Impressions of South Africa*, must make the present situation peculiarly interesting to him.

COLERIDGE, as everyone knows, in his early days of authorship, added to an always precarious income by contributing political and social squibs and poems to the *Morning Post*. Best known among these contributions is "The Devil's Walk," which appeared a hundred years ago last Wednesday, a fact which the present editor of the *Morning Post* recalls with pride. The whole poem, which is very long, was the joint work of Coleridge and Southey, but Southey's share is not brilliant. Coleridge's best three stanzas are still as pointed as ever:

He passed a cottage with a double coach-house,  
A cottage of gentility,  
And he grinn'd at the sight, for his favourite vice  
Is pride, that apes humility.

He saw a pig right rapidly  
Adown the river float,  
The pig swam well, but every stroke  
Was cutting his own throat.

Old Nicholas grinn'd, and swish'd his tail  
For joy and admiration—  
And he thought of his daughter, Victory,  
And her darling babe, Taxation.

POEMS addressed to dogs hardly ever fail to make their appeal to a reader who has loved dogs himself. They are not very numerous, but we never remember to have read a really bad example. Either bad poets do not address their dogs, or the Muses are particularly kind when they do. Another and very pleasing tribute of this nature was printed in last week's *Spectator*, which is certainly the right place for it. We quote the last two stanzas:

Sure, somewhere o'er the Stygian strait  
"Panurge" and "Bito," "Tramp" and "Mike,"  
In couchant conclave watch the gate,  
Till comes the last successive tyke,  
Acknowledged with the countersign:  
"Your master was a friend of mine."

In dreams I see them spring to greet,  
With rapture more than tail can tell,  
Their master of the silent feet  
Who whistles o'er the asphodel,  
And thro' the dim Elysian bounds  
Leads all his cry of little hounds.

The author of these verses is "John Halsham," who wrote a very agreeable book of country meditations entitled *Idlehurst*.

MISS J. H. FINDLATER, who ought to know, being herself a gifted Scotch novelist, discusses the "Scot of Fiction" in the September *Atlantic Monthly*. Incidentally she draws a picture of him as he must appear to the foreign readers of the Thrums and Drumtochty books:

This phenomenal and fictitious Scot would, of course, begin life as a highly intelligent herd boy: then he must go to the village school so that that awful stock figure, "the Dominie," may "walk on." (I have counted eight

Dominies in Scotch fiction, of a curious similarity.) From the village school the herd, having now fallen in love with the laird's young daughter, migrates to London in search of a wider sphere for his energies. His extraordinary career begins: the wool-sack looms ahead: he maintains meantime all the frugal habits learned at home, always grudging a sixpence when possible, but habitually posts the greater part of his weekly earnings to his saintly mother. Struggles and parsimony are crowned with success, and unrelayed by his achievements the Scot of fiction returns to his native village to marry the laird's daughter, to rescue the faithful Dominie from despair and drink, and to fold his aged parents to his beating heart. Throughout his career the Scot of fiction keeps up church attendance in Babylon the great, and enters upon long discussions of predestination and election in season and out of season.

Fortunately there is no quarter of the globe in which a living Scot cannot be studied to correct this picture. Miss Findlater ends by showing to what extent Scotland is now apportioned among the novelists. "I think," she says, "but I may be mistaken, that the part extending between Peebles and Galloway does not belong to anyone in especial." Doubtless it soon will.

THE decision of an American Sunday-school to exclude Mr. Kipling's works from the library on account of their alleged profanity has suggested to a writer in the *World* a possible step farther in the same direction. He writes:

I went into the library a Sunday book to get;  
The Superintendent up and said, "Here's Kipling's works,  
a set

Where all's put in that's right for little boys to read about,  
While all that isn't proper is most carefully left out.

For "Tommy" 's such a vulgar word, and impolite  
to say,

So we call him "Mr. Atkins" in a patronising way;  
And we've made you an edition where all the red is  
grey,

A book that's fit for Sunday-schools and for the  
Sabbath-day.

And so forth.

## Bibliographical.

WITH all due respect to the admitted cleverness of Mr. E. J. Sullivan, I cannot say I read with gratification the announcement that he has prepared, and will by and by publish, a number of pictorial illustrations of Tennyson's poems—those poems, presumably, which are out of copyright. We all remember the volume of 1857, in which such acknowledged masters as Rossetti and Millais joined in the loving interpretation of the poet's fancies. We all remember, also, Doré's drawings for an edition of the *Idylls*. Mr. Locker-Lampson has told us (see the *Life*) that Tennyson was "not entirely satisfied" with Doré's efforts, and I suspect that feeling was general at the time and is unaltered now. The fact is, a poet can be illustrated (in the true sense of the term) only by a kindred spirit with equal power in the kindred art. Skill is not enough; there must be the sympathetic imagination. For myself, I cannot conceive anyone less Tennysonian than Doré, and we have yet to see how Tennysonian Mr. E. J. Sullivan will prove himself.

Dr. Walter Lock's *St. Paul, the Master-Builder*, is "to popularise," we are told, "the recent additions to our knowledge of St. Paul as a missionary, a statesman, and an ethical teacher." It was only the other day that we had from Dr. G. H. Gilbert *The Student's Life of St. Paul*. Late last year there came to us from America *The Life and Letters of Paul the Apostle*; while almost simultaneously there appeared in London *Paul, the Man, the Missionary, and the Teacher*. In the spring of 1898 we had had Dr. Liddon's *Sermons on Some Words of St. Paul*. In 1895 the Rev. E. J. Hardy made us walk with him *In the Footprints of St. Paul*; and in the previous year we had an English

version of the Abbé Fouard's *St. Paul and his Missions*. The books on the Apostle threaten to grow into a library by themselves. And, meanwhile, the *Life and Letters*, by Conybeare (of which there was a new edition in 1892), and the *Life and Works*, by Farrar (reprinted last year), may be said to hold the field in their respective ways.

I commented last week upon the tendency of publishers to play "follow-my-leader." Since then I have read the advertisement of a promised series of books on the *Master Musicians* (as I think they are to be called). In this connexion I should like to ask whether the volumes of the *Great Musicians* series, published by Messrs. Low, Marston & Co., between 1881 and 1890, are, or are not, out of print? The *Great Musicians* were from the pens of such well-known writers as Sir Julius Benedict, Dr. Hueffer (the Editor), Mr. W. S. Rockstro, Mr. W. A. Barrett, Mr. W. H. Cummings, Mr. Sutherland Edwards, Mrs. Julian Marshall, and so forth; and really I do not think more competent authorities are available at this moment. Let us hope that the new series of monographs will be either cheaper than, or superior to, its predecessors on the same subject.

It is good news for those who are genuinely interested in Dickens that Mr. F. G. Kitton is to be associated with Mr. George Gissing in the production of the "Rochester" edition of Dickens's works. Mr. Kitton knows those works, and everything associated with them, more thoroughly, perhaps, than any man living, though he would perhaps yield to Mr. Percy Fitzgerald in his grasp of one of them—*Pickwick*. Mr. Kitton has shown his capacity in this regard by his little book on *The Works of Charles Dickens* (in which the history of each is recited), and also by his work on *Dickens and his Illustrators*. It is pleasant to gather that such pictorial illustrations as the "Rochester" edition will contain will deal, not with the creations of the novelist, but with the actual localities and buildings described or mentioned in the novels.

It is stated that Mr. G. W. Appleton, author of the story called *The Co-Respondent*, has written a new novel called *A Fair Sinner*. I should not be surprised if that turned out to be a reproduction, in the form of prose fiction, of a play by Mr. Appleton, also called *A Fair Sinner*, which was performed in London and the Provinces so long ago as 1885. *The Co-Respondent*, I believe, has also been seen in dramatic shape on the theatrical "boards." Nowadays the public can often "pay its money and take its choice" in the matter of a story; it can have it as a narrative, or as a drama, or as both, just as it prefers. And usually it is obliging enough to take the story in both forms. So much the better for the author.

Some blunders are immortal; once made, they cannot, apparently, be unmade. Not so very long ago there appeared a cheap little biography of Fletcher of Saltoun, which, one would have thought, would have drawn attention anew to the fact that it was to "a very wise man" of his acquaintance that he attributed the saying about a nation's ballads and a nation's laws. Nevertheless, here we have Mr. John Hollingshead, who has some pretensions to be regarded as a literary man as well as a theatrical manager, attributing the saying once more to "Old Fletcher of Saltoun" in the widely-read columns of the *Daily Telegraph*. To be sure, there is the theory that Fletcher foisted an utterance of his own upon an entirely mythical "wise man"; but there is positively no ground for the suggestion.

Apropos to a reference made by me last week to Mr. G. Gregory Smith, I find that that gentleman published in 1890 a book on *The Days of James IV.*, and in 1898 an annotated edition of *The Spectator*. With reference, again, to a cheap reprint of Roade's *Christie Johnstone*, I have to record that that story and *Peg Woffington* were published together in 1897, price sixpence; in 1893, price one shilling; and in 1895, price two shillings. *Christie Johnstone* can be obtained separately at half-a-crown.

THE BOOKWORM.

## Reviews.

## Dante and his Readers.

*An Introduction to the Study of Dante.* By J. A. Symonds.  
Fourth Edition. (A. & C. Black. 7s. 6d.)

It is not superfluous to notice even the fourth edition of a book which has been the pioneer and first-cause of much present-day literature on Dante. It is impossible to estimate fully the influence which it has exercised, or the number of converts it must have brought into the fold of Dante. Its excellence is shown by its vitality; nor is



"This mask of Dante's face was given to me at Florence in 1863 by the late Barn Kirkup, who believed in its genuineness." J.A.S.

it likely to be superseded. The thorough Dante student, indeed, will require something more elaborate, but as an introduction it is as sufficing for the neophyte as it is attractive in its style and handling.

That Dante students have multiplied since Mr. Symonds first wrote the book is abundantly clear by the increased provision made for them; but have Dante's readers multiplied in like proportion? Shakespeare has a thousand readers for one student; nor need you belong to a society in order to pick up and read Shelley. How many, we wonder, read Dante in this informal fashion? Very few, we suspect. Yet wherefore? Because all this paraphernalia which surrounds the name of Dante alarms them; because a poet who needs so to be introduced, commented, and lectured upon, must (they think) be truly formidable to an unlearned man; because, in fine, Dante has a reputation as a recondite poet. He is difficult, they would say: that damning adjective which excuses half the sloth and want of enterprise among readers. Then, too, you can only read him properly in Italian; and translations are never a satisfactory substitute for the original.

Against all this, we protest that there is no efficient

reason why you should not read Dante as you read Milton, without binding yourself to the labours of the professed student. There are many good translations in English; and the oldest and most accessible of all—that of Cary—sufficed for at least one distinguished modern writer, who used boldly to maintain that it was preferable to the original, because blank verse was a better medium than *terza rima*. Dante is not of those poets whose power resides so largely in their diction as to make them truly untranslatable. His characteristic gifts remain intact in English. He is difficult sometimes. The strangeness of his subject-matter to a modern Englishman often makes it hard to get at the kernel. Well, when a nut is too hard to crack we lay it by and try the next. The average reader of Shakespeare has a seared conscience with regard to "skipping." And it is as possible to skip in Dante as in Shakespeare. Skip—but read him. There are frequent and long passages in the *Paradiso* which are simply little treatises on scholastic philosophy or Roman Catholic theology. If you have no taste that way, pass on. Nor, again, does any law oblige you to look up the history and identity of all the numberless personages in the circles of the three Realms as you go along. It is interesting for an historical student. Nevertheless, if you be other-minded, keep on your way, and be content to know so much of them as Dante tells you. You will avoid the voice of the commentator perpetually breaking in on Dante—which is quite intolerable to any man of poetic feeling. At the most, you may stop when you have finished a canto, and look up the details regarding what you have just read, which you will find succinct in Cary. If you take these liberties impenitently, and attend to nothing but the poetry, you will enjoy Dante at first reading. On any other method you certainly will not; though you may enjoy your own ingenuity, and take it for enjoyment of Dante.

We want, we repeat, to see more general readers of Dante; and for the general reader the poetry is the thing—not the date of the suppression of the Templars, or the unsavoury adventures of Cunizza. What does he want with the authentic history of Paolo and Francesca while he is reading their movingly unauthentic history in the Florentine poet? Left thus to himself, Dante will make his own impression, according to the capacity of the mind that reads him. One great feature indeed there is, which can only be grasped when the book is finally shut and the mind recoils upon a survey of the whole—that is his amazing symmetry. No poet has possessed the sense of form and proportion upon such a scale. He is content to rest for a large portion of his effect and grandeur solely upon the way in which the poem is slowly, surely, intricately reared to its height, from basement to crowning tower. It is the most architectural of poems. The symmetry, indeed, is Gothic, not Greek; but it is perfect in its order. Mr. Symonds points out that the number of words is exactly calculated in each Part and Canto; so that Dante himself alludes to the fact that he has reached his appointed limit of space in certain lines. But this is merely the outward mechanical sign of a subtly presiding inward order. His symbolism, exceedingly wonderful and inter-related, is part of this; but upon that side of Dante (inadequately treated by Mr. Symonds) we will not touch. It is for the poet or the student-specialist.

"The allegory," said Hazlitt, regarding intimidated readers of Spenser, "the allegory will not bite them." So, leaving symbolism and scholasticism apart, it needs no apparatus of commentary to follow the vivid series of pictures which unroll themselves throughout the "Divine Comedy." Dante's power of intense vision is compelling. Most marked, because most obvious, in the *Inferno* and *Purgatorio*, where the scenery is concrete, it is really most wonderful of all in the subtle otheriality of the *Paradiso*. He can borrow even from Virgil, and heighten upon Virgil. The approach of Charon and passage of the

spirits transcends in lifelike grimness the passage in the Latin poet.

Lo! toward us in a bark  
Comes on an old man hoary white with eld,  
Crying, "Woe to you, wicked spirits! Hope not  
Ever to see the sky again. I come  
To take you to the other shore across,  
Into eternal darkness, there to dwell  
In fierce heat and in ice."

At Virgil's rebuke:

Straightway in silence fall the shaggy cheeks  
Of him the boatman o'er the livid lake,  
Around whose eyes glared wheeling flames. Meanwhile  
Those spirits, faint and naked, colour changed,  
And gnashed their teeth, soon as the cruel words  
They heard. God and their parents they blasphemed,  
The human kind, the place, the time, and seed  
That did engender them and give them birth.  
Thus all together sorely weeping drew  
To the curst strand, that every man must pass  
Who fears not God. Charon, demoniac form,  
With eyes of burning coal, collects them all,  
Beckoning, and each that lingers with his oar  
Strikes. As fall off the light autumnal leaves  
One still another following, till the bough  
Strews all its honours on the earth beneath,  
E'en in like manner Adam's evil brood  
Cast themselves one by one down from the shore,  
Each at a beck, as falcon at his call.

A few strokes paint for us the whole scene—sad, murky, fuliginous. So with the outcasts on the verge of Hell, "in the scorn of the outer dark":

Various tongues,  
Horrible languages, outcries of woe,  
Accents of anger, voices deep and hoarse,  
With hands together smote that swelled the sounds,  
Made up a tumult that for ever whirls  
Round through that air with solid darkness stained,  
Like to the sand that in the whirlwind flies. . . .  
And I, who straightway looked, beheld a flag,  
Which, whirling, ran around so rapidly  
That it no pause obtained: and following came  
Such a long train of spirits, I should ne'er  
Have thought that death so many had despoiled.

It is related as with the eye of a reporter that one Dantesque image of the sand in the whirlwind gaining in effect by the stern directness of the rest. Who can forget the first glimpse of the infernal city, with its minarets burning in the valley below? Yet the words are few, simple, casual. Mr. Symonds remarks the poet's gift of selecting the precise detail which will make a thing visible and real to the reader; and his examples could not be bettered. His poetic taste tells strongly in such matters. Finest, perhaps, of all is the passage of the succouring angel across the infernal lake:

More than a thousand spirits  
Destroyed, so saw I fleeing before one  
Who passed with unwet feet the Stygian sound.  
He, from his face removing the gross air,  
Oft his left hand forth-stretched, and seemed alone,  
By that annoyance wearied.

Nothing could more vividly bring home to us the scene and the surroundings than that finely imagined gesture. His images have the same direct force, drawn often from the homeliest things. The souls who lie prostrate, shielding themselves with their hands alternately from the snowing flames and the torrid soil, are compared to the vagrant dogs of the city:

Thus use the dogs in summer still to ply  
Their jaws and feet by turns, when bitten sore  
By gnats, or flies, or gadflies swarming round.

Yet his imagery, at need, can be both subtle and daring to a degree. When the light of an angel dissipates the visions on which he is gazing, he thus illustrates it:

E'en as a sleep breaks off, if suddenly  
New radiance strike upon the closed lids,  
The broken slumber quivering ere it dies;  
Thus from before me sunk that imagery.

Nothing in Shakespeare or Shelley could be bolder or subtler than "the broken slumber quivering ere it dies."

Or take the lovely image which describes the ethereal aspect of the spirits in the moon:

As through translucent and smooth glass, or wave  
Clear and unmoved, and flowing not so deep  
As that its bed is dark, the shape returns  
So faint of our impictured lineaments,  
That on white forehead set a pearl as strong  
Comes to the eye: such saw I many a face.

There is here image within image, as Mr. Symonds remarks, the second intensifying the beauty of the first.

But, in truth, citing from Dante is like chipping a jewel from a casket to show the work. Each image, each description, must be read in its place: there only the power of the brief, sparing words is felt. They gain by relation, and are not truly separable from the design of which they form integral part.

Now is the hour that wakens fond desire  
In men at sea, and melts their thoughtful heart,  
Who in the morn have bid sweet friends farewell,  
And pilgrim, newly on his road, with love  
Thrills, if he hear the vesper-bell from far,  
That seems to mourn for the expiring day.

That is famous and beautiful, but infinitely more exquisite as a prelude to the serene scene of the evening hymn, and the descending angels with their young green plumes and vesture. Or how can you appreciate, unless you have first emerged with the poet from Hell, those lines in the opening of the *Purgatorio*?

Sweet hue of eastern sapphire, that was spread  
O'er the serene aspect of the pure air,  
High up as the first circle, to mine eyes  
Unwonted joy renewed, soon as I 'scaped  
Forth from the atmosphere of deadly gloom  
That had mine eyes and bosom filled with grief,  
The radiant planet that to love invites  
Made all the Orient laugh, and veiled beneath  
The Pisces' light, that in her escort came.

Read in its place, the effect of the passage is like "May-time and the cheerful dawn." It needs no commentator to tell us these things are beautiful, to carry us through the *crescendo* of terrible and wonderful things in the *Inferno*, or to impress us with the sublime vision of the Rose of Heaven which is the culmination of the *Paradiso* and the poem. And if the light of Dante's heavenly circles be overwearying to some eyes, there are others who will find in it sufficing austere loveliness, though into the depths of its significance and philosophy they do not strain their eyes.

### The Creeds of the East.

*Asiatic Studies, Religious and Social.* By Sir Alfred C. Lyall, K.C.B., D.C.L. Second Series. (Murray.)

THE second series of Sir Alfred Lyall's *Asiatic Studies* contains much matter of considerable interest to the student of the history of religions. The volume is not entirely homogeneous, being, in fact, a collection of scattered essays written at divers times in recent years. There are two interesting dissertations on "Religion in China"; there is a chapter on "History and Fable," in which is traced the evolution of Fiction as a literary species; there is another in which a political question, that of the conditions which determine or render possible permanent dominion in Asia, is discussed, with especial reference to the opposed views of Lord Curzon and the late Mr. Charles Pearson as to the future of the Chinese Empire. But the subject with which Sir Alfred Lyall is mainly preoccupied, to which he returns again and again from various points of view, is that of Hinduism; its origin and threatened extinction; its relations to ethics and to philosophy; the light which it throws upon current conceptions of the general course of the religious

evolution of humanity. In the forefront Sir Alfred Lyall puts three letters on the present religious situation in India, originally written under the signature of Vamadeo Shastri. Of these he says:

I ventured upon the attempt to represent, or at least throw light upon, certain religious views, feelings, and opinions which I believe to exist, not without considerable influence, among the conservative classes of India, but which are apt to escape the attention of Englishmen, whether at home or in that country. For this purpose the assumption of a pseudonym was convenient, and, I hope, excusable. It has been chosen to denote an orthodox Brahman, versed in the religion and philosophy of his own people, and to some extent in the literature of the West, who is chiefly interested, like all Indians of the old schools, in the religious situation, and who surveys from that standpoint the moral and material changes that the English rule is producing in India.

The "Letters from Vamadeo Shastri" are a fine example of that "irony of L—l" of which Mr. Kipling writes. The speculations of the learned Brahman, concerned, as Oriental learning always is, almost entirely with the things of the soul, are arrested by the sight of that "young India" whose ancient creeds are rapidly breaking down at the touch of English so-called "civilisation," which, while it destroys, is unable to rebuild, and for a constructive theory of life can only offer to a continent of confirmed pessimists the phantom of "moral and material progress." The letters resolve themselves into a subtle and searching criticism, alike of Hinduism in its strength and its weakness, and of the Western creeds as they reveal themselves to the light of dry reason, whether in the cruder presentation of the missionaries or in the ingenious sophistry whereby Mr. Balfour, not so long ago, attempted to establish the "Foundations of Belief." Here is a sample of the polished and scholarly style which Sir Alfred Lyall lends to his Brahmanical avatar:

One word more. The virtue chiefly inculcated by our own sages and divines has been asceticism, which, of course, your modern spirit of material progress is doing its best to deride, and if possible to destroy—very successfully, so far as the rising generation of Young India is concerned. We Brahmans have been for ages teaching the Hindus the way and means of speedy escape from the world of restless strife and effort; you English are turning the popular mind in the contrary direction of multiplied desires, and an incessant, energetic struggle against the physical and climatic impediments to a pleasurable existence in this country; your doctrine is that even in India life can and should be made comfortable. I myself am personally inclined to hold, with my forefathers, to the opinion that this temporary habitation of consciousness is not, in India, at any rate, worth expending much labour upon in the way of improvements, or for the purpose of prolonging one's lease of it. I prefer the simple life and a speedy departure to another tenement; but this is a matter of taste, and all I remark is, that with you lies the responsibility of leading Indians to adopt the Western theory of existence. The old faiths, which all came from Asia, all proceed upon the contrary theory that, for the majority of human beings, life is hardly worth living in this world, and that man must look to Hereafter either for an escape from suffering, as we Hindus believe, or for an eventual compensation for it, which is the Christian view. In India our ultimate ideal has not been beatification—for which, judging by the analogy of Nature, we had no warrant—but absorption; and if you can convince us that existence in an Indian climate can be made enjoyable to most of us, it is manifest that this may in time affect our customary point of view. I own that you are doing a good deal to soften and enliven material existence even in this melancholy, sunburnt country of ours, and certainly you are so far successful that you are bringing the ascetic idea into discouragement, and, with the younger folk, into contempt. It remains to be seen whether you will be able to guide the impulse that you are giving us toward a scramble for sensuous enjoyment, and what principles you can suggest to us for controlling it.

Others of Sir Alfred Lyall's essays have an interest

which is less immediate and practical than historical. Those on "The Golden Bough: a Study in Comparative Religion," on "Origins and Interpretations of Primitive Religions," and on "Natural Religion in India" deal with the wide problem of the beginnings of religion. They are in large measure a criticism of the recent views of religious evolution put forward by Mr. Frazer in his *Golden Bough* and by Mr. Jevons in his *Introduction to the History of Religion*. Sir Alfred Lyall appears to hold that in explaining the growth of religious custom and religious myth both Mr. Frazer and Mr. Jevons tend to lay too much stress on the savage personification and deification of natural processes and too little on the phenomena of dreams and on the deification of the mighty dead to which dreams give rise. That is to say, he gives renewed support to the "ghost theory" of Mr. Herbert Spencer, a powerful attack on which by Mr. Andrew Lang has recently aroused a slumbering controversy. Probably most scholars would admit that both the animistic cult of ancestors and the animistic cult of natural forces have co-operated in the beginnings of religion, and the inevitable question, as to which came first, and how they have modified and reacted upon each other, are probably insoluble. Sir Alfred Lyall, however, argues that in Hinduism, which has the advantage of existing at one and the same time in various grades of its evolution, from the primitive cults of the jungle tribes to the spiritual conceptions of the philosophers, the "links and gradations between spirit (that is, 'ghost') worship and the adoration of the higher divinities," are particularly clear and well-defined. It will be remembered that it was precisely these "links and gradations" which Mr. Andrew Lang found it so difficult to discover among the African and Australian peoples. Certainly Sir Alfred Lyall is able to give some curious instances in which the conversion of a dead hero into a divinity appears to be an historic fact. "The spirits of more than one Englishman," he says, "and of one Englishwoman, are now worshipped in India." Who the Englishwoman was, we are not told. That General Nicholson, who fell at Delhi, has or had a sect of worshippers, is, we suppose, familiar. Sir Alfred Lyall adds the case of a Captain Pole, who quite recently had his shrine and priest in a South Indian forest. We do not think that these instances, to which might be added the innumerable hagiologies of the Roman Catholic Church, are very conclusive evidence for ghost worship as a starting-point of religion, for presumably all that happened was the transfer to General Nicholson and Captain Pole of already existing forms of cult. One would like to know whether they were not regarded as avatars of known divinities. As an illustration of the frame of mind which tends to such events, we are told the following story:

Some fifty years ago a very high English official died in a fortress, at a place that is one of the centres of Brahmanic orthodoxy, and at the moment when the news of his death reached the Sepoy guard at the main gate, a black cat rushed out of it. The guard presented arms to the cat as a salute to the flying spirit of the powerful Englishman, and the coincidence took so firm a hold of the locality that up to a few years ago neither exhortation nor orders could prevent a Hindu sentry at that gate from presenting arms to any cat that passed out of the fort at night.

Another of Sir Alfred Lyall's stories is too good not to be included in this review. He gives it as an example of the difficulty sometimes presented by the disentangling of the honoured ancestor from the incipient deity:

We had last year a census of all India; and I noticed in an Indian newspaper of March last that one Hindu household filled up his schedule by returning, as Head of the Family, his household deity, whose profession he described as subsistence on an endowment, while the question whether the divine personage was or was not literate was somewhat indirectly answered by entering him as Omniscient.



## The Making of a Colony.

*Admiral Phillip: the Founding of New South Wales.* By Louis Becke and Walter Jeffery. (Fisher Unwin. 5s.)

READERS of *Naval Pioneers of Australia*, reviewed in these columns a few months since, will welcome this volume which the same fellow-labourers contribute to the "Builders of Britain" series. It was Lord Palmerston who said: "Whenever I want a thing done in a distant part of the world, when I want a man with a good head, a good heart, lots of pluck, and lots of common sense, I always send for a captain of the Navy." And upon that principle Lord Sydney, Home Secretary, would seem to have acted when at the end of the last century he chose the little hook-nosed, long-jowled, be-ringleted sailor man whose portrait faces the title-page of this book to be the Moses of this most miserable Exodus. He was forty-eight when it was determined to relieve the congested condition of the English gaols by transporting a portion of their wretched inmates to the Antipodes. It is probable that among naval officers there was no very keen competition for the leadership of so precarious an enterprise; and for once in those corrupt days the heads of affairs were at liberty simply to select the most likely man to conduct it. Their happy choice fell upon Phillip.

The *Sirius* (re-christened to do honour to the Southern Hemisphere), a ship of the sixth rate, of 612 tons, carrying 20 guns and a crew of 160, was the leader of the expedition. She was tended by the *Supply*—170 tons, 8 guns, 50 men—"a very improper ship for this service," sailing indeed as ill almost as the *Sirius*. They were to convey nine transports, having on board 600 male and 180 female convicts, who were to be dumped down at the ends of the earth—out of the way. Under the command of Major Ross, lieutenant-governor, was a force of 200 marines to keep the rogues in order; only it was found very soon that the marines had left their bullets at home. By Phillip's diligent importunity the expedition was tolerably well found in victuals and stores to last two years. It was hoped that before the complete expenditure of the food supplies the colony would be self-supporting, and that hemp for canvas and ropes, timber for the navy, and, as the Home Office vaguely phrased it, "most of the Asiatic productions," would furnish material for export. It was at the Cape that the Governor procured the stock from which what Australians call "our great pastoral industry" had its origin: fifty sheep, half-a-dozen cows, a couple of bulls, six horses, and some pigs and goats (no rabbits). And there are Australian sheep-breeders to-day who could not off-hand tell you within a thousand or two how many sheep they own.

Under the blessing of God [writes Collins, the Judge-Advocate] was happily completed in eight months and one week a voyage which before it was undertaken the mind hardly dared to contemplate. . . . We had sailed five thousand and twenty-one leagues . . . in a fleet of eleven sail. . . . Only thirty-two persons had died since leaving England. The high health which was apparent in every countenance was to be attributed not only to the refreshments we met with at Rio de Janeiro and the Cape of Good Hope, but to the excellent quality of the provisions with which we were supplied by Mr. Richards, junior, the contractor.

Let the name of Mr. Richards, junior, contractor, be held in benediction. The story of the second fleet was very different.

It was Jackson Bay that was finally chosen to be the cradle of the infant colony; Botany Bay, originally designated, afforded no shelter from easterly winds, the "disaster" wind of that seaboard; and there, on January 26, 1788, the *Union Jack* was hoisted. The colonists, to the number of 1,030, were assembled; the marines fired three volleys (they had plenty of powder); Judge-Advocate

Collins read the Governor's commission, and Phillip made a dry little speech:

You have now been particularly informed [he said] of the nature of the laws by which you are to be governed, and also of the power with which I am invested to put them into full execution. There are among you, I am willing to believe, some who are not perfectly abandoned, and who, I hope and trust, will make the intended use of the great indulgence and lenity their humane country has offered; but at the same time there are many—I am sorry to add, by far the greater part—who are innate villains and people of the most abandoned principles. To punish these shall be my constant care, and in this duty I will ever be indefatigable, however distressing it may be to my feelings. Not to do so would be a cruel injustice to those whom, as being the most worthy, I have first named. . . . Therefore, you have my sacred word of honour that whenever you commit a fault you shall be punished, and most severely. . . . I speak of what comes under my particular observation; and again I add that a vigorous exercise of the law (whatever it may cost my feelings) shall follow closely on the heels of any offender.

Two things the Governor set himself principally to do: first, to get his "lags" reasonably to work upon the soil; and secondly, to secure the goodwill of the natives. The former was a task of immense difficulty. A more unlikely lot no nation-builder, it may safely be said, has ever had to deal with. "Fifty farmers with their families," he wrote, "would do more in rendering this colony independent of the mother country than a thousand convicts." The creatures were for the most part hopeless degenerates, vicious to the core; their qualities miserably perverted. The principal industry of the more energetic was to thieve from their neighbours their allowance of food. They stole even the things they had least use for—spades, axes, and the like; they would have lain down and died sooner than have used them. There was a "snide" among them who fashioned dollars out of pewter spoons; there was a prophetic genius who fabricated gold-ore out of brass-filings; they brought home from their wanderings wonderful tales of great rivers and quarries of marble, that set the community upon the alert. They had never a locksmith, but they had a craftsman who, with a bent nail, could unfasten the cunningest lock that came out of Sheffield—not in the least the talent to unlock the treasure chambers of a new country. Such a crowd called for severe treatment; and it was over his disciplinary measures that Phillip came acutely into conflict with Major Ross, his second in command.

Ross it was who was responsible for that oversight in the matter of the bullets: and he was from first to last a thorn in the side of the little sailor-man. A good average regimental officer, no doubt, but quite unfitted for this exceptional duty, and with about as much pliancy as a ramrod. His letters home are full of whining complaints. The colony could not support itself for a hundred years. "It would be cheaper to feed the convicts on turtle and venison at the London Tavern than to send them here." It was necessary for the support of the Governor's authority to constitute a criminal court, and this Ross declared to be outside the terms of his commission. And, in general, Phillip was anxious that the officers should share in his personal concern over the well-being of his troublesome citizens. He asked only "that officers would, when they saw the convicts diligent, say a few words of encouragement to them; and that when they met them idle, or straggling in the woods, they would threaten them with punishment"; and it was pointedly refused.

What with the recalcitrancy of Ross and the venomous tricks of the convicts, the Governor's well-meant attempts to make friends with the aboriginals, who at the first seem to have been kindly disposed, met with but indifferent success. The convicts—one can hardly regret it—fell victims, some of them, to the just resentment of the simple savages, and Phillip himself was severely wounded by a panic-stricken native in the midst of a friendly palaver.



Things dragged on till 1789, and it was more than two years since any communication had arrived from the home authorities. The prospect was beyond measure depressing. Trench, a captain of the marines, wrote home by the *Sirius*: "The country is past all dispute a wretched one, and totally incapable of yielding to Great Britain any return for colonising it." Another writer described it succinctly as "the outcast of God's works." On November 1, 1789, the allowance of stale pork and verminous rice was reduced by a third. On April 1, 1790, the weekly ration of each person, without distinction, was diminished to four pounds of flour, two pounds and a half of salt pork, and one pound and a half of rice. Famine was striding upon them, and vainly they swept the wide spaces of the ocean with telescopes that brought them not within a thousand leagues of a sail. One officer had already gone mad of melancholy, and was rowing himself backwards and forwards between two headlands all day long in a skiff. But the Governor attended, with unshaken confidence, to the daily business of the settlement, and by the *Sirius* wrote home a very quiet and businesslike account of the conditions.

For early in February the *Sirius* had been despatched to China, in company of the *Supply*. The life of the settlement depended, it would seem, upon her:

Nothing more was seen of them [writes the young lieutenant, Southwell] till the 5th April, when at daybreak he was roused from his slumbers by the look-out man, with the news that a sail was in sight. The ship, as she neared the land, was judged by him to be the *Supply*, though he wondered at her returning so soon. Foreboding an accident, he desired the gunner to notice if the people mustered thick on her decks as she came in under the headland. His misgivings were well-founded—the ship was the *Supply*, and the *Sirius* had left her bones on Norfolk Island. . . .

At last, no moment too soon to forestall an end of immeasurable horror, the groping glasses discerned another sail. Let Trench finish the story:

The weather was wet and tempestuous; but the body is delicate only when the soul is at ease. We pushed through wind and rain, the anxiety of our sensations every moment redoubling. At last we read "London" on her stern. . . . A few minutes completed our wishes, and we found ourselves on board the *Lady Juliana*, transport, with two hundred and twenty-five of our countrywomen, whom crime or misfortune had condemned to exile.

Among the trifles of news she brought was that of the French Revolution.

In 1791, not before he had seen the colony fairly in train, Phillip's health broke down; he must ask leave to retire; and King, the second of the dynasty of naval governors, reigned in his stead. Phillip died in 1814, and it was only nine years ago, through inquiries set on foot by the New South Wales Government, that his tomb was discovered in St. Nicholas's Church, Bathampton, near Bath. So little did the Empire of so many makers take note of him. For, after all, he was just a brave sailor-man who did what he was told.

Mr. Recke and Mr. Jeffery have done an extremity of justice to their matter; even to the detail of a good index.

### A Surfeit of London.

*Stories of the Streets of London.* By H. Barton Baker. (Chapman & Hall. 7s. 6d.)

THE general anecdotal survey of London is surely out of date, and this for two reasons: firstly, it has been sufficiently done; and, secondly, London is grown too big to admit of its being done well any longer. The penalty on such an attempt is a certain dilution of style and tepidity of sentiment; clichés are hatched in swarms, and a thousand involuntary exaggerations and unrealities have to be

employed in order to cover the enormous subject-area with any sort of grace. No author can feel an eager personal interest in half the persons and topics which London secretes in her enormous past; hence such an interest must be simulated, and the reader's attention whipped and tickled and cajoled as he is dragged round the never-ending streets.

This discrepancy between author and subject breeds terrible inevitabilities of description. Dr. Johnson is "the ponderous lexicographer." We have "dear, delightful Charles Lamb" breathlessly and needlessly dropped upon the page. When a person is too uninteresting for the author to describe he is set down as "the famous" so and so; as Dr. Sacheverell, "the famous High Church champion," and John Emery, "the celebrated Yorkshire comedian." Hobbes, we are told, "wrote his famous *Leviathan* in Fetter-lane." But when Izaak Walton's house in Fleet-street is located the case is different. The reader's taste must be flattered, and the house becomes

the picturesque carved-fronted dwelling where the master of the gentle art, Izaak Walton, carried on his millinery business, and from which, many a time and oft, he has started, humming one of his quaint, sweet ballads, upon those piscatorial expeditions to the banks of the Lea, immortalised in *The Compleat Angler*.

And so we rush on. Places are "haunted." We are bidden to "conjure up their memories," and though conjuring up spirits is, at the best of times, an exhausting business, our ear is still pulled, and we follow through the endless changes of place, costume, sentiment, everything. We travel from Dan to Beersheba, and ache to find no square inch of the way barren.

It is a positive relief, in turning over Mr. Baker's industrious pages of anecdote, to alight now and then on something which detaches itself from the hurly-burly of reminiscence and compilation. Thus the newspapers have lately compared M. Guérin's exploit in the Rue de Chabrol to that of Sir Francis Burdett at No. 80, Piccadilly. Mr. Baker gives the latter story in these words:

The mention of Sir Francis Burdett conjures up a reminiscence of No. 80, Piccadilly, which was the residence of "Old Glory," as he was nicknamed by his admirers. In *Cobbett's Political Register*, 1810, he denounced the House of Commons as a set of borough-mongers and violators of Magna Charta. Parliament was more jealous of its honour then than now—perhaps it had more honour to be jealous of—and an order was issued for his committal to the Tower. As soon as the news spread abroad a vast concourse filled Piccadilly from Hyde Park Corner to the Haymarket, and every person who came that way was compelled to take off his hat and shout for the idol of the hour, or—take the consequences. The Life Guards were called out, the Riot Act read. Nevertheless the mob commanded every householder to illuminate his windows on pain of having them smashed. Those who obeyed were raided by the military, and their lights were extinguished. Thereupon the logical crowd battered in all glass within stone's throw, and wounded and even killed several innocent people. On the morning of the third day of the riot the Sergeant-at-Arms, with a *prise* of constables, forced his way to the house, followed by a carriage and a detachment of soldiers. Upon entering the drawing-room they found themselves in the presence of a very strikingly arranged dramatic tableau. Sir Francis was posed in the centre of a group which consisted of his wife, his three sisters, his brother-in-law, Mr. Coutts, the banker, and Mr. O'Connor, while his son, a boy of fourteen, was reading aloud Magna Charta.

It should be added, in conclusion, that Mr. Baker's pages, though not inspired, are never dull, and that they are well adapted to impart a first acquaintance with the associations of London streets and an initial enthusiasm. Mr. Charles G. Harper's illustrations are good; some of them are excellent.

## An Ambassador of Commerce.

*The Embassy of Sir Thomas Roe to the Court of the Great Mogul.* Edited by William Foster. 2 vols. (Hakluyt Society.)

THE Hakluyt Society have done well in including the journal of Sir Thomas Roe among their publications. For, as we pointed out in reviewing another book of Mr. Foster's last week, Sir Thomas Roe fairly deserves to be counted amongst the Makers of the Empire. The journal, of course, has been published a score of times, from its first appearance in *Purchas his Pilgrimes* onwards. But previous editions have been merely abridgments, and Mr. Foster has the honour of being the first to give Roe's own MS. *in extenso*. He has further inserted at appropriate places in the text some fifty of the ambassador's letters and despatches, gleaned from various sources, and has added divers other illustrations, many of which are drawn from the lively narrative of the chaplain Terry.

Sir Thomas Roe was the scion of a famous City family, who had received an Oxford education and had made his way to Court. He was an intimate friend of the English Marcellus, Prince Henry, and of his unfortunate sister, Elizabeth of Bohemia, the "Queen of Hearts." The voyage to India was not his first experience of distant travel. In 1610 he had fitted out a couple of pinnaces, had made sail to Guiana, and had explored some three hundred miles of the then little known Amazon River. He was "of a pregnant understandinge, well spoken, learned, industrious, and of a comelie personage," and when the governors of the East India Company decided that the interests of their factors at Surat required the presence of a competent representative at the court of the Great Mogul, they could not have made a better choice than they did. Roe was glad enough to undertake the mission. His patrimony was impoverished, and the dissolution of the "Addled Parliament" of 1614 had left him without active occupation. He set out for India in the *Lion*, under Captain Keeling, in February, 1615. Although chosen and salaried by the East India Company, he took rank as an ambassador of King James and was empowered to negotiate a permanent treaty with the Great Mogul. He landed at Surat in September, and after victoriously overcoming the difficulties put in his way by the Portuguese and by the native governor of the district, he reached Ajmere, where Jahángir, the son of the great Akbar, was holding his court, in December. The Journal gives a vivid picture of the personalities and intrigues of seventeenth century India, and in particular of Jahángir himself—weak, but amiable—and of his destined successor Khurram, the future builder of Agra and Delhi. Jahángir, for a great monarch, was singularly greedy for presents, and, much to Roe's annoyance, the parsimony of the East India Company made it very difficult to satisfy his demands. In particular, he was interested in the works of art which the ambassador had brought from England, and the Journal describes some amusing scenes which took place. On one occasion Jahángir had six copies of one of Roe's miniatures made by native artists, and defied him to tell the original from among them. This he did, but with great difficulty, and the King "was very merry and joyfull and craked like a Northern man." Later on Jahángir heard that Roe had another miniature which he had not shown him.

Hee asked for the Picture. I showed him two. Hee seemed astonished at one of them; and demanded whose it was. I answered a friend of myne that was dead. Hee Asked mee if I would giue it him. I replied that I esteemed it more than any thing I possessed, because it was the Image of one that I loued dearly and Could neuer recouer: but that if his Maiestie would pardon mee my fancy and accept of the other, which was a french picture but excellent woork, I would most willingly giue it him. He sent me thancks, but that it was that only picture hee desired, and loued as well as I, and that if I would giue

it him hee would better esteeme of it than the richest jewell in his house. I answered I was not soe in loue with anything that I would refuse to Content his Maiestie. I was extreame glad to doe him seruice, and if I could giue him a better demonstration of my affection, which was my hart to doe him seruice, I was ready to present it to him. At which hee bowed to mee and replied it was sufficient that I had giuen it: and hee confessed hee neuer sawe so much arte, so much bewty, and Conjured mee to tell him truly whither euer such a woeman liue. I assured him ther did liue that this did resemble in all things but perfection, and was now dead. Hee returned mee that hee tooke my willingnes very kindly, but that, seeing I had soe freely giuen him that I esteemed so much, he would not robb mee of yt: only hee would show yt his ladyes and Cause his woorkmen to make him 5 Coppyes, and if I knew myne owne I should have yt. I answered I had freely and willingly giuen it and was extreame gladd of his Maiesties acceptance. He replied he would not take yt: that hee loued mee the better for louinge the remembrance of my frende, and knew what an injurie yt was to take it from mee; by noe means hee would not keepe yt, but only take coppyes, and with his owne hand hee would returne yt, and his wiues should weare them.

Evidently Roe attached some sentimental value to the miniature in question, and Mr. Foster suggests that it was that of his wife. She was the widow of Sir George Beeston, and Roe seems to have married her somewhat secretly just before he started on his voyage. But if so, why did he make what Mr. Foster calls the "diplomatic statement" that the original of the miniature "was now dead"? Is it certain that Lady Beeston was not Roe's second wife? John Donne wrote him a letter in 1607 in which he enclosed a letter to "your lady." This, however, is not as conclusive as it looks, for Donne was always communicating with Lady Bedford and other great ladies of his acquaintance through his friends and theirs.

Sir Thomas Roe did not succeed in getting the desired treaty out of Jahángir, and to this extent he must be said to have failed in his mission. The wily Mogul was unwilling to treat an Occidental King on the footing of equality which he reserved for the Shah of Persia and the Sultan of Constantinople. He would only extend to the factors at Surat the dubious protection of revocable *farmáns*. But at the same time it is clear that the personal impression produced by the intrepidity and the statesmanlike bearing of Roe upon the Indian court was a considerable one, and the total outcome of his diplomacy was an immense increase of English prestige in the East. Roe had got the footing, which the factors before his coming had desired in vain, at the seat of empire:

The provincial authorities were restrained from acts of oppression by fear of representations at headquarters, and thus time was given for the English to root themselves firmly in the country and to accustom the natives to their presence. By the time Roe left India this had been accomplished; all danger from the Portuguese appeared to have passed away; concessions had been obtained which "he thought as much in generall as he could expect or desire"; and a good understanding had been established with the court.

Roe returned to India in 1618 with a flowery letter of goodwill from the Mogul to King James. His after career is part of English history. Twice again he was sent as royal ambassador—once to Constantinople, whence he brought back the great *Codex Alexandrinus* of the British Museum; once to Sweden, to negotiate a truce between that country and Poland. Then he suffered a grave disappointment, when Windebank was preferred to him as successor to Carleton in the Secretaryship of State. He retired to the country, until his services were again in request in connexion with the attempts to wind up the Thirty Years' War. He sat in the Long Parliament, but could not bring himself to take up arms against either his king or his country, and obtained leave to retire to Bath for his health.

## Other New Books.

THE VINEDRESSER, AND OTHER POEMS.

BY T. STURGE MOORE.

Mr. Sturge Moore belongs to the class of poets who possess abundant art and technical accomplishment, but are lacking in central inspiration. Here is a piece which represents his average gift:

## TO SLOW MUSIC.

Like shovels white of porcelain  
In pyramids of seas deep,  
Are shells half scooped into brown sand  
Which ebbing waves drew on a heap.  
Like blush by smooth nail overlain  
Are others; five for either hand,  
Nay, plenty for both hands and feet  
Of Venus when she walks the strand  
Escaped from perfumed Temple's heat.  
Like wail which for Adonis rang,  
Drawn up and round a hollow maze,  
In others dwells a wealth of soup,  
That she prefers to all men's praise.  
Made coral by a moment's pang  
And snapt off from true hearts are found  
The branching red rich veins of those,  
Who, wounded by her son, have drowned  
Seeking a "sea-change" for their woes.

The idle nymphs in caves far down,  
Secluded life-long from alarms,  
Where distance lulls the billow's roar  
And moony sea-light dreams of day,  
Made every shell that strews the shore.  
They with their handywork do crown  
Long tresses—twine their grand white arms  
With chains of cowries, and array  
Their necks and bosoms. . . . Naught of lily  
(Since Venus never tells) know they,  
Naught of the tender violet's charms,  
Of daisy naught, nor daffodilly!"

Here you have the merits and defects of Mr. Moore's verse. It is carefully wrought, with sound knowledge and taste; though even here, "Like blush by smooth nail overlain," and "Like wail which for Adonis rang," are awkward contractions, which should be left to versifiers less expert than Mr. Moore. One can see that he has studied diction with an eye to colour. But there is small central impulse, a vacuum of compelling thought or emotion. The diction, in consequence, with all its deliberate choiceness, has no inevitability, no magic. In fine, it is a *dilletante* book, which may be read with pleasure by *dilletantes*, but can hardly grip those who take their poetry seriously. (Unicorn Press.)

THE EARLDOM OF WILTES. BY JOHN HENRY METCALFE

"Time hath his revolutions; there must be an end to all temporal things—*finis rerum*—an end of names and dignities and whatsoever is terrene; and why not of DE VERE? For where is DE BOHM? Where is MOWBRAY? Where is MORTIMER? Nay, what is more, and most of all, where is PLANTAGANET? These are entombed in the urns and sepulchres of mortality." Odsbodkin, what opportunities of eloquence come to a judge! These words, uttered by Lord Chief Justice Crew, in reference to the Earldom of Oxford, are worthy of Sir Thomas Browne. But, said the judge, "I suppose that there is no man that hath any apprehension of gentry and nobleness, but his affection stands to the continuance of so noble a name and fame, and would take hold of a twig or twine thread to uphold it." The "twine thread" of the lapsed Wiltes peerage is, so to speak, skinned by Mr. Metcalfe in these handsome pages containing the story of the earldom conferred by Richard II. on Sir William le Scrope. The life of this brave man and loyal supporter of a weak monarch has been made familiar to Englishmen

by Shakespeare. Here it is set forth with such picturesque details as the following:

His manors were so numerous and in so many counties that, it is said, he could, when riding from his castle of Upsall, in Yorkshire, to London and returning thither, always rest each night on his journey in some manor house upon his own land.

It was in holding Bristol Castle for the king against Bolingbroke that the Earl lost his cause and his head;

Duke of Anmerle.—Is Bushy, Greene, and the Earl of Wiltshire dead?

Scroop.—Ay, all of them at Bristol lost their heads.

Unfortunately for the earldom there was no lineal heir, and the King's Charter was held to limit the succession to such heirs, excluding collateral descent. The question slept for centuries, but in 1859 the present head of the Scrope family claimed the peerage, and his claim was heard by the House of Lords. On that occasion Mr. Metcalfe thinks that the decision virtually rested with Lord Chelmsford and a Scotch law lord, Lord Colonsay. Proof of descent was admitted, but Lord Chelmsford disallowed the claim on two grounds: firstly, on the ground that the Charter assumed to "give to a dignity a descensible quality unknown to the law," although in this contention he had a powerful precedent against him; secondly, because for a very long time the peerage had not been claimed, showing (in his lordship's opinion) that it was the "belief of those who would have been entitled to succeed that no right of succession remained." This decision evoked a powerful protest from a number of peers, headed by the Duke of Norfolk; and Mr. Metcalfe has no difficulty in presenting a strong case for the revival of the Wiltes peerage. This is virtually a handsome Blue Book on the claim. (Chiswick Press 10s. 6d. net.)

## Fiction.

MAMMON & CO. BY E. F. BENSON.  
(Heinemann. 6s.)

MR. BENSON, after a digression towards Byron's Greece, here returns to the Mayfair of *Dodo*, and is found not to have increased in stature. But as a delineator of a certain stratum of fast, or "smart," society, with all its merry frothiness and well-groomed immoralities, he is as entertaining as ever. Kit, Lady Conybeare, does not, perhaps, quite reach the audacious altitudes of *Dodo*; but that may be because *Dodo* came before her. Possibly the people who now read Mr. Benson for the first time will wish for nothing better. That Kit is of the same genus we can show in a moment. "Dear Jean Worth!" she cries in a new dress (orange chiffon, in four tints, with a net of pale mandarin yellow all over it, to which was tacked a cusped acanthus pattern of sequins), "what a lot of money I owe him, and what a lot of pleasure he gives me! I should be puzzled to say which was the greater." Unhappily, Kit's gaiety lasts only for half the book, and then Mr. Benson, deeming himself a merciless realist instead of only a satirical observer, plunges that agreeable young woman in a complication of miseries, which, culminating in a serious illness, lead her, *vid* an angelic young American sister-in-law, to what we feel sure is dull and unepigrammatic reformation. No more recklessness about money, no more creations by Worth, no more cheating at baccarat, no more gambling in West Australians, no more *liaisons* with other members of the peerage; and, what is more serious, no more frivolous speeches.

Kit's high spirits having been disposed of so prematurely we have to get what amusement we can from Mrs. Murchison, an American Malaprop, admiration for whose possibilities sometimes carries Mr. Benson away. Thus, on one occasion she is describing her winter on the Nile: "Then another day we went to see the tree under which

the Virgin Mary sat when *she* went to Egypt, which was really a remarkable coincidence, because my name is Mary too, and the guide gave us a leaf from it as a *memento Mary*. Ah, dear me, how charming and quaint it all was! Then we went up the river in our own private diabetes and stuck on a sandbank for weeks." It will be noticed that Mr. Benson is still very young. On another occasion also the author's mischief carries him, we think, a little too far. He writes: "Many people have their own pet plan of sending themselves to sleep. . . . Kit's method, though she usually fell asleep immediately, was to enumerate her dislikes. This was a long and remarkably varied list, beginning 'Marie Corelli, parsnips,' and she seldom got to the end of it." We doubt if that is quite sportsmanlike.

We have said enough to indicate that *Mammon & Co.* is amusing. It cannot be said that it is more. Mr. Benson asks to be taken seriously as the historian of 1899 London society, but we are unable to oblige him. To feel any but the most superficial interest in these well-dressed puppets of his, and their alleged astounding relations to each other, is not possible. Yet we will continue to be entertained as long as Mr. Benson invites us.

*Thady Halloran of the Irish Brigade.* By J. W. Breslin.  
(T. Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

THESE continental adventures of a fighting Irishman in the service of Charles Edward are done in a manner so neat and workmanlike that it seems harsh to say that their intrinsic value is small. Yet there is nothing else to be said; and the book only proves once more that skill without original inspiration is futile. Mr. Breslin has seen again all the old scenes, felt the old feelings, heard the old phrases.

What of this? "Thady dexterously mixed a large proportion of the brandy with the wine, and plied the courier with the mixture, while serving Gagdon and himself but sparingly from what was still left in the preceding flagon."

And again: "For answer, Thady's sword leapt from the scabbard; but ere the blades could cross . . ." When the fair one confessed herself frail, "Thady staggered and passed his hand across his eyes as if the whole world had suddenly grown dark to him, and his face was contorted by the fierce working of the passions within. Once he opened his lips to speak, but . . ." (Our italics.)

Further: "In a flash he was sprawling on the floor and Thady was standing over him. 'I'm as big a blackguard, maybe, as the best of ye; but I'm not that kind of blackguard.'" (An "unmannerly knave" had assaulted a woman.)

And so one might continue. The volume is a series of outworn *clichés*. We do not mean to assert that it is not readable. One can read it "without fatigue" of brain or heart. It is like drinking tea or smoking a cigarette—neither here nor there. The curious fact is that Mr. Breslin undoubtedly has talent concealed about him.

### Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final.  
Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THE ORANGE GIRL. BY SIR WALTER BESANT.

Sir Walter Besant's new novel opens in London in the year 1760, and is concerned mainly with young Will Halliday; with his reversion to £100,000; with his cousin Matthew, who wants him to sell it; with Mr. Probuss, an attorney of the most transparent rascality; and with the "orange girl," sweet Jenny Wilmot, the actress of Drury Lane. The money motive works strongly, and introduces us to the King's Bench and Newgate. Throughout we have a carefully drawn London background. (Chatto & Windus. 6s.)

TO LONDON TOWN

BY ARTHUR MORRISON.

Herein the author of *Tales of Mean Streets* and *A Child of the Jago*, books to which the new story is related, makes a departure. The life of the East End is still his theme, but the sunnier, healthier side is this time depicted. We are taken, for instance, to Epping Forest; and even though squalor is still present, a certain sense of romance is present too. (Methuen. 6s.)

A NAME TO CONJURE WITH. BY JOHN STRANGE WINTER.

The author of *Bootle's Baby* here deserts soldiers for the literary life. Her heroine is Mary Lessingham, the daughter of a suddenly-impoorished millionaire and wife of a journalist. Being put to it for means of subsistence, she took to novel-writing and became an idol of the hour. Her first book was called "Day Dawn," and her first publisher Winklemann. The tragedy of the story is that, in order to sustain herself in an artificial life of literature and society, the heroine takes to stimulants, and is enslaved by them. (White. 6s.)

THE WELL-SINKERS.

BY ETHEL QUINN.

The author's name is given variously as Ethel Quinn, on the cover, and Teth Quin, on the title-page. The book is a new volume in the "Overseas Library," and is a grim little story of life on a New South Wales station. The more unlovely side of Australia may be studied here. "Leave the tall gum-trees to overlook the weary plains. Leave them all, and close the pages of a disappointing story of a disappointing land." That is the end. (Unwin. 2s.)

THE UNSEEN HAND.

BY LAWRENCE L. LYNCH.

A complex, yet clear, melodramatic story of wealth, and marriage, and murder, opening on the evening when "the great suburban mansion was ablaze with light." Even the reader who likes this kind of story will be inclined to endorse the words of Rob Jocelyn: "In all my experience I never saw a case so tangled up, so difficult to terminate without a thorough expose, almost unbearable for some of those most interested." (Ward, Lock, & Co. 3s. 6d.)

THE STORY OF A KISS.

BY ANDREW R. COWAN.

The kiss was given by Mary Ainslie to Mr. Carlow under the impression that he was Allan Failford, her betrothed. Thenceforward all was frustration and General Post between the lovers. The story, by the way, which was related to the author and is retold by him, is a rather interesting departure in narration. (Unwin. 5s.)

AN AMERICAN CITIZEN.

BY MADELEINE L. RYLEY.

This novel is by the author of the play of the same name now running at a London theatre. The action passes in New York and on the Riviera, and there is an abundance of smart dialogue. (Walter Scott, Ltd. 3s. 6d.)

THE ROMANCE OF NUN'S HOLLOW.

BY RIETTE.

This terrifying sentence meets us on the third page: "And after a few miserable years, she returned to her father's house, with her little infant daughter, only to linger a few short months, fading gradually away, day by day, until she was laid to rest in the little Churchyard, by the side of her mother, who, in her day, had been a great beauty, and a 'Toast' among all the neighbouring squires, who vied with each other to gain even a passing glance from the beautiful daughter of the impoverished Earl Stow, who had suitors and enough for her hand, empty as it was, and which she finally bestowed on Matt Darcy, to the great grief of many sporting sons of Mars, who had seen her undefeated in many a good and trying run with her father's well-known pack." (Digby, Long & Co. 3s. 6d.)

## THE ACADEMY.

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## Tolstoi's New Novel.\*

THERE are those who attribute Tolstoi's continual castigation of indulgence largely to disappointment, affirming that he did not condemn until the capacity for similar indulgence was no longer his. The taunt is contemptible; but we allude to it here for the definite reason that one thing which *Resurrection* demonstrates very clearly is the advantage that it can be to a great novelist to be old in years and in experience, and to have burnt the candle freely when he was young. Moving and robust as the story is—and it would be hard to add to the vigour of some passages—it is yet always the work of an old man. The incidents may be the incidents of the youngest realist among us, but behind them all is the pity, the knowledge, the understanding of age. Mixed with this sympathetic insight is a grim irony which also gains force from the age of the observer who uses it. When a young man points at grotesque inconsistencies we are not much moved. "He will come to think them necessary," we say, and pass on. But when a man who has been through the fire, a man who, many years ago, could write *Anna Karénina* and *The Death of Ivan Ilyitch*, is found tearing the mask from things, we are bound to attend. Thus, near the beginning of the book it is necessary that in the account of a trial for murder the glamour that ordinarily hangs over a court of law shall, for the reader's right comprehension of the author's purpose, be removed. Tolstoi, with perfect gravity, proceeds to remove it. At the moment one does not perhaps notice what is happening, but by the time the scene is over, and Maslova has been sentenced to Siberia for a crime she did not commit, the full force of the author's saturnine device is felt, and we know in a score of ways that no one sitting in judgment upon her is more honest than this prostitute, and most are less so. Here is an example:

The president, who had to take the chair, had arrived early. The president was a tall, stout man, with long grey whiskers. Though married, he led a very loose life, and his wife did the same, so they did not stand in each other's way. This morning he had received a note from a Swiss girl, who had formerly been a governess in his house, and who was now on her way from South Russia to St. Petersburg. She wrote that she would wait for him between five and six p.m. in the Hotel Itálie. This made him wish to begin and get through the sitting as soon as possible, so to have time to call before six p.m. on the little red-haired Clara Vasilievna, with whom he had begun a romance in the country last summer. He went into a private room, latched the door, took a pair of dumb-bells out of a cupboard, moved his arms twenty times upwards, downwards, forwards, and sideways, then holding the dumb-bells above his head, lightly bent his knees three times.

As the trial proceeds, with its terrible issues, we now and then observe the president glancing at the clock. To take another passage—the judges are entering the court. Everyone rises as they come in, Justice incarnate.

Last came the third member of the court, the same Matthew Nikitich who was always late. He was a bearded

\* *The Resurrection*. By L. Tolstoi. (Brotherhood Publishing Co.)

man, with large, round, kindly eyes. He was suffering from a catarrh of the stomach, and, according to his doctor's advice, he had begun trying a new treatment, and this had kept him at home longer than usual. Now, as he was ascending the platform, he had a pensive air. He was in the habit of making guesses in answer to all sorts of self-put questions by different curious means. Just now he had asked whether the new treatment would be beneficial, and had decided that it would cure his catarrh if the number of steps from the door to his chair would divide by three. He made twenty-six steps, but managed to get in a twenty-seventh just by his chair.

After this whatever is august about the tribunal has evaporated. Those keen eyes have pierced the "glamour." How very real it all becomes!

Among the jury who have to return a verdict on the case and vote for Maslova's innocence or guilt is Count Tolstoi's hero, Nekhludoff. Upon this circumstance and the fact that he recognises the prisoner as his aunt's quondam protégé, whom years before he had seduced, the story rests. Nekhludoff is a character with whom readers of Tolstoi are familiar—a mixture of good and evil, or rather, strength and weakness, in an aristocratic framework. He is rich and idle, but he is capable of thought, and the voice of duty can still be as a trumpet-call to him. As he sits in the jury-box and sees before him what he believes to be the result of his sin, anguish settles on his soul, and the turning-point of his life is reached. He determines to amend the past as far as possible. That night he takes his resolution:

"I shall tell her, Katúsha, that I am a scoundrel, and have sinned towards her, and will do all I can to ease her lot. Yes, I will see her, and will ask her to forgive me.

"Yes, I will beg her pardon, as children do." . . . He stopped—"will marry her if it is necessary." He stopped again, folded his hands in front of his breast, as he used to when a little child, lifted his eyes, and said, addressing some one: "Lord, help me, teach me, come and enter within me, and purify me of all this abomination."

He prayed and asked God to help him, to enter into him and cleanse him; and what he was praying for had already happened; the God within him had awakened in his consciousness. He felt himself one with Him, and therefore felt not only the freedom, fullness, and joy of life, but all the power of righteousness. All, all the best that a man could do he felt capable of doing.

His eyes filled with tears as he was saying all this to himself, good and bad tears: good because they were tears of joy at the awakening of the spiritual being within him, the being which had been asleep all these years, and bad tears because they were tears of tenderness to himself at his own goodness.

That is another passage which no young man would have written.

It is with the progress of Nekhludoff's resolution that the first volume is concerned. So far—as far as Chapter LIX.—it has not wandered; although it receives a check when Maslova, whom he visits in prison, assures him that she would rather be hanged than do anything so dull as marry anyone, least of all himself.

*Resurrection* should please both sections of the author's followers—those that want a story, and those others also that ask only for messages. In *Resurrection* Tolstoi, probably with full consciousness, has fused his earlier and later periods; his power of narration is in as full play as in *The Cossacks*, for example—that incomparable full-blooded tale—while, at the same time, here, with all his faculties alive, is the Great Iconoclast, the censor of idle living, of bloodshed, of excess, of hypocrisy, of everything contrary to the teaching of Christ. It is as though Tolstoi said: "The novel pure and simple I have lost heart to write; the sermon pure and simple you have no interest in reading; you shall have the two inextricably mixed." And since life is a didactic business, the story comes to be as much like a piece of life itself as if it were without deliberate moral purposes at all.



In style it is extremely simple and naïve, almost childlike. Tolstoi's aim being that his story shall be read—and it seems already to have readers of every European nationality—he has naturally adopted a manner straightforward and emphatic. He qualifies nothing. Everything is stated so dogmatically that no appeal seems possible. Nothing is hidden from this novelist: that is the impression conveyed. An ordinary novelist might allege half as much and be disbelieved, but there is something in Tolstoi's manner which carries conviction with it. It may be only trick; it may be only commanding personality; it may be truly knowledge. For the moment, however, we are not concerned with criticism: this is merely an attempt to give an idea of *Resurrection*, and to recommend it.

## A Masterly Lie.

In the case of Montserrat no other expression could fittingly be used to describe the condition of things than to say that the place has been wiped out.

In these words, last Friday, the newspapers finally described the worst effect of the recent hurricane in the West Indies. There is surely a pleasant significance in the fact that three weeks had passed before a news agency ventured, on the arrival of the mail from the West Indies, and on the authority of letters received by the Relief Committee, to supplement its original alarmist telegrams by this calm ratification.

This discreet and truthful journalism recalls the case of an island catastrophe of the last century which was very differently handled. The event was the reported blowing up of the island of St. Vincent, and the journalism was Daniel Defoe's. In sober fact, the island was not blown up, or even damaged, but Defoe imposed his masterly lie upon London for the very same length of time which—in this age of telegraphs—has been devoted to obtaining the truth about the West Indian hurricane.

Defoe's narrative appeared in *Mist's Journal* of July 5, 1718. In those days there were no press agencies. Merchantmen, sailing slowly under convoy, would arrive at last in the Thames, and the sailors would soon be spinning their yarns in the dens of Redriff and Wapping. By this means, and by the letters received by City merchants, the news of an earthquake or other event, such as this of St. Vincent, would break upon the coffee-houses, and find its way into the *Flying Posts*, the *Intelligencers*, and all the rival prints of that gossiping age. As everyone wanted news, and as news could not be quickly checked or supplemented, there was the strongest temptation to inflate a rumour into a detailed narrative. The clever journalist was he who could lie plausibly. Now of all journalists, and of all liars, Defoe was the greatest. This coffee-house tale, of St. Vincent going up in dust to the skies, would hit his taste to a miracle. He had done things in this kind before; and there need not be the slightest delay in giving the public satisfaction—in *Mist's Journal*.

Defoe began his narrative with the assurance of an artist. Having no more fact to go upon than would just wet his pen, he declared that he was overwhelmed with reports of the event, the like of which "never happened since the Creation, or, at least, since the destruction of the Earth by Water in the general Deluge."

Our accounts of this come from so many several hands, and several places, that it would be impossible to bring all the letters separately into this Journal; and, when we had done so, or attempted to do so, would have the story confus'd, and the World not perfectly inform'd. We have therefore thought it better to give the substance of this amazing Accident in one collection, making together as full and as distinct account of the whole as we believe is possible to come at by any intelligence

whatsoever; and at the close of this account we shall give some probable guesses at the natural cause of so terrible an operation.

Defoe proceeds with marble gravity to describe the island of St. Vincent, its position, physical character, and people. Next, he gently leads up to the catastrophe by stating that, on March 24, a French sloop, which had passed the island two days previously, arrived at Martinico. The master of the sloop reported that he had purchased some fish from the savages of St. Vincent, who brought them to him in three canoes, and that all was safe on the island for anything that he perceived. However, one of the Indians had told them that they had been frightened with earthquakes for some time. On the 27th, in the morning (Defoe proceeds), all those parts of the seas were darkened in a dreadful and mysterious manner, which no one could account for, though it was to be mentioned that on the 26th, about eleven o'clock at night, a dreadful flash of lightning, as it seemed, was witnessed from some neighbouring islands, where the effects of the disaster were perceived long before their cause was known.

By dwelling on these phenomena, and making them seem real, Defoe prepares his readers to accept their grand cause. Thus he describes, with the nicest assumption of knowledge, how fine dust fell all about those parts, but—you are to note—not all of a thickness, for (here you have a vision of Defoe rummaging among piles of foreign letters)

some Ships had it nine inches, others a foot thick—upon their Decks; the Island of Martinico is covered with it at about 7 to 9 inches thick: at Barbadoes it is frightful, even to St. Christopher's it exceeded four inches; it is fallen over the whole extent of the Isle of Hispaniola, and there is no doubt but it has been seen on the Continent of New Spain, about the point of Guiana, or the mouth of the Oronoco, all which will perhaps be accounted for in some measure in the following Narrative.

Observe how Defoe pretends to sympathise with his reader's incredulity, and promises him light if he will but grope on. The dust having continued to fall for several days and no man being able "to find out, or so much as guess, at the meaning of it, or of any natural Cause to produce it till the whole came to discover itself," the news came by "some Vessels that were under sail, in the Night of the 26th, belonging to Martinico," by which we had the following particulars: that

on the night of the said 26th, about Midnight, the whole Island of St. Vincent rose up in the Air, with a most dreadful eruption of Fire from underneath the Earth, and an inconceivable Noise in the Air at its rising up, that it was not only blown up, but blown out of the very sea, with a dreadful force, as it were torn up by the Roots, or blown up from the Foundations of the Earth.

We have it now, and Defoe's game is to heap up the wonder while his readers are yet speechless. "The Terror was inexpressible, and cannot be represented by Words." The island "was rais'd so furiously that the Earth was entirely separated into small particles of Dust, . . . and fell light and gradually, like a small but thick Mist." But whereas the more solid parts of the island "suppos'd to be of Stone, Slate, or Clay," would not dissipate in the air, these parts fell in solid masses into the sea, where (our author sagely reflects) they must have made sounds like cannon. Having appeared to reason privately that there must have been sounds like cannon, the arch-humbag bethinks himself that these were the "Reports or Blows which were heard even to St. Christopher's Island (which is a vast distance from St. Vincent), and of which the people in these Islands, as well as in the Ships, heard about a thousand or twelve hundred distinct Blows or Reports, and supposed it to be the Noise of Guns."

Easily divining his reader's next demand, Defoe tells how, when the intelligence got abroad, sloops, barques, and all kinds of vessels, sailed to the spot to inquire and give

aid; and we are shown these mariners cruising about, rubbing their eyes in bewilderment, blaming their steersmen, and taking observations, and finally realising that the island was no more, and had left no vestige on the face of the waters except—Defoe loves to recommend a staggering fiction by a small concession—“three little rocks,” while the Sea that swept over it was “excessive deep, and no Bottom to be found, at two hundred Fathom.”

Defoe now proceeds to look for probable causes of the disaster, and with admirable candour and caution affects to see two possible explanations: (1) an earthquake, or (2) subterranean fires on which a vast body of water was let loose. But first he loftily pooh-poohs those who

by casting up the Dimensions of the Island, to reduce it to cubical inches, are pretending to tell us what weight of Earth this Blast has rais'd up, and consequently would tell us what force it was that must raise it; but this is a perfectly needless Enquiry, and many Ways impracticable also.

An earthquake he rejects as too weak an instrument; because—and here his frankness in stating the problem becomes positively dazzling—

for an Island to be blown up into the Air, as if it were undermin'd and b'own up by Gun-powder, like a Bastion in a Town besieged; and, for the force to be such, as to blow up the solid Earth into the third Region, as we may say,—to such a stupendous prodigious height, as to have it go up an Island, and come down in Sand;—go up in Bulk, and come down in Atoms;—to go up Perpendicular, and be spread about to 100 miles distance;—this is unaccountable, but by some Force superior to that of ten Millions of Barrels of Gun-powder.

Defoe therefore favours the idea that an inrush of the sea on subterranean fires had caused steam to generate on such a scale that a stupendous explosion followed. This theory he ingeniously supports by references to hot springs, and by volcanoes, of which he gives a cloud of names. He even observes that a vast body of the sea invading a great body of fire would “not fail to blow up, not such an Island as St. Vincent only, but an Island 40 times as big, in proportion to the extent of the Fire below.” All this is brought forward so gradually, so plausibly, with such nice deductions and asides, not omitting an ascription of power to the Creator—who “might as easily Blow this whole Earth up”—that one might suppose that the work of deception was done. But Defoe knows better. He knows that the spell of his narrative is likely to be broken when the reader returns to actual life, to the sober incidents of present time and place. And so he seeks to bring home the destruction of St. Vincent by associating it with these very actualities. The bursting of the island of St. Vincent through a conversion of the sea into steam may be *familiarised*, he says (the italics are ours, the impudence Defoe's), “by the throwing a Pail of Water hastily into a Furnace—suppose such as a Brewer's Furnace—which will immediately burst out again, with a violence proportioned to the quantity of Water.” This is delicious, but it is not all. The fictive and remote catastrophe shall be allied to a catastrophe real and authentic. Let the last doubting Thomas recall

a very sad accident which happened not many years ago in London, and which most people have heard of—viz., at the Foundry at Windmill Hill, by Moorfields, where the Metal for casting of a great Gun, running into a Mould ill prepared, and which had receiv'd some Water (tho' by the relation of all concerned in it, and that were alive, that Water, by the Cavity of the Mould, could not be equal to a Gallon; yet it blew up the whole Work, and blew the melted Metal up, as light as if it had been the lightest Earth, throwing it about the whole Place, separated in small parts like Drops, so that it overwhelmed, as with a Shower of Molten Brass, those that were near, and almost all who were in the Place were either kill'd or terribly hurt by it.

Three weeks after this amazing concoction had appeared, when its hypnotic force had weakened, and murmurs of dissent were growing, Defoe inserted in *Mist's Journal* the following paragraph:

They pretend to tell us a strange Story, viz., that the Island of St. Vincent is found again, and is turn'd into a Volcano, or Burning Mountain; but we must acknowledge we do not believe one word of it.

And so, leaving his accusers to gasp, Defoe returned to legitimate fiction. He was then writing *Robinson Crusoe*.

## Things Seen.

### Happiness.

Just an impression of quiet happiness—nothing more—yet it remains. I came upon it suddenly while wandering through the salt marshes at the sunset calm that followed a two days' gale. The ferryman, in answer to my hail, was straining across the shallow, sun-flashed water, when my eye fell upon the little coasting barque *Elizabeth and Children* that had come up the river with the tide in the afternoon. She had been made spruce after the gale, and now, it being evening time, the skipper's wife and children had come over the marshes to sit with him. They did not talk; they did not need to be amused; they just sat together in the stern—re-united—port after storm. The skipper smoked his pipe, looking intently at nothing, after the manner of sailormen; Elizabeth knitted, smiling quietly; the boy read; the girl was sewing, singing as she sewed; and the grandmother sat with her hand tucked under the skipper's arm. That was all—just happiness, perfect happiness—that was all.

### Freedom.

THROUGH my dreams ran the clatter of hoofs, and the rumble of wheels. When I awoke I ran to the window, and, ho! ho!—it was the circus, in travelling dress, whirling through the village in the quiet dawn. Just a mile or two of painted vans—creaking, colossal—lumbering after one another at vague intervals. The roofs of the vans were littered with hay, and on the hay negroes—with red shirts open at the neck—sprawled. The drivers of the vans, no longer dandy grooms, but sleepy men in corduroys, were strapped round the waist to prevent them falling off into honeysuckle hedgerows. Sometimes the panels of a van were open, and then I saw through bars the free animals of the world—lions, bears, eagles. The plump circus horses, that ambled at night-time round the ring, were now dragging the vans, three abreast, tugging, straining at the traces. So through the village for an hour went the circus, and every van was locked and padlocked, and every live creature caged or harnessed.

It seemed, as I leaned from the window in that grey dawn, that all the world was captive: then, suddenly, when the last of the vans had gone by, and I thought the sight was ended, I heard the clatter of innumerable hoofs on the hard road, not the heavy footfall of harnessed beasts, but the quick rush of free things. They galloped past, those horses and ponies, for whom there were no vans to drag, and they carried neither bit nor bridle, rein nor trace. They were just let loose to go their own way along the high road, and following them came three mounted gipsy men with long whips, but the gipsy men were always far behind the free things—half a hundred of them neighing and tossing their manes. It was a heartsome sight! How often since have I heard the little hoofs of those free things pattering through the dawn.

## Essays in Enthusiastic Journalism.

### II.—“Le Petit Journal des Refusées.”

The feathered birds with pinions cleave the air;  
Not so the mackerel, and much less the bear!

Nor less unlike than these were the *Lark* and *Le Petit Journal des Refusées*. This last periodical was, during its brief day, the most outrageous violation of good taste extant; our audacity shrunk from no extreme; we were bound to out-lark the *Lark* itself.

For it had dawned upon us that the *Lark* had a policy; it was still *sui generis*, but as our sermons became more serious, our pleasantries grew more subtle. We were drawing away from pure nonsense, but as the *Lark* was still too precious to us to be abandoned, some of *les jeunes* determined to throw off a satellite which, revolving to a madder tune, might relieve our abandoned desires. And so, after a mighty travail, *Le Petit Journal des Refusées* was brought forth. It was to send out a rollicking, whooping gabble of nonsense-verbiage, with no trace of sobriety in any form. It might be silly, but it should not be sly. There should be no *arrière pensée*. It was to be the “freak monthly” of the era reduced to an absurdity.

The craze for “fad magazinelets” in the United States was then in full cry. It was in that marvellous year of our Lord, 1896, when whoever could get possession of a printing-press was helping to burden the news-stands with cheap satire and pretentious precocity. Art was running amuck through Posterdom; Literature was staggering blindfold in a drunken spree, and every little dog was having his day in journalism while the pamphleteering mania lasted. The *Lark* had little part in this pandemonium, but the *Refusées* set a pace that few could, or wished, to follow.

Where, indeed, in the world, beside San Francisco, is there a place in which such misspent, insane endeavour could be possible; where two men, no longer in their first youth, and with an hundred other irons in the fire, would toil for a month to produce sixteen pages of such fantastic rubbish as we perpetrated in that little office on Sutter Street? But my own blood had not yet begun to cool; nor has it yet, thank God! I would link arms with any other such madman as Porter Garnett, in any other such absurd enterprise to-day, at the drop of the hat! But not in London town. We should need the rattle of the “nickel-in-the-slot” gambling machines to egg us on at every corner, the miles of squalid or florid wooden houses, the glamour of new-made fortunes, the picturesque juxtaposition of extremes, the flap of the “yellow” supplement, the frank lips, the open hands, the keen eyes of a city of quick-witted, reckless, gaming, shameless, scurrying, hot-blooded Philistines, and the friendly badinage of Mine Own People. No, not in your London town!

With something like a blush I recall the intellectual orgies of that month. There were intervals of sobriety, when I lay over my draughting-table designing and detailing chiffoniers and library furniture, but there was wine and whisky in the off-shore breeze, and as soon as my fellow-imbecile appeared in the afternoon we proceeded in our foolery with all the spirit that goes to produce a debauch. Thus we cajoled the Tenth Muse of Nonsense. It was gas-lit work, most of it, and bore traces of late hours. We dared each other to wilder sortics from the walls of Convention. How many times have we not gone back to a finished drawing and retouched it in order to destroy some fancied verisimilitude!

We found a backer for our folly—one could find a patron for any wild-goose chase in that dare-devil community—and after we had doffed our motley, and gone to camp in the virgin redwoods, while the crime went to press, we looked at each other and wondered—Porter Garnett and I—if what had been was so. We were

awakened to our senses by receiving a number of copies of *Le Petit Journal des Refusées*.

In the memory of man the shape of a magazine had not varied from the severe rectangle; but here was a new heresy. The booklet was cut to the shape of an inebriated trapezoid—trimmed like the spanker of a ship. Each copy was printed upon a different pattern of wall-paper, with what effects of bizarre floriation and *outré* decorative problems the sane mind recoils from imagining. Here in our little packet were sixteen several nightmares, and one had the grim choice of horrors—to go mad at not being able to decipher the text through the involutions of this duplex aberration, or, attacking the copies printed on comparatively subdued tones, to lose reason more surely in the endeavour to disentangle the sinuous vermiculations of perverted syllogisms—in a word, one pang was the slow ache of the bruise to Taste, the other the swift pain of the stab to Reason. Though the above sentence is not a quotation, it may give some hint of that style in which the *Refusées* achieved an infamous distinction. And thus should manner ever marry matter, according to the modern *Æsthetic*.

The book purported to be compiled from contributions that had been refused by at least three periodicals of repute, and these articles were all signed by women's names—a sufficiently obvious satire, and well atoned for; though vengeance still pursues us. To bring an end to these hyperboles we escaped blasphemy by a hair's breadth, we violated all dignity, we defamed taste; yet all without an unclean suggestion or a double meaning.

But nothing is strange enough, nothing is mad enough, to excite a ripple of interest in San Francisco—not, at least, in literature. Nor can one lose caste in a town where there are no classes. Perhaps the fit did us no harm; it at least quieted our spirits, and the jeers of our friends soon died down as they confidently awaited our next indiscretion. It is hardly necessary to say that not a penny was made out of the adventure. The edition passed out of sight, almost unnoticed in the ruck of the army of amateur journals; and how many, if any, were sold, or even how many were printed, we never thought to inquire. We were content with the sixteen terrible copies that we presented, shamelessly enough, to our friends.

Still, in spite of the humiliation of this confession, I would like to look on, sometime, and see some other butterfly-brained enthusiast do a little blood-letting like the *Petit Journal* affair, for the childish fun of the game, in an excess of jubilant carelessness over the issue. It may do me good, then, for I may sometime grow up after all!

GELETT BURGESS.

## A Library for Children.

THIS subject has interested so many of our readers that we have procured the opinions of a few booksellers. These, it may be assumed, show what books are actually in most demand for children.

A London (City) firm sends us the following list:

### FOR CHILDREN UNDER SIX.

Baby's Opera. Walter Crane.  
Struwwelpeter.  
Alice in Wonderland.  
Andersen's Fairy Tales.

### FOR CHILDREN FROM SIX TO TEN.

King of the Golden River. Ruskin.  
Heroes. Kingsley.  
Child's Garden of Verse. Stevenson.  
Arabian Nights. Andrew Lang's edition.

### FOR CHILDREN OVER TEN.

Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare.  
Tom Brown's Schooldays.  
Lyra Heroica. Henley.  
Deeds that Won the Empire. Fitchett.

Three other booksellers also supply answers to the question. This is from Eastbourne :

Robinson Crusoe.  
Andersen's Fairy Tales.  
Little Lord Fauntleroy.  
Alice in Wonderland.  
The Struwwelpeter.  
Arabian Nights.  
Mother Goose's Nursery Rhymes and Tales.  
Masterman Ready.  
Blue Fairy Book.  
Pilgrim's Progress.  
Ministering Children.  
Swiss Family Robinson.

And this from Manchester :

Robinson Crusoe.  
An Old-Fashioned Girl. Louisa M. Alcott.  
Nelly's Dark Days. Hesba Stretton.  
Jessica's First Prayer. Hesba Stretton.  
Carrots. Mrs. Molesworth.  
Andersen's Fairy Tales.  
Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare.  
A Peep Behind the Scenes. Mrs. Walton.  
Alice in Wonderland.  
Jackanapes.  
The Water Babies.  
Little Lord Fauntleroy.

And this from London (West Central) :

Struwwelpeter.  
Book of Nonsense. Lear.  
Grimm's Fairy Tales.  
Andersen's Fairy Tales.  
Alice in Wonderland.  
Jungle Book. Kipling.  
Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare.  
Masterman Ready.  
Tom Brown's Schooldays.  
Robinson Crusoe.  
Westward Ho!  
Child's Garden of Verse. Stevenson.

A Correspondent writes : " I am much interested in the twelve best books for children. I venture to send the name of one which seems to me little known, and which is so very good—*The Gentle Heritage*, by F. E. Crompton, suitable for the ages of five to nine, and a pleasure for the children of an older growth to read aloud, which is not always the case. *Tales from St. Paul's Cathedral and Tales from Westminster Abbey*, both by Mrs. Frewen Lord, are also great favourites with my children. It would be very interesting to me personally if the twelve best books in French for children of eight to twelve could be given ; but perhaps this is not possible."

The question of Shakespeare's position in regard to children is interesting. We have demurred to Shakespeare's *Works* (as being too ponderous) and to Shakespeare's *Poems* (as being clearly unsuitable) ; but it was not our intention to suggest that Shakespeare's *plays* were beyond the capacities of children under twelve, if properly presented. In this connexion Mrs. Sappho Scott sends us an interesting letter, from which we quote her experience of Shakespeare when a child :

" My mother being dead, I lodged with a family of dull folk, in order that I might go to an especially good school, and the dull folk did not like my reading out of school hours. So I spent many hours with my needlework in a little room from which all the books except those which, ' of course, no child would dream of reading ' had been removed. The three left were a one shilling Shakespeare—think of the print—a paper-covered half-crown copy of Scott's poems, and a Bible—also atrocious print. I read all three again and again, and did not guess till age brought a greater knowledge how little I understood them. To my ignorance each seemed entirely comprehensible.

Then came a time when I was to be sent up for a College of Preceptors exam. No objection, therefore, could be raised to my extra reading, and a schoolfellow lent me *Vanity Fair*. I ripped out Collier's *British Empire* and set Thackeray between its covers, and so read all the evening ; and when night came I stood by the gas, with a finger on its turn, reading, reading, when I ought to have been in bed.

But though *Vanity Fair* became then, and has been ever since, one of the world's wonder-books for me, Shakespeare, Scott, and the Bible were first favourites. I only did not include the Bible in my list because I liked it—not from a religious, but from a literary, point of view."

Mrs. Harriet S. Miller writes : " I have been much interested by reading in the ACADEMY various suggestions for a child's library. Surely, children ought to be allowed to choose their own books, as I was allowed, at the age of eleven, seventy-seven years ago ! It was a very small choice of books, but small as it was I still feel how much I owe to their immortal authors. The years just preceding the age of twelve, when memory is at its keenest, seem to me now the most precious for acquiring lifelong knowledge. No fairy tale could have fascinated me more than all those in the list I enclose :

Pope's Homer's Iliad.  
Paradise Lost.  
Hundred Wonders of the World.  
Thomson's Seasons.  
Elegant Extracts, in Prose and Verse, including Gulliver's Travels.  
An odd volume of the *Spectator* (8vo).  
Miss Edgeworth's Tales.  
Rasselas.  
Paul and Virginia.  
Elizabeth ; or, the Exiles of Siberia.

## Fragments from Regnier.

ÉPIGRAMME DE MATHURIN REGNIER.

*Faite par lui-même.*

J'ay vescu sans nul pensement,  
Me laissant aller doucement  
A la bonne loi naturelle ;  
Et si m'estonne fort pourquoy  
La Mort osa songer à moi  
Qui ne songeay jamais en elle.

*Adaptation.*

Obedient to sweet Nature's laws  
Thus long I've lived without a pause  
Of care to cloud my brow.  
Then great indeed my wonderment  
That Death, to whom I never lent  
One thought, dare claim me now.

HÉLAS.

Plus ne suis ce que j'ai été  
Et ne le saurai jamais être.  
Mon beau Printemps et mon été,  
Ont fait le saut par la fenêtre.  
Amour ! tu as été mon maître,  
Je t'ai servi sur tous les Dieux  
Ah ! si je pouvais deux fois naître.  
Combien je te servirais mieux.

*Adaptation.*

No longer am I what I was,  
Nor e'er again shall be.  
My blithesome spring and summer days  
Long, long have fled from me.  
My Master Love ! all Gods before  
I've served thee well, and fain,  
Ah ! could I but be born once more,  
Would serve thee well again.

PAUL SWINBURNE.

## Memoirs of the Moment.

NEWBY HALL, where the Prince of Wales is to be the guest of Mr. Vyner, was designed in the first instance by Sir Christopher Wren, and the subsequent additions are all in keeping. Yorkshire had at one time rather a particular taste for classical architecture, not at all in keeping with the real tastes of its people or the genius of the place. Newby Hall is, of course, a sporting centre, like almost every other great house in that county. Earl de Grey left the property to his daughter, Lady Mary Vyner, when his title went to his nephew, the Marquis of Ripon, whose eldest son bears it. Lady Mary's interest in sport was perhaps modified by her interest in Church affairs, but her son, the present owner of the Newby property, maintains the old traditions intact. The parties at the house are usually arranged with a view to the sporting proclivities of the guests; and sportsmen, whatever they may be to outsiders, are never a bore to each other. Lord Bennet, in his younger days, when visiting the Yorkshire seat of the Duke of Cleveland, wrote in the visitors' book:

What a pity at Raby  
There isn't a baby.

Adapting the lines, a guest of Mr. Vyner's not long ago wrote in a private letter of ecstasy to a fellow-sportsman:

What a blessing at Newby  
There isn't a booby.

LORD LONSDALE is about to do the dreadful deed, or what would be accounted such in the Hall of Justice at Rennes. He is going to attend at Stuttgart, and, as the guest of the Emperor William, the German autumn manoeuvres.

VARYING reports are printed as to the condition of the Marquis of Bute. He is doing well; he has had a relapse; he has not had a relapse; he is making satisfactory progress. Perhaps it is an inevitable consequence of the nervousness of the patient, to whom the publicity of official bulletins is odious, that unauthorised rumours should appear. But the truth is that the condition of the patient is very serious. Ever since the year 1886 this fit of apoplexy, with the attendant paralysis, has been anticipated. He has been a warned man all the time, and the strength which has deferred the fall of the blow until now has been an astonishment—perhaps even a slight humiliation—to the men of medicine who predicted it. The vague fear, so long harboured by Lord Bute's family and friends, has been realised at last; and it is turned instead to an imminent menace and dread.

In personal appearance and in manners the late Baron Grant was a man of considerable distinction. When the King of Italy made him a Baron there was, of course, the jest about a "barren grant" of honours. But many an English title has been bestowed with less personal fitness and less public cause. Baron Grant was a good speaker, with a sense of logic as well as of expression. He was, besides, the most sanguine of men, sanguine of making a "coup" till the very last Saturday of his life, when his name once again appeared on the lists in the Bankruptcy Court. Leicester-square will be his best memorial. Its proved beneficence as a place of recreation rewarded his good-heartedness; and the statue of Shakespeare, which he believed to be the first ever erected out of doors in England, remains as a monument also to his own good taste.

CARDINAL VAUGHAN, who so much enjoyed his recent stay with Lord and Lady Edmund Talbot that he has arranged to return thither, is by no means willing that the

chivalry of the French nation, as a whole, should be passed sentence upon in England as all of a piece with the quality of mercy and justice in the Dreyfus case. The Cardinal has a little evidence to offer—evidence much more relevant and first-hand than most of that offered at Rennes. He himself was at school in France, and he has not, like a very common type of ecclesiastic, obliterated from his memory the fact that he was once a boy. Moreover, he remembers that he belonged in those days to the church militant. He confesses that he fought many a French fellow with his two English fists; and he remembers also, and holds in grateful remembrance, the fair-play shown to the Herefordshire boy when he beat one of his four hundred French schoolfellows. The other three hundred and ninety-nine did not turn and cage the British lion; and the masters patted him, and approved the punchings he gave their young compatriots, so long as his cause was a good one, all national prejudice notwithstanding. The generation of Frenchmen so schooled must differ very widely to-day from their contemporaries—the Merciers and the Zurlindens.

IF Mr. Owen Glynne Jones had not lost his life on the Dent Blanche, he would before long have added greatly to the reputation as a writer he gained by a book he published about rock-climbing in England. He had already projected for next year a climbing tour in India, and he intended to make his trip the subject of an illustrated volume.

## The Empty Homes of England.

### Devizes Castle.

DEVIZES CASTLE, which is now for private sale, is one of the few successful imitations which have ever been built of a mediæval castle. With the exception of two of the ancient towers, which are still in good condition, it is almost entirely modern; but it is built upon a portion of the site of the old fortress, and is the legitimate heir of its historic associations. The new castle does not pretend to be a reproduction of the old one, but an imitation, on a modified scale of size, of a castle of the period when the original pile was built.

Through all the centuries which we call mediæval Devizes Castle was one of the most famous strongholds in Europe. One of the old French chroniclers said of it: "Il elevast la teste par desous tous les autres chasteaux de l'Angleterre." To Matthew Paris it presented itself as the most magnificent castle in Christendom, and it is clear that it was a work of immense strength, rendered almost impregnable by its solidity and its commanding site. Devizes was built upon the foundations of a far earlier fortress by that redoubtable castle-builder, Roger Poor, Bishop of Salisbury, who flourished like the green bay-tree in the reign of Henry I. He spent untold sums upon this stronghold—all, of course, "for the ornament of the Church." The stern experiences of Devizes Castle began in 1146, when Bishop Roger's political intrigues got him into trouble. King Stephen, suspecting the Bishop of favouring the claims of Matilda to the throne, besieged the castle. The shrewd Churchman had prudently taken himself elsewhere, but had left the Bishop of Ely in charge of the castle and of a certain lady, Matilda of Ramsbury, who was the mother of Roger's son, the Lord Chancellor. Stephen perceived the hopelessness of storming the castle, but presently, having the good fortune to capture my lord of Sarum and his son, the Chancellor, he erected a gibbet in front of the castle, and sent word to the lady of Ramsbury that her son and his father would both be hanged upon it unless she prevailed upon the Bishop of Ely to surrender. After three days she outwitted Ely,



delivered the place to the King, and so saved the two dignitaries. The Empress Matilda was very soon afterwards hunted into the castle by Stephen, but, happily for herself, she escaped to Gloucester. Henry II. erected Devizes Castle into a Royal palace and a State prison—for the matter of that, indeed, Robert, Duke of Normandy, the first Henry's elder brother, had been confined there at the very beginning of the twelfth century; and Hubert de Burgh, Earl of Kent, was not the least important of the many State prisoners who afterwards occupied its dungeons. Devizes was bestowed upon eleven Queens of England as part of their dowers, the first being Matilda, and the last Catherine Parr. Even in the lifetime of the last of the eighth Henry's wives the castle was falling into decay—a decay which, helped by the inevitable Cromwellian siege, went on until all that now remains of this famous outcome of priestly ambition are a few Norman gateways, the rampart walk, the bastion, a tower or two, and some dungeons.

The picturesque buildings now known as Devizes Castle were commenced some sixty years ago by Mr. R. Valentine Leach, and they were added to, and remodelled by, his successor, Sir Charles Rich, Bart. The castle dominates the town, from which, however, little more than its towers and battlements can be seen. There is now neither draw-bridge nor moat. The one disappeared ages ago, and the other has been filled up to form a portion of the grounds. It is not its size, which is distinctly moderate, but its admirable architecture and its beautiful and consistent decoration which make the house remarkable. There is nothing of the lath-and-plaster Gothic of Nash or Wyattville about it. Consistency of design was the main object aimed at in the building of this modern copy of a feudal fortress; and everything, down to the characteristic axe-work of the Norman builders, is in exact imitation of ancient models. The house contains some fine apartments, notably the gallery and the drawing-room. The ceiling of the latter is emblazoned with the arms of those Queens of England who at one time or another possessed the castle. A sliding panel leads from the drawing-room to a secret chamber in the old Ivy Tower. The upper windows of the castle afford charming glimpses of the Mendips and the Cotswolds, Salisbury Plain and Roundway Down. Few buildings, even among those which have stood for centuries, have such a wealth of climbing greenery, some portions being absolutely buried in the crimson and gold, the green and white, of creeping and flowering plants.

## Correspondence.

### The Knapsack Library.

SIR,—I have been much interested in the article contained in your issue of this week by Mr. Le Gallienne concerning "knapsack" books, and it has just occurred to me that as you have had sent you various lists of books—"Children's Books," "An Old Maid's Books," &c.—it might be interesting to ask your readers for a list of, say, twelve "knapsack" books. On my annual holiday, just ended, my list was as follows:

Songs and Sonnets of Shakespeare.	Golden Treasury.
Keats.	"
Selections from Wordsworth.	"
" Shelley.	"
" Herrick.	"
" Coleridge.	Chiswick Press.
Complete Angler.	Facsimile of first edition.
Walden.	Scott's Camelot.
Under Two Flags.	
Forest Lovers.	
Cloister and Hearth.	
Cigarette Maker's Romance.	

The last four in the paper-backed sixpenny editions. The whole parcel weighed very little and took up small space.

You will see that there are six poetical and six prose works.

Perhaps I may say that I am engaged in mercantile work and always look forward to my holiday as a time for a little pleasant reading among the hills or on the seashore of North Wales.—I am, &c.,

RAYMOND DELL.

Little Sutton: September 2, 1899.

### The William Black Memorial.

SIR,—No one can object to the form of the "William Black" Memorial, the ACADEMY sketch of which I have just seen on my return from Oban. Reasonable objection, however, can, I think, be taken to the site selected for it. In some respects the choice is suitable, for it is close to a favourite residence of the novelist, and stands at the seagate of the Western Highlands he loved so well; but in others the choice does not commend itself. Duart Point is already crowned by Duart Castle, a building the predominating feature of which is the same massive square tower which characterises the memorial. The general appearance of both is so similar that the conjunction is undesirable. As it at present exists Duart Point is one of the most picturesque headlands on the coast. Should the memorial be erected near it, the beauty and symmetry of the promontory will be destroyed from many view-points. The Beacon will "kill" the Castle, or the Castle the Beacon.—I am, &c.,

J. CALDER ROSS.

Strathguy: September 6, 1899.

### On the Trail of "The Bookworm."

SIR,—Re "The Bookworm" of September 2, *Christie Johnstone* and *It is Never Too Late to Mend* were printed so far back as 1893, at sixpence.

If *The Great Artists* "which helps to fill one of the shelves of my library" were taken down occasionally, he would find how far wide of facts his notes of this "series" are. Instead of being published in the early nineties, six of them at least were published in 1879, three or four in 1880, and the end of them 1891-2. Again, "Sculpture" was treated of, in the lives of *Ghiberti and Donatello*, by Leader Scott; and in *Della Robbia, Cellini, and other Celebrated Sculptors of the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries*, also from the same hand; while, of course, "Buonarroti" was as much a sculptor as a painter.—I am, &c.,

T. EDWARDES-JONES.

Ipswich: September 2, 1899.

SIR,—In your issue of August 26 "The Bookworm," referring to the "Old Playgoer's" letters in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, states: "It is well known that Mr. Arnold contributed to the *Gazette* from time to time a number of such articles, many of which are referred to in the volumes containing the *Letters*." Now, I can find only three of the "Old Playgoer's" notes alluded to in the *Letters*—viz., "The Silver King," December 6, 1882; "Impulse," May 25, 1883; and "Much Ado about Nothing," May 30, 1883. If Mr. Arnold contributed to the *Pall Mall Gazette* any other articles of this class besides the one on "Hamlet," I and, I am sure, many of your readers would be glad to hear of them.—I am, &c.,

THOS. B. SMART

(Compiler of the *Bibliography of Matthew Arnold*).

### A Hint to Lexicographers.

SIR,—I may be held as hypercritical in raising as a moot point a question regarding the impressions given to the mind by the term "grey" or "gray"; but there is a blue tone that has no other word to convey it to the ordinary reader's imagination than "gray," which, according to one's dictionary, means "a mixture of black and

white; an ashy colour." Painters and colour scientists having recognised the difficulty, overcome it by interchanging the vowels. Thus, in works on painting, *gray* expresses a mixture of white and black, or black and any other colour; *gray* is used for a mixture of white and blue.

One desiring to describe azure-gray eyes must use that too strong a compound in every passing allusion to the colour of the eyes, and jar his literary sense, or fall back upon the loose and, consequently, dangerously weak terms *gray* or *grey*, either of which some readers may take to indicate the dirty or ashy hue.

Concerning this word's ambiguity we find in Chaucer, "Hire eyen grey as glas." There is in Homer no word which defines blue or gray exactly; and, according to one's Liddell & Scott, γλαυκῶπις, used in an Homeric epithet of Athena, implies not so much the colour as the glare or gleam of her eyes, although other authorities, if memory serves, prefer azure-eyed. Later, γλαυκός is held to have meant cerulean (*cæsius*) gray, blue; and in this sense the present writer would render—

τὸ δὲ βλέμμα νῦν ἀληθῶς  
ἀπὸ τοῦ πυρὸς ποίησον·  
ἔμα γλαυκὸν, ὡς Ἀθήνη·  
ἔμα δ' ὕγρον, ὡς κυθήνη,

from an ode of the prim Anacreon, unless the poet uses the adjective in the Homeric sense, as does Lucian in the Dialogues.

That γλαυκός (*cæsius*) was used definitely for *gray* such a compound as γλαυκοχαίτης sufficiently demonstrates, for blue hair is surely uncommon.

Since, therefore, ancient writers do not seem to assist us here, and the lexicographers have offered no hand in the dilemma, and as a precedent has been made by the world of painting, may I venture to solicit an opinion on the suggestions (a) that henceforward *gray* be used by careful writers to express a tone of blue; *gray*, a shade of black; (b) that in new editions of dictionaries the distinction be observed?—I am, &c., J. MALHAM DEMBLEBY.

Bradford: September 4, 1899.

### Samuel Richardson.

SIR,—It has occurred to me that the enclosed information, which I have come across while reading for a biography of the novelist Samuel Richardson, may be of interest to your readers, and suitable for insertion in your paper.—I am, &c., CLARA THOMSON.

Apropos of the interesting volumes lately published by the Hakluyt Society, *The Embassy of Sir Thomas Roe to the Court of the Great Mogul*, it is worth while recalling that Roe's later embassy to the Ottoman Porte formed the subject of a work edited by Samuel Richardson, the novelist, in 1740. This year also saw the publication of a much more memorable book, namely, *Pamela; or, Virtue Rewarded*, and, notwithstanding the difference in the subject matter, it is easy to trace the hand of the novelist in the preface and index to Roe's letters. The index, indeed, like that afterwards affixed to *Clarissa Harlowe*, is a summary of, rather than a guide to, the contents, and throws a good deal of light on Richardson's methodical habit of work. The book, a huge folio, was published at the expense of a Society for the Encouragement of Learning, which, it is sad to relate, had but a brief existence.

### Sixpenny Reprints.

SIR,—A paragraph in your Bibliographical column last week no doubt refers to our sixpenny editions of *Dead Secret* and *It is Never too Late to Mend*. In the same series we have already issued *Basil* and *Christie Johnstone*.—We are, &c., DOWNEY & CO., LTD.

London: September 6, 1899.

### Peccadilloes.

SIR,—

Since, it would seem, 'twere no less absurd to say "By the *by*," than "by the *from*"—why *spell* the word that way?

Our language has, of course, the preposition "by"; Though not the *substantive* can diligence descry! But there is "bye" in use: whose meaning may be sought And found by reference to the world of sport: *Videlicet*, the trite familiar *byes* Of Cricket, Running, and other "heats," of "rounds" and "ties"—

A something *passed—gone by*. Thus "by the *bye*" is said When something *gone by* prompts to something ahead. As thus: Here, by the *bye*, 'twere not amiss to say That "by the *bye*" is quite distinct from "by the way"; And that the use of "by," preceded by *article*, Is only (and always) correct when used as *particle*!

—I am, sir, yours discriminatively,

GOOD-B'YE.

### The Old Captive.

To hear once more the thunder of the surf,  
To breathe once more the salt and stinging wind,  
To set my cheek once more against the wave,  
To look once more across the billowy Sea!

Chained in the pen of silent heavy hills,  
I dream hot nights of that sweet long ago,  
When I leaped down the beach in the dim dawn,  
And plunged to meet the sun—and knew the Sea!

And they drove in the boats with a shout and a song,  
And they spread wide the nets in the face o' the wind,  
And the ship strained and dipped like a swooping bird,  
And we rushed onward, mad for the open Sea!

Never to feed my eyes on strange dim coasts,  
Never to touch a branch washed in by the tide,  
Never to gaze on dark and silent men  
From some far isle in the mysterious Sea!

Never to see the white sails gleam and fade,  
Nor watch black masts against the setting sun,  
Never to glide within some wondrous port,  
Nor breathe spice winds blown soft across the Sea!

Never to feel the great sail fill and stretch,  
Nor plough white fiery trails beneath the stars,  
Nor float below some tow'ring rosy berg,  
Nor ride the sheer gulfs of the stormy Sea!

And they rushed down to the beach to drag us in,  
And they pulled hard at the rough and glistening rope,  
And the glad keel rubbed harsh on the shelly sand,  
And their arms strained us, home from the terrible Sea!

Though in my life I lost thee, tired and dead,  
Me they shall bring to thee, O long desired!  
Me they shall lay at sunset on the sand,  
Where the strong tide swings outward to the Sea.

Me like a cradled child the waves shall rock,  
Rock 'neath the moon, and sink to those dim caves,  
Those wide green glooms, those clear and pallid depths,  
The silence and the strange flowers of the Sea.

And they shall bear me down with a glorious song,  
And they shall shout to the crash and boom of the surf,  
And they shall thrill to the whip and sting of the spray,  
While the great waves ride triumphing out to Sea!

Where the pale light strains down through undreamed deeps  
To glimmer o'er the vast unpeopled plains,  
The ancient treasure piles of dead kings' fleets,  
The mighty bones long bleached beneath the Sea,

There where cool corals and still seaweeds twine,  
There on the solemn level ocean floor,  
Till God's great arm shall terribly plough the deep,  
I shall lie long and rest beneath the Sea.

Josephine Dodge Daskam in the "Atlantic Monthly."

## Announcements.

M. MICHEL's *Life of Rubens* will be published by Mr. Heinemann in October. It is a companion work to the same author's *Rembrandt*, and forms two large volumes, with several hundred text illustrations and eighty full-page plates. The book will appear simultaneously with the French edition, to the contents of which are added reproductions of several pictures in English hands.

MR. HEINEMANN will also publish Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse's book on *British Contemporary Artists*—seven studies of the following distinguished painters: Sir Laurence Alma-Tadema, Sir Edward Burne-Jones, Sir John E. Millais, Lord Leighton, W. Orchardson, Sir E. Poynter, and G. F. Watts. The volume will be copiously illustrated.

MR. ROBERT HICHENS's new novel is entitled *The Slave*, and will be published about October 1.

MR. EDMUND GOSSE's *Life of John Donne*, in two volumes, will be issued towards the end of the month by Mr. Heinemann. It contains a number of portraits and some new material concerning the Dean's life.

AN English translation of Dr. Bloch's *The War of the Future* will be published on September 15 by Mr. Grant Richards under the title of *Is War Now Impossible?* This translation is abridged from the six massive volumes in which the original Russian work appeared, but it contains a large number of the original maps and diagrams.

MR. ANTHONY HOPE's new romance, *The King's Mirror*, which will be published by Messrs. Methuen on September 13, gives an account of the life of King Augustin of Forstadt, forming a secret history of the Court of Forstadt during the years embraced by the record.

MESSRS. METHUEN are about to publish, in their "Library of Devotion," a new edition of George Herbert's *Temple*. This has been edited, with an introduction and numerous notes, by Dr. Gibson, the Vicar of Leeds, and it contains also Walton's *Life of Herbert*. The text is that of the first edition.

THERE are a great many folk-tales and legends to be met with in various parts of Italy relating to Virgil as a magician. Mr. C. I. Leland has been engaged in collecting such stories from oral narration, and has succeeded in bringing together sufficient to make a good-sized volume. He will edit them with introduction and explanatory notes, and will publish them shortly through Mr. Elliot Stock.

MESSRS. CASSELL & Co. will publish immediately a new novel by Mr. Bloundelle Burton, entitled *A Bitter Heritage*.

MR. JOHN HOGG is about to publish *King Radama's Word*; or, *John Aikin's Adventures in Madagascar*, by Robert Flynne, with an appendix bringing events in Madagascar down to the present time; also *The Ducot's Mine*; or, *a Fight for Fortune*, by C. R. Kenyon.

*Real Pictures of Clerical Life in Ireland* is the title of a new volume of sketches by Dr. J. Duncan Craig, author of *John Maverell*, which will be issued very shortly by Mr. Elliot Stock. Some of these sketches are true narratives of events which happened in Ireland's dark days, though the names of the actors are suppressed.

*In Monte Carlo*, a novel by Henryk Sienkiewicz, the author of *Quo Vadis*, is announced for immediate publication by Messrs.

Greening & Co. *In Monte Carlo* is translated from the original Polish by Mr. S. C. de Soissons, who is also engaged on other translations for the same firm.

A STORY of religion and the stage, entitled *The Shadow on the Manse*, written by Mr. Campbell Rae-Brown, the author of that weird novel, *The Resurrection of His Grace*, will be very shortly published by Messrs. Greening & Co.

THE Funk & Wagnalls Company announce *The Funk & Wagnalls' Standard Encyclopedia*, which will be a companion work to *The Funk & Wagnalls' Standard Dictionary*. The same general principles that have been followed in *The Standard Dictionary* will be followed in the making of this encyclopedia; each class of subjects will be in charge of a recognised expert specialist—in all over two hundred expert scholars will be engaged in the preparation of the work; all treatment of terms will be condensed to the last degree consistent with completeness and clearness; and every available device will be used to make the work easy of consultation.

MESSRS. RIVINGTON announce the early publication of the following books: *The English Reformation*, a Lecture, with Preface and Notes, by the Rev. W. H. Hutton, B.D., Fellow and Tutor of St. John's College, Oxford; *History of the Prayer-book*, by the Rev. J. H. Maude, M.A., Fellow, Dean, and Lecturer of Hertford College, Oxford; *An Elementary Church History of Great Britain*, by the Rev. W. H. Hutton, B.D., Fellow, Tutor, and Librarian of St. John's College, Oxford, forming two new volumes of the Oxford Church Text-Books.

MISS FRANCES GERARD will shortly publish, through Messrs. Hutchison, *The Romance of Ludwig II. of Bavaria*, a life of the mad King of Bavaria, as Ludwig II. was called. When that description of him is forgotten he may still be remembered as the patron and friend of Richard Wagner. Miss Gerard spent some time in Bavaria collecting information for the work, which is to have over fifty illustrations.

A MEMOIR of Canon Hinds Howell, almost the oldest clergyman in the diocese of Norwich, who died recently in his ninety-first year, will shortly appear from the pen of his daughter, Miss Agnes Rous Howell, with an introduction by Edward Meyrick Goulburn, D.D., late Dean of Norwich.

MR. JOSEPH HOCKING's new novel, *The Scarlet Woman*, will be published on October 15.

MESSRS. HORACE MARSHALL & SON have now ready for publication several works dealing with Imperial questions. Among these is a cheaper edition, with all the original illustrations, of Mr. Demetrius Boulger's *Life of Sir Stamford Raffles*, the founder of Singapore and of the Zoological Gardens. The price is now 6s. net. Other works are Miss Kingsley's *Story of West Africa* and Dr. Morgan Grace's *Sketch of the New Zealand War*, both of which contain much hitherto unpublished information. Dr. Grace's book is the first account of the war with the Maories which is based on an intimate knowledge of the personnel and tactics of both parties, and is dedicated to Sir Anthony Home. Second editions are ready of the Hon. W. P. Reeves's *Long White Cloud and New Zealand*, and of Mr. Boulger's *Story of India*, the two last-named, and Miss Kingsley's book, being volumes in the "Story of the Empire" series.

\* \* \* Special cloth cases for binding the half-yearly volume of the ACADEMY can be supplied for 1s. each. The price of the bound half-yearly volume is 8s. 9d. Communications should be addressed to the Publisher, 43, Chancery-lane.

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127

streets were blocked with snow. With  
what we had brought them, the garrison  
had a good supply of food, but scarcely  
enough fuel to cook it, and none whatever  
wherewith to keep themselves warm.I made inquiries for the Pasha in com-  
mand, and was directed to a house occu-  
pied by him. Through the interpreter I  
asked the guard in what room he was to  
be found, and he pointed out the door to  
me. On entering, I saw, literally, a pile  
of bodies, a dozen or more heaped up to-  
gether and all asleep. They were awak-  
ened by the noise we made, and as they  
uncoiled themselves, the Pasha was dis-  
covered at the bottom of the heap, where  
he had kept himself warm by having men  
instead of blankets piled over him.When he learned that a steamer had  
come to him with provisions, he soon got  
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## The Literary Week.

ONE result of the shameful verdict of the Rennes court-martial has been to postpone the publication of Dreyfus literature. Had an acquittal been pronounced we might already, or within a very few days, have been in possession of several histories of the *affaire*. But, as it is, these books will be held over until some kind of finish has been reached. For really lucid and orderly accounts of the whole matter there will be a great sale. Meanwhile the *Graphic* has issued an excellent illustrated supplement carrying the *affaire* to date.

WHILE awaiting either for removal to his permanent prison or for the nullification of his monstrous sentence, Captain Dreyfus has resorted to novel-reading. The regulations permit him all novels he may want, except those published within the past four years—a confession of the possible power of the despised “intellectual,” or literary party.

It has been gravely stated by a contemporary that the decision of the Rennes court-martial will not affect seriously the sale of French novels in this country. No one would expect it to. English feeling may carry us very far—too far, probably—but it would never interfere with our enjoyment of the writings of, say, M. Anatole France. We should as soon think of condemning our unhappy neighbours by giving up French mustard or plaster of Paris.

LAST week we hinted at another publishing venture in connexion with one of the more conservative daily papers. We may now state that the paper is the *Standard*, and the work to be circulated under its auspices is an anthology of English prose and verse in several volumes, edited by Dr. Garnett. The *Guardian*, another paper which adopts new mercantile ideas but slowly, is about to offer its readers special facilities for acquiring Tissot's *Life of Christ*.

WE are glad to be able to state that Mr. Grant Allen's condition of health may now be considered less serious. For a long time the doctors were unable to discover from what cause their patient suffered such intense pain; but the seat of the disease has now been located, and it is probable that improvement may henceforward be steady.

THE editorship of the *Atlantic Monthly* has just changed hands, passing from Mr. Walter H. Page to Prof. Bliss Perry. Mr. Page, who has edited the magazine since 1896, has gone over to the new firm of Harper Brothers, Doubleday, McClure & Co., where he will have charge of the great encyclopædia that they are projecting. Prof. Bliss Perry, his successor, has been Holmes Professor of English Literature at Princeton since 1893. The *Atlantic Monthly* is now as interesting as ever it was.

THERE is every sign that *Harpers' Magazine*, good though it is and has always been, will benefit by the amalga-

tion of its proprietors' firm with that of Messrs. Doubleday, McClure & Co. A general toning up of the concerns of the two houses seems to be in progress, and the readers of *Harpers'* will not suffer. Among the editor's arrangements are monthly articles by Mr. Kipling, to be entitled “A Winter Note Book,” and serials by Mrs. Humphry Ward and Mr. I. Zangwill. In America the price of the magazine has been reduced to twenty-five cents.

THE publishing business of Mr. James Bowden has, we are informed, been acquired by Messrs. Harper Brothers, Doubleday, McClure & Co.

ELSEWHERE in this number will be found an article, reprinted from an American magazine, on Ibsen. The portrait, which we print below, from the same periodical,



IBSEN AT THE AGE OF FORTY.

represents Ibsen at the age of forty, and is very little known.

THIS week the autumn publishing season has begun. The stream is but a thin one at present, yet it will be a tremendous river shortly. The end of October will see its high tide. Readers of the *Times*, by the way, might imagine that the busy season was with us now, from the long articles on “Books of the Week” which have been appearing of late every other day.

LORD ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL's eight-lined inscription for the William Black memorial beacon runs thus :

We fain would let thy memory dwell  
Where rush the tidewaves of the sea,  
Where storms will moan or calms will tell  
To all the world our love for thee,  
Whom all men loved in this old land,  
And all men loved across the sea.  
We well may clasp our brethren's hand,  
And light the Beacon light for thee.

MR. DAVID BRYCE, of Glasgow, sends us a penny edition of Cruikshank's famous *Progress of Mr. Lambkin (Gent.)*, Cruikshank for a penny being another concession to the democratic bookbuyer. To what extent the humours of this *brochure* will appeal to this generation we cannot say, but nothing has changed except the fashions. Lambkins we still have among us—half the fun of several weekly London papers is extracted from their misadventures—and Lambkins we shall have always. Priessnitz has gone, frilled waistcoats have gone, the *corps de ballet* is no longer what it was, the glory has departed from the Hummums, but human nature is stationary, and Cruikshank's pictures are still funny. Mr. Lambkin standing before the fire at the Mausoleum Club is masterly. The letterpress is more antiquated. How quaint is this: "Mr. Lambkin goes to a Masquerade as Don Giovanni, which character he supports to perfection. He falls into the company of certain Shepherdesses, who show the native simplicity of their Arcadian manners by drinking porter out of quart pewter mugs. They are delighted with the Don, who adds to the porter a quantity of Champagne, which they drink with the same degree of easy elegance as they do the Beer."

In our correspondence will be found two more letters on the subject of children's books. Next week we shall probably sum up the matter by giving a consensus of the opinions which have been expressed. Meanwhile, we may quote again Dr. Johnson's sentiments: "I would put a child into a library where no unfit books are, and let him read at his choice. A child should not be discouraged from reading anything which he takes a liking to because it is above his reach. If this is the case, the child will soon find out and desist; if not, he of course gains the instruction, which is so much the more likely to come from the inclination with which he takes up the study." But there are, of course, dangers attending this practice.

CONCERNING the remark of a recent lady correspondent to the ACADEMY, that Shakespeare's Poems were among her favourite reading as a child, a commentator thus rhymes in *Punch* :

Tell me, Lady—break it gently—  
When but five, were you intently  
Letting ISEN brain-bewilder?  
In one Doll's House finding pleasures,  
Snubbing Jack's constructive measures  
For an abler Master Builder.  
Were you, as an infant, yielding  
To the full-blown charms of FIELDING?  
And when you were carried bed-ward,  
(BERNARD SHAW's views notwithstanding),  
Did you spout upon the landing  
From a certain Lear—not EDWARD?  
Did you—please excuse suggestion—  
Write upon the Sonnet Question?  
Nay, I ask it not in malice!  
I, alas, could only glory  
In some foolish Eastern story,  
Or the Wonderland of Alice.

THE ranks of those who make books for children are to be increased by the addition of Father Tabb, the author

of two tiny volumes of meditative and often beautiful little poems or versicles. Father Tabb has now written a book of *Child Verse*, which will be published this autumn.

THE cult of the garden, at any rate in literature, seems to be on the increase. The past two or three years have seen some notable gardening books, particularly, perhaps, Miss Jekyll's *Wood and Garden* and *Pot-Pourri from a Surrey Garden* by Mrs. Earle; and now, as the first of the "Country Life Library," comes the opening part of a comprehensive horticultural and arboricultural work, entitled *The Century Book of Gardening*. Therein are reproduced some of the brilliant photographs of old English gardens for which *Country Life* is famous, and among the contributors are Mrs. Earle and a number of well-known specialists. The book, which will be complete in twenty-six weekly parts, is published by George Newnes, Ltd. In scope—judging from Part I.—it is, perhaps, over-ambitious, since the small householder who really needs advice is somewhat crowded out in favour of the owner of beautiful and imposing pleasaunces, who, as a rule, leaves everything to his head gardener; but perhaps this fault will be remedied later.

IN A sturdy, stout little book at half-a-crown, bound in blue boards with a canvas back, may be found a reprint of the *Arts and Crafts Essays*, which, with a preface by William Morris, were first published in 1893. The whole makes a complete guide to the higher upholstery and decoration. Among the essays is that on printing, by Mr. Morris and Mr. Emery Walker, one or two points of which have, we fear, been neglected by the printers of the book before us. "Rivers," for example, we find again and again. This is, of course, only to admit once more that many of the counsels of these essayists are counsels of perfection. Morris's views on the formation of the page may still be new to many readers:

The position of the page on the paper should be considered if the book is to have a satisfactory look. Here once more the almost invariable modern practice is in opposition to a natural sense of proportion. From the time when books first took their present shape till the end of the sixteenth century, or indeed later, the page so lay on the paper that there was more space allowed to the bottom and fore margin than to the top and back of the paper, the unit of the book being looked on as the two pages forming an opening. The modern printer, in the teeth of the evidence given by his own eyes, considers the single page as the unit, and prints the page in the middle of his paper—only nominally so, however, in many cases, since when he uses a headline he counts that in, the result as measured by the eye being that the lower margin is less than the top one, and that the whole opening has an upside-down look vertically, and that laterally the page looks as if it were being driven off the paper.

It was a "gorging Lord Mayor's Show of volumes" that Mr. Boffin, the night the "friendly move" was inaugurated, in *Our Mutual Friend*, brought to the Bower to be explored by his literary man. He meant gorgeous, explains Dickens, but was probably misled by the association of ideas. It looks rather cheap, but (writes a correspondent) Dickens is pretty often justified by facts. Thus, outside Canning Town Station, the other night, there was to be heard an orator declaiming against the wrongs inflicted by the great shipowners upon the sailor-man. It is quite easy to guess the British institution by vague association with which the familiar "jobbery and chicanery" was changed, in the orator's mouth, into "jobbery and chicanery."

By the middle of next month the committee formed by Dr. Thomas Hodgkin to complete Hodgson's *History of Northumberland* will issue their fifth volume, edited by Mr. J. Crawford Hodgson, F.S.A. The volume deals with

Warkworth and Shilbottle, situated on the north side of the famous angling river, the Coquet. Over the greater part of this territory the Duke of Northumberland, president of the committee, is lord, and the volume is enriched by documents from the ducal muniments, and plans and plates provided at his Grace's expense. Three members of the committee have written on special subjects—Canon Greenwell, of Durham, on the Coquet, and Warkworth Church; Mr. Cadwallader J. Bates on Warkworth Castle; and Mr. R. O. Heslop on the local dialect. Chapters on agriculture are contributed by Prof. Somerville, and on geology by Mr. E. J. Garwood, University Extension Lecturer at Harrow.

MR. RICHARD HARDING DAVIS's new volume, to be called *The Lion and the Unicorn*, may be expected this month. It will be a collection of short stories, both of war and peace. The title story is of peace and love and Bohemian life in London. The others include "The Last Ride Together," "On the Fever Ship," "The Man with One Talent," and "The Vagrant." The book will, we hope, be dedicated to Jagers, the boy messenger, whose fame Mr. Davis made, and who did what he could for Mr. Davis's in return.

THE *Westminster Gazette* has made arrangements to print a series of articles on topics of the day from the pen of Mr. Dunne and the mouth of Mr. Dooley. The first will appear on Monday next.

ACCORDING to an American paper, Mr. Alfred Austin is the Poet Laureate, Mr. Rudyard Kipling the Poet Litigant.

## Bibliographical.

IF Mr. Charles Hiatt contrives to import into his *Henry Irving: a Record and a Review*, any notable elements of novelty he will deserve great credit, for the ground he proposes to cover has been often tilled. I fancy that the first book that dealt with Sir Henry's career was Mr. Austin Brereton's *Henry Irving: a Biographical Sketch*, published in 1883. This was at once elaborate and accurate, and was illustrated freely and well. Then came, in 1884, after the actor's first American tour, Mr. Frederic Daly's *Henry Irving in England and America*, and Mr. Joseph Hatton's *Henry Irving's Impressions of America, Narrated in a Series of Sketches, Chronicles, and Conversations*. It is understood that "Frederic Daly" was a *nom-de-guerre* of Mr. L. F. Austin, who, I believe, was at one time private secretary to Sir Henry. Mr. Hatton's book was, in the main, a clever essay in superior interviewing. It was followed, in 1893, by *Henry Irving: Twenty Years at the Lyceum*—the work of Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, who issued a second edition of it, with an additional chapter, in 1895.

The last named year also saw the publication of a brochure by Mr. Walter Calvert, called *Souvenir of Sir Henry Irving*, and suggested, no doubt, by the knighthood which had just been conferred upon the actor. Naturally there is a memoir of Sir Henry in Mr. Goddard's *Players of the Period*, as well as in all the other books or booklets dealing with the contemporary stage. There are glimpses of Sir Henry's personality in Mr. William Winter's *Grey Days and Gold*; and need I say what a wealth of biographical detail there is in the various interviews to which Sir Henry has been subjected, as well as in the lectures and speeches he has delivered, and in the magazine articles he has written? Verily Mr. Hiatt will have to select, rather than collect, the material for his "Record and Review."

Among forthcoming publications, it is said, will be a little volume of *Reminiscences of Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, and Others*, by the late Mrs. Lynn Linton. Will these be identical with the *Reminiscences* which Mrs. Linton contributed some time ago to one of the magazines? Because, if so, the volume will be little indeed. Let us hope that something more extensive is in store for us. In the later years of her life Mrs. Linton did a good deal of signed journalism. I wonder if it would be worth while to reprint some of the best of her effusions? One of the most vigorous of her later performances was the study of George Eliot which she contributed to *Women Novelists of Queen Victoria's Reign* (Hurst & Blackett) in 1897. That, and the study of the Brontë Sisters which Mrs. Oliphant wrote for the same volume, might well be reprinted, and issued in a cheap form. Many people, I am sure, would like to possess them, for both are excellent of their kind.

The selection of Mr. Brander Matthews to write the biographical and critical introduction to the *de luxe* edition of Mark Twain's works may puzzle some people, but it is easy to understand. Though he takes, with us, no very high position as a critic, Mr. Matthews is very well known to English as well as to American readers, especially as a writer of short stories and as a commentator on the drama. Then, his *Pen and Ink Papers* were published in England in 1888, his *Books and Playbooks* in 1895; while among other volumes of his circulated in this country are his *Americanisms and Britishisms*, his *Aspects of Fiction*, and *Other Ventures in Criticism*, his *Bookbindings Old and New*, and his *Introduction to the Study of American Literature*. He writes a pleasant style, and, altogether, may be expected to "introduce" Mark Twain to us in agreeable fashion.

The promised book on the mediæval legends concerning Virgil as necromancer will be welcome, for, so far as my reading goes, the subject has not yet had very full treatment at the hands of any English writer. Most people have heard of the "treatise," published in English sometime in the sixteenth century, which professed to recount *The Life of Virgil, and his Death, and many other Marvayles that he did in his Lyfetyms by Witchcraft and Nycromancy through the Develles of Hell*. This was reprinted in 1812, and again by W. J. Thoms in his *Early Prose Romances*. Then, in 1893, we had *The Wonderful History of Virgilius the Sorcerer of Rome, Englished for the First Time*. A popular volume on the general subject should "take."

Mr. W. D. Howells has been quoting from the latest Canadian poet, Mr. Madison Caswein, a stanza in which occurs the phrase "bird-haunted garden." Is this not a little too suggestive of the "wet, bird-haunted English lawn" of a much greater poet?

With reference to two letters in last week's *ACADEMY*, I note Mr. T. B. Smart's suggestion that I should add to the information I gave about Matthew Arnold's "Old Playgoer" articles in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. May I suggest that Mr. Smart, as Mr. Arnold's bibliographer, might himself very well look up the files of the *Gazette*, and print the result as an appendix to his volume? Glancing through the *Bibliography* he compiled, I can see no entry concerning any of the "Old Playgoer" papers, though it was a matter of notoriety at the time of their publication that Mr. Arnold was their author. I see, by the way, that Mr. A. B. Walkley has just been quoting in an evening paper from some comments which the "Old Playgoer" made in the *Gazette* upon "Forget-Me-Not" and Miss Genevieve Ward.

As for Mr. Edwardes-Jones's communication, I have only to say that I never described the "Great Artists" series as "published" in the early nineties. I said they "appeared not later than" the early nineties, by which I meant that the last of them had been given to the world at a comparatively recent date—a good reason, as I thought, and think, for not starting now a series on the same subject.

THE BOOKWORM.

## Reviews.

## A Change of Air.

*Liquid Air and the Liquefaction of Gases.* By T. O'Connor Sloane, Ph.D. (Sampson Low, Marston, & Co.)

DR. SLOANE'S book, to quote the rest of its title, covers the "Theory, History, Biography, Practical Applications, and Manufacture" of the substances with which it deals, and is a truly fascinating monograph on a fascinating subject. Not that he writes well; his style is much to seek, "suggestions" are "suggestive," and so forth: but he is clear, concise, and has his subject well in hand. The reader who has laid down the book feels that he really has—perhaps for the first time—a solid and well-rounded knowledge of the subject.

And what a subject it is! The whole popular conception, not merely of air, but of the nature and relations of the terrestrial world, is scattered to the four winds by a perusal of this book. "Airy nothing," "insubstantial as air," "invisible as air," and a host of colloquial expressions become utter misnomers; the ground is cut from under them. Air, indeed, has been "liquid" in the poets from time immemorial; but what was with them a metaphorical adjective is now matter of literal speech. To the question of Agur the son of Jakeh: "Who hath gathered the wind in his fists?" the modern scientist may answer "Even I." And if the latent force of the new discovery should be successfully applied to motion, sailors may yet traffic in winds, or their equivalent, without charge of witchcraft. Air is tinned and forwarded by rail; it may be delivered at your door with the morning's milk, though it were a harder matter to say what one should make of it. Here is the force of the snowstorm bound and sealed like the Arabian genie by that new Solomon, Mr. Tripler.

If hell consist (and we have Dante's word for it) in "fierce heat and in ice," then you can to a partial extent have a little hell of your own by entering M. Pictet's cold well, where you stand up to your neck in Arctic chill, like the spirits in the great Florentine's Malebolge. Winter is for merchandise; and during the present sultry weather M. Pictet might have done worse than bring it to London. Why go to the North Pole when you can have all the essentials at reasonable prices in Europe, without blubber, bears, and the chance of being cracked like an egg by ice-floes? With a little development you need not despair of having the North in your own back parlour, if you are of Falstaffian habit of body. Were Mr. Henley to rewrite his ballade of cool thoughts, he would certainly include this book among them. Hoar frost clinging round flasks by the mere cold of the liquid air inside them—think of it in the sweltering stone jug of Oxford-street or Fleet-street!

This is sport, fancy; but in very serious ways the trend of recent science, as exhibited by Dr. Sloane, revolutionises our physical conceptions. Science draws nearer and nearer to the ancient philosophy of nature, never lacking occasional firm adherents from Berkeley downwards; according to which the universe is a vast Chinese box or nest of boxes—not, however, mechanical and lifeless, but developing into and out from each other in a vast ascending and descending series. So the old Egyptians symbolised the universe by an onion, with its swathe within swathe. Thus, too, modern science is learning and teaching that there is no hard-and-fast division between the seeming—distinct substances which build up our mundane environment. Vapour must disappear and be recognised as one with gas. The invisible clouds of the dew are no less gas than hydrogen itself. Nor when we have thus simplified our division into solids, liquids, and gases do we reach finality. For all three pass into one another, and are none of them irreducible; solids, liquids, or gases are mere states of substance, depending for their existence on temperature and pressure. Alter these conditions and you alter the state; solid becomes liquid, liquid solid; fluid a

gas, gas a fluid. Under pressure metals infiltrate each other like semi-fluids; though they be in no way reduced to fluid, though their metallic and immobile-seeming consistence be unaffected.

At a certain heat and pressure, again, solid elements become liquids, and the liquids in their turn gases. With a sufficient reduction of heat and application of pressure gases *vice-versa* are transformed to liquids, and thence to solids. Carbonic acid gas is made as water—expose it to the air and the released fluid falls in snowy mass. Our world maintains that form by which we know it through the bonds of temperature and pressure; release or affirm those bonds and that apparently inevitable form would give place to a wholesale, an inconceivable, transformation scene. The communication doors of nature have been set ajar by late discoveries, until to the unaccustomed lay mind it seems as if her partition walls were overthrown or falling; as if the solid earth itself were loosening beneath the footsteps of hurrying research.

It seems so, because the crowning liquefaction of air has awakened us suddenly to these matters from a long sleep of indifference. To science it is a gradual and no ways startling affair. Scientists have long been circling the walls of this Jericho, though they have fallen at last amid an amazing blast of trumpets. Temperature is the great factor in these attractive and magical-seeming results. Everything has heat of which it can be robbed, and alters its consistence with the robbery. The housewife cooling a jelly is the homely image alike of the scientist reducing a gas and the Creator preparing a world. The cold frog has neighbourly warmth to its fellow, and the iceberg its frosty fire. Dr. Sloane gives a striking illustration of this. Place on a block of ice a kettle of liquid air and the liquid boils. The ice boils it. As the poorest rhymster finds some to whom he affords the poetic thrill, so the ice is boiling hot to the yet colder liquid air. To bring down the heat of a gas is the essential towards liquefying it. The process is facilitated by pressure, which mechanically approximates the molecules of the gas. Practically, this is necessary in most cases; theoretically, cold alone is sufficient. It is our limitation of means which obliges us to add the help of pressure. In proof of this, when a vessel of liquid air is exhausted by a vacuum-pump, the intense cold set up causes air to liquefy on the outside of the tube and drip from its end. But to obtain it in quantity needs pressure besides cold. On the other hand, with some gases that are (in their normal condition) near the liquefying point—the *critical state*, as science calls it—pressure by itself is sufficient to liquefy them.

This explains why air and the higher gases (hydrogen, oxygen, &c.) remained unliquefied till our day—or at least is a main reason. Deceived by the liquefaction under pressure alone of such gases as chlorine, &c., the earlier chemists neglected temperature, and devoted all their attention to striving after enormous pressures. All through the century chemists have been toiling towards the goal finally reached in the liquefaction of air, and the substitution of cold for pressure as the chief agent was in truth the decisive turning-point.

Splendid fellows were those early chemists, with next to no apparatus, and amazing—nay, reckless—courage. Davy began his career by trying the curative effects of gases, not on his patients, but on himself. He got drunk that he might sober himself with laughing-gas. The laughing-gas proved no laughing matter: it burned his tongue, injured his teeth, and inflamed his throat. Presumably he was sober enough after that. But he was no whit warned. He next emptied his lungs of air, and inhaled carburetted hydrogen. Not being quite killed, when he recovered he tried carbonic acid gas, but was mercifully unable to swallow it. That was the kind of man he was. He did nothing in the liquefaction of gases, but showed extraordinary intuition as to the results which



his successors might develop. Next came Faraday, who did liquefy a long list of gases, with no better means than pressure (applied by heat) in sealed and bent tubes of green bottle-glass. As Davy failed to poison himself, Faraday was equally unsuccessful in his persevering attempts to explode himself. His eyes were always full of cuts and fragments of glass, since whether his discovery came off or not the explosion seldom failed. He blew a test-tube to pieces as a preliminary to the liquefaction of chlorine. Yet he finally died in his bed, full of honours, discoveries, and bits of green bottle-glass. Thilorier distinguished himself by his apparatus for the liquefaction of carbon dioxide, made of cast-iron. This deprived him of the distinction of green bottle-glass in his eyes; but, on the other hand, it blew both legs off his assistant, so that he maintained the tradition vicariously. It was about time to try other methods than pressure; and Pictet of Geneva, with Cailletet of Paris, were the two men who introduced the modern liquefaction by cold and pressure.

So much will be clear to every lay mind, without entering on details of the complex apparatus for exerting pressure, which succeeded Faraday's simple method of making the gas supply its own pressure, by heating it in a closed test-tube. The modern method of acting by reduction of temperature, combined with pressure, is much more elaborate, and cannot be truly explained in brief limit. But keeping to the same lines of avoiding detail, both mechanical and scientific, we may give some idea of the general principle of action. There are two chief methods. The first (universal till quite lately) finds its earliest exemplification in the apparatus by which Pictet liquefied oxygen and hydrogen. The gas was allowed to provide its own pressure, by heating; but this was an error, and other methods of increasing the pressure have been used in more modern experiments. The distinctive feature was the application of cold. Roughly speaking, the principle was as follows: a circulation of cold gas was maintained about the tube into which the gas intended for liquefaction passed. The cooling gas in its turn was sheathed in a fresh circulating system of cold gas, and in this way a constantly increased degree of cold was set up. The details, as they may be studied in Dr. Sloane's book, are exceedingly ingenious. Upon this principle, of cycle within cycle of freezing gases, Prof. Dewar finally constructed his very elaborate apparatus at the Royal Institution, in which liquid ethylene played a principal part as regards the generation of cold. His success in thereby liquefying hydrogen, and finally air, in large quantities, is too recent to need recalling. The objection to his system is its great expense; and Mr. Tripler, in America, has now discovered a simplified and cheap means of manufacturing liquid air wholesale. Again omitting details, his essential principle may be thus broadly stated. The gas, reduced to a very low temperature, is brought finally into a cylinder lined with felt to prevent evaporation. Here it passes through coils of tubing, whence it is discharged into the cylinder by means of a specially contrived valve. Thus suddenly released from pressure, it expands rapidly, and the heat which it uses up in this expansion reduces it to a yet greater cold. Part of it ascends in the cylinder, and cools the coils through which fresh gas is passing. Part collects at the bottom of the cylinder, and by the perpetually increasing cold so set up, as gas continues to issue through the valve, is gradually liquefied. When a sufficient quantity has collected at the bottom, it is drawn off. This is the process of *intensification*, and by it the use of elaborate and expensive systems of freezing gases is avoided. The pressure is generated by means of a boiler; the air to be liquefied is drawn through the roof; and enormous quantities can in this way be manufactured at a comparatively small expense. The liquid air is placed in a tin, which is well wrapped with engine-felt, and placed inside another tin. The mouth is closed, and the air is ready for transport to any distance. The principle, it will be seen, on

which this amazingly successful process is based is that a gas expanding *by its own heat* undergoes a rapid fall in temperature—rapid in proportion to the rapidity of the expansion.

So much for the principle of liquefaction, which in this very general statement may be understood by any reader. But what, after all, is the practical outcome of our liquid air, now we have got it? Well, at present, it must be said, not much. As if to recreate themselves after the labours of research, the first thing that scientists do with a discovery is to play with it. They have played with liquid air. They have, by its means, made indiarubber air-balls brittle as glass bulbs: they have made cups or tumblers out of frozen whiskey; they have burned in it the most unburnable things; they have shown its explosive power; they have, in fact, astonished a marvel-loving public to its heart's content. But beyond a suggestion that it may be used to replace dynamite as an explosive, there are but two practical results of any consequence. It is capable of being used, instead of the knife, to amputate tumours, &c.; though it needs skilled handling. And M. Pictet claims that liquid air can be used to cure dyspepsia. A dyspeptic generation will not underrate such a boon as this. Liquid air is a solution of force, with endless potentialities, would science observingly distil them out. And now that she has finished playing with it, science undoubtedly will.

### In the French East.

*Tunisia and the Modern Barbary Pirates.* By Herbert Vivian. (C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd. 15s.)

In the first five chapters of his book Mr. Vivian describes Tunisian life under the heads of its history, the Bey, the



MIDDLE-CLASS WOMAN AND SERVANT IN TUNIS.

Barbary pirates, the Arabs, Islam, and Jews and Niggers. It is only in his sixth chapter that he describes his arrival at Tunis. This arrangement is not resented by the reader,

who is early made aware that Mr. Vivian's originality is not grown less nor his natural exuberance abated. Mr. Vivian never forgets that he edited the *Whirlwind*; and, really, we do not know why he should forget it. What the reader does resent is the expression of some unworthy and reckless opinion, as when Mr. Vivian says, by way of casual illustration: "Just as you have only to set eyes upon a Yankee to know him for an impudent vulgarian, so the first sight of an Arab suffices to convince you that he possesses every instinct of a gentleman." There is nothing Arabian about this sentence, and Mr. Vivian had better not have written it, if only because it betrays him. The memory of it remains to weaken many a criticism of the French authorities in Tunis.

Not everything that Mr. Vivian tells about Tunisia is peculiarly Tunisian. In his chapters on the Arabs, and on Islam, he describes customs and ceremonies which are common to other countries in the Near East. But this was inevitable, and the merit of these pages lies in the brisk observation which he brings to his task.

Tunis came under French protection in 1881. The old Bey is still living, a mere cypher, in the great palace at Marsa. Mr. Vivian compares him to an extinct volcano. He is, however, nothing so majestic. A mere French puppet, the old man comes to Tunis every Monday morning to see the French Resident and receive French officials. He goes to them, not they to him. The French allow him £37,500 a year, and deny him visitors as much as possible. Only in the days of Bairam, the holiday which follows the fast of Ramadan, does the Bey recover even a semblance of dignity; and even then the French officials who gather round his gilt throne "make no effort to avoid turning their backs to the straw sovereign." If they only flouted the Bey it would be a small matter, but Mr. Vivian has much to say against French methods in Tunis. Spy-mania is rampant in the country, and to go out without your passport is as much as your liberty is worth. Mr. Vivian tells us that Sir Lambert Playfair, when he was British Consul-General in Tunis, was once stopped when he was without his passport; and it was only by offering to write himself out one that he escaped arrest. Sir Lambert had a pretty jest at the expense of the French authorities. He would take up a coin and read out the legend thus: "*Liberté point. Egalité point. Fraternité point.*" The general prospects of the colony struck Mr. Vivian as poor:

If Tunisia is to have credit as a French colony, it must be colonised by Frenchmen. This the authorities understand, and they constantly endeavour to devise means whereby French agriculturists may be induced to come. But, with the best will in the world, they do not contrive to present a very attractive picture. I have in my hand a pamphlet which they have issued for distribution among persons contemplating emigration. It begins by setting forth the superior advantages of Tunisia over America and other fields of colonisation: the beneficent climate; the absence of fevers, savages, prairie fires; and the presence of the French flag to afford protection and the feeling of home. But it goes on to lay great stress upon the futility of coming over without capital, intelligence, and industry, the possession of which three blessings would, however, enable most men to do well anywhere, without the need of emigration. There are not even free concessions of land, or subsidies of any kind. Necessaries, with the exception, perhaps, of bread and the worst imaginable meat, are no cheaper than in the average French provincial town; while all luxuries, down to the very smallest, are infinitely dearer. Practically the chief form which French colonisation has taken so far has been little more than a species of camp-following. Wherever a French garrison establishes itself, a number of tawdry shops, rough eating-houses, and dismal places of entertainment creep into existence. No doubt the proprietors rapidly enrich themselves by the sale of inferior goods at prices calculated to repay them for the burthen of expatriation; and if this satisfies the aspirations of French expansion, there is no more to be said.

Mr. Vivian's strictures are often more lively than convincing; and an undercurrent of malice has to be allowed for again and again. Thus, Mr. Vivian says that the French monks at Carthage stop archaeological discovery by a dog-in-the-manger policy; but instead of proving this, he sneers at their costume—"a ridiculous combination of fezzes and white flannel"—and compares Cardinal Lavigerie's cathedral to a "glorified Brixton villa."

It is when he paints the Tunis of to-day that Mr. Vivian's youth and spirits serve him best. Very clear and many coloured is the picture of Tunis which rises before us in these pages. The dazzling white town, the long white mantles of the natives, and the proudly erect carriage which even the beggars do not lose, the stately strutting camels, the donkeys laden with oranges, the Arab horses hidden under enormous loads of olive branches, the gay nights among the cafés which close the austere days of Ramadan—all these are described with a light hand and a seeing eye. Mr. Vivian's description of the shops in Tunis is alluring:

Never had I seen anything to compare with the natural aestheticism of their arrangement or the brilliance of their colours. Most charming of all were the fruit-shops, with rows of light blood-oranges festooned upon the rafters; clusters of chillies, like prodigious fairy-lamps, illuminating the dark corners; and great racks of glistening dates upon the counters. Even the butchers' shops were picturesque, and it was always a fascination to watch the cross-legged Arabs plying their esparto-switches to keep off the flies, who foregathered even in mid-winter. The hemp and rope-shops presented a fascinating array, as did the ironmongers', with rusty chains and huge keys in clumsy locks all dangling at the doors. Driving along, there were charming peeps into native coffee-houses, where rows of turbaned dignitaries lay wrapped in contemplation or played unruffled games of cards.

The beggars of Tunis are many, but Mr. Vivian gives them a better character than Miss Lynch gives to those of Toledo. They are mostly Bedouin women, who run about Tunis in scanty attire.

"By the head of thy wife," they exclaim to an obviously newly-married man, "give me sous. By the head of madama, give, I say. By thy head, give. . . ." They never seem to tire of their chorus, but will run for miles by the side of a carriage or dance before a traveller, carefully impeding his way as he walks through the narrow streets of the Arab quarter. They pluck at his clothes, like greedy hens attacking a feed of corn, and spread their glistening teeth in front of his face, or display a bundle of mouldy babies under his nose. But they are always boundlessly good-natured, and keep their patience though they be tantalised by the hour. From a bird of passage they will never take "No" for an answer; but when they come to know you, and to understand that you are generally good for a few coppers, they may be relied upon for the finest manners in the world. You have but to appeal to them as old friends, telling them that you are not in a generous mood to-day, but to-morrow you will see what you can do, and they instantly scamper off in search of another victim.

Mr. Vivian is much more convincing when he unfolds the picturesque in Tunis than when he is condemning Lord Salisbury's "blunders" in foreign policy, or telling us that though Bizerta will soon be admirably fortified against sea attack, it will be cheaply at the mercy of any force we may choose to land on the coast to the south.

In nothing that we have said do we wish to imply that this is not a delightful book of travel notes. Mr. Vivian is always controversial, he is never dull. And if any brightness, not his own, were needed, it is found in the photographs which Mrs. Vivian took during their sojourn with the benign and turbaned Tunisian, and in her excellent account of a visit to a harem in the Arab quarter. The photograph we reproduce needs no explanation.

## A Great Town.

*The History of the Castle, Town, and Port of Dover.* By the Rev. S. P. H. Statham. (Longmans.)

THERE was a time, it is generally allowed, when the Britains were coherent with the continent of Europe. Dover on the one side, and Calais on the other, represent to our minds the last points of contact. In the midst of the shallow sea that has thrust them apart is still to be traced the bed of the river whose valley has been flooded by the encroaching tide. The sense of proximity has never been blotted out; from the beginning Dover has been magnetically conscious of a neighbour just out of the range of vision—a neighbour and a possible enemy; has been consciously burdened, therefore, as the geographical vanguard or watchtower of the Britains; so that when Caius Julius Cæsar, pursuing victory to the ends of the earth, with the 7th and 10th Legions aboard his eighty transports, cast anchor in the Roads, he found “the armed force of the enemy stationed on all the hills.” In the third century the British fleet, maintained as the first line of defence against Saxon pirates, had its principal places of rendezvous in those harbours known later as the Cinque Ports and the Two Ancient Towns; and thenceforward it is as the principal member of that Corporation that Dover figures in English history.

Dover in the time of King Edward [the Confessor] rendered 18 pounds; of which moneys King Edward had two parts and Earl Godwine the third. . . . The burgesses gave the king 20 ships once a year for 15 days, and in each ship were 20 men. This they did in return for his having endowed them with sac and soc. When the king's messenger came there he gave them for the passage of a horse 3d. in winter and 2d. in summer; but the burgesses found the pilot and one other to assist him, and if he wanted more it was hired at his own cost. From the festival of St. Michael to that of St. Andrew the king's truce was in the town, and if anyone broke it the Reeve received a common amend. Whoever resided constantly in the town, and rendered custom to the king, was quit of toll throughout all England. All these customs were there when King William came to England.

This is the record of Domesday Book, and Mr. Statham shows reason for attributing the grant of these privileges to King Alfred. “Sac” signifies the right of trying all causes, civil and criminal, in their own courts; “soc,” the complementary right of haling uitlanders before the same tribunals. The Corporation reached its full stature in the thirteenth century, when Edward I. ordained that his ships should exact from all who voyaged in the narrow seas the homage of a salute. To the parliament summoned by Simon de Montfort the Cinque Ports Corporation sent four barons each—every burgess was a baron—twenty-eight in all. In the time of Elizabeth Dover seems to have fallen upon evil times. Twenty-one vessels she had been wont to furnish. Demand was made of five and a pinnace. Alack! she sent but one; and the balance was ludicrously shadowed by five pinnaces. Let us hope that the solitary ship was a big one.

The domestic life of the town was shaped mainly by two principal preoccupations. It was necessary, in the first place, to fulfil the traditional obligation of national service; in the second place, it was desirable by every lawful means to secure the best of the herring business, and particularly against the ignominious rivalry of upstart Yarmouth. Thus in 1338 it was patriotically enacted by the Warden that “within seven leagues of the sea in Kent only one bell should ring in churches, so that, in case of attack, all might be warned by the ringing of all bells.” And so late as 1703, by the Assembly,

It is ordered that six men do watch every night.  
No person [proceeds the enactment] shall be hereafter admitted a freeman . . . that at the time of demanding

his freedom is not resident in the Town, so as to be liable to the Scot and Lot, Watch and Ward of the Town.

Decreed [finally] that for the better security of the Town, a good watch be kept in the night-time by the inhabitants, and for default of any inhabitant, being duly warned, he shall forfeit one shilling to be levied by distress.

So it was of the utmost importance that what Captain Burrows, in our own day, calls “the law of eastward drift” should be frustrated. In the time of James I.

Personal service was demanded of the inhabitants . . . and in 1676 the “ancient custom” was revived, by which the mayor used to summon every householder by beat of drum to resort to the harbour with a shovel to clear the obstruction caused by the accumulation of shingle.

Even at this hour the last word of engineering ingenuity is energising against this same plaguy shingle. And it may be hoped that soon the lamentable tendency of the beach to “get into the harbour's mouth” will be chastened and corrected. Only one remembers that in “the grating roar of pebbles which the waves draw back and fling, at their return, up the high strand,” bringing “the eternal note of sadness in,” a poet found inspiration:

The sea of faith  
Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore  
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle folded.  
But now I only hear  
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,  
Retreating, to the breath  
Of the night-wind, down the vast edges drear  
And naked shingles of the world.

The republican sentiment was manifested early in Dover: it was the first town to take up arms against Charles I. Similarly, it was Puritan in its views, and foreign refugees from the rigour of Catholic governments found ready hospitality within its bounds; at different times three foreign Protestant congregations were provided with meeting-houses. And so early as 1539 the municipal revenue was swelled by the sum of £29 7s., realised by the sale of Catholic ornaments pertaining to the church of St. Martin-le-Grand. That there was, none the less, a strong conservative element in the corporate mind is shown by the fine of £200 “sett upon Mr. Richard Barley, one of the Jurates of the Towne, for endeavouring, by bloweing the Horne, to alter the established government of the Corporacion, contrary to the decree of the said Corporacion” (1678).

The office of Constable of the Castle has been united since 1226 with that of Warden of the Cinque Ports. The Constable's primary business was the defence of the Castle. He must see that all the holders of knights' fees performed their service regularly and efficiently; and when a fixed payment was substituted for personal service, it was his business to collect the sums due for “castle ward.” A proper flag was hoisted on collecting days; and he whose rent was not paid before sundown was assessed in the double. The Constable was commander of the garrison, and enjoyed authority to deal, to the utmost, with extreme cases. The prestige inherent in the office is manifest in the list of the Constables appended to this volume. Odo is there; Langton; Villiers, Duke of Buckingham; George, the consort of Queen Anne; the younger Pitt, Palmerston, and the Duke of Wellington. To-day the distinguished Constable of the Castle, since 1895, is Robert Arthur Talbot Gascoyne Cecil, Marquess of Salisbury.

We have done much less than justice to Mr. Statham's book. It is no mere gossipy chatter; it is a serious history of a place which, from the earliest historic times, has been for us the key of international intercourse. The book is the work of a man who reverences her stones, and has found no pain too heavy if only he might build up again into the likeness of truth the scattered fragments of her corporate life.

## Spanish Facets.

*Contemporary Spain.* By Mary Wright Plummer. (Truslove, Hanson, & Comber.)

MISS PLUMMER has hit upon an interesting literary device. Assuming that America, having beaten Spain and being now at rest, is eager to learn something about the defeated enemy, this lady has selected from a number of Spanish novels passages descriptive of Spanish life, and has brought them together under various headings in the present volume. It is as though one should display England by means of paragraphs from Thackeray and Mrs. Humphry Ward, Mr. Gissing and Dickens, George Eliot and Sir Walter Besant. Such a book would no doubt be interesting, but we cannot honestly say that we want to see it published. Similarly, Miss Plummer's book is interesting although somewhat snippety. But, also, it is very incomplete, partly because Miss Plummer has drawn only upon those novels that happen to be translated into English, and partly because novelists do not cover all ground in their stories. Still, she offers illumination, from Valdés, Bazan, Galdós, De Alarcón, and Valera, on religion, politics, scenery, customs, and society; and it is one's own fault if at the end of the book one knows nothing of the country of the bull-fight, the fan, the mantilla, and the cigarette.

The cigarette, indeed, leads to a realistic description, from Valdés' *Sister Saint Sulpice*, of a Spanish tobacco factory:

The room which stretched out before my eyes was very impressive, and tended to make me timid. Three thousand women were seated in the vast vaulted hall. . . . It was almost impossible to breathe in that place; the atmosphere could have been cut with a knife. Numberless rows of women, young women especially, all wearing thin calico dresses of manifold colours, all with flowers in their bosoms, were rolling *cigarillos* upon large tables that shone from the much rubbing of hands. Many of them had beside them wooden cradles with young babies sleeping. These cradles, as Nieto told me, were furnished by the factory itself. Some of the women were nursing their young ones. The type of all these women had very little variation: round, dark cheeks, turned-up noses, black hair, and very black, wicked eyes. . . . That human hive hummed and buzzed, producing in the heavy, asphyxiated atmosphere, laden with nauseating odours, a dull and disagreeable roar. Above this roar could be heard the *chicheo* with which the assemblage saluted me. The agile fingers moved swiftly, rolling up the poison with which all Spain would soon be contaminated.

Spain is, of course, one of the countries where the women do the work. At Bilbao, for instance, the tramp steamers which carry iron ore are laden by women while the men lounge about smoking these same *cigarillos*. Miss Plummer has no passage to this effect, but it is so.

Here, from a long description of the spectators at a bull-fight, from Galdós' *Leon Roch*, is a picturesque passage:

Above, in the boxes, there are more white mantillas, some covering gray heads, others framing the sweetest specimens of youth and beauty; fiery carnations or starry jasmine in their hair, cheeks like blush roses, eyes black or blue, with lashes quivering like butterflies; cherry lips, a glance as fickle as the light nod of a flower in the wind, and smiles that reveal teeth like pearls; the all-pervading fan with its wordless telegraphy in a thousand colours. This forms the bewildering charm of all large assemblages in Spain—the same in the boxes of a theatre as in the balconies over the streets—whenever there is a procession or a spectacle, or whenever a king makes his entry or takes his departure to do honour to a brand new constitution.

While a novel by Valera, *Don Braulio*, gives us the Spanish view of such spectacles:

In short [he sums up], the death of the bull is fine if the *matador* strikes true and gives it no more than two or three stabs; but frankly—and I am speaking in all

sincerity, nor am I given to rodomontade or sentimentality—all the preliminaries are an abomination, view them as we may. And yet, and in spite of all this, bull-fights will not cease. We ourselves would not dare to demand their suppression, for there is something national and romantic about them which appeals to us. We would be content with certain reforms if such were possible.

We commend the passage to the notice of the English contingent who applaud the miserable exhibition now given each Sunday by the bunglers of Boulogne.

To come to matters of more ordinary nature, we learn from Miss Plummer's book that the Andalusians hold the record for long engagements:

Here [says Valera in *Doña Luz*] are to be found cases of engagements dating from the time when the lover began to study Latin at school, continuing during his studies in polite literature, law, or medicine, and terminating in marriage only when he becomes judge of the lower court or titular physician. . . . I have heard it related of another lover, a native of Carcabuey, in proof of the firm conviction entertained in that part of the country that matrimony requires a great deal of consideration before entering upon it, that his future *mother-in-law*, reflecting that her daughter had been for thirteen years receiving his attentions without his ever having proposed to her, and that she was beginning to decline in her looks, resolved to ask the lover what his intentions were. And having summoned the necessary resolution to ask the question, the lover responded, very much surprised and a little displeased: "Good heavens, señora! Is it at the suggestion of some secret enemy of mine that you ask me this question?"

Finally, let us quote a general statement from Valdés' *The Marquis of Peñaalta*:

. . . A country where everything is pardoned except contradiction. But among the honourable pleasures conferred by the Supreme Creator upon the heroic Spanish public there is none more keen and delectable than that of breaking the laws and programmes which they have freely imposed upon themselves. In this particular, sybaritism has reached the point of making itself every morning some rule for the pleasure afforded by breaking it in the afternoon.

And here we leave a warm-blooded little book. We shall be much mistaken if one effect of Miss Plummer's ingenuity is not to send a great many persons to Spain on journeys of discovery of their own.

Keate.

*A History of Eton College.* By Sir H. C. Maxwell Lyte. Third Edition. (Macmillan.)

THIS encyclopædic history of Eton promises to be a progressive work, gathering into its pages with each successive edition whatever of old Eton lore may be brought to light, and adding new history as it is made. The second edition (1889) was a marked advance on the first (1875), containing, as it did, extracts from Dr. Keate's correspondence, and from a diary kept by a member of his family during the doctor's headmastership; and assistance was forthcoming from Mr. Gladstone, Lord Curzon of Kedleston, and other old Etonians. The present edition is improved by the fact that the author has been able to examine a version of the *Nugæ Etonenses* belonging to Sir R. Payne Gallwey, a series of letters from Sir Michael Hicks-Beach belonging to his niece, Mrs. Portal, &c. Recent works on Eton have also been used, as *Eton of Old*, which presents a capital picture of the college in the years 1820-1830; and Mr. A. D. Coleridge's *Eton in the Forties*. Mr. L. Vernon Harcourt's unrivalled collection of books and pamphlets relating to Eton has also been explored. Thus the book has grown considerably, apart from the increase (amounting to about thirty pages) entailed by bringing the narrative up to recent date. The last event

now recorded is the somewhat laggard formation, in 1898, of an Old Etonian Association.

Though ponderous, Sir Maxwell Lyte's volume is entertaining throughout. The chapter on Dr. Keate is particularly good and just. The dumpy doctor has been too much regarded as an executioner. Sir Maxwell Lyte is able to give a few stories, comparatively unfamiliar, which show that Keate had his fits of good temper, and that in unguarded moments he could be amiable. It is said that he freely pardoned a boy named Dallas, who had thrown a stone at him in school, on his apologising. "When two small boys pleaded, in excuse for being late for 'absence,' that they had been to see Gray's monument at Stoke Poges, he inflicted no punishment, and good-humouredly expressed a hope that they would turn out as good poets as Gray." One of these boys, as it happened, became his son-in-law, but no poet, although his name was Chapman. However, such stories are few; and posterity must find an offset to Keate's ferocity rather in the fact that the boys frequently took a "rise" out of their headmaster. In 1829, when boating was still a forbidden pastime, it became known that Keate meant to waylay an eight as they rowed up to Surly Hall, and punish (*i.e.*, flog) the boys for their disobedience. Unfortunately for himself, he allowed his purpose to be known, and the boys contrived to hoax him effectually. On the appointed day, a crew of watermen, dressed up to represent the Eton "eight" and wearing masks over their faces, started from the Brocas, in the presence of a crowd of townspeople who had come out to see what would happen. Keate caught sight of them from the bank before they had reached Upper Hope, and shouted: "'Foolish boys, I know you all! Lord —, I know you. Watt, you had better come ashore. Come here, or you will all be expelled.' The boat, however, pursued its course steadily, several of the masters giving chase on horseback, and the ruse was not discovered until the crew disembarked and took off their masks with a loud 'hurrah.'"

Keate did not take such defeats good-humouredly. On this occasion there was a rather inconclusive inquiry, resulting in eighteen floggings and other punishments. Still more enjoyable are the stories of Lord Norreys, afterwards Earl of Abingdon, who used to impersonate Keate (an easy thing to do), and go about in the evening in a cocked hat and gown spreading terror among the other boys. "One night he took a pot of red paint and therewith bedaubed the door of William Heath, one of the assistant masters, no one daring to interfere"; and once he went so far as to call absence at one of the dames' houses. The most serious charge which Sir Maxwell Lyte allows to remain at Keate's door is that he indirectly encouraged untruthfulness. He had no faith in schoolboy honour, and used to make charges of lying at random. One boy, being so charged, actually sent Keate a challenge to a duel, and was finally expelled—to become a colonel in the Scots Guards.

Keate's reputation seems to rest on a kind of noble average, struck on all his acts. When he retired the boys presented him with three pieces of silver worth £600. Keate was "for once fairly overcome; too much affected to return thanks, he gave vent to his feelings by taking off his cocked hat, the only occasion on which that symbol of authority was ever known to be raised to anyone." There is a magnetism in Keate's figure that will never be weakened. Not for nothing did he stand only five feet high, and wear clothes "partly resembling the costume of Napoleon, partly that of a widow-woman." For we English love a humorous contradiction, and the majesty of Eton suffers naught by being concentrated and caricatured in the person of this absurd little man, of whom it was said that he "flogged the son of a duke and the son of a grocer with perfect impartiality, and was thoroughly manly and right-hearted in the depths of his nature."

## Fiction.

*To London Town.* By Arthur Morrison  
(Methuen. 6s.)

MR. MORRISON'S new story is pleasant, but it marks no advance in his art. His reputation still stands upon *Tales of Mean Streets* and *A Child of the Jago*. In those books Mr. Morrison had things to say, definite phases of life to describe, and he did his work well, with some probing of the deeps. Here, in *To London Town*, he is merely a superficial narrator: nothing is proved.

The story is concerned with the fortunes of a poor widow and her son. Left to her own resources, the widow opens a grocer's shop near the docks, and the boy is apprenticed to a firm of engineers. The widow marries a loafer and bully, who, after the boy has thrashed him, turns out to have another wife living, and disappears. The boy falls in love with the daughter of a notorious female drunkard, and the book ends happily. That is practically all. Now, with insight and good writing, it would be enough, but without them it must seem rather bald. And bald *To London Town* is. Mr. Morrison, as we have said, has merely narrated: he has not also demonstrated. We know hardly any more at the end of the book, than we did at the beginning, of Johnny and his mother. The book is not thorough, not complete; and the one comic character in it—Uncle Isaac—is sheer Dickens.

Fortunately, however, *To London Town* has a prologue, and in that Mr. Morrison gives us some rather nice work. The central figure of this prologue is an entomologist and retired postman, Johnny's grandfather, upon whom Mr. Morrison has spent more pains. This is a pretty passage:

"But I should like a trade where I could *make* something," the boy would answer wistfully. "I really should, gran'dad."

"Ah"—with a shake of the head—"make what? I doubt but you're meanin' pictures. You must get that notion out of your head, Johnny. Some of them as make 'em may do well, but most's awful. I see 'em in London often, drorin' on the pavement; reg'lar clever ones too, doin' mackerel an' bits o' salmon splendid, and likenesses o' the Queen, an' sunsets, with the sky shaded beautiful. Beggin'! Reg'lar beggin', with a cap out for coppers, an' 'Help gifted poverty,' wrote in chalk. *That* won't do ye know, Johnny." . . . Putting the letter-carrying aside for the moment, and forgetting distance as an obstacle, what trades were there to choose from? Truly a good many; and that none should be missed, Johnny's grandfather took paper and a pencil and walked to Woodford, where he begged use of a London Directory and read through all the trades, from absorbent cotton wool manufacturers to zincographic printers, making a laborious list as he went, omitting (with some reluctance) such items as bankers, brokers—stock and share—merchants, patentees, and physicians, and hesitating a little over such as aeronauts and shive turners. The task filled a large part of three days of uncommonly hard work, and old David May finished his list in mental bewilderment. What was a shive turner? Indeed, for that matter, what was an ammeter?

The list did but multiply confusion and divide counsel. . . . It afflicted Johnny himself with a feeling akin to terror, for which he found it hard to account. The arena of the struggle for bread was so vast, and he so small a combatant to choose a way into the scrimmage! More, it seemed all so unattractive. There could be little to envy in the daily life of a seed crusher or a court-plaster maker. But the old man would pin a sheet of the list to the wall, and study it while he worked within doors; full of patience and simple courage.

"Bakin'-powder maker!" he would call aloud to whomsoever it might reach. "How's that? That's makin' somethin' . . ."

Were all Mr. Morrison's characters as carefully and sympathetically treated as his old naturalist his book would be a good one. As it is, it leaves no more impression than the ordinary manufactured story.



*A Son of the State.* By W. Pett Ridge.  
(Methuen. 6d.)

THIS is a volume of the sixpenny series to which Messrs. Methuen give the title of "The Novelist," and if you can grapple with sixpenny print and like to have paper wrappers on your shelves, well and good. So much for the form. As for the matter, parts of it, like the curate's egg, are excellent. Bobbie Lancaster, "a short, acute-faced boy with a peakless cap," is a budding Hooligan. Some of his pranks in this capacity are quite entertaining, and the conduct of the story affords Mr. Pett Ridge the opportunity of working in some humorous treatment of slum life. Take, for instance, the evidence of Mrs. Rastin at the inquest on Bobbie's mother:

The coroner went on: "And you knew the deceased?"  
"Intimate, sir."  
"Was she a woman with—er, inebriate tendencies?"  
"Pardon, sir."  
"I say, was she a woman who had a weakness for alcohol?"  
The sergeant interpreted. "Did she booze?"  
"She liked her glass now and again, sir," said Mrs. Rastin carefully.  
"That is rather vague," remarked the coroner. "What does 'now and again' mean?"  
"Well, sir," said Mrs. Rastin, tying the ribbons of her rusty bonnet into a desperate knot, "what I mean to say is, whenever she had the chance."  
"You were with her before the accident?"  
"I were."  
"You had been drinking together?"  
"Well, sir," said Mrs. Rastin impartially, and untying her bonnet-strings, "scarcely what you'd call drinking. It was like this. It were the anniversary of my weddin' day, and brute as Rastin always was, and shameful as he treated all my rel'tives in the way of borrowin', still it's an occasion that comes, as I say, only once a year, and it seems wicked not to take a little something special, if it's only a drop of—"  
"And after you had been together some time you walked along Haberdasher-street to East-street?"  
"With the view, sir," explained Mrs. Rastin, "of 'aving a breath of fresh air before turning in."  
"Was the deceased the worse for drink?"  
"Oh, no, sir! No, nothing of the kind." Mrs. Rastin was quite emphatic. "She felt much the better for it. She said so."

Presently Bobbie falls into the hands of the law, and is sent, for his good, to some industrial cottage homes. Then the reader has a shock. Bobbie develops a conscience and self-respect. With occasional backslidings he becomes a credit to the "rates," and, joining a training ship, is, in the last chapter, a naval hero. The story is perhaps too idealistic, but it is a worthy pendant to *Mord Em'ly*.

### Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final.  
Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THE KING'S MIRROR. By ANTHONY HOPE.

In this book Mr. Hope fuses in the manner of *The Prisoner of Zenda* and the *Dolly Dialogues*, and is yet more serious than in either. Adventures are here, but in small quantity; piquant conversations between a witty man and a woman are more frequent; but the strength of the book is its frank revelation of character. The king's mirror is another word for the king's autobiography, the king being Augustus of Forstadt, monarch, humorist, cynic, and gentleman. (Methuen. 6s.)

QUINFORD. By ARTHUR H. HOLMES.

A quiet novel of village life, in which the heroine has to choose between two lovers. The motto of the story is taken from "Pippa Passes": "So, I grew wise in Love and Hate, From simple that I was of late." (Unicorn Press. 6s.)

WHEN ROGUES FALL OUT.

By JOSEPH HATTON.

This is "a romance of love and crime" in the days of Jack Sheppard. Jack and Jonathan Wild divide the honours of the story, the dark shades of which are relieved by what the author calls "the picturesque humanity of Newgate." Mr. Hatton has gone to all the authorities in literature and art for facts and backgrounds, not omitting the broadsheets of the day. It is a little odd, therefore, that he should almost leave his readers under the impression that it was at Newgate that Jack Sheppard was hanged. The long, historic ride to Tyburn is but faintly indicated in about a dozen words. (Pearsons Ltd. 6s.)

A BITTER HERITAGE.

By J. BLOUNDELLE-BURTON.

Unlike the author's last story, *His Own Enemy*, and many of his romances, this story is modern, and is laid in British Honduras, whither the hero, a young naval officer, proceeds with a view to discovering what is the true secret of his birth. The narrative is full of weird adventure. An English heroine, a French woman from New Orleans, and a semi-savage half-caste girl supply the feminine interest. (Cassell. 6s.)

THE MAN'S CAUSE.

By E. N. LEFROY.

Tennyson's lines:

The woman's cause is man's: they rise or sink  
Together, dwarfed or godlike, bond or free,

supply the title. A serious novel, embodying a plea for the better understanding and consideration of women, and worthier efforts on the part of all. In the foreground, life in a country house. (Lane. 6s.)

A GENTLEMAN PLAYER.

By R. N. STEPHENS.

The gentleman player is Hal Marryott, and the story is of his adventures on a secret mission from Queen Elizabeth. Marryott played Laertes in the first performance of "Hamlet," which is here described, and was a friend of Will Shakespeare. Shakespeare, indeed, is in this book too, and vocal. This is his conversational manner: "Love," says he, "is a flame of the fashion: the first sight of a face will kindle it in shape of a spark. An there be no further matter to fan and feed the spark withal, 'twill soon die, having never been aught but a spark, keen though its scorch for a time; a mere seedling of love, a babe smothered at birth. But an there be closer commerce, to give fuel and breeze to the spark, it shall grow into flame, a flame, look you, that with proper feeding shall endure for ever . . .", and so forth. (Methuen. 6s.)

IN MONTE CARLO.

By HENRY SIENKIEWICZ.

A short story by the voluminous author of *Quo Vadis* and *Children of the Soil*, translated by S. C. de Soissons. Readers who here expect a piquant narrative of gambling will be disappointed. The tale concerns a painter Svirski and his relations with certain of the sex. On the last page he takes hold of both her hands and looks into her eyes with a great tenderness. (Greening. 2s. 6d.)

BLAKE OF ORIEL.

By ADELINE SERGEANT.

Blake, of Oriel, goes with a scholarship from a North London Board-school to Oxford, where his brilliant talents procure him the worship of a band of undergraduates, and admission into their homes as a sort of divinity. But Blake is a sham. He has latent in him the criminal instincts which he has inherited from his father, of whose crimes and present existence he had been kept in ignorance. Father and son are brought together under dramatic circumstances. The story becomes more improbable as it advances; but it will grip many readers. (F. V. White & Co. 6s.)

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### Farcimosum Eruditio; or, The Instruction of Sausages.

BEFORE we discuss things, it is always well to discuss terms, and, so far as possible, to define them. This is more than usually true in such a matter as Education, which is so complex and contentious in itself, and so commonly misused, both in thought and practice. The best treasury of terms, in scholarly English, is *Johnson's Dictionary*; and, if we turn to that, we find a distinction set up at once, by Johnson and his authorities, between Education and Instruction. The first is defined as "Formation of manners in youth; the manner of breeding youth; nurture." The second is defined as "The act of teaching; in formation." In the last word of each definition we find the contrast between Education and Instruction. One has to do with nurture; the other, with information. Johnson again, quoting from Hooker, records the following piece of good sense: "Education and instruction are the means, the one by use, the other by precept, to make our natural faculty of reason both the better and the sooner to judge rightly between truth and error."

So far as Education is the "formation of manners in youth," we may put it on one side, because manners are no longer taught, and are hardly practised, especially by teachers. It is an old maxim, that "Manners makyth man": manners, in Wykeham's phrase, connoting morals; and the remaining fragments of both are now being devoured apace by the twin monsters, Democracy and Plutocracy, who in the end will disagree mortally with one another, and bring back "Universal Darkness."

In the meanwhile, in this reign of the precursor, "dullness," we may confine ourselves to the subject of instruction. The great fault of our present methods of instruction is, that its victims are crammed with isolated and unconnected facts, while nothing is done to educate their minds. This fault prevails through our whole scheme of instruction, from our primary schools to our so-called universities. The former are not at present our concern. We need only say, that unhappy infants are literally gorged and overloaded with dull facts. They are crammed with superficial primers, which play over the surface of many subjects and really explain none of them; and no one subject is either taught thoroughly for its own sake, or as an instrument for educating the mind, and teaching its owner how to think. This vicious practice was brought in by the system of payment by results, which, together with the examination system, has been the ruin of education, especially at the universities.

In those venerable places the degree used to be a pledge that the recipient had lived for some long time at his university, and had gone through a leisured scheme of exercises and studies, in which he had shown publicly his industry and skill. The degree meant that its owner had lived in a certain atmosphere, and been steeped in it. Nowadays, it means little more than that he has satisfied a board of examiners; and his powers are tested by examination papers, in which luck, or health, or nerve, or a dozen other accidents, may be more decisive than parts or learning. Examinations, we make bold to say, are the ruin of education. It is not our business to suggest an alternative to them. We merely point to their defects. These are similar in kind, and worse in degree, than the defects we have noted in primary education. A university student has now to dabble in too many subjects; he, therefore, plays over the surface of them all; he never

goes below the surface of any one; he, too, depends on primers and half knowledge and cram. Besides, so great is his pressure of time and subjects that he cannot linger by the way, nor follow any line of investigation for himself, nor work thoroughly at any subject, nor indulge his curiosity and taste. It would be as dangerous to know more than his examiners as to know less than their conventional and external questions. The method of dealing with such questions has been reduced to a fine art. Given a subject and a set of text-books and a few terms' experience, and the professional crammer knows to a nicety what will, and what will not, be set as questions in the schools. He reduces his cunning to a system, and sells it in the form of lectures. After a time he may improve it still farther, and sell it in the form of a primer to a larger audience. All this is of great fame and use to the professional crammer. It may lead him in time to Parliament or into the Cabinet, as in the case of Robert Lowe; but it is of less use to the intelligence of the persons crammed. When the classics are taught in this way they cease to be literature; they do not convey high thought or a large experience of men and things; they are not, as they were, *litterae humaniores, studia humanitatis et litterarum*. Their humanity is not perceived; their literature is not caught; they are little more than vehicles for conveying pedantic information, in the German manner, by means of notes on archæology and grammar.

English literature, too, is attempted in the same way. It is either an instrument for teaching philology or for dissecting history. Shakespeare, for instance, seems to be annotated and taught only that we may perceive his anachronisms and his blunders in geography. Wordsworth might be used as a guide to botany, and Keats to astronomy. When great authors are taught by lectures for the purposes of examination, it is difficult to see how any other results can be obtained, except those which Mr. Gosse proclaimed when he was Clark Lecturer.

That philosophy should be taught in this way is even more ludicrous. To have every philosopher indigested into short notes, to listen to chatter about his system and all other systems, is offensive and absurd. How much sounder to learn any one system thoroughly, to possess the mind and method of any one great master, and to be able to apply it through life to other systems, to the whole range of philosophy and thought. This was the old, sound way, and it is still the best. It was and, we believe, is the way in the Scottish universities.

A similar way should be followed in the classics, and in our own literature. Instead of learning about the Greek and Latin authors, or cramming them in crowds, we should steep ourselves in one or two, until we possess him. This was the old way. Our predecessors, with all their faults or failures, carried something of the classics into their lives and writings. They quoted them in Parliament, or made pretty mottoes to their essays, or used them happily in talk and letters. At the best, they caught their mind and style, and wove them into the texture of their own thoughts and writing, as Thackeray used his Horace. It was in this way that the little essayists and minor poets of last century used their models. If they knew nothing but Horace or Virgil, they made a fine use of him, and conveyed him, to our profit, into their own work.

Of education, in Johnson's meaning of the term, we have too little. Our instruction is little more than a sausage manufactory, in which the chief and only art is to cram as many raw fragments as possible into a given void; which they fill, indeed, and over-fill, but by which they never are assimilated. This result, perhaps, is what we might expect from Germanic methods of education, and German tastes in pursuing and satisfying them. From this, the passage is easy to the concoctions of filth and folly in Laputa; but, in describing them, we should trespass into the realms of science, with which we have

neither space nor inclination to deal at present. We will only quote Johnson's eulogy of Socrates: "It was his labour," he says, "to turn philosophy from the study of nature to speculations upon life; but the innovators, whom I oppose, are turning our attention from life to nature. They seem to think that we are placed here to watch the growth of plants, or the motions of the stars. Socrates was rather of opinion that what we had to learn was, how to do good and avoid evil"; or, for our present purpose, how to acquire good literature and avoid the evil of bad systems and bad teachers; how to be educated instead of merely instructed, or stuffed like sausages with meat which we never shall digest, however much we may be "*varie et minutim concisâ carne referti*." G.

## The Reading Class.

I took down my old school *Reader* the other day, and turned its pages. Lines that have haunted me through life were there, and somehow I marvelled to find them in the same old places on the page. Old fancies and dim apprehensions and boyish flights of fancy came back: the book had the charm of a diary. Ineffaceable impressions! Ineffaceable? Yes; but how dull and trivial and irrelevant many of them seemed! How curiously selected, those fateful passages of prose and verse!

I had a vision of my sufferings in the long hot afternoons when we stood up, thirty-six of us in a line. IRACUNDUS sat at his desk, and stroked his beard, and played with the destinies of the afternoon. What would he select? "The Death of Hume" or "Joy Over One Sinner," or "Robinson Crusoe's Method of Making Bread," or Miall on "Political Monasticism"? Many of the pieces in the *Reader* were so forbidding that I marvelled—not that IRACUNDUS made us read them, but that he endured to hear them read; that he could calmly order us to declaim Dr. Arnold on "Classical Education" when the "Story of Le Fevre" was possible. His choice made, he called the page, and we turned to it in hope and fear. What stones we found in place of eggs! To hope for "Skating—a Man In!" and to find Hallam on "The Effects of the Feudal System"! To have *willed* "Sir Roger de Coverley at Home" (and some of us held that IRACUNDUS' choice could be silently influenced), and to be confronted with a sermon by Dr. M'Cosh! It was all very well for IRACUNDUS, who at five o'clock would go home to do what he liked and prepare for a good dinner; but to us these selections were mere incomprehensible visitations of dulness. There were pieces so arid and improving that even Hawthorne's essay, "A Rill from the Town Pump," seemed exciting. It was the Town Pump of Salem, that talked through its spout in a blend of temperance lecture and reminiscence. One passage is graven on my memory. A gouty old gentleman having taken a drink, the Pump soliloquises:

What! he limps by without so much as thanking me, as if my hospitable offers were meant only for people who have no wine cellars. Well, well, sir; no harm done, I hope. Go, draw the cork, tip the decanter; but when your great toes set you a-roaring it will be no affair of mine. If gentlemen love the pleasant titillation of the gout, it is all one to the Town Pump. This thirsty dog, with his red tongue lolling out, does not scorn my hospitality, but stands on his hind legs, and laps eagerly out of the trough. See how lightly he capers away again! Jowler, did your worship ever have the gout?

Oh, the humour we forced into this question to Jowler! As the reader of the moment stumbled toward it, the laughter of thirty-six youngsters was set on a hair-trigger, and when the question was at last enunciated with the stock accent, the explosion was instant. No iteration could stale the jest, and it is odd to think that now, when we are separated by seas, and gulfs wider than seas,

we each revert to that preposterous oasis in the reading lesson—"Jowler, did your worship ever have the gout?" The Pump goes on to babble about the days when it was a crystal spring. "Indian sagamores drank of it from time immemorial." This word sagamores pleased me hugely. I did not know what sagamores might be, but gradually visualised them as tall ancient Indians with brown skins and white beards, and heads full of the wisdom that is not in books, and the picture serves me still.

Endicott and his followers came next, and often knelt down to drink, dipping their long beards in the spring. The richest goblet, then, was of birch bark. Governor Winthrop, after a journey afoot from Boston, drank here out of the hollow of his hand. The elder Higginson here wet his palm, and laid it on the brow of the first town-born child.

This passage aggravated our schoolroom thirst. But I was fascinated by the elder Higginson, who struck me as an excessively superior person, whose palm, not the water, was the means of grace.

Oratory had a prominent place in our *Reader*, and some of us were not averse to declaiming the speeches of Chatham, Burke, Brougham, and John Bright. The gem of the speeches was Lord Thurlow's "Reply to the Duke of Grafton." It was so short that one boy had the whole of it to himself; and its splendid scorn, and *crescendo* of self-respect, brought the opportunity for much vocal display. A note in the book explained that the "Duke of Grafton had, in the House of Lords, reproached Lord Thurlow with his plebeian extraction." I am not sure that I had the clearest idea of what "plebeian extraction" might signify, but I perfectly grasped the statement that "Lord Thurlow rose from the Woolsack and advanced slowly to the place from which the Lord Chancellor addresses the House," and that he "fixed his eyes upon the Duke." Who does not know by heart that lofty reply beginning: "My Lords, I am amazed; yes, my Lords, I am amazed at his grace's speech" (the *Reader* assigned only a small *g* to his Grace), and ending thus:

Nay more, I can and will say, that as a peer of Parliament, as Speaker of this right honourable house, as Keeper of the Great Seal, as Guardian of His Majesty's conscience, as Lord High Chancellor of England; nay, even in that character alone in which the noble duke would think it an affront to be considered, but which character none can deny me—as a MAN, I am at this moment as respectable—I beg leave to add, as much respected, as the proudest peer I now look down upon.

Twenty-three years are annulled as I read the old footnote which assured us that "the effect of this speech, both within the walls of Parliament and out of them, was prodigious." Another speech was John Bright's great philippic against the "incapable and guilty Administration" which had rushed the country into the Crimean war. The passage in which he thrilled the House of Commons, by pointing to the gaps which the war had made on its own Benches, has a perennial beauty:

Here, sitting near me, very often sat the member for Frome, Colonel Boyle. I met him a short time before he went out, near Hyde Park Corner. I asked him whether he was going out? He answered, he was afraid he was; not afraid in the sense of personal fear—he knew not that; but he said, with a look and a tone I shall never forget, "It's no light matter for a man who has a wife and five little children." The stormy Euxine is now his grave. On the other side of the house sat a member with whom I was not acquainted, who has lost his life, and another of whom I knew something, Colonel Blair. Who is there that does not recollect his frank, amiable, and manly countenance? Well, but the place that knew him shall know him no more for ever.

Even here (such are the curious workings of a boy's mind when receiving new impressions) the thing that dwelt with me was the fact that John Bright had met Colonel Boyle "near Hyde Park Corner." I had yet to see London, and



this picture of one man meeting another man near Hyde Park Corner warmed my imagination far more than "the stormy Euxine," which, indeed, savoured of geography.

The contentment with which a boy will accept a collocation of words to which he can attach no meaning, but which he vaguely enjoys, is remarkable. Thus, in Lamb's essay, "In Praise of Chimney Sweepers," we were advised to give the small chimney-sweep twopenny, but "if it be starving weather, and to the proper troubles of his hard occupation a pair of kibed heels (no unusual accompaniment) be superadded, the demand on thy humanity will surely rise to a tester." Kibed heels! a tester!—how sagely some of us read these words, understanding them not at all. Coleridge's "Hymn Before Sunrise in the Vale of Chamouni" opens with the lines:

Had thou a charm to stay the morning-star  
In his steep course? So long he seems to pause  
On thy bald, awful head, O sovran Blanc!  
The Arve and Arveiron at thy base  
Rave ceaselessly.

During several years I believed the Arve and Arveiron to be a pair of witches or wizards; and perpetually I wondered what it was they raved about ceaselessly. The selection of poetry was not inspiring for boys of fourteen. We had passages from Shakespeare, Milton, Goldsmith, and Cowper. But we seemed to be always reading Mrs. Alexander's "Burial of Moses," Gray's "Elegy," and an egregious and insincere temperance poem by Dr. Johnson (who ought to be ashamed of himself for writing it), beginning:

Oh, water for me, bright water for me,  
Give wine to the tremulous debauchee.

It is a pity that the "Elegy" is put before boys, to be conned and monotoned until their chance of enjoying it in middle life is lost. To boys the whole poem is unreal, and its effect is but to freeze the genial current of their souls.

Rarely, rarely, came the spirit of delight in those reading classes of the late seventies! Once I was under the spell of literature; once there came a reading which left more than a phrase to pursue me through life. It ended with these words: "The genius making no answer, I turned about to address myself to him a second time, but I found that he had left me. I then turned again to the vision which I had been so long contemplating; but, instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long, hollow valley of Bagdat, with oxen, sheep, and camels grazing upon the sides of it." And remembering the spell which the "Vision of Mirza" threw over me in the great schoolroom, I have thought that such impressions should have been many, not few. That they were few seems to have been no fault of mine. Our *Reader* was in all things too improving: its essays were dry and its stories flabby, and little that was spacious or beautiful to a boy's apprehension was to be found between its covers. Of romance hardly a hint. When I find that I can return to such pages with affection, I am led to wonder whether the ideal school *Reader* exists—a *Reader* which with psychological insight gives boys the best and strongest they are able to receive, yet plays tenderly on tender minds. He who compiles a school Reading-book has a great opportunity. Has that opportunity been fully taken? I merely ask. Z.

In some states, as a consequence of the violent movements experienced in almost all directions, there has come about a certain overpressure in the system of education, the harm of which will be more generally felt hereafter; though even now it is perfectly well recognised by capable and honest authorities. Capable men live in a sort of despair over the fact that they are bound by the rules of their office to teach and communicate things which they look upon as useless and hurtful.—*Goswami*.

## Professions for Boys.

THE picture of the British parent with a son of fifteen to launch into life is a rather pathetic one. He is confronted by innumerable wicket-gates, each of them guarded by a gentleman in cap and gown holding a packet of examination papers, and by another gentleman, no less terrifying and important, jingling a still hungry bag of sovereigns. Through which of these wicket-gates shall he propel his progeny with any certainty that, admittance gained, the path will lead to a competency and an honoured old age? How, even, with the crowd of other anxious parents jostling him, is he to come near the wicket-gates at all? It is to aid the parent in estimating the difficulties, the expenses, and the chances by the various professions that Messrs. Pechell and Nolan have compiled their volume on *Professions for Boys* (Beeton & Co.), of which a second and enlarged edition has just appeared.

The first thing that strikes one in turning the pages of this work, which is severely prosaic and statistical, is the amazing number of careers open to the British boy wherein he may be reasonably sure of making a comfortable living. The second thing to give the reader pause is the fearful tangle of examinations through which the British parent must project a speculative eye before he can choose his son's career. There is, perhaps, something encouraging in this to those who rejoice in the opening up of all professions to brains, and scorn the days when money bought entrance, and interest secured promotion. It is as though the army, the navy, the Church, and the stage, to say nothing of the Institute of Chartered Accountants, the profession of dentistry, and the agricultural interest, should offer a delightful income on an ascending scale to any youth who can make 60 per cent. of the marks on an examination paper. One might imagine that as education is, technically, free—and education is the key to all the professions—the British parent might give his son a free choice. But if the parent reads this book with the attention it merits, he will find to his dismay that the education which the Civil Service Commissioners, for instance, require is by no means free, and that not even the Church is open to the aspiring candidate without an outlay which must run into several hundreds of pounds.

Take, for example, the army. Purchase in the army has been abolished for a generation. But what happens when the parent determines to send his son into the army by way of Sandhurst. There are several public schools which take the boy of fifteen into an army class and pass him successfully through the entrance examination to Sandhurst? The average boy, however, will not get through without the crammer's aid, which will cost anything up to £500. Expenses at Sandhurst will amount to about £150 a year, while outfit, uniform, books, &c., will account for something like another £200. So that the newly-joined subaltern has cost his father, as a rule, about £1,000 since he left school. Wherefore the parent gains little from the abolition of the purchase system. To enter the navy is somewhat less expensive. From the time he proceeds to the *Britannia* training ship, to the day when he is appointed midshipman, the naval officer will have cost his father about £800. Furthermore, it must be remembered that neither the sub-lieutenant in the navy nor the subaltern in the army can possibly subsist on the pay he receives from the nation he fights for.

More cheerful, at the first glance, is the prospect offered to the British parent by the Civil Service. There are sixty thousand civil servants in the United Kingdom alone, and everyone of these can live on his pay so soon as he has won his appointment. Moreover, the first class Government clerk has a very generous pay to live upon, while the Indian civilian is worth "four hundred a year alive or dead" so soon as he has satisfied the examiners.

But in spite of all that has lately been done to amalgamate the examinations for Home and India Civil Service

and to raise the age of admission so as to open the competition to the best men from the Universities—in spite of all this, the crammer has not been eliminated. And the parent who would see his son a member of the finest Civil Service in the world must not only have a son whose brains are well above the average, but he must also have a purse that will stand a pretty considerable drain.

Looking further down the list of possibilities, we find every Government appointment, in Patent Office, Office of Woods, Excise, and Courts of Justice is hedged by an examination; that candidates are so numerous that only the best prepared can succeed, and that special preparation implies special expense. Outside the Government service, too, the man in cap and gown meets the youth at every gateway. Suppose, for example, he wishes to be an accountant. The Institute of Chartered Accountants confronts him—in cap and gown—with a Preliminary, an Intermediate, and a Final, in which he must show knowledge of the rights and duties of liquidators, trustees, and receivers; of the bankruptcy law, and the law of arbitration and awards, as well as of some such subject as botany, animal physiology, or electricity. Even the bank clerk is encouraged to present himself for examination, and it is only a question of time for the farmer to flaunt a degree at the weekly market.

On the whole this volume opens a somewhat appalling prospect to the British parent, seeing that nearly every profession but that of the stockbroker involves an examination, or even several examinations; the unpleasant chance of failure when it is too late to change, and the certainty of heavy fees for special preparation. And the Stock Exchange, with its necessity for plentiful capital and heavy guarantee, is not a profession for the million. At the end of the volume, however, the parent may find some small consolation. If his son has failed for the navy, the army, and the civil services; if he show no disposition for architecture, the stage, or fruit-growing in the Channel Islands, if he cannot obtain even a post as secretary or teacher, he may, provided he be of good physique, obtain a billet in the Natal police, wherein "the mental examination demands intelligence." Supposing, too, that his intelligence has not reached the requisite pitch by the time he is thirty, he has five more years in which to qualify for the Durban police. If he cannot satisfy this test by the time he is thirty-five, one might almost despair of finding him a profession at all, were it not that our authors have dropped a curious little article on "The Church Missionary Society" into the closing pages of their book. From the missionary, as from the stockbroker, no examination is required. But his wife, for obvious reasons, must be suitable; and we gather that the hire is worthy of the labourer.

## Text-Books, School Books, &c.

### English Books.

*Selections from the Sources of English History.* Edited by Prof. C. W. Colby. (Longmans.)

THE object of this book is to give the student a notion of the kind of materials out of which his Bright or Gardiner or Ransome or Oman is constructed. It consists of a series of extracts, translated where necessary, from important historical documents, from chroniclers, and from letters, diaries and the like, such as the "Paston Letters," contemporary with the events they record. Prof. Colby's selection, his bibliographical notes on the writers quoted, and his introduction on the study of first-hand literary material are all admirable, and the book must be highly recommended to any teacher who wishes to make the study of history a living thing. Its only fault is that, as it covers the whole course of English history, the extracts are necessarily neither long enough

nor numerous enough; and here it is at a disadvantage when compared with the little series of "periods" compiled, if we remember rightly, by Prof. York Powell and others, under the title of "English History from Contemporary Writers." We are rather amused to find Prof. Colby, who writes for boys "sixteen years old," telling them that they may meet with some unfamiliar allusions, "but few which a glance at the *Encyclopædia Britannica* will not clear up." Prof. Colby holds a chair at the McGill University. Surely boys of sixteen do not, in America, use the *Encyclopædia Britannica* as an habitual book of reference!

*Julius Cæsar.* Edited by Mr. Brimley Johnson. (Blackwood.)

THIS book is intended for junior forms, and Mr. Johnson has attempted to concentrate interest upon the story of the play without dwelling unduly upon the *minutæ* either of philology or of literary criticism. The introduction is full, but hardly explanatory enough for the class of readers aimed at. We observe a mistake of "Macklyn's Diary" for "Machyn's Diary." The notes are numerous and very brief; but there are already a score of school editions of *Julius Cæsar*, and there is no very marked distinction between Mr. Johnson's and several of these.

*Lays of Ancient Rome.* Edited by J. H. Flather. (Pitt Press.)

EXCELLENT as this Reader is, it can hardly be said to supply a felt want. The *Lays*, however, although Matthew Arnold did call them "pinchbeck," are an excellent initiation into literature, and we are glad to find boys encouraged to read them. Mr. Flather has supplied all the information that could conceivably be required in addition to Macaulay's own prefaces and notes.

*English Etymology.* By Dr. F. Kluge and Dr. F. Lutz. (Blackie.)

THIS is not a treatise, but a "select glossary." The authors write: "We have confined ourselves to selecting all words the history of which bears on the development of the language at large. We have, therefore, in the first place, traced back to the older periods loan words of Scandinavian, French, and Latin origin, and such genuine English words as may afford matter for linguistic investigation." The book should prove a powerful rival to the well-known "Concise Dictionary" of Prof. Skeat, to whom, of course, the authors, as they gracefully acknowledge, owe much. The relation of English words to their Teutonic and Romance relatives is very clearly and simply set out, and as the arrangement is alphabetical, the glossary is a much more practical one to consult than Prof. Skeat's learned and original volume. Of course, however, it is not quite so complete. The authors throw out a useful hint to teachers when they suggest the value of dealing with a group of words at a time. "Special interest attaches, for instance, to words of early Christian origin, to the names of festivals and the days of the week. Besides these, the names of the various parts of the house and of the materials used in building, the words for cattle and the various kinds of meat, for eating and drinking, &c., might be made the subject of a suggestive discussion. On treating etymology in this way, the teacher will have the advantage of converting a lesson on the growth of the English language into an inquiry into the history of the Anglo-Saxon race, thus lending to a naturally dry subject a fresh charm and a deeper meaning." There are some fascinating studies in this mode of treatment in Prof. Karl Pearson's *Chances of Death*. Mr. Lyde has taught geography to 200 pupils a day for twelve years, and has examined 25,000 candidates in the subject during the last five years. Therefore he ought to know something about it.

*Geography of Africa.* By L. W. Lyde. (Black.)

EXCELLENTLY lucid and well-arranged. Mr. Lyde is to be commended for the care he takes to bring out the dependence of the civilisation of countries on their physical features, and for his wise decision to exclude small maps from his book, thereby sending students back to their neglected atlases. On the other hand, a little more anthropology would not have been amiss. Among the general chapters on Africa as a whole might have been included one on the main divisions and relationships of the native peoples.

*Blackwood's Literature Readers.* Edited by John Adams. (Blackwood.)

MR. ADAMS has gone to great pains in collecting extracts, and has compiled some ingenious questions upon them. We should have thought, nevertheless, that the obvious classics of the schoolroom, which, however hackneyed to older readers, are often all new to every fresh generation, would have served the educational purpose just as well as some of his more out-of-the-way selections. The "First Reader" contains some rather amazing things. It opens with an extract, translated from the German, in which occurs the phrase, "Edward slept hardly any that night"; and in an account of Polyphemus, "adapted from Homer," the child is told that the Cyclops had "one long eyelash going from ear to ear." We cannot think whom the "Fourth Reader" is meant for. A boy or girl capable of appreciating snippets from Sterne and Izaak Walton and Samuel Butler should not be reading snippets at all.

*The Adventures of Beowulf.* Paraphrased and edited by Miss Clara Thomson. (Marshall.)

THE introduction, giving an account of the conjectured early Teutonic life and poetry, is admirable; the paraphrase itself a little less so. Miss Thomson is too much under the dominion of a Latinised vocabulary; and you can only paraphrase *Beowulf* by sticking as closely as possible to the Anglo-Saxon. William Morris, in his best moods, should have been the model.

*Selections from Addison's Spectator.* Edited by Mrs. Martin. (Blackie.)

THIS is an abridgment of an earlier selection by Mrs. Barbauld, and most of the introduction is Mrs. Barbauld's also. The volume is a useful addition to Messrs. Blackie's marvellously good and cheap "School and Home Library."

*Kant on Education.* By Miss Annette Churton. (Kegan Paul.)

HERE we have the somewhat scrappy notes for Kant's lectures on "Pædagogics" brought out by his pupil, Theodor Rink; and Mrs. Rhys Davids has contributed a suggestive introduction on the bearing of Kant's views, and especially on their relation to the revolutionary doctrines of Rousseau.

## Latin.

*Virgil: Georgic III., and Virgil: Æneid XI.* Edited by T. E. Page, M.A. (Macmillan & Co.)

MR. PAGE has here given, in his additions to this well-known series of Elementary Classics, examples of careful and thorough editing. Every possible difficulty is explained, and all allusions of the most learned of ancient poets carefully unfolded. The vocabularies are sufficiently full, that to *Æneid XI.* being the work of Rev. G. H. Hall, whose philological suggestions are sufficient for beginners—pegs on which a teacher could hang much useful and pleasant learning for apt pupils. The introductions, which, of course, are for the most part identical, are good, and the literary comparisons made or suggested throughout them and the notes are excellent. Either would be a good term's work in Latin poetry.

*The Æneid of Vergil.* Book XII. Edited by A. Sidgwick, M.A. (Cambridge: University Press.)

THE editor's fine scholarship and critical faculty are again shown in this little book, and his handling of the last is not less admirable than that of the first book of the great Roman epic—which latter we reviewed just a year ago. Writing for learners more mature than Mr. Page's, the style is more severe, and the teaching perhaps more systematic. We notice as particularly useful the notes on similes and on subjunctive uses, and the index to the notes.

*Vergil's Æneid.* Books I.—III. Edited by W. Coultts, M.A. (W. H. White & Co.)

MR. COULTTS has taken great pains with this edition, and has made it certainly useful for the lower forms of schools. The Life shows much reading, and is pleasantly written, and the summaries give the story at considerable length. We think the addition of a vocabulary, where so large a part of the poem is read, of doubtful value: a dictionary, and a good one, is required. The notes are full, but simple, confined almost entirely to points of grammar and translation. We regret that we cannot give more praise to what is evidently the fruit of much labour and thought.

*Cæsar de Bello Gallico.* Book III. Edited for Beginners by E. S. Shuckburgh, M.A. (Cambridge: University Press.)

THIS, and the companion volume, Book IV., by the same editor, may be noticed together. They belong to the same series as Mr. Sidgwick's *Vergil* in separate books, and are thoroughly well done. The historian of Rome, whose *Elementary History* is one of the best introductions we know to its subject, naturally dwells specially on the historical aspects of his author; and the sketch-maps and illustrative drawings are excellent features. The notes are good and short, and the modern names of Gaulish places always given. Maps of France, to face those of Gaul, would make the book complete. The introduction to Book IV., in itself the most interesting to English boys, is even better than that to Book III.

*Satura Grammatica; or, Latin Critical Notes.* By E. G. A. Beckwith, B.A. (Bell & Sons.)

THE author's modesty disarms criticism of these somewhat unsystematic notes, which are avowedly only practical hints on grammar, for the use of candidates for military examinations. The work of such a book can only be tested in practice, but it deals with an astonishing variety of points, and is always clear, and generally correct. There are, however, some obvious misprints: Lewis (and Short)'s Dictionary we know, but not *Lewes*, and "shake" reads queerly for *anguis* (p. 67).

## Greek.

*Xenophon: Anabasis IV.* Edited by G. M. Edwards, M.A. (Cambridge: University Press.)

WE have nothing but praise for this admirable little book. Introduction, notes, and vocabulary are all equally good. Points of history, grammatical uses, and Greek military and social customs are all made clear and interesting, and no better edition could be desired for schoolboys of this masterly narrative of one of the greatest achievements in ancient or modern warfare. The translations given in the notes deserve special praise.

*The Medea of Euripides.* Edited by P. B. Halcombe, M.A. (Blackie.)

MR. HALCOMBE has here made a bold attempt to simplify a great Greek play by cutting out the choruses, and connecting the iambic portions by current English prose. It is doubtful whether such an attempt can succeed, and a lover of Greek poetry rather resents it. Apart from this sentiment, the work is excellent, and the book is thoroughly well equipped for beginners.

*Plato: Ion.* Edited by J. Thompson, M.A. (Camb.), and T. R. Mills, M.A. (Oxon.). (W. B. Clive, Univ. Corr. Coll. Press.)

THIS is a very happy result of scholarly co-operation, and a valuable addition to the texts annotated for the London University examinations. A useful introduction gives all information required for understanding the beautiful dialogue that follows; the text is admirably printed; and the very full notes leave nothing to be desired. As the student of Plato must have a considerable knowledge of Greek, there is no vocabulary. The little paragraph on the Socratic method (p. 15) deserves to be singled out as an excellent piece of condensed comment, and the running analysis in the notes is most helpful.

### French.

*The Study of Colloquial and Literary French.* By P. Shaw Jeffrey, M.A. (Whittaker & Co.)

IT is impossible in our limits to do justice to this book, which is a thorough-going, comprehensive, and detailed method of study. Founded on the German work of Dr. Koschwitz, it has been modified to suit the more direct and practical, if less scientific, needs of our own people. It deals, with admirable fulness, with every department of the study of French—language, history, and people; gives the best authorities, native and foreign (alas, that so few are English!); summarises the standards of examination and the courses of instruction in our own country; and points out with clearness and precision the best way of following these up by residence and study abroad. The concluding bibliography is particularly good, and we heartily commend the book to all interested in any part of its subject.

*A Historical French Grammar.* By Arsène Darmesteter. English edition by Alphonse Hartog. (Macmillan.)

THE early death of the author of this book was a severe loss to European language-study, as was that of his equally famous and gifted brother James to Oriental letters. But this part of his work has been carefully revised and completed by the competent hands of MM. Muret and Sudre, and, as now put into English dress, deserves a hearty welcome. Based originally on lectures delivered to classes of young women, the book is one of admirable lucidity and profound learning pleasantly conveyed. The growth of the language, in its pronunciation, word-forms, and syntax, is traced with the firm hand of real genius through every stage, from the rough speech of Roman settlers in Gaul to the polished, copious, and elegant language of modern France. The most fascinating division of the work is that which deals with the formation and life of words (Book III.), while the most learned and useful, as also the most difficult, is that which deals with the phonology—the progressive development of sounds. Students of scientific French grammar will join with the present book—to confine them to English authorities—Brachet's *Historical Grammar* and *Dictionary*, in the latest editions; these three books will give them all that is needed for a sound introduction to French philology.

*Historical French Grammar.* By Ernest Weekley, M.A. (Blackie & Son.)

PROF. WEEKLEY has done a great deal of excellent work in promoting the study of French, as we have often had pleasure in showing, and the present little book is a useful addition to that work. Like most of what he has done, it is prepared for the use of those studying for the examinations of the London University, and is well calculated to meet their requirements. The laws of sound and of word-formation, and the historical accidence, are stated and illustrated as clearly and fully as his narrow limits will allow; and the chapter on metre, which closes the book, is a valuable contribution to a subject too much neglected.

*Songs of Béranger.* With Introduction, Notes, and Vocabulary by George H. Ely, B.A. (Blackie & Son.)

THESE seventeen songs from the genial French *chansonnier* are delightful, and give us views of his many-sided joyous and tender nature. The short introduction gives all that is wanted to understand the man and his work, the notes explain everything that might be unfamiliar, and a vocabulary makes the little book complete. It would be hard to find a nicer class-book.

*Les deux Bossus.* By Henry Carnoy. Edited by Emile B. Le François. (Blackie.)

HERE we have a delightful fairy story, nicely printed, and carefully edited for children. The reward of good temper and the punishment of envy, as shown in the opposite fates of the two hunchbacks, should convey wholesome instruction to opening minds.

*Les Violettes Blanches.* Par Emile Richebourg. Edited by F. Julien. (Macmillan.)

THIS is, like others of this Primary Series, a charming and simple story, that of the struggles and love of a young peasant who becomes a famous artist, and it is well chosen for children. The vocabulary, however, should be completely revised, as at present it is neither complete nor quite correct. We have also missed notes on some grammatical points that require them. It is a dangerous thing to omit from a vocabulary words of similar form in both languages (pp. 60, 61), as the shades of meaning are often very different.

*Cinq-Mars.* Par Alfred de Vigny. Adapted and edited by G. G. Loane, M.A. (Macmillan.)

THIS new volume of Siepmann's Series is a welcome addition to it. The plan of the series is now well known, and has again been excellently carried out. *Cinq-Mars* is, perhaps, the very best example of the romantic school of historical fiction in France, and is a delightful story in Scott's manner. To bring it within the editor's limits, he has been obliged to give only the main story, but this has been skilfully done. The introduction, though short, gives a very good view of the historical setting of the plot, and the notes are satisfactory.

*Picciola.* By X. B. Saintine. Edited by Arthur R. Ropes, M.A. (Cambridge: University Press.)

MR. ROPES is an excellent editor, and this pretty new edition of Saintine's story should revive its old popularity as a school book. The notes are clear and brief, and every point of difficulty seems to be disposed of; while the introductory note gives a sufficient account of the book and its author. Mr. Ropes, we observe, no longer refers to any special French Grammar.

*French Historical Unseens.* By N. E. Toke, B.A. (Blackwood.)

THIS is an admirable choice of pieces for translation at sight, and will be found useful for all classes that have mastered the elements of French. The historical extracts, averaging a page each, deal with the most interesting facts of the history of France, from Henry IV. to 1871, and are gathered from the masters of French prose. The second part of the book is made up of an equally well-made choice of extracts from general literature, a sketch of the history, lives of authors, and historical and biographical notes.

*Elementary French Grammar.* By Charles S. Le Harivel. (Oliver & Boyd.)

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*An Intermediate Text-book of Geology.* By Charles Lapworth. (William Blackwood & Sons.)

THE late Prof. Page's *Introductory Text-book of Geology*, with which every student of geology is familiar, has undergone a complete metamorphosis at the hands of Prof. Lapworth. The book has been entirely re-written, and some hundred pages have been added. When it is remembered that the first edition of the original work was published in 1854, and that this year is the centenary of the recognition of geology as a more or less exact science, it will be seen that extensive changes were necessary to bring the book up to date. These have been gradually introduced in the twelve previous editions, but the thirteenth issue only resembles the earlier ones in the general sequence of the subjects dealt with. Though the volume still meets the requirements of beginners, yet the student who has assimilated all the information which it contains will have a very fair knowledge of the guiding principles of the science. The maps which have been added to this edition, though small and somewhat crowded, will be of service in leading the reader to what must always be the most valuable part of geological study, namely fieldwork. Several new illustrations have been added, and the summaries at the ends of the chapters have been recast. In its revised form the volume provides teachers and students with a trustworthy and interesting account of the chief points of a fascinating subject.



## Metallurgy and Chemistry.

*Handbook of Metallurgy.* By Carl Schnabel. Translated by Henry Louis. 2 vols. (Macmillan.)

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*A Course of Practical Chemistry.* Part II., Intermediate. By M. M. Pattison-Muir, M.A. (Longmans.)

THE second part of Mr. Pattison-Muir's *Course of Practical Chemistry* is a book of 234 pages, with only twenty-one illustrations, and some of these not very good. The course began in the first part published previously is here carried some steps farther, the student being introduced to volumetric analysis; the preparation of certain oxides, a few salts, and a series of compounds of chromium; the examination of complex mixtures qualitatively; and the gravimetric estimation of a few typical elements. Though the selection of subjects dealt with leaves much to be desired, the student who has carefully worked through this volume and its predecessor should have a fair knowledge of qualitative and quantitative analysis.

*Progressive Lessons in Science.* By A. Abbott and Arthur Key. (Blackie & Son.)

THE *Progressive Lessons in Science* is really two books bound together in one volume. The first part, by Mr. Abbott, is a well-arranged series of experiments in chemistry for elementary students, and calls for no particular remark, except that many similar books are already in existence. The second part is of a much more original character. Mr. Key starts by informing the reader of the quantitative composition of blood, and then proceeds, in a series of experimental lessons, to trace the various constituents in the blood in foods of various kinds, and to ultimately trace them back to the soil. The plan is ingenious, and at first sight appears educative, but we are extremely sceptical of a youngster's ability to follow the intricate argument involved.

## Mathematics.

*An Introduction to the Mathematical Theory of Attraction.* By Francis A. Tarleton. (Longmans.)

THE theory of attraction is very rightly described by Prof. Tarleton as "the portal to most of the higher departments of mathematical physics," and it was a good idea to bring together in one book a satisfactory treatment of this important branch of mathematics. Hitherto the student has had to consult several volumes to find an adequate treatment of the subjects here dealt with. In the future much valuable time and effort will be saved. Everything

possible seems to have been done to make the work of the student as easy as possible, and teachers will look forward to the publication of the sequel which Prof. Tarleton promises.

*Elementary Trigonometry.* Part I. By A. J. Pressland and Charles Tweedie. (Oliver & Boyd.)

THOUGH styled an "elementary" trigonometry the book of Messrs. Pressland and Tweedie is not exactly one to place in the hands of a boy beginning the study of this interesting section of mathematics. At the same time, in the upper mathematical forms of our larger schools, where the elements of trigonometry have been already mastered, the book could be read with great advantage. The prominence given to graphical illustration, and the large use made of the method of projection, would present, in a new and suggestive light, truths of which some knowledge has been previously gained.

*Practical Plane and Solid Geometry.* By James Riddell. (Oliver & Boyd.)

MR. RIDDEL deals with descriptive geometry as far as it is included in the elementary stage of the practical plane and solid geometry syllabus of the Department of Science and Art. Though there is no lack of illustrations, many of them are too small to be immediately clear to a beginner, and some pages are so closely printed that they are sure to appear unattractive to boys, who abhor books which, by reason of their long paragraphs, look "dry." At the same time, the student who is uninfluenced by such considerations will find an ample exposition of an important subject.

## Miscellaneous.

*A Manual of Psychology.* Vol. II. By G. F. Stout. (W. B. Clive.)

THE absence of vague generalisations, which distinguished the first volume of Dr. Stout's manual of psychology, is also a marked characteristic of the second part, which can now be obtained separately. The lucidity of the argument and the profusion of illustrative examples is maintained, and the undergraduate who proposes to offer psychology as a subject in his final examination cannot do better than prepare himself under Dr. Stout's guidance. This second volume is concerned with perception, as well as with ideational and conceptual processes. The dissertation on the emotions and the treatment of spatial and temporal perceptions includes everything necessary for a first study of these sections of one of the youngest of the sciences.

*The Elements of Sociology.* By Franklin H. Giddings. (The Macmillan Co.)

PROF. GIDDINGS is already known in this country as a writer on sociological problems. His larger book on *The Principles of Sociology* has already been translated into French, Russian, and Spanish; and another volume on the *Theory of Socialisation* has been translated into Italian. A new volume by an authority who exerts so wide an influence is sure of a careful and sympathetic examination. It is only in recent years that it has come to be recognised that the aggregation of men into societies is governed by certain laws which become every year better defined and more thoroughly understood. There is, moreover, a growing tendency to attach a proper importance, in schemes of education, to a training in the duties of citizenship; and those teachers who recognise the necessity for some attempt to so instruct their pupils that they may take an intelligent part in the work of the community to which they belong will be well advised in acquainting themselves with what Prof. Giddings thinks should properly be included in a school course for boys and girls during their last terms at school.

## Prize-Day Platitudes.

To the radically minded educationist the annual prize distribution in our public schools is one of the saddest of educational functions. Many of those who listened to the popular platitudes of the prize distributions at the end of last term, and, while they listened called to mind the voice of Reform now crying in the educational wilderness, must have been deeply depressed by a sense of the wrong-headedness of the whole proceeding of prize-giving as it is—the false ideals held out to adolescent youth and the false rewards recommended to their imagination as an equivalent for misspent energy. Not that any blame attaches to the pupils, who act and believe as they are taught to act and believe, or the distinguished ladies and gentlemen who preside at these functions and do their level best to shake the false beliefs out of the minds of the prize-winners and replace them by nobler ideals and aspirations of a purer nature than those by virtue of which the prizes are won. The blame lies at the door of corrupt traditions and an unscientific system, which attaches infinitely more importance and value to the instruments of education than to its ultimate object and purpose. The truth of this indictment—by no means a new one—is thrown into relief by three assertions made by speakers at the recent prize-givings. The Rev. George Richardson, on retiring from the position of second master at Winchester College, ventured the prediction “that in fifty years’ time even some of the great public schools will be mixed schools for boys and girls.” Lord Rosebery, speaking at Epsom College, said “the first and primary object of every school was to turn out men . . . If a school succeeded in that, then he, for one, put all the studies of science, classics, and mathematics in the second position.” Prof. Jebb, speaking at St. Olave’s Grammar School, Southwark, said: “If the best educational use was to be made of school time, a boy must have his intelligence and imagination trained by literary study . . . using the word literature in the largest sense, to include the best British books and the history of our own country. He strongly advocated the teaching of poetry in schools.” These three remarks at once touch three characteristic weak spots in our educational system, and point to three great aspirations of the new education. From a false notion of manliness, coupled with an equally false notion of womanliness, we deprive both boys and girls of the benefits to be derived by contact of the distinctive virtues of manhood and womanhood. In a blind race after scholarship so called, we neglect the culture of true wisdom and forget that the function of the public school is, not to turn out a few intellectual prodigies, but to make every single boy or girl it contains a wise, capable, and worthy man or woman. Lastly, deluded by the will-o’-the-wisps of science, commercialism, and similar partial developments of the child’s mind, we forget utterly to give prizes for that all-round culture which can only be produced by the study of literature in the wide definition given by Prof. Jebb—prizes for manliness, gentleness, unselfishness, patience, courage, common sense, handiness—in a word, for real wisdom and worth.—*The Educational Review*.

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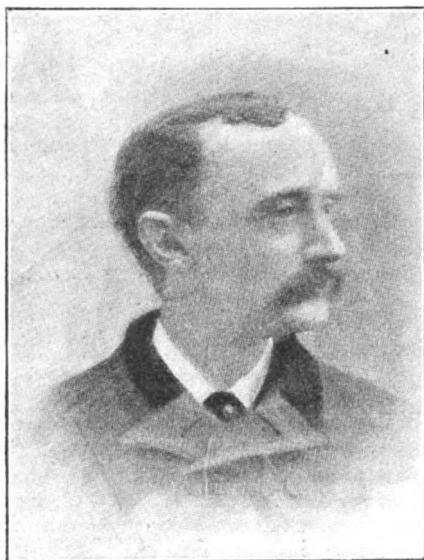
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## "David Harum."

## An Enquiry.

THE name of Noyes Westcott bears no significance in England. Even the careful student of literary organs, the man who can follow intelligently the allusiveness of our most encyclopædic *chroniqueurs*, would scarcely recognise it. But in America this banker who began to write



NOYES WESTCOTT, AUTHOR OF "DAVID HARUM."

at the age of fifty and finished his first book on his death-bed, is universally famous as the author of a novel whose success is likely to eclipse even that of *Trilby*. Some two hundred and fifty thousand copies of *David Harum* have been sold within a year. Among ourselves such a record would be impossible for any work appealing, as *David Harum* certainly does, to what it is convenient to term the educated classes, the classes which support the best magazines. In the United States, that *riesenheim*, though all things are possible there, a like phenomenon cannot occur more than a few times in a century. To give a just idea of its singularity is difficult, for the meaning of figures may not be conveyed by words. In literature the phrase "a quarter of a million" is a phrase merely, as a "billion" is a phrase in geology. To grasp it, comparisons must be used. Let us observe that as many copies of *David Harum* are bought in a couple of months as of, say, *The Jungle Book* in five years.

If *David Harum* contains any surprise, it is, not that the public should be so easily pleased, but that an amateur of letters should have been able to produce such good work, and that such good work should be so widely appreciated. Noyes Westcott may have been an everyday person, which is to say, a non-spiritual person, seeing what he saw with everyday eyes; he may have been heedless of the subtler mani-

festations of beauty; he may not have discovered with de Maupassant that words have souls, or with Flaubert that sentiment is the devil. *David Harum* remains—*David Harum* will probably remain for some years—a convincing and delightful creation, and, in the sense that it sticks in the memory, a memorable one.

Though he is a mere beholder of such direct action as the novel contains, David actually constitutes the whole book. He is the book. Without him there is nothing, unless it be his sister and housekeeper, old Mrs. Bixbee, who is really part and parcel of him—his necessary complement. I have called him a creation. The charm of the character-drawing in a work of fiction may lie in the manner of revealing a familiar type, or it may lie in the native originality and attractiveness of the character presented. In the first case the reader's pleasure is æsthetic; in the second it is partly æsthetic and partly "of the human heart," in varying proportions. In the first case the author's achievement is chiefly a portrait; in the second it is chiefly a creation, though here also (some authors are lucky) it may be chiefly a portrait. Whether Noyes Westcott found David Harum or created him I do not know. Nor is the fact so important as it may seem, since fiction is more properly concerned with presentation than with the creation of unusual types (else were Dickens the greatest of all novelists). The important fact is, that David Harum, the character presented, has, apart from any art or skill of presenting, an extraordinary fascination and delectability, and that the success of the book is less literary than something else—call it a success of humanity.

David Harum, the rustic banker of Homeville, in New York State, has many qualities. As a banker, of course, he is gifted with shrewdness; but his genius for mercantile transactions, surpassing that of a banker, rises to that of a horse-dealer. Banking was his vocation, horse-dealing his recreation—a recreation at once exciting and profitable. Horse-dealing gave scope for those other gifts of wit, humour, and retort, which he possessed to such a remarkable degree. In effective retort he never failed. When taxed with attempting to buy a horse on the Sabbath, he replied: "The better the day the better the deal." That was a fair sample of his deadly impromptus. Really literate, he delighted, as many literate people do, to use the most outrageous dialect, the most monstrous slang. If a young lady pleases him, he expresses his appreciation thus: "That girl o' your'n, if you don't mind my sayin' it, comes as near bein' a full team an' a cross dog under the wagin as you c'n git." Nearly the whole of his talk is stable slang of an inspired kind; and the invariable humour of his reminiscences often serves to disguise, or to distract attention from, his superbly dishonest attitude in a horse-bargain. Within the bank his uprightness was unquestioned. On the road or in the stable-yard he abandoned all codes save his own, for he regarded horse-dealing as an affair set apart—the one unique thing lying outside the scope of the Commandments.

A hoss-trade ain't like anythin' else. A feller may be straighter 'n a string in ev'rythin' else, an' never tell the truth—that is, the hull truth—about a hoss. I trade hosses with hoss-traders. They all think they know as much as I do, an' I dunno but what they do. They hain't learnt no different anyway, an' they've had chances enough. If a feller come to me that didn't think he knowed anythin' about a hoss, an' wanted to buy on the square, he'd git, fur's I knew, square treatment. At any rate, I'd tell him all 't I knew. But when one o' them smart Alecks comes along and cal'lates to do up old Dave, why he's got to take his chances, that's all.

*David Harum*, however, is not, as many paragraphers have loosely stated, a mere collection of horse-stories. A few are told at the beginning of the book, but they cease at page 21, and then there is no semblance of a horse-story till page 228. The middle and larger part of the book, since there is very little direct action except at the beginning and the end, consists of David's gossip about the past—talk so

miscellaneous as to indicate plainly that the author was several times at a loss how to impel forward a plot which obstinately refused to make progress of its own accord. Much of this reminiscence is, in essence, extremely sentimental. Indeed, after its humour and half-cynic wit, the book is most remarkable for its sentimentality. Sixty pages are given to the recital of a Christmas Day saturated with "seasonableness"; of these sixty, twenty describe the dinner. And the episode of David's magnificent requital to the widow of the man who had taken him, as a tattered starving boy, to the local circus and filled him up with gingerbread, is a vast orgy of sentiment—delicately served, be it said. This episode, quite the best-imagined thing in the novel, must have had much to do with its popularity.

When we leave David Harum, who is the spectator of the story, and come to the story itself, we find that Noyes Westcott has merely imitated, but imitated very well, the latest fashion in novels of American society. There are a dozen regular contributors to *Harper's*, the *Century*, and the *Ladies' Home Journal* capable of recording the courtship of John Lenox precisely as Westcott has recorded it. No doubt this fact has steadied the book, adding respectability to its credentials, and preserving it from the risks incident to entire newness. Howells, Davis, and Sara Jeannette Duncan: mix them, and you will obtain at once that atmosphere of luxury, correctness, cosmopolitanism, *badiane*, and nicely tempered passion which is served out by the great publishing firms at the beginning of every month. They are marvellously alike, these unexceptionable tales: Fifth Avenue, Italy, saloon deck of the *Oceanic*—and the special atmosphere: there you have it. As in a thousand others, so in *David Harum*.

In England *David Harum* has aroused very little attention. Novels which excite America seldom or never meet with anything but indifference here. The reason usually is, either that they are imitations (a little weak, but wholly unashamed) of styles distinctively English (this applies especially to historical novels), or that they are quite beneath our standard, American taste being as yet behind our own. But neither of these charges can be enforced against *David Harum*. It owes nothing to English models; and it is at once capable and modest, certainly superior to several conspicuous English successes of recent months. Why, then, should it not have succeeded here as in America? The answer is not forthcoming. The main causes operating against success were, perhaps, extremely subtle in character, scarcely to be seized. Without doubt the "society" part of the book, while helping it in America, would hinder it in England, but not, I think, seriously. The explanation lies elsewhere. Of one thing I am convinced, that David Harum himself would have enchanted these isles if he had been properly introduced to them. Had Noyes Westcott been fortunately "discovered" in the right quarters, had his book been nicely heralded, had it been backed by a sufficient moral force, had fifty little things happened—then the fame of *David Harum* might have filled the country.

E. A. B.

## Reflections of a Drunkard on the Banks of the Rhine.

(From the French.)

How glorious is this Universe—  
But why, O Lord, amidst the scene  
So much plain water intersperse?  
More pleased by far would I have been,  
If 'stead of water's vapid sheen  
Rolled wine in generous floods of red  
Along the ancient river's bed.  
Yet not to make an element  
Of Wine perhaps was kindly meant—  
In this the Lord has prudence shown,  
I would have drunk the World alone.

PAUL SWINBURNE.

## Essays in Enthusiastic Journalism.

### III.—"Phyllida; or, The Milkmaid."

As *Le Petit Journal des Refusées* was a reaction from the *Lark*, in the direction of unbridled nonsense and unconventionality, so *Phyllida* was an effort to give scope to literary ideas of the more critical sort, which were too formal to be tolerated in our monthly. The *Lark* eschewed criticism of any sort, and ignored the mention of current literature. The purely literary topic had no place in its pages, and the "local colour" of San Francisco received scant notice. To have our say, then, as others used: to build from the nucleus of *les jeunes* a literary coterie in California, that had recidivated from its former distinction as the birthplace of so many successes in letters, *Phyllida; or, The Milkmaid* was founded.

It seemed to us that it was possible to obtain a popular favour for a small folio, semi-monthly sheet, which should contain lithe and sinewy comment, gossipy chatter, *causerie*, and reviews, "devoted to literary topics, and reflections upon the doings of the town." Had it indeed been all that, it might have succeeded, but we were not content to be formal; we cared at heart nothing for criticism, and less for the topics of the town! We had but little to say, yet it was our dream to revive the art of the pleasant, personal "short essay" of Addison and Steele. We fell into the fault, too, of exploiting California's claims to greatness, of which the world has had overmuch promise, and we damned the enterprise at the outset by a league with the recognised orthodox *littérateurs*, who had no sympathy with our aims, and who surfeited us with dull and sleepy monologues of the Chair.

Nor was this the whole of our indiscretion, for it was our wild whim to enlist Society patronage, and make *Phyllida* a test of culture on the coast: a paper that should be "taken up" by the *mondaines*, and become the talk of fashionable dinner-parties. Not that we were bitten with social ambitions, ourselves—I cry you mercy—but such a start might well have sent our *Phyllida* sailing into prominence off-hand. And so we must needs be off with our own rattle-pate manners and methods, and begin proselytising for aristocratic contributors. The practice is not unknown in London, I believe, but it was comparatively new in the United States.

My three interviews with young ladies of boasted cleverness in a certain class of what is known in San Francisco as "Society" were amusing, though of little profit to the proposed bi-weekly. They appeared to be flattered by the invitation, and it seemed that they were not without literary aspirations (in America it is common to term a person "literary" if he reads books), but at the prospect of seeing their reviews printed they were not unpleasantly nervous. To obtain the privilege of signed communications, then, was absolutely impossible. They were afraid of ridicule, and deprecated their abilities. We did not insist too much upon quality of style, but it was useless to print anonymous commonplaces, and this feature of the scheme fell through, except for a review signed "Celestine X.," about which the less said the better, for the secret of its authorship shall never be disclosed.

However *Phyllida's* matter fell short of our anticipations, her manner and dress were above reproach. We made up the sheet (it was a four-page paper, eight inches wide by eleven inches high) in the manner of the old *Tatler*, printed in the typographical style of 1702, with the old fashion of spelling, the italics, the "small caps," the long "s," all complete. We ran catchwords in at the turn of the leaf, we designed antique initial letters, we made free use of quotation marks—in short, it was a revival in every way consistent, except for the dreariness of the text. Our types were especially cast for us from matrices one hundred and fifty years old, from Caslon's old Philadelphia



faces, and the whole was printed on a smoke-coloured imitation hand-made paper, beautiful to look upon.

For the reason of the title, I can do no better than quote the first article that appeared—to wit:

"Dedicated to PHYLLIDA, gentle Patroness of this Sheet—who, in the Guise of *Rustick Milkmaid*, shall look into these *Pages*, to find the *Fruit* of my *Promise*, & the *Justification* of my *Boast*:"

"When you flouted me, my dear PHYLLIDA, upon my vaunts of the *Taste* and *Culture* of this *Place*, & of that *Candle*, hid in a *Bushell*, in such sore Need of *Snauffering*—my *Heart* was heavier than my *Replis*. I put on a bold enough *Front*, but I fear my *Bragging* was but a vain *Thing* in your *Ears*. But when you offer'd to put my *Claims* to the *Proof*, your *Taunts* inspir'd me, where your *Indifference* fail'd, & so I challenge your *Purse*, as you have dar'd my *Wit*. Indeed, you have the lighter *Burden* to bear in our *Enterprise*, PHYLLIDA, for the *Bills* you shall have to pay, will be neither so many, nor so important as the *Persons* it is my *Part* to meet, that the name of CALIFORNIA may not be forever a *By-Word* & a *Hissing*.—And while I shall have the *Town* by the *Ears*, if I fail, you shall rest *Undiscover'd*, & safe to twit me with my *Disrepute*. Yet if I shou'd prove my *Point*, I may not do the *Same* by you, who shall then be magnify'd into a *Patroness* of the *Arts*! . . . . ."

This was a brave enough beginning, and, had we secured our patroness Phyllida, we might have gone on with the venture. We had, indeed, hoped to secure a supporter in this way—some wealthy dilettante with a local pride, who should find it worth her while to see us through in the experiment. As it was, no one betrayed the slightest curiosity as to *Phyllida's* personality, and after two numbers, the second far duller than the first (and with all the charming anachronisms of typography Bowdlerised, that our critics might read the more readily our inanities), *Phyllida* committed suicide, with no farewell, and few regrets.

We had a boy of fourteen in the office to set up the paper, and pull proofs, and I doubt if the training we gave him in obsolete typography will ever profit him. We had rules for the use of the apostrophe in past participles, the initialing of substantives, the italicising of important adjectives, and the spacing out of proper names. I doubt if he ever learned them, however, by the look of a corrected proof in my scrap-book—all that was ever done on Number Three.

We were badly prepared, both in money and in brains, for the effort to revive California's literary renown, or to create a "centre." Before I left the town we destroyed several thousands of copies, so that now a *Phyllida* is worth more than she was in the blush of her youth—but for reasons quite different than we had hoped. But, mortifying as was our failure, we had, at least, achieved two numbers of a paper whose title did not begin with "The." But the day for the renaissance of the light essay has not yet come in California.

GELETT BURGESS.

## Things Seen.

### The Pink Man.

WHAT is it, I wonder, that makes me just now so suddenly and so clearly recall the pink man? He kept a shop, or rather a stall, in Florence, in the Via Maggio, and, thirteen years ago, two of us used to buy fruit of him. It was a little sloping cavern of a shop, open in front like a child's toy, and the rosy, apron-girded man used to stand in the doorway, looking like the freshly painted wooden proprietor. It was Adela who named him "the pink man," and no one now remembers him by that title except me. I think the pink man would have been a little hurt if we had passed homeward three days running

without pausing to make a purchase. Is he living somewhere still, I wonder, a stout and elderly Italian, and has he kept any remembrance of the two foreigners who, for three months, thirteen years ago, used to pass and repass his shop daily? He cannot remember, for he never knew—our Italian being unequal to the explanation—how cruel a disappointment he sold to us in those white, dried figs. The point was that our English palates detested the flavour of aniseed, which in those days pervaded the whole Florentine *cuisine*. Biscuits, unless bearing the stamp of Huntley & Palmer, preserves of every kind, and all cakes of unfamiliar aspect, had gradually been abjured. Fruit, however, we had not learned to distrust; and we bought cheerfully from the stock of the pink man a dozen or so of small, pale, flattened figs. But as we ate them beside our crackling wood fire we stared at each other "with a wild surmise, silent." Could it be, or was imagination playing tricks upon us? Were we verily haunted by the phantom of aniseed? Narrower inspection revealed that the figs had each been split open, one, two, three, four aniseeds pressed into the soft interior, and the split halves neatly closed again. Of course we extracted the remaining aniseeds, but the offending flavour lingered, and dried figs, too, had to vanish from our *menu*.

My little Veronica, you whose eleven years begin to bring an interest in the wider world; you whose dream it is to see Italy, one day, perhaps, your young feet will pass, beside my aging ones, between the tall houses of the Via Maggio; I shall show you the low shop, and say: "There the pink man used to be—it was a fruit-shop then." Or, perhaps, the shop will be gone. I shall look uncertainly at the new, white Parisian houses, and say: "It must have been about here." We shall seek elsewhere for dried figs with aniseeds in them; and Veronica's smiling youth will receive a little impression, and hold a little memory, fainter than ours.

Florence is changing, they tell me; the old market square with the gay display of straw hats and coloured handkerchiefs is gone; and Veronica's memory will hold no picture of that cook-shop, facing the fountain and the metal boar, where we used to see chickens revolving visibly on triangular spits, and brass dishes shining brightly from a dark background. For Veronica, perhaps, there will some day be a Florence haunted by my ghost, as for me there is a Florence haunted by Adela's. For me her figure walks rather in the Via Maggio, where it dwelt for three months, than in London where she dwelt so long. You, my little Veronica, when we go together to Florence, will see before you your future—as we saw ours then; but I shall see my past, and Adela, and the old fruit-shop and the phantom of the pink man.

### A Chance Meal.

THEY waved me upstairs and into the coffee-room. There I found Gladys at lunch with her governess, in the act of being denied another piece of honeycomb. The room had a bay window, like a great mild eye overlooking the sun-steeped village, and as I gazed, drumming upon the sash, suddenly round the corner came—what do you think?—a bear, a great, brown, slouching, dusty bear. Save for that bear and his keeper, who wore a blue blouse and carried a cornet, the village was deserted, empty as a gleaned field. When they reached the strip of green in front of the inn window, the keeper sounded the cornet. Thereupon the bear rose upon his hind legs and bowed to the village. "Dance! Shoulder arms! Turn summersault like drunken man! Kiss me!"—ponderously the poor beast puzzled through his tricks, when Gladys suddenly clapped her hands; her blue eyes danced:

"O la pauvre bête! Laisse-moi lui donner quelque chose pour son diner. Ah! Là! Là! Du miel! Les ours

aiment le miel. Je te prie, chère Mademoiselle. Je te prie?" With that she placed what remained of the honeycomb on a piece of paper, and, beckoning to the keeper, cried: "C'est pour votre ours, Monsieur!" The honeycomb was prize honeycomb, the pick of a flower show; the bear was old and grey, a veteran in plain living. And here suddenly on a hot, stupid day, just like a thousand other hot, stupid days, a piece of exquisite honeycomb, big as one of his knees, falls from the clouds, and he is hidden eat.

Well, the old fellow ate—leisurely, lovingly, from his master's hand—and when he had finished the keeper threw away the paper and called for beer—for himself. While his face was buried in the mug, a bee, then two, then three, then a company began to gather about the piece of paper smeared with the remains of the honeycomb. And the bear saw them, saw their intention through and through. He pulled at his chain, but the keeper held him fast. The bees circled nearer to the paper. One of them had even settled upon it, when the bear's paw issued slowly along the dusty ground. It reached the paper. In another moment paper, smear of honey, bee were all in the bear's mouth. He looked up at me.

I still maintain he winked.

## Ibsen: Beau and Genius.

THAT very bright American magazine, *The Book Buyer*, prints this month a character-sketch of Henrik Ibsen, which has special interest on the eve of the production of his new play. The author, Mr. Perriton Maxwell, has looked at the dramatist through keen irreverent eyes, and this is how he sees him:

"He is the most interesting personage in the Norwegian capital—and Ibsen before anyone is conscious of that fact. Down the Karl Johann's Gade to the Grand Hotel he walks every day, rain or shine; when the weather is particularly inviting he pays two daily visits to the hotel. On such days he appears punctually at one in the afternoon and again at eight in the evening. Ibsen is above all things a methodical man. His life is ruled by the clock. He has his own table in the gallery overlooking the garden, and the minute he arrives a mute but well-trained waiter places before the shaggy philosopher a bottle of brandy and another of soda. This is the author's favourite stimulant, and two glasses of the liquor his limit at a sitting. With the care of a druggist compounding a prescription he measures and mixes his drink, which he sips, a swallow at a time, with such perfect regularity, that one can tell off by his action the lapse of each five minutes with no recourse to a timepiece. These daily libations seem to be the one consolation that life affords to Henrik Ibsen, whose ingrained melancholy impresses itself on all who get near enough to him to converse informally.

Recently it was borne in upon this observing old man that those who haunted the public *café* of the Grand Hotel were, in the main, his own fellow-countrymen, and that if he was to be seen by travelling Englishmen, Americans, Frenchmen, Germans, and Italians, it would be necessary to take up his post in the hotel proper. Accordingly, he chose for himself a table in a conspicuous part of the gallery, which overlooks the big garden, where all foreigners take their dinners, and thus it was possible to be 'the observed of all observers,' with no fear of being approached or inveigled into conversation.

Having taken his seat, the dean of modern Norse literature arranges his newspapers, his hat, his spectacles, with all the fussiness of a stage spinster. Six pairs of eye-glasses are laid out in a row on the table. For every paragraph he reads he places a fresh pair of glasses on his nose, always pausing to polish them and hold them to

the light. As he reads his newspaper, apparently absorbed in its contents, a close observer will detect the old man's eyes roving from the printed page in the direction of the people who are looking his way. He is a sly old rascal, this Ibsen. If ladies are among those who are watching him, the ruddy face is at once lit up with the radiance of self-satisfaction. It is an ill day for Ibsen and the Grand Hotel when foreigners are few in the garden. But Ibsen is rarely without an audience, and the more this audience stares and flutters the more luminous becomes the old man's countenance.

Dr. Ibsen's life has been unhappy since earliest childhood, and although success has come to him abundantly in his later days, it has come too late. He no longer has the capacity for enjoying the fame and wealth that are his. He must needs fall back upon himself for the greatest gratification of his personal desires. His whims and fads circle wholly around himself, and the circle is a narrow one. As a lad in the unattractive town of Skien—his native place—Ibsen's life was sunless and poverty-pinched. Till he was past middle age he gained neither countenance nor encouragement in his own land; indeed, he was deemed a man of no ability at all. His work was derided, and over each new day hung the pall of bitterest adversity. . . . In the face of his cloudy past it is not, therefore, surprising that Henrik Ibsen is misanthropic and shrouded in his own conceit. With so little that is genuinely joyous in his life, there is nothing left but the creature comforts and the superficial adulation of a few sight-seeing foreigners. Fame—even in literature—is surely not founded on the hasty scrutiny of one's person by a handful of Cook's tourists; but this sort of thing brings complacency to the mind of Henrik Ibsen.

Knowing that the moment he leaves his house in Christiania he will become the centre of interest along the streets, he is always careful to dress for the occasion. It would add another wrinkle to his brow to discover a button missing from his coat or a blur on the beaver of his tall silk hat. He is the Brummel of Norse letters. His clothes are made of broadcloth of fine texture; his tailor is the best in Christiania. He always wears a 'tile' of metallic smoothness. His boots are of patent leather. Toilet articles he carries about with him always and everywhere, and frequently he brings them into requisition in the most public places. While on exhibition in the hotel garden in full view of a cosmopolitan throng it is no uncommon act for him to take from his pocket a comb or brush and caressingly stroke his famous white whiskers, or lift to a greater height his equally famous white pompadour locks, standing straight up in the air like a miniature Mont Blanc. He has a trick of brushing his hat with the sleeve of his coat. Now and then he pauses, looking long and earnestly into the opening of his head-piece. He presents at such times the picture of a leonine sage of the Sagas deep in the maze of some vast problem of the cosmos. It is all a mistake; it is Ibsen critically viewing Ibsen. There is a mirror fastened in the bottom of his hat, and he is looking after the twist of his cravat.

But when Ibsen, the author, has formulated the scheme for a new drama, and determines to weld and mould it into form, then occurs his metamorphosis from fop to workman—a workman oblivious of the whole wide world, its peoples, and its passions. The butterfly goes back to the chrysalis; the feasting crowds at the Grand Hotel can no longer feast their eyes on Henrik Ibsen, nor watch him stroke his whiskers and sip brandy and soda at five minutes' intervals. . . . He eats, sleeps, lives alone. . . . Thus lives the real Henrik Ibsen, a two-sided man of letters, one all frills and foppery, vain, supercilious, childish; the other the thinker, the worker, a genius."

## Memoirs of the Moment.

MR. STANHOPE FORBES, A.R.A., with the aid of Mrs. Stanhope Forbes, has decided to open, in the Meadows Studios, Newlyn, a series of classes for serious students of art, whether men or women. The announcement will be received with great satisfaction by a large number of persons, if only because what may be called the master-and-disciple system of teaching has been so little practised in England. It is, perhaps, a symptom of English unsociability that the studios of eminent painters have hardly ever been open during working hours to the learner. It can hardly be that Sir John Millais, for instance, had methods so high, secrets so sacred, that he could not communicate, in his own measure, to the young what Rubens, in his, communicated to Vandyck, or Carolus Duran, in his, to Sargent. The other alternative, that the British "master" gave nothing to a disciple because he had nothing to give, is one which need not now be discussed. Prof. Herkomer's efforts at Bushey have been sufficiently successful to encourage a brother painter like Mr. Stanhope Forbes to do what he has done, and to do it at Newlyn, with a thousand advantages of locality. Newlyn, indeed, has given its name to a School of Painting in another sense—it has been the home of a group of artists, including Mr. Forbes himself, and his fellow Associate, Mr. Bramley, whose work has been, in its own class, the very salt of the Academy exhibitions for this last dozen of years. The leader of the Newlyn School is a teacher, a communicator, by temperament, mixing his brains with his paints, and putting, according to the phrase, his heart into his work. The first term of the new academy on the Cornish coast will open on October 16, and the course will consist mainly of drawing and painting from the life.

"MR. GLADSTONE'S FAITH" is the heading of a letter that one daily paper after another has obligingly put into print. It is signed, "The Translator of *Christianity and Agnosticism*," and it says that Mr. Gladstone, who wrote a letter of approval to the Abbé Picard, the author of the original book, has, on that account, been accused—by what absurd person it does not appear—of "secret Romanism." This, the English translator assures us, even at this date, is untrue. "I am tired," he says, "of apologising for Mr. Gladstone. I regret that it should be so, but the fact remains that Mr. Gladstone was perfectly well satisfied with the Anglican Church." All this sounds very flat; but a little vivacity may be given to it by the fact that the writer who thus signs himself "The Translator of *Christianity and Agnosticism*" is—Lord Llandaff, formerly Mr. Henry Mathews, Q.C., and Home Secretary. These apologies for the religion of Mr. Gladstone, which "tire" even the old political antagonist of his who now makes them, and certainly weary everyone else, have, however, a certain method in their seeming superfluity. "The book," adds the Translator, "which has caused so much excitement can be seen at most of the public libraries or obtained from the publishers (Sands & Co.)." The zeal of Lord Llandaff, himself a Roman Catholic, for the reputation of Mr. Gladstone as a consistent Anglican has been spurred, it seems, into activity by the advisability of an advertisement for the "exciting" translation. You never really know the resources of a Cabinet Minister—until he publishes a book.

THE death of Viscount Clifden, who was also Lord Dover, recalls a series of suits particularly painful in themselves and illustrating a phase of modern religious life. Mr. Leopold George Agar-Ellis, as Lord Clifden once was, proposed marriage to the Hon. Harriet Stonor, a daughter of Lord Camoys. Theirs was one of those "mixed marriages" which Cardinal Manning used to call "Lucifer

matches"; for he was a Protestant and she the daughter of a house devoted to the Roman Catholic faith. But things were made easy for the lovers by the compliance of the bridegroom with the request of the bride that the children of the union, if any, should be brought up Catholics.

MR. AGAR-ELLIS was at that time member for Kilkenny, a name of proverbial contention, which was soon to be applied jestingly to the husband and wife, whose disagreements had their culminating tragedy in the husband's determination to bring up his two children as Protestants. The mother's conscience was involved; she appealed to the ante-natal agreement of the father as to their baptism and belief, but all in vain. And the law of England, invoked, and invoked again on appeal, decided that the father could not sign away his parental rights. The choice of his daughters' religion rested with him, not with the mother who bore them. The situation was, no doubt, intolerable, and was one that even time could not heal. Years passed on; the two daughters married. Mr. Agar-Ellis succeeded to the peerage, and his wife, never ceasing to lament, turned her tastes and talents to various uses so that she might earn, as far as possible, an independence of her own. The late Mr. James Anthony Froude was always cited as a sympathiser with Mr. Agar-Ellis, and was said to base on this case a rhetorical passage in one of his books, in which he accuses the Roman Church of setting father against daughter, and daughter against father.

MR. MONTEITH, of Carstairs, is of Carstairs no longer. He has sold the family property in Lanarkshire, so long associated with his own name and with his father's. The father and Tennyson were close friends at Cambridge, where Monteith was one of "The Apostles"; and, twenty years later, the Poet Laureate himself visited Carstairs and revived the old friendship. Of the two men, Mr. Monteith was the first to die. His son succeeded to the estate and to a fortune fully adequate for its maintenance. He had a large family, whom he sought to benefit by speculations on the Stock Exchange, but these were not so fortunate in their issues as he had hoped. An ex-Lord Provost of Glasgow is the new owner of Carstairs.

GENERAL SIR WILLIAM BUTLER, who came to London to report himself at the War Office this week, is now back at Devonport, taking up the duties of his new command. The voyage of the *Norman* home from the Cape, with Sir William and Lady Butler on board, was a particularly favourable one, but it did not lack an incidental sadness. One night a young governess died, and was buried the next morning, Sir William Butler reading the service. "To see that poor little body," says the private letter of one of the passengers, "tilted into the heaving, inky ocean, to be left in that utter solitude, was to see what I can never forget. The few flowers we had placed on the body floated for a few seconds amid the foam, and then disappeared also. We had a dance on board the next evening, and a concert the succeeding one, where I noticed that the piano was draped with the same Union Jack that had covered her bier."

### Triplet.

OH, the world was rich last night,  
But it did awake so poor;—  
Stars gone out in dreary light.  
Oh, the world was rich last night!  
Dawn has spread the dazzling height  
Such a low and cloudy floor.  
Oh, the world was rich last night,  
But it did awake so poor!

From Winifred Lucas's "Fugitives."

## Correspondence.

The Late Master of Balliol and Mr.  
Herbert Spencer.

SIR,—In *The Letters of Benjamin Jowett*, just published, there are two references to Mr. Herbert Spencer, which, with your permission, I shall briefly deal with. Writing to the present Master of Balliol, Mr. Edward Caird, the late Master speaks of "those repulsive people who only believe what they can hold in their hands—Bain, H. Spencer," &c. The venerable ex-Prof. Bain would, I am sure, be greatly surprised when he read that sentence—so surprised that I shall expect him to take some notice of it in his forthcoming autobiography. Mr. Spencer's surprise would be even greater, for he has been at considerable trouble to demonstrate that not only does he believe in more than he can carry in his hands, but that he firmly believes in more than he can carry in his head. The mystery of the universe is to him a real mystery altogether beyond his powers, and he merely professes to cope with the fringe of the great problem. With idealists like Dr. Jowett the case is different, for they believe that there is no mystery at all; that they can solve everything; and that, in their own phraseology, all they believe can be carried in their hands.

In another letter Dr. Jowett says: "There is a fellow named Herbert Spencer, who knows a little of physical science, and gives back to scientific men their own notions in a more general form." This absurd statement is not surprising, for it has been made so often by all sorts and conditions of men that the gates of hard facts seem unable to prevail against it, and nothing that I can say is likely to stifle the currency of a piece of pure fiction. Mr. Spencer had begun to work out the theory of evolution as a universal process years before Darwin and Darwin's able exponent, Huxley, had written a line about the evolution of plants and animals; and the idea that he is merely an expounder and enlarger of other men's thoughts is the purest fustian imaginable.

We laugh at the medicine-man, and the rôle he plays among primitive people; but our laughter is out of place, for the medicine-man still flourishes in our midst, and is actively employed. He is changed a little, but not extinct. He is no longer required to guard us against evil spirits; but he is very much needed to guard us against teachers whose ideas do not fit in with our prepossessions and prejudices, and who would open to reason the sacred regions of our impressions. And the *modus operandi* of the latter-day medicine-man is patent enough. The above is an example.—I am, &c.,

WILLIAM C. MCBAIN.

Glasgow: September 12, 1899.

## Silly Prize Books

SIR,—I am a clergyman—no matter of what colour. Our church issues yearly a list of books from which prizes for its Sunday-schools are understood to be selected. Sir, if I had those books I would make a heap of them in some back-yard; I would drive a stake down through the midst of them, and to that stake I would nail a board bearing a plain and unmistakable description: "*Rubbish Shot Here!*" Or, better still, I would have the compilers read steadily down the list of their precious books until it was medically certified that they could approach no nearer the brink of insanity. We have been manufacturing little prigs persistently for many a year. Could any of your readers help me to something decent in the shape of a list of readable books for the Sunday-school?—I am, &c.,

K. W. S.

September 13, 1899.

## A Library for Children.

SIR,—The correspondence respecting a Library for Children will soon close, and I venture to hope that you will then give a summary of the views of the various writers, with your verdict on the lists of books which they have contributed. The literary fairy tale is a product of the present day, and it seems to be thought indispensable for children. One correspondent implies that children's imagination ought to be cultivated, and his list contains only fairy stories. But intelligent children, though earnest and serious, are highly imaginative, and plain food sometimes suits them best. Crockett's delightful *Sweetheart Travellers* surely ought not to be wasted on young children, but reserved for an age when capable of appreciating its delicate humour.

I remember, when a small child, I was required to recite a piece of grandiloquent prose. I obeyed, mechanically; it was something about the brave barons, clad in armour, who met at Runymede. When I had finished, an old gentleman took me on his knee and related the story of the old woman who doubted the identity of herself and her dog. He must have thought me a very disagreeable child; I remained perfectly grave, and deeply humiliated at having been treated like a baby! Of course, I did not comprehend the wit and satire underlying the words. I must have met with many rebuffs since that day, but why is this one little incident of over eighty years ago so deeply impressed on my memory?

Of course, young children ought not to be allowed indiscriminate reading of the Bible or Shakespeare; his plays were not accessible to me, but my precious *Elegant Extracts* contained copious selections, which I read with pleasure and committed to memory, though not so thrillingly delightful as *Paradise Lost*.

To the pure all things are pure, and no young child ever took harm by looking into a book not intended for children. I would never have eaten a prohibited gooseberry nor read a prohibited book; but no one ever directed my studies or gave any heed to them. I believe that no work read and understood in childhood is ever really lost, it remains in some corner of the little brain. The High School did not exist in my childhood, my parents fancied that they could not afford a governess, I had almost no education, yet since my marriage I have associated with the intellectually great ones of the earth in fair *mental content*. I have just taken up the stray volume of the *Spectator* which charmed me in the days gone by. It contains a great deal of what I could not have fairly understood; but I only cared to read what was intelligible, and I still mystify my friends with the love story of Shalum and Hilpún when discussing the evils of procrustation.

A lady writer in the *ACADEMY* records the delight with which she read *Vanity Fair*—at that time she must have crossed the Rubicon of twelve—and the rapture still exists. Scott, the hero of my youth, is out of date—*fin de siècle* indeed! *Vanity Fair* versus *The Bride of Lammermoor*!—I am, &c.,

H. S. M.

Woburn Sands: September 12, 1899.

SIR,—With reference to the correspondence under the above heading in your columns, may I call your attention to the absolute omission of *Æsop's Fables* in all the lists you publish?

Surely such a guide to common sense "made easy" should not be allowed to drop into oblivion by the rising generation.

My little girl (*ætat* 12) sends the following as her list out of the books in her own or her brother's (*ætat* 10) possession:

1. *Æsop's Fables* (L'Estrange).
2. *Struwwelpeter*.
3. *Grimm's Tales*.

4. Pilgrim's Progress.
5. Black Beauty.
6. Water Babies.
7. H. C. Andersen's Tales.
8. A Book of Nursery Songs and Rhymes.
9. Little Lord Fauntleroy.
10. Arabian Nights.
11. Alice in Wonderland.
12. The Rose and the Ring.

C. S. H.

SIR,—The books that are "in demand" for children are not necessarily those which the children themselves love. The following is a list of those which two lonely little children in a remote country vicarage loved and read and re-read to the exclusion of many others which their own little library and the larger library of the grown-up world, to which they had free access, afforded:

Swiss Family Robinson.  
The Rival Crusoes.  
Wild Flowers. Pratt.  
White's Selborne.  
Uncle Tom's Cabin (a very fearful joy).  
The Wide, Wide World.  
Countess Kate. Yonge.  
The Robins. Trimmer.  
The Fairchild Family.  
Heroes. Kingsley.  
Parent's Assistant.  
Funny Fables for Little Folks.  
Struwwelpeter.  
Lamb's Tales.  
The Cricket on the Hearth.  
Bride of Lammermoor.  
Ivanhoe.  
Guy Mannering.  
Marmion.

In this list books for almost infants ranked with those which might seem to belong to more developed minds, but all were loved with no sense of incongruity. Portions of *Shakespeare* were also delighted in, but no complete play. —I am, &c.,  
September 12, 1899.

### Dante in English.

SIR,—Your reviewer is not likely to increase the number of Dante readers by commending Cary to their notice. How many who might have come to care for Dante—the poet himself, his poetry, or his philosophy—must have found the Comedy *via* Cary not only inaccessible, but positively repulsive—a frowning bastion. The fact is, we still wait for the translator of Dante who shall win disciples for the master. Longfellow's translation quenches all the fire of the original; Norton's modernity destroys its illusion; Butler's can only be enjoyed by continual reference to the Italian; Shadwell's *Purgatorio* reads almost like a parody; while Plumptre's is simply intolerable.

Better than all for those ignorant of Italian is Musgrave's (*Inferno*)—although he is driven to play queer pranks with the original because of the exigencies of his verse system. But any of these is preferable to the oppressive dead-beat of Cary's iambs.—I am, &c.,

F. KETTLE.

Clapham, S.W.: September 12, 1899.

[I agree with Mr. Kettle that the ideal translation of the Comedy has yet to come. But I yet prefer Cary to the others; for I think, with the poet to whom I referred, that *terza rima* is a fundamentally defective metre in English, nor do I relish the flat attempt to follow it without rhyme—on which it wholly depends. I dare not emulate that authority's bold condemnation of the original metre—not being myself an eminent poet. But though Cary is no master of versification, he still keeps to honest English blank verse—for which I like him. But all this is immaterial. My true point was, that Dante was too great

for his greatness to depend on mere verbal and metrical form; that he could impress himself on the reader in any decent translation. I first so met him—and was subdued despite "Cary's iambs."—YOUR REVIEWER.]

## Books Received.

Week ending Thursday, September 14.

### POETRY, ETC.

Jones (H. A.), <i>Carnac Sahib</i> .....	(Macmillan)	2/6
Macnaghten (H.), <i>The Story of Catullus</i> .....	(Duckworth)	2/6
Lucas (W.), <i>Fugitives</i> .....	(Lane)	3/6

### HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Gerard (F.), <i>The Romance of Ludwig II.</i> .....	(Hutchinson)	10/0
Jackson (T. S.), <i>Lays of the Great Sea Fights. Vol. I.</i> .....	(Navy Records Society)	
King (H.), <i>A History of Italian Unity. 2 vols</i> .....	(Nisbet)	24/0
How (F. D.), <i>Bishop John Selwyn</i> .....	(Isabister)	7/6
Williams (G. C.), <i>Bernardino Luini</i> .....	(Bell & Sons)	net 5/0
Boxall (G. E.), <i>The Story of the Australian Bushrangers</i> .....	(Sonnenschein)	6/0
Maitland (S. R.), <i>Essays on Subjects Connected with the Reformation in England</i> .....	(Lane)	net 6/0
<i>Letters of Henry Hughes Dobinson</i> .....	(Seeley)	
<i>The Spiritual Expansion of the Empire</i> .....	(Society for Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts)	net 1/0

### TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

Evans (S.), <i>Handbook to the City of Canterbury</i> .....	(British Association)	
Kingsford (W. E.), <i>Assouan</i> .....	(Simpkin, Marshall)	
Heilprin (A.), <i>Alaska and the Klondike</i> .....	(Pearson)	7/6

### EDUCATIONAL.

Macnaghten (H. V.) and Ramsay (A. B.), <i>Poems of Catullus</i> .....	(Duckworth)	2/6
Wilson (K. P.), <i>Lower Greek Prose</i> .....	(Blackwood)	2/6
Johnson (R. B.), <i>The Tempest</i> .....	(Blackwood)	1/0
<i>Chambers's Higher English Reader</i> .....	(Chambers)	

### SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

Bloch (J. G.), <i>Is War Now Impossible?</i> .....	(Richards)	6/0
Scharff (R. F.), <i>History of the European Fauna</i> .....	(Boott)	6 0
Le Bon (G.), <i>Psychology of Socialism</i> .....	(Unwin)	18/0
Felding (A.), <i>Faith-Healing and "Christian Science"</i> .....	(Duckworth)	
Salt (H. S.), <i>The Logic of Vegetarianism</i> .....	(Ideal Publishing Co.)	1/0
Baden-Powell (B. H.), <i>The Origin and Growth of Village Communities in India</i> .....	(Sonnenschein)	2/6
Stetson (C. P.), <i>Women and Economics</i> .....	(G. P. Putnam's Sons)	6/0

### MISCELLANEOUS.

Honeyman (W. C.), <i>Scottish Violin Makers</i> .....	(Köhler & Son)	1/0
Taylor (V.), <i>Stories from Wagner</i> .....	(Digby, Long & Co.)	3/4
Hasting (J.), <i>The Expository Times</i> .....	(T. & T. Clark)	7 6
Scott (E.), <i>Dancing in All Ages</i> .....	(Sonnenschein)	
Gilbert (G. H.), <i>Student's Life of Jesus</i> .....	(Macmillan)	
<i>The Chord. September, 1899</i> .....	(Unicorn Press)	net 1 0

### NEW EDITIONS.

Gibson (E. C.), <i>The Temple by George Herbert</i> .....	(Methuen)	2/0
Sweetman (E.), <i>Pastorals, and Other Poems</i> .....	(Dent)	
Jordan (E. D.), <i>Guide to Galway, Connemara, and West of Ireland</i> .....	(Black)	1/0
Wood (Mrs. H.), <i>Danbury House</i> .....	(Ward, Lock & Co.)	0/6
Smedley (F. E.), <i>Lewis Arundel</i> .....	(Downey)	0 6
Leno (D.), <i>His Book</i> .....	(Greening)	1/0
<i>Handbook to Wilts and Dorset</i> .....	(Murray)	6/0
<i>Seneca on Benefits. Translated by Thomas Lodge</i> .....	(Dent)	1 6
<i>The Compleat Angler</i> .....	(Dent)	1 6

\* \* New Novels are acknowledged elsewhere.

## Announcements.

*A Preacher's Life, an Autobiography and an Album* by Dr. Joseph Parker, of the City Temple, published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, may be expected in a few days.

MR. HEINEMANN will publish at the end of next week a portfolio of *Twelve Portraits* by Mr. William Nicholson. This portfolio contains, besides those already known—viz., H.M. the Queen, Sarah Bernhardt, Cecil Rhodes, Lord Roberts, James McNeill Whistler, Prince Bismarck, and Rudyard Kipling—the following new ones: H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Sir Henry Irving, W. E. Gladstone, and Mr. Justice Hawkins.

*The Memoirs of Victor Hugo*, with a preface by Paul Maurice, and translated by Mr. John W. Harding, are also announced by Mr. Heinemann for publication in October. These Memoirs, as we have already stated, date back to 1825, when Victor Hugo witnessed the coronation of Charles X. at Rheims.

MRS. FLORA ANNIE STEEL's new Indian novel, for which she has selected the title of *The Hosts of the Lord*, will begin in the October number of the *Pall Mall Magazine*. It will be illustrated by Mr. Raven Hill.

\* \* Special cloth cases for binding the half-yearly volume of the ACADEMY can be supplied for 1s. each. The price of the bound half-yearly volume is 8s. 9d. Communications should be addressed to the Publisher, 43, Chancery-lane.



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## The Literary Week.

THE great *Encyclopædia Biblica*, which Prof. Robertson Smith initiated, and which Dr. Cheyne and Dr. Sutherland Black are carrying on, is at last sufficiently advanced for the first of the four parts to be announced by Messrs. Black for October. The remaining parts are in a state so near completion that they may be expected within two years, at intervals of six months.

WE regret that, owing to incorrect information, we stated last week that Mr. James Bowden had sold his publishing business to Messrs. Harper Bros., Doubleday, McClure & Co. This statement is without foundation, and in withdrawing it we offer Mr. Bowden our apologies for any annoyance it may have caused him.

MR. STEPHEN PHILLIPS's blank verse tragedy, "Paolo and Francesca," while waiting for representation at the St. James's Theatre, is to be given to the world in book form. Mr. Lane will be the publisher, and the work may be expected very soon. Mr. Alexander, who retains the entire acting rights, has sanctioned the publication.

ANOTHER poetical enterprise of Mr. Lane's in which Mr. Phillips will be represented is the publication of a shilling series of illustrated poems, entitled "Flowers of Parnassus." These flowers consist of poems chosen by the editor, Mr. Money-Coutts, and furnished with pictures by various artists. Among them are Mr. Phillips's "Marpessa," Shelley's "Sensitive Plant," Gray's "Elegy," and Tennyson's "Dream of Fair Women."

THE editor of the *Century Magazine* has secured for next year a contribution that promises to be of very great interest. This is a life of Oliver Cromwell from the pen of Mr. John Morley, wherein the Protector will be treated as a mystic before everything. We imagine that the work was completed before Mr. Morley began his researches into Mr. Gladstone's life. It seems to put the publication of the long-promised "Chatham" even further into the dim distance.

MR. MORLEY might indeed transfer his interests in Chatham to Lord Rosebery. The ex-Premier, we observe, has arranged to visit Bath next month to unveil tablets to the Earl of Chatham and William Pitt. Why not take over the completion of Mr. Morley's monograph too?

MR. BIRRELL has been asked to deliver the inaugural address of the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution's lecture season this year. Last year, it will be remembered, Lord Rosebery was the speaker, and he chose for his subject illustrious book-loving statesmen, with particular reference to Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Birrell intends to discuss the question: "Is it possible to tell a good book from a bad one?"

It is possible that a new volume of plays by Mr. George Bernard Shaw may be published before long. This would contain "Cæsar and Cleopatra," "The Devil's Disciple," which Mr. Mansfield has been performing in America, and which Mr. Murray Carson is about to produce in London, and a new work which Mr. Shaw has recently completed for Miss Ellen Terry under the attractive title "Captain Brassbound's Conversion."

THE design for the William Black memorial beacon, the total sum subscribed for which now amounts to £505, has been made by Mr. Colin Hunter, A.R.A. The beacon, as has been stated, is destined for Duart Point, Isle of Mull, a dangerous spot, and its light will be a guide to all ships entering the Firth of Lorne, the Sound of Mull, and Loch Linnhe.

MR. HENRY NEWBOLT, the author of *Admirals All*, has made a selection from Froissart for the Macmillan Company of New York. It will be published under the title *Stories from Froissart*. We presume that an English edition will also be prepared.

A NEW exclusively literary paper has just been started in New York under the title *Literary Life*. It is bright and crisp, and its credo runs thus:

We believe in genuine international copyright.

We believe that literary property should be as sacred in its value and title as real estate.

We believe the pirate publisher should be electrocuted.

We believe the book thief should be sentenced to hard labour for life.

We believe the woman who uses a book wherein to press flowers should be exiled, and that the editor who sells his review copies to the second-hand dealer should be sent to Congress or given a consulship in Central Africa.

MR. G. W. STEEVENS, who has just left England for South Africa in the interests of the readers of the *Daily Mail*, promises to be one of the most widely read of authors during the next few weeks; for his *Tragedy of Dreyfus*, which we notice elsewhere, is to be followed, on October 4, by *In India*, a volume composed of the letters sent home to the *Daily Mail* when Mr. Steevens visited India, describing primarily the reception of the new Viceroy, and secondarily whatever else he saw that was picturesque and interesting.

MR. STEPHEN CRANE's new book, which Mr. Heinemann will publish in the autumn, is briefly an impressionistic history of the Cuban campaign. As special correspondent Mr. Crane saw the principal fighting, and he has now brought something of the method of his *Red Badge of Courage* to bear on the description of it. A portion of the book will first be printed in the *Anglo-Saxon Review*.

It will be noticed that we resume our Prize Competitions on page 317 of the present number.

In order to bring concretely before its readers the most widely-read books of 1899, the *Daily Mail* presented them with a drawing, a reproduction of which will be found below, wherein the position and size of each book indicate its degree of popularity according to inquiries at the



circulating libraries. Thus, largest and first is *A Double Thread*, by Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler. Next is Mr. Richard Whiteing's *No. 5, John Street*, and so forth. We are a little disturbed by the spelling of *Omar K'hayyam* and *The Political Struwwelpeter*; but art has its eccentricities and they must be respected.

THE results of our efforts to guide public opinion are sometimes disheartening. The inquiry into the character of *David Harum*, which we published last week, did not deter Mr. W. P. James from writing in Saturday's *St. James's Gazette* that that novel's popularity was due to its "religious interest," although we showed clearly that the book's fascination lay largely in its pictures of horse-dealing. And the report comes from a large circulating library that more than one request has been made in the past few days for "David's Harem."

THIS is an age of matter-of-fact writing. For the moment lusciousness is in disfavour, imagery is on the shelf, honeycombs of metaphor no longer satiate us. Ouida, it is true, still writes, but Ouida is not what she was, and Canon Farrar has lost his pristine glow. And yet the ornate is not wholly dead, the florid not wholly extinct. Sumptuousness still lurks in the shy places. In an essay in the *Dome*, on cats, by "Israfil," are these sentences:

The sombre glory of a sulky Persian on a window-sill has often caught my roving gaze. I revel in that exquisite camel-curve of her sullen, smooth back: in the furry apex of each pointed ear; the immobility of her whiskers, long as the hair of Melisande; the steady glare of her magnificent eyes like orange flames; the seductive whiteness of her shirtfront's frilly fur, softer than snow; and the splendid sweep of the tail over the neat velvet paws so decorously placed. . . . I connect the common cat with the *pussée* goddess Pasht; with old, crumbling ruins and frowning gloomy architecture; with Memphis and Thebes; with leagues of desert sand; with mummies, skim-milk, rats, and unmusical wailings. The Persian I associate with rose gardens and silence and starlight; with cream and bulbuls; with brodered cushions and scented fountains; with splendid Saracenic curves and domes; and even with the lovely monotonous cadence of Omar's

quatrains, though Hafiz catches her spirit better. I think it must be the bulbuls which the Persian cat has slain and eaten that give her voice its delicious, intimate timbre, and her purr its rich pianissimo.

A COMPARISON of the lists of the best books for children under twelve, which readers have been sending us for the past few weeks, reduces the ideal dozen, the number that we asked for, to these, in their order of popularity:

Alice in Wonderland.	Robinson Crusoe.
Andersen's Fairy Tales.	Arabian Nights.
Struwwelpeter.	Pilgrim's Progress.
Grimm's Fairy Tales.	Kingsley's Heroes.
Water Babies.	Stevenson's Child's Garden of Verses.
Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare.	Little Lord Fauntleroy.

*St. Nicholas*, however, whose ideal library for a nursery gave us the idea of asking for English opinions on the same subject, printed a list of twenty-five books. We, therefore, give below the next thirteen books which our correspondents recommend, again in their order of popularity:

The Jungle Book.	The Book of Nonsense.
Æsop's Fables.	Mother Goose.
Masterman Ready.	The Rose and the Ring.
Through the Looking-Glass.	Jackanapes.
Tom Brown's Schooldays.	Black Beauty.
Swiss Family Robinson.	The Blue Fairy Book.
The Boy's Own Paper.	

THE list is altogether a very satisfactory one, we think. One or two points demand attention. *Through the Looking-Glass*, for example, has only three votes to *Alice in Wonderland's* ten, whereas in many families that we know it is considered the better book. Possibly some of our correspondents meant the title *Alice in Wonderland* to cover both. Mrs. Ewing we should have expected to see more favoured. Concerning the suitability of Stevenson's *Child's Garden of Verses*, we have already said something. Hawthorne's *Wonder Book* or *Tanglewood Tales*, or one of Miss Alcott's excellent stories, might, we think, take its place. But the list really wants very little tinkering, and generous uncles might safely adopt it as a sure guide.

It will be interesting, in connexion with our own results, once more to quote the *St. Nicholas* list:

Ivauhoe.	Child's Garden of Verses.
Quentin Durward.	Tom Brown's Schooldays.
The Pathfinder.	Pilgrim's Progress.
The Last of the Mohicans.	Sketch Book (Irving).
The Jungle Book.	The Man Without a Country (Hale).
Westward Ho!	Robinson Crusoe.
Arabian Nights.	Gulliver's Travels.
The Rose and the Ring.	Alice in Wonderland.
The Wonder Book.	Uncle Remus.
A Tale of Two Cities.	Jackanapes.
Dickens' Christmas Stories.	Wild Animals I Have Known (Thompson).
Longfellow.	Treasure Island.
Shakespeare.	

Here, it will be noticed, is more solidity. But it must be borne in mind that the *St. Nicholas* aimed at a library for children, irrespective of age; whereas we asked particularly for books for children under twelve.

MR. H. C. MARILLIER's forthcoming work on Rossetti will be the most complete record of his career as a painter and draughtsman that has been prepared. A time may, of course, come when every scrap of an artist's output will be reproduced between two covers; but until that period the method followed by Mr. Marillier must be considered



thorough enough. The illustrations comprise thirty photo-gravure plates and nearly 200 blocks, the examples reproduced being chosen from all the best Rossetti collections. With regard to the biographical side of the book, Mr. Marillier has been equally fortunate, among the authorities who have helped him being Mr. Watts-Dunton, Mr. W. M. Rossetti, and Mr. Fairfax Murray. The book will be published in October.

CRITICS of poetry can be very prosaic. Mr. Edwin Markham's famous poem, "The Man with the Hoe," has utterly dissatisfied one American reader of independent spirit. The toiling agriculturist is to this gentleman no subject for commiseration. A man with a hoe is, to his mind, to be felicitated—he, at least, has a means of honest livelihood, and a natural one at that. Hence he has written to the *New York Sun*:

What about the man without the hoe? he who cannot get work, or, having the opportunity to labour, won't do it? There are thousands of young men in this country who have been educated up to the point where the honest and healthful occupation of their fathers in the field has become distasteful to them, and, in many cases, they have grown to be ashamed of it and of their parents. In European countries, particularly, there are multitudes of young men, the younger sons of titled people, for instance, who have been taught that common labour or work in the trades is beneath them, and they sink their individuality, their manhood, and their future in the ranks of the army and in petty government positions. They must have money, but they must earn it only in a "genteel" way. These are the men without the hoe—the real brothers to the ox. Who shall tell their story? Who shall best sing the bitter song of the incapables who walk the earth, driven hither and thither like beasts by the implacable sentiment of a false social education, suffering the tortures of the damned and bringing distress upon those dependent on them because they have lost that true independence of soul that comes to him who dares to labour with his hands, who wields the hoe and is the master of his destiny.

The writer would like to see a good poem written on these lines, and the subject is a great one. He therefore offers to give for the best poems written on this general subject 400 dols. as first prize, 200 dols. as second prize, and 100 dols. as third prize; the competition to be decided by a committee of three, one to be the editor of the *Sun*, and the others to be Mr. T. B. Aldrich and Mr. E. C. Stedman (if those gentlemen will be willing to serve on such a committee). All poems to be sent in to the editor of the *Sun* before October 15 next. Brevity, strength of sentiment and expression, and literary grace and beauty to be the factors of merit.

There is time for English poets to compete, too.

ANOTHER kind of prize poem has just been called for by a Flemish lady—Mme. Keelhoff, Rue de l'Industrie, 2, Brussels—whose enthusiasm for the cause of total abstinence has led her to the length of offering a reward for the best song against the abuse of strong drink. Her zeal, however, does not extend to offering a larger prize than twenty-five francs.

MR. ALGERNON ASHTON has lately added Rossetti's grave at Birchington to his list of tombs needing renovation. But another critic, Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer, objects to this inclusion. He reports: "The design on the cross is a little obscured by lichens, but that, I suppose, one must expect. The grass, too, is a little out of condition, but that, too, in these days of drought is not to be wondered at." Mr. Hueffer concludes: "If one wished to preserve the cross from the effects of the weather or the grass from those of footsteps one ought, I suppose, to enclose the whole beneath a large glass case. But this would not be pretty, however trifling the expense."

A CORRESPONDENT sends us the following motto for General Mercier:

Only the actions of the Jouaust  
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

MR. DOOLEY's remarks on Europe, which are to be printed Monday by Monday in the *Westminster Gazette*, promise to be very entertaining. He began this week with a commentary on the Anglo-American sports recently held in London. "Ye get to th' Olympian games," says Mr. Dooley, "be suffocation in a tunnel. Whin ye come to, ye pay four shillin's, or a dollar in our degraded currency, an' stan' in th' sun an' look at th' Prince iv Wales. Th' Prince iv Wales looks at you, too, but he don't see ye." Mr. Dooley then describes the events. "I was that proud iv me belovid counthry," he says, "that I wanted to take off me hat there an' thin an' give the colledge yell iv th' Ar-rchey Avnoo Reform School. But I was resthtrained be a frind iv mine that I met comin' over. He was fr'm Matsachosetts, an', says he: 'Don't make a disturbance,' he says. 'We've got to create a fav'able impression here,' he says. 'Th' English,' he says, 'niver shows enthushyasm,' he says. 'Tis regarded as unpolite,' he says. 'If we yell,' he says, 'they'll think we want to win,' he says, 'an' we didn't come over here to win,' he says. 'Let us show thim,' he says, 'that we're gintlemin, be it iver so painful,' he says. An' I resthtrained meself be puttin' me fist in me mouth."

A LITTLE American society, called "The Brothers of the Book," which from time to time circulates limited editions of sympathetic writings, has just issued Stevenson's essay on "The Morality of the Profession of Letters," first published in the *Fortnightly Review* for April, 1881.

IN future the *Windmill*, a little artistic quarterly that has not yet had time to become very well known, will be published by the New Century Press.

THE Paris correspondent of the *Times* can generally be trusted to telegraph the right comment in words acceptable to the British public. It may be doubted, however, whether the gentleman who sits at the other end of the wire at one o'clock in the morning, anxious to arrive at the essential facts and go home, is altogether pleased with this embroidery. Last Wednesday, reading our *Times*, we had a vision of the telegraph instrument ticking out Mr. De Blowitz's Paris despatch. Thus it began:

The — Supreme — Will — which — governs —  
human — destinies — has — inscrutable — designs —  
in — which — we — are — bound — to — acquiesce —  
— without — seeking — to — penetrate — the —  
mystery.

The news which followed was the death of M. Scheurer-Kestner.

WE print elsewhere in this number a protest, by a writer who remembers the intellectual agonies of his youth, against the employment of Gray's "Elegy" as a guide to poetry for boys. Many of our readers who remember their schooldays can probably remember other instances where the examination of a beautiful poem by slow and painful stages has set up a prejudice against it which time has not yet been able altogether to remove. And also they may remember absurd misconceptions of words and phrases, similar to the one which our correspondent mentions. We shall be pleased to put on record such experiences if any be sent to us.

THE new Chair of Education at Owens College, Manchester, has been accepted by Mr. H. L. Withers, since 1893 Principal of the Borough Road Training College at Isleworth. Mr. Withers was elected to a Classical Scholarship at Balliol College, Oxford, in 1882, and he obtained a First Class in Classics both in Moderations and in the Final Honours School. He was an assistant master at the Manchester Grammar School, and afterwards at Clifton College, and has been an examiner under the Oxford and Cambridge Schools Examination Board. The professor will have a seat on the Senate of the College and on the Board of Studies of the Victoria University. An assistant and the Mistress of Method in the Women's College will be associated with the professor in the work of the department.

LAST week Mr. Madison Cawein, the American poet, whom Mr. Howells, in an article in *Literature*, has just introduced to many persons, was referred to in the ACADEMY as a Canadian. This was an error. Mr. Cawein is an American.

## Bibliographical.

VERY interesting is Mr. Nutt's announcement that the next volume of the "Tudor Translations" will be a reprint of *The Courtier* of Baldassare Castiglione, as "done into English" by Sir Thomas Hoby, and published originally in 1561. There are, of course, much later translations of the work into English—notably that by A. P. Castiglione, which dates from 1727, and that by R. Samber, which came out two years later. Still, the Hoby version is to be preferred. It was evidently popular in its day, for there was an edition in 1577, another in 1588, and another in 1603. For the "Tudor Translation" which is to follow *The Courtier* one cannot feel quite so enthusiastic, inasmuch as it is to consist of the Urquhart-and-Motteux translation of *Gargantua and Pantagruel* (Books I.-V.), "faithfully reprinted," to be sure, "from the *éditiones principes*." This will run to three volumes. Reprints of Urquhart-and-Motteux—of a kind—have been plentiful of late years; there have been three in the late decade. But, of course, the "Tudor" reprint will be well worth possessing.

The announcement of a new translation of King Alfred's *Bæthrus* into modern English reminds us that this service has already been done for us twice at least—by J. S. Cardale (in 1829) and by Samuel Fox (in 1835). More interesting and attractive is the promise of a new translation of Asser's *Life of Alfred*; that may be said to be wanted in very deed. On the other hand, a threatened addition to the literature of *The Tale of Beowulf* is a little disquieting, seeing that the editions and versions of the *Tale* are really numerous. There are the versions by Kemble (1833), Wackerbarth (1849), Thorpe (1855), Arnold (1876), Lumsden—in rhyme—(1881), Earle (1892), and Morris and Wyatt (1895). Then there are American versions, dated 1882 and 1892 respectively. I suppose the standard edition is that of Wyatt, reproduced so lately as last year.

Somebody has lately been congratulating himself on having seen a copy of Miss Braddon's very first work of fiction (if it be such)—*Thrice Dead! or, The Secret of the Heath*. This story seems to have come out in 1861 as a unit of the "Shilling Volume Library." But was *Thrice Dead!* its original title? Was it not *The Trail of the Serpent*?—the title under which the tale was translated into French two or three years after. Perhaps one of my readers may be able to settle the point—if it is worth settling. Another story by Miss Braddon—*The Lady Lisle*—appears to have been published in 1861, though "1862" be on the title-page. The author should write her Reminiscences (as everybody else does) and enlighten us

not only about her early prose fictions, but about her play-writing, which, apparently, was more considerable than is generally supposed. No fewer than three plays from her pen were published in 1880-82.

Since I wrote the above paragraph the following letter has appeared in the *Westminster Gazette*, from Mr. Henry Williams:

Referring to your "Literary Notes and News" of the 18th inst., in which a correspondent describes the first real book of fiction written by Miss Braddon.

He is quite correct; it was published by my honoured father-in-law, the late W. M. Clark, of Warwick-lane, Paternoster-row, to whose business I succeeded.

When this book was issued I was a youth in his employ, and I opened the first parcel sent to us by Mr. Empson, of Beverley, then a customer we supplied with newspapers, books, &c.

The title was, I believe, *Three Times Dead*; or, *The Mystery of the Heath*, and was issued in penny weekly numbers, 8 pages 8vo; the cuts were awful.

It is now nearly forty years since the first number was issued, but I remember glancing at the opening sentences, which run thus:

"It didn't rain any harder in the Town of Sloppington-on-the-Sloshy than it rained anywhere else," &c.

I have at times spoken about this to Mr. W. Tinsley and other younger members of the trade who have since published for Miss Braddon, but they usually shrugged their shoulders incredulously.

The initials "H. L. B." appended to an account (in a contemporary) of the new National Theatre at Christiania are obviously those of Mr. H. L. Braekstad, a Scandinavian, who has been resident for some years in England, and has done much, in an unassuming way, to make Scandinavian fiction and drama known to English people. For instance, he has produced English versions of two books by P. C. Asbjørnsen (1881 and 1897), of Björnson's *Gauntlet* (1890) and *Paul Lange* (1899), of A. C. Edgren's *True Women* (1890), and J. Lie's *Commodore's Daughters* (1892) and *Niobe* (1897). Just lately he has given us a translation of Johansen's *With Nansen in the North*.

Messrs. Nimmo announce a cheaper edition of their reprint of *Captain Gronow's Recollections*, which they gave to the world first in 1889, and again in 1892. Originally the work came out in four series—each separately entitled—in 1862, 1863, 1864, and 1866 successively. Would it not be a good idea to issue a reprint of the *Recollections* curtailed of the passages which for the present-day reader have a rococo air? A volume of selections, published at a small price, ought to attract the lovers of anecdote and gossip.

The novel which Miss Edith Henrietta Fowler is to give us will be her first, for her literary efforts, so far, have been confined modestly to the production of tales for children—to wit, *The Young Pretenders* (1895), *The Professor's Children* (1897), and *Hugh's Burden Bundle* (1897). There will naturally be curiosity as to the relation her fare for adults may bear to that with which her sister has hitherto supplied the public.

We are promised a new illustrated edition of Blake's *Songs of Experience*. These, it will be remembered, were included in a Blake volume, published in 1897, for which Mr. C. Ricketts provided the "decorations." The *Songs of Experience* have usually been printed with the *Songs of Innocence*—vide the editions of 1789, 1839, 1866, and 1868.

Only two years ago Mr. John Mackie gave us an Australian tale which he called *They that Sit in Darkness*. Now Mr. I. Zangwill proposes to present us with a book of stories entitled *They that Walk in Darkness*. Of course, sitting and walking are very different things.

For the "Social England" series Miss Lucy Toulmin Smith will write the volume on *Mysteries and Miracle Plays*. The choice is a good one, for we all remember the lady's edition of the York Plays, as well as that of *Gorboduc*—both of them excellent bits of scholarship.

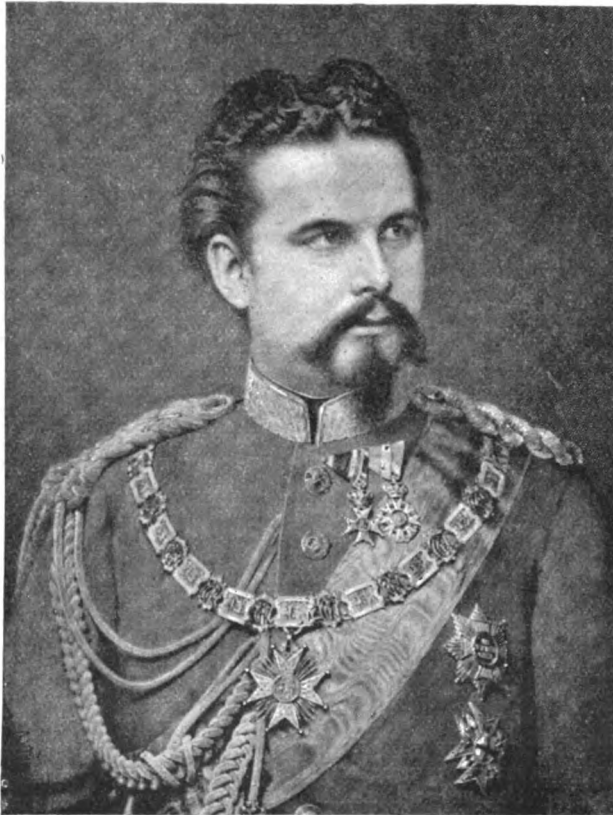
THE BOOKWORM.

## Reviews.

## A Mad King.

*The Romance of Ludwig II. of Bavaria.* By Frances Gerard. (Hutchinson. 16s.)

IN all madness is felt a dreadful allurements—the allurements of a mind fed by no mortal fires. In his preoccupation the madman appeals to us freshly as a grandiose babe. He is incapable of appearing, as we sane ones do, in perennial disguise. His deeps are springing; he has the candour of relentless disease. And yet, as though he



LUDWIG II.

were a true artist instead of simply a morbid subject, his secret eludes us all; he creates without paint or clay; he dreams without repose; he seems terribly alive. Perhaps—whatever the surgeons say—he lives partly in that other world which by every device we ignore, and, like someone in a tale of genius, has seen Fear.

And so it is with reluctance that we approach the task of reviewing a book of gossip about a madman—for madness is high tragedy, and gossip, however amiable, is an old wife's business.

Let it be said at once that Miss Frances Gerard is a typical lady bookmaker. She found her task an "absorbing and delightful occupation" (there is nothing like having a taste for pathology, is there?); she dotes on her hero's "wonderful" and "unfathomable" eyes; she is arch and omniscient about his love affairs, sagacious about his education, and full to the brim with feminine tolerance and pity. Withal, she has some humour and penetration; but she is also a little inconsistent, inaccurate, and inconsequent. Her "romance" is just a book of Bavarian bits; and one ventures to think that it was the sumptuosities of Ludwig's castles that accounted for the "delightful" element in her task. The illustrations, of which there are more than fifty, are admirably reproduced; and the whole

is well designed to fritter away the studious hours of even those who detest buttonholing and swear by method. The index might have been more serviceable. It is absurd to give nothing but page-references to Ludwig II., who is, ostensibly, the book itself.

Having made our strictures and paid our tributes, let us return to the King. He was born in 1845 and died in 1886. In his twoscore years he lived more in the company of the Grande Monarque and Louis Quinze than in that of his contemporaries. He fell in love, but it was with Marie Antoinette. In the bedroom of the Residenz Schloss her bust was the first object that would meet his eyes on waking. True, he had shown regard for the Grand Duchess Marie Alexandrowna, but he never seems to have asked the crucial question. True, he was engaged to the Duchess Sophie Charlotte, but he broke his troth; and Prof. Gore alleges, in a recent article, that "he took the marble bust which she had given him of herself and threw it out of the window." There seems to have been a distinct lack of healthy amativeness in Ludwig, and this expressed itself in a marked intolerance to any presumption on the part of women. Thus, Prof. Gore relates how an actress, who had pleased him by a recitation, requested permission to see "his most poetic bed-chamber"—the Million-Dollar Bed-chamber, as the American magazine characteristically describes it—at Herrenschiemsee. The actress "was coolly dismissed for her effrontery, and the servants were ordered to fumigate the room in which she had been received." Similarly, Miss Gerard tells how on one occasion Fraulein Schefszky was asked to sing for His Majesty while he rowed on the lake of the winter garden attached to the Residenz Schloss. "The lady, being more a Walküre than a fairy, her weight was too much for the little skiff, which capsized her into the water." The King left her, cavalierly, to the mercy of the boatman, and it was said that Wagner fished her out with a boat-hook. Rumour also averred that the accident took place through the King's resentment at Fraulein Schefszky's venturing to pass her hand through his hair. It was Fraulein Schefszky, by the way, who

was in the habit of making the King from time to time very handsome presents, which he received with the understanding that he would afterwards pay for them. . . . One Christmas she presented her royal patron with a costly carpet, with which he was highly pleased, thanking her heartily and desiring repayment to be made at once. His secretary, however, astonished at the high price of the article, caused inquiries to be made, when it came out that Schefszky was making a large profit for herself out of the transactions. The King was so disgusted . . . that he at once dismissed the singer from the Grand Opera, ordering, however, that the full salary should be paid to her for the time she had been engaged.

Such a woman was not worthy of a flirtation; but Ludwig's extraordinary treatment of his *fiancée*, afterwards the Duchesse d'Alençon, who nobly perished in the flames of the Paris Bazaar of 1897, shows an abnormal sexual nature; for, be it understood, we are not dealing with the case of a "shifting of the fire," but of absence of fire. He loved Marie Antoinette. He also loved Wagner, and Wagner was, perhaps, the only formidable rival of that heroic shade. The two volumes of Wagner's Letters recently put forth by Mr. W. Ashton Ellis tell the tale of Bayreuth—a veritable saga in its way. This is how Wagner writes to Frau Wille of Ludwig, after an interview (May 4, 1864). Our quotation is from Mr. Ellis's translation:

You know that the young King of Bavaria had me searched for. To-day I was conducted to him. Alas! he is so handsome and intelligent, so splendid and so full of soul, that I fear lest his life should vanish like a fleeting dream of gods in this vulgar world. He loves me with the depth and glow of a first love; he knows and fathoms everything about me, and understands me as my soul.

It was the opinion of one who knew him well, that Ludwig had no ear for music. But the world of "Lohengrin" was just made for him. He who in his degeneracy craved to be drawn about by peacocks, was delighted with a bloodless opportunity of wearing silver armour and going about in a swan boat (as they do at Earl's Court). He adored spectacles; his was the bizarrerie of a noble Roman in the decadence. For him alone the whole play must recommence after the public have withdrawn. For him alone in the mirror room at Herrenschiemsee thousands of candles must burn, and no candle be lit twice. It is said that he intended his projected, but never built, castle of Falkenstein to be paved with jewels. His resources, however, gave out, like those of the Emperor of China when Aladdin invited him to fill in the one unjewelled lattice of his magical palace. And perhaps the depletion of his treasury really did hasten his end. It was a shock in his dream life, which had come to require prolonged solitude and a reticence in others which they found unbearable. They must not look at him; they must scratch the panel of his door to show their comprehension of his commands. He had evaded warfare, that healthy, but expensive dream of the world. He signed his country into a kind of vassalage before dressing for "Lohengrin" one fine day. Kissengen had known him not, and at Sedan Germany triumphed without him. It was a pity, for military ardour, like love, is a vent. More than that, it is a sea washing away fear.

How the end came we have no space to tell. Yet must we lament the crudity that attaches to un-kinging. For a man with the Grand Monarque for his companion, with Marie Antoinette for his "bodiless paramour," to be un-kinged was awful. And to be un-kinged not with shouts, but with whispers and the askance looks of science and pity, was unbearable. Thereupon Ludwig put an end to the situation, and with him perished the tactless but heroic Dr. Gudden. He had become a jailbird, and showed sure sanity in choosing a moment for his escape when he was still handsome and articulate, while the conflagration of his reason was still blazing and the dead ash of idiocy was yet unfallen.

But, for sign of the dreadful end averted, still ring across the chasm of years two sentences of the hapless King. One is spoken by the boy of twelve caught in the act of bowstringing his brother Otto: "This is no business of yours; this is my vassal, and he has dared to resist my will. He must be executed." The other is spoken by the man of forty-one of the Commissioners who decided on his mental state: "Let the traitors be thrown into the deepest dungeon, loaded with chains, and leave them to die of starvation."

### From Mike Howe to Ned Kelly.

*The Story of the Australian Bushrangers.* By G. E. Boxall. (Sonnenschein. 6s.)

BUSHRANGING has never filled quite that place in a boy's ambition which highway robbery and piracy hold. We cannot say why exactly, except that the term is somewhat vague, and, boys being no less snobs than their parents are, the association of convicts with the pastime may have damped their ardour. Australia, try how we will, is not romantic. Boys or men, we cannot locate our ideals there. Moreover, the stories of famous bushrangers are very ugly. They include a vast amount of wanton shedding of blood and taking of life, and they are generally lacking in any kind of picturesqueness or chivalry. The old highwayman had standards of manners; he was occasionally something very nigh a gentleman; he robbed and passed on, needing the money only; his heart was empty of rancour. But the bushranger was an escaped prisoner, with a heart black with rage against a cruel convict system. He took to the bush because no other part of Australia was safe for him, and he preyed upon men as much out of revenge as for

booty. Hence his deeds were almost always brutal. The bushranger, to put it concisely, may be described as a highwayman plus convict.

In this country it is hardly worth while to break prison and run. The distances are so trifling, the cover so sparse, the country is so netted with telegraph lines, that capture, except in very rare instances, is certain. But in Australia in the old days the escaped prisoner had the world before him. Recapture was, of course, possible, and it often occurred; while death from starvation was possible too, and occurred not much less frequently; but the opportunity of eluding both were very considerable, especially to a man in a position to treasure liberty as a miser gold, and a man, too, in whom years of oppression had implanted a hatred of all power and an utter carelessness of human life. Not that all the crime of Australia in the period under discussion—the first half of this century—were committed by escaped convicts and assigned servants—i.e., convicts outside the prison walls—but the greater ones were, and most of the bushrangers reached their profession *vid* gaol. Mr. Boxall, whose pages, though somewhat monotonous and crowded, are very rich in interest and lucid in their information, sympathises with these depredators to an extent which may trouble comfortable English law-keepers not a little.

The facts being as I have stated [says he], the wonder is not that large numbers of prisoners took to the bush, but that all did not do so; and the more we study the early history of the convict settlements, the less we feel inclined to blame the early bushrangers, however savage or atrocious their actions were.

By a stroke of irony the original idea of bushranging was first put into the head of the convict by a Government official. In 1805, food being scarce in Van Dieman's Land owing to the non-arrival of store ships, the Lieut.-Governor ordered the temporary liberation of the convicts and sent them into the woods to catch kangaroo and other wild animals. On the arrival of the store ships the convicts were recalled. Those that would not come were the first bushrangers. The names of many of these independent spirits are lost, but in course of time it began to be understood that the boldest among them, and the ringleader in the numerous thefts and outrages, was one Whitehead. Whitehead, then, was the First Bushranger. To him, when in 1814 the bullet which was to end the career of most of his kind penetrated a vital spot, succeeded Michael Howe. Howe (a transported highwayman) was a man of character, a tactician. He provided himself with a native wife, "Black Mary," whose knowledge of the bush did him infinite service. Many of the later bushrangers came to grief through insufficient acquaintance with their hiding ground. Howe took a right view of his importance, even daring, under a flag of truce, to leave the security of the bush and parley with the Governor at Hobart, where "he became very popular." Howe, who must have been a humorist, had asked for this meeting in a letter "From the Governor of the Ranges to the Governor of the Town." The negotiation, however, failed, Howe became suspicious, and rather than run risks of waiting for his pardon he returned to the ranges, and there continued his robberies until in an affray with the military his brains were beaten out.

The history of the bushrangers is a succession of fierce contests and sudden death. In the stories of the American gold craze in the late forties there is sufficient lightness and freedom in man's relations with his gun and pistol; but never can triggers have been pulled with more frequency and unconcern than in the volume before us. A bushranger in a corner either was shot or himself shot his way out. It would seem that in the infected regions to find oneself looking down the barrel of a gun was the commonest of experiences. Why more people did not carry arms is something of a puzzle to the reader of Mr. Boxall's pages. One very ordinary device of the bush-

rangers, for example, was for three to arrive suddenly at a station, where two of them simultaneously presented themselves in the shearing shed and the house. One man seems to have been all that was needed to intimidate the shed, perhaps containing thirty shearers; one all that was required for the house; so that the other was free to search for gold and valuables. Had the shearers carried revolvers too the result must have been different: or so at least one thinks, writing now, many years after, in the security of England. Yet the old fable of the cholera comes to mind—"I killed but a thousand, fear killed the rest." Fear must have operated powerfully on the side of the bushrangers: they were known to be desperate, sticking at nothing; report had magnified their strength and their exploits; their presence was thus mesmeric, paralysing action.

To Michael Howe succeeded, as a bushranger of parts, Matthew Brady, a transported forger. For a while he was a terror in Van Diemen's Land, but was at last betrayed by a convict named Cowan who wormed his way into the gang. For this despicable service Cowan received a free pardon, several hundred pounds, and a passage home. When Brady was condemned to be hanged (Mr. Boxall always says "hung," as if bushrangers were so much meat), many ladies in court showed their sympathy for him by weeping so loudly that the judge had to pause. Howe and Brady were, however, mere provincial operators. The first really notable mainland bushranger was John Lynch. Lynch was one of the most extensive and cold-blooded murderers in the history of crime. A passage from his confessions will indicate his extraordinary state of mind:

After their supper Lynch was lying under his [stolen] dray when a mounted trooper rode up and asked Frazer [a peaceable squatter, who, with his wife, had become Lynch's unsuspecting travelling companion] some questions about a dray which had been stolen. . . . The Frazers were unable to give him any information, and the trooper rode away without noticing Lynch. . . . This narrow escape gave Lynch a terrible shock. He lay awake all night thinking of the danger he was running by keeping this drag. He "prayed to Almighty God to assist and enlighten" him in this emergency, and, feeling much strengthened, he resolved to kill the Frazers and take theirs.

After Lynch we come to William Westwood, known as Jackey Jackey, the gentleman bushranger. He was transported for some boyish peccadillo when only sixteen, so the Government must probably bear the whole responsibility for his career. About Jackey Jackey's name clusters as apocryphal a mass of story as that which lends glory to the names of Dick Turpin and Claude Duval in this country. With Duval's chivalry in returning to ladies their purses and craving a dance Jackey Jackey also is credited, and Turpin's forced ride to York to set up an *alibi* is his also, except that York becomes an Australian town. (But this feat, according to Defoe's *Itinerary*, was performed many years before Turpin.) Jackey Jackey, however, had authentic adventures which entitled him to respect, and his name is still mentioned with admiration. He was one who had education. Mr. Boxall tells of an old fellow who related to him the story of a meeting between Jackey Jackey and Governor Gipps. "You and me," said he, "couldn't have understood what they said. It was all English, but they talked grammar." Jackey Jackey delighted to run into danger, and though more than once captured he always escaped. At last, however, he was securely taken and cooped in the prison on Norfolk Island. In 1844 a new governor was appointed, with instructions to return to the rigid rules of the earlier days. He did so, but exceeded his duty by refusing the convicts certain ameliorations which he had promised. The men became incensed beyond endurance, and Jackey Jackey constituted himself leader, with the remark: "I've made up my mind to stand this oppression no longer. But, remember, I'm

going to the gallows. If any man funks let him stand out. Those who wish to follow me, come on." Mutiny then began in earnest, and five officials were killed, all by Jackey Jackey, before it was quelled. Thirteen men were hanged for it on October 13, 1846, among them the ring-leader, who left a long and very reasonable letter behind him. These sentences occur therein: "The spirit of the British law is reformation. Now years of sad experience should have told them that instead of reforming, the wretched man, under the present system, led by example on the one hand and driven by despair and tyranny on the other, goes on from bad to worse, till at length he is ruined body and soul." Jackey Jackey died at the age of twenty-six. From certain stories of him which Mr. Boxall gives we believe him to have been by nature a really fine fellow.

These, however, are ancient cases. To the ordinary man bushranging centres in the name of Kelly, and the chapters of Mr. Boxall's history which describe the audacities of the two brothers, Dan and Ned, in the seventies, are perhaps the cream of the book. Take him all round, Ned Kelly, who is called the last of the bushrangers, was also the greatest, and it is interesting to think that there are many men still in the prime of life who knew him and perhaps fought with him. The Kellys behaved in the grand manner. While a price of £500 was on their heads they entered towns, robbed banks, took possession of hotels, and defied the police. Their crowning ambition was to bail up a train, but treachery frustrated it. A terrible battle followed, wherein the famous suits of armour figured; and Dan Kelly was killed, Ned wounded and captured. Ned was hanged at Melbourne on November 11, 1880. In the last of the bushrangers we lost a magnificent soldier. He had the blood of a thousand terriers, and a certain grim humour too. One of his gang, who had the deaths of many men to answer for, was waited for during several weeks by the police lying in ambush near his mother's home, where they felt certain he would attempt to return. As a matter of fact he did return, saw the old woman, and got away again in safety; and the police had to capture him in some other way. The police, said Kelly, have no right to prevent a man from visiting his mother.

### De Profundis.

O You that out of dreams I make,  
Because it was my fathers' way,  
A moment fashioned for the sake  
Of hope upon a hopeless day:

The cowardly comfort, You I call!  
The shameful solace of an hour;  
Before You go the way of all  
I trust a moment in Your power.

Vouchsafe me, in this time and place,  
Such might as may my heart ensure  
The superhuman fear to face,  
The unendurable endure.

Purge me of dross with triple fire,  
O Lord, if any gold there be:  
If any gold in my desire,  
That is the soul and whole of me.

Till when the leaden lights of morn  
Beat on me proven, unafraid,  
Who that I could not bear have borne—  
Leave me, O Lord that I have made!

Yet, God ungraven! grant me yet  
The final rest of my relief:  
Grant Thou that I may Thee forget:  
The cowardice of my unbelief.

A. BERNARD MIALl



## The Decadence of Female Decadence.

*The Roman Empresses.* (Walpole Press.)

THERE is fashion in women, as in the dress of women. It is modish for women to be æsthetic or athletic, and forthwith we have a crop of damsels willowy and Lotticelli-like, or tall as goddesses and muscular as Guardsmen. Such is the determination of woman, that she will grow in the fashion, and add the Scriptural cubit to her stature if the mode demand it. These things are a mystery. There is a fashion also in female character, as evidenced in the novels of the day. The pale and pensive, the artistic, the sprightly and brilliant—all have their turn of popularity. At present, as a result of the "decadence," the wicked heroine is "in." She may be of varying patterns, but wickedness is essential—nay, had we not some while ago *The Lives of Twelve Bad Women*? Whether the fashion has affected society we are not aware; but it is writ large in literature, and has invaded the stage. The present book is therefore quite in the vogue. For the Roman empresses were most of them wicked; and several superbly, scenically wicked. A new work on such a subject would have distinct interest and value; but it is to be regretted that this is a mere reprint of an old translation of an eighteenth-century French book, by one De Serviez. It is full, faithful, not very discriminating, stilted, and dry—dry as mechanical handling and superfluous moral platitudes of the most approved fashion can make it.

A bad woman is a very bad woman. A bad man has usually some stump of a conscience left, and feels in it occasional aches and twinges which he refers automatically to the amputated organ. But a woman has none. Her wickedness comes from her with cheerfulness and comfort. The man is a strong swimmer in evil; but to the woman it becomes her element, her habitation. Drawn out (so to speak) on to the land of virtue, she could not breathe, but would plunge back with relief into her proper environment of vice. But while all are perfectly bad in an absolute sense, relatively there are degrees of perfection, as among good women we see. Perhaps the palm of perfection may be awarded to the wicked women of Italy. We say it with some hesitation. The women of the East we have hardly means for studying, or they might complicate the decision. Semiramis is too distant, too legendary; besides, she was a conqueror, and a perfect bad woman should not allow these things to divert her from the practice of her art. Catherine of Russia is in the same case, and even her badness is far from undisputed. It comes to this, that the North generally does not show up well, and England in particular makes a very poor display. We have to admit with regret that we have, perhaps, no bad women of any particular excellence. Queen Elinor enjoys a quite unfounded reputation on the strength of a mythical bowl of poison: she did not take away Rosamond's life, but in all probability merely her reputation, over the mediæval substitute for five o'clock tea. Besides, poison in a bowl—not even a phial: a thumping bowlful, as if she were going to poison a horse—and a dagger; what coarse, what primitive means! Neither of the Elinors has any solid evidence for her repute. The Castlemaines and Portsmouths of the Restoration were very poor copies of French originals—their own not in the first rank—and one of them turned charitable, or pious, or something equally fatal to serious claims. We are driven back upon the Mrs. Brownriggs, and women who murder their babies, and suchlike types of sordid achievement. France is much better. The Mme. de Pompadours, it is true (in spite of that single fine saying about the deluge), do not come up to one's highest ideals of badness in woman: but the ladies of Catherine de Medici's "bodyguard" had undoubtedly attained no common order of excellence, though their Italian training takes from them the supreme merit of originality. The same must be said of the Brinvilliers,

who would otherwise have been a bad woman of real distinction; and generally, in this otherwise prolific period, there was no nationally French school of female wickedness. It derived strongly from Italy. In earlier French history there are some striking examples of native talent; but it is in the Carolingian time that we find real greatness. Brunnhilda and her rival queen were eminent examples of the true type. Nevertheless, there is a certain Teutonic coarseness and crudeness about the amours and murders of these Frankish queens which makes one adhere to Italy as the land where the bad woman has been produced in her perfection.

The mingling of softness, fire, and subtlety which makes Italy the most feminine of lands, and the Italian woman typically dear to the imagination of our poets, has caused it in all ages to produce the most arresting examples of female evil. Where woman is most woman for good she will also be most woman for evil. From Italy Webster took his "White Devil," Vittoria Corombona. Italy gave to the popular imagination its ideal type of the baleful, lovely woman in Lucrezia Borgia, though cold history avers that there have been much worse women, in Italy and out of it, than Lucrezia of the wonderful hair. Where the evil-doing of men works by preference in feminine ways; where poison, the naturally feminine weapon, was used till it became an art, it is not surprising that women should become conspicuous in evil. Yet more than this is needed: there must be something in the blood itself to explain the parity in wickedness between the woman of mediæval Italy and the woman of old Rome. The Romans were a martial race; they dealt in blood and iron. Yet the history of the Roman empresses recalls strongly the worst women of Italian mediæval history. The one period may be used to illustrate the other.

There is a daring about their action which we notice also in the mediæval Italian women. It is not the Northern, but the Latin races which produce the Amazonian women. Where the men are women, the women are men; and it was when the sturdy warrior-race of Rome was past that the Roman woman began to show her potentialities in politics and crime. So we notice the same trait in Caterina Sforza, standing on the walls of her city in armour, to defy Cæsar Borgia with indecorously masculine insults, and in the ruthless boldness of an Agrippina. The inventions of the novelist pale before these ladies' vigorous reality. In spite of our novelists, the day of the bad women is over; and no doubt, on the whole, it is as well.

## A Boy Bishop.

*Bishop John Selwyn: a Memoir.* By F. D. How. (Isbister.)

THE late Master of Selwyn College, Cambridge, first saw the light in Waimale, his father (afterwards of Lichfield) being, in the year 1844, Bishop of New Zealand. He was educated at Eton, where he was captain of the field eleven, and at Trinity College, Cambridge, at which time he stroked the University eight, and secured a flukey place in the third class of the Classical Tripos. Here is a snapshot of him in those days:

I believe [writes the Provost of Eton] that I first saw John Selwyn on the Oxford towing-path, running with the University crew. He had come over from Cambridge to see his rivals. . . . He had borrowed a set of flannels from one of his friends at University College . . . and was running along very joyously in a University College blazer which was far too narrow for his broad shoulders, and a pair of white flannel trousers which were much too long for his legs. It was impossible not to notice this, as well as his bright, happy look, as of a man out for a good holiday and thoroughly enjoying himself.

He was ordained and, by his father, was presented to the benefice of St. George's, Wolverhampton, where he was found at the time of Bishop Patteson's murder. That event he took as a call to himself. "I say, old fellow, we must have a prayer about this" was his queer word to his friend and curate, Still (who called him Billy); and it was manifested to him that he should go. The mission work he did is very lightly touched; it is to be the subject, we are told, of a distinct book; but the letters home reveal the man in the most amiable light. His intense affection for his mother is one of the kindest traits of Bishop Selwyn's:

What [he writes] can I tell you of these thirty-seven years that are gone? Only that that is the number by which my love for you is multiplied. My manhood clings to you not a whit less than my infancy did. . . .

His love of his wife—"a jovial couple" they styled themselves—and children, warm and human as it was, went hand in hand with a singularly childlike piety, which in 1878 was put to a rude test by the loss of his mate. He could write to Mr. Waters:

I am so very happy for her sake that I am wonderfully upheld and comforted, and I can always soothe myself by going to her grave. . . . I was not unhappy, as the most childlike trust and love shone through [her delirium] and one could see that her mind was stayed on God, and was therefore in perfect peace.

And his personal sufferings he bore with a like religious fortitude. "I try to make it a willing offering," he said simply of the agony he suffered while the surgeons removed the dead bone from his leg. He returned home a hopeless cripple; but the old spirit lived in him, and on his crutches he would challenge all wooden-legged comers to a trial of speed. The offer of the mastership of the college founded to commemorate his father he received at first with a loud guffaw; that he with his lucky third, and with such a career behind him, should blossom at last into a don struck him as humorous; but when it was pressed upon him from every side he threw himself into the work with all his wonted energy. Behold him, therefore, in his old age, careering along the towpath on his hand tricycle, breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the vices of luckless freshers labouring at the oar. But it was not with rowing form alone that the Master concerned himself.

Many Selwyn men recall with gratitude and affection those talks over a pipe which ended so often in the pouring out of religious difficulties, after which the Bishop took the place of the Master, and the undergraduate knelt with him in prayer and received his episcopal blessing.

It is only last year that he was compelled, by the failure of his health, to resign. They took him to Pau, and did for him what might be done to prolong life. On the night of February 12 he said: "I think I am dying." Then: "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost be with us all evermore." His mind wandered; he thought himself on ship-board. "Call me at one bell," he said. But at one bell he slept too sound.

Mr. How has written this memoir as such memoirs should be written: briefly, and with a proper sense of distinction between the things that should be remembered and those other things which, without loss, may be forgotten. To read his life is to love this boy. He was the ideal of a type peculiar to the Church of England among the religious societies of the world.

## An Old Manor House.

*Annals of an Old Manor House; Sutton Place, Guildford.*  
By Frederic Harrison. Abridged Edition. (Macmillan.)

"To have the feelings of gentility it is not necessary to have been born gentle," said Charles Lamb. To have the feeling of ownership in a noble old mansion it is only necessary to have lived in it. Indeed, the most casual tourist does not walk through the halls of a great house with that sense of being a stranger and a visitor which he has when he pushes the electric knob of a new Brixton villa. In the big, uncertain past there is room for much speculation, and we may take the benefit of a thousand doubts. Rank and rent-rolls and a noble pleasure—who knows how narrowly we have missed them? Mr. Harrison has lived much at Sutton Place, which has long been occupied by members of his family. Of the Westons, the original line of owners, he says: "These men and women were nothing to me or to mine, no more than any other names in the history of those days; their house and their pictures and their escutcheons do not belong to mine or to me, who am but a passing visitor among them. But I came to love the old place, the very brickwork and the weeds and the lichens which have clung round the mouldings, the swallows twittering round the tiles, and the deep glow of the painted glass. So, bit by bit, my notes grew into a connected account of the house and its vicissitudes." What Mr. Harrison feels at Sutton the reader may feel in his armchair. Here is an antidote to the morning paper. Here the shadow moves on the dial slowly, slowly; and generations come and go very quietly, and the brave old house preserves its Tudor stillness unharmed. "Many a green isle needs must be!"—and Sutton Place is one of those pieces of England which every storm has agreed to spare.

Built in the reign of Henry VIII., whom an old writer calls "the onlie phoenix of his time for fine and curious masonrie," Sutton Place is the contemporary of Hampton Court; of Christ Church, Oxford; of Grimsthorp, in Lincolnshire; of Kenninghall, in Norfolk; and of Layer Marney Towers, in Essex. Its builder and first owner, Sir Richard Weston, was the servant of Wolsey and the King, and he escaped being crushed between them. The wayward lightnings of Henry's anger played harmlessly round Sir Richard's head, though his son and heir was executed on Tower Hill, and his brother, the prior of a monastic house, died of grief at the Dissolution. An immunity not so hard to explain has attended the home that Sir Richard built. "No Elizabethan architect has added a classical porch; no Jacobean magnate has thrown out a ponderous wing with fantastic gables and profusion of scrolls; no Georgian squire has turned it into a miniature Blenheim, or consulted his comfort by adding a square barrack. Sir Richard Weston, were he to return from his long sleep with his descendants in Trinity Church at Guildford, would find his way to the doorway in the court, and would recognise his home, worn and dimmed a little in these 380 years, but, it may be, mellowed by time into a peculiar charm, softened by the mosses and the lichens on the cornices, and the wallflowers and the ferns which nestle beneath the traceries of the bays." This happy preservation is due to the fact that Sutton was the home of a Catholic family, whose sons were not only excluded from public life and its emoluments, but were mulcted in heavy fines under oppressive laws. Their purses were never full enough to enable them to indulge in architectural freaks.

The house, as built between 1520 and 1530, consisted of a great quadrangle, enclosing a space 81 ft. on each side, and fronted by a great arched gateway with a tower rising above it and flanked with two hexagonal turrets. This gateway, and the north wing to which it belonged, were removed in 1782, by no means to the hurt of the mansion as a residence. The glory of the house is still its quad-

range, with its central building and two wings. Essentially English and Tudor in their main effect, the walls are delightful for their frieze-like, terra-cotta ornament. This is used, Mr. Harrison explains, in precisely the same way as stone is used to dress a brick building. The mullions of the windows, the dripstones, string-courses, turrets, arches, parapets, and groins are all decked in this delicate medium; and such has been the durability of the ornament that, "after 380 years of exposure, the mouldings remain almost as perfect as when they were cast." This use of terra-cotta seems to have been confined to a short interlude in our architectural history, but in that interlude it was gracefully applied to Hampton Court, Layer Marney, and East Barsham, as well as to Sutton. Mr. Harrison thinks that Henry the Eighth's Italian architect, Girolamo da Trevizi, who is said to have introduced terra-cotta work, and to have personally applied it to Layer Marney, may have superintended the work at Sutton. What seems certain is that the house was erected by English builders who were in sympathy with the Italian movement, and had the wit to see that the old substance and the new embroidery could be married.

Time has given to the brickwork and terra-cotta of Sutton a hundred tints, "varied by the grays and greens of lichens, mosses, and wall-flowers, so that the whole presents an extraordinary assemblage of warm and harmonious hues." Nowhere, perhaps, in England is there such a harmonious contradiction between the operations of Time, which has preserved forms in the sharpest outline, while adding the tones proper to age and decay. Only a part of the house is now inhabited. "Huge stacks of chimneys tower up, but are never warmed by a fire; the chapel and the chapel-bell are gone; the amorini still dance and sport, but under mosses and weeds; decaying casements creak in the wind, and ivy encumbers the arabesques upon many an empty mullion."

The surroundings of the house are worthy of its interior peace. We invite the reader to enjoy Mr. Harrison's description of the little world of Sutton. A more graceful passage of its kind we do not wish to have at our elbow.

The gently-gliding circles of the Wey, where it issues through the gate in the chalk at Guildford, wind round the House in long enfolding reaches, which on three sides alike shut it off from the neighbouring country. The water meadows stretch for miles from the foot of the wooded bank on which the house is placed. Far beyond them, on the ridge between Guildford and Farnham, lies the ancient track of the pilgrims from the west to the shrine of St. Thomas at Canterbury. Above Guildford the Chapel of St. Catherine and the Chapel of St. Martha crown the Western and the Eastern hills. Through the gap where the Saxons bridged the Wey at Guildford the glades of Surrey reach in broken vistas to the weald. To the east, head away in the distance, in sweeps of woodland and copse, the downs of Effingham, and Clandon, and Horsley. Broad open upland is all around, nor has our nineteenth century as yet broken the spell. One may watch the brickwork and the mouldings that the old knight raised in the heyday of the merry king without disturbance from the world or an echo of busy life. One listens to the cooing of the wood-pigeon in the shady masses of the limes; one may watch the kingfisher skim the unruffled bosom of the Wey, and the heron at work in the shallows. And in the evening there comes across the warren the murmur of the tumbling bays—the invention that the younger Sir Richard brought out of Brabant—and the beat of the water-wheel of the mill, which is the wheel recorded by the Conqueror in his Domesday.

Long may it be before the last window of Sutton is darkened. We are glad that this story, written first in 1879, is reissued in a form which brings it within the reach of many to whom the large edition, with its costly illustrations, was forbidden.

## Other New Books.

ESSAYS ON SUBJECTS CONNECTED WITH THE REFORMATION IN ENGLAND. BY THE LATE S. R. MAITLAND, D.D.

Dr. Maitland was one of the first modern writers who attempted to revise the traditional English Protestant conception of the Middle Ages. His "Dark Ages" is antiquated in the light of modern scholarship, but it is admirably written, and was certainly successful in its attempt to show that the "Middle" Ages were not "Dark," but that throughout them there was a *catena* of genuine learning, for which the chief credit lies with the great Benedictine monasteries. It was an illuminating and, literally, an epoch-making book, and is thoroughly worthy of re-reading to-day. We do not feel quite sure that the same can be said of the companion volume of essays on the Reformation which Mr. Hutton has been at the pains to reprint. Here Maitland is destructive in his aim, and the prejudices are on his own side. The object of the book is to depreciate the Reformation by belittling the Reformers. The character of the essays is fairly to be gathered from their titles: "Puritan Veracity," "Puritan Style," "The Puritan Palinodie," "The Ribalds," and so forth. We do not think that it is well, in the interests of a sane conception of history in general, and of ecclesiastical history in particular, to revive obsolete controversy of this type. Even Mr. Hutton seems a little ashamed of himself for so doing. His brief introduction is in part devoted to pointing out the caution with which Maitland's conclusions must needs be received—that, for instance, his defence of Bishop Bonner and his attack on the veracity of Foxe, the Martyrologist, are alike overdone. The rest of it is devoted to showing that the significance of the Reformation in the religious life of England was a far greater one than the sort of people who are likely to welcome Maitland's book will be willing to admit. (Lane. 6s. net.)

DANCING IN ALL AGES.

BY EDWARD SCOTT.

An adequate history of the dance would be a valuable contribution to anthropology. For such a work there is abundant, if scattered, material. It should discuss the origin of the dance in the festival processions and sacrifices of primitive man, its relation to religious cult, to love-making and to the beginnings of literature, its mimetic character, and its gradual evolution into the drama. The survivals of folk-dance in modern times, and a comparative study of the various types of dance preserved by the different branches of the European stock, would afford interesting chapters; while the adaptation of such primitive types in the more sophisticated performances of the salon and the ballet should not be neglected. In the meantime, Mr. Scott's *Dancing in All Ages* is a very trivial compilation, in spite of his claim, "in addition to literary research, to have made a conscientious study of the art in theory and practice." He confesses that "to the dances of barbarous countries and primitive tribes my attention has not here been given." Unfortunately these are the key of the whole matter, and any account, for instance, of the Greek and Roman dance which does not rest upon these is likely to become mere gossip. This is just what Mr. Scott's book is, and we fear that the literary research of which he speaks is mainly of the nature of unintelligent borrowing from second-hand sources. He writes of "Scheigel" for "Schegel" and "Balsac" for "Balzac" and "Beotia" for "Bœotia" and "Tyson" for "Lysons" and "Bathyllus" for "Bathyllus." He thinks that Roscius was a pantomime dancer, and that the Palilia was a festival of Pallas. His knowledge of such English folk-dances as the "morris dance" and the "sword-dance" is meagre in the extreme. Even his account of the modern society dances is scrappy and anecdotal. In every respect his volume is far inferior to that by Mrs. Lily Grove and others, itself little more than a mere sketch, in the "Badminton" Library. (Sonnenschein.)

SOME TEXTUAL NOTES ON THE TRAGÉDIE  
OF ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. BY A. E. THISELTON.

The textual criticism of Shakespeare has almost reached its term. Since the days of Theobald and Warburton the stream of emendations and restorations of the folio and quarto texts has been a perennial one, and there is probably little left to be guessed which has not already been recorded in the copious *apparatus criticus* of the Cambridge edition. Should, however, that monumental work ever come to require a second revision, the editors might perhaps find some pickings in Mr. Thielton's modest pamphlet. Mr. Thielton is a "conservative" critic, and in one or two cases we think that he makes out a fair case for readings of the First Folio which have been somewhat too hastily discarded. At the same time, his reverence for the Folio, which extends to its capitals and its punctuation, is surely overdone, and some of the explanations to which he has recourse in the endeavour to avoid emendation of so much as a comma or an apostrophe are singularly far-fetched and unconvincing. The Folio has

"but all the charmes of Loue,  
Salt Cleopatra soften thy wand lip.

The least emendation is Steevens's "wan'd lip"; but Mr. Thielton will have none of it. He writes, "Shakespeare here converts the substantive 'wand' into an adjective, qualifying Cleopatra's lip, which is compared to a wand (1) owing to its form which the act of kissing will soften or bend, and (2) because it is an instrument of enchantment." The first qualification of the textual critic is a *flair* for the possible in language, and we are not sure that Mr. Thielton has this *flair*. Of the famous *cruz*,

Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,  
So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,  
And made their bends adornings,

he says; "They adorned the glances of Cleopatra's eyes by the spectacle of their beauty and grace." This is manifestly absurd on the face of it. An "eye" or a "glance" cannot in any sense be said to be "adorned" by that which it regards. (Clement S. Palmer.)

## Fiction.

*The Orange Girl.* By Sir Walter Besant.  
(Chatto & Windus. 6s.)

It was the secret glory of Mr. Riach, the journalist-hero of Mr. J. M. Barrie's *When a Man's Single*, that he had encouraged Messrs. Besant and Rice, in print, with the words: "We have read *The Chaplain of the Fleet* without fatigue." For ourselves, we are inclined to use the same phrase, though by no means in the same spirit of patronage, in regard to *The Orange Girl*. There are books which must be read, books which refuse to be read, and books which may be read; and the last are divided into two classes, labelled respectively "with fatigue" and "without fatigue." To assign a novel to the latter class is to praise it; certainly no scorn is implied. And, indeed, we should wish to praise Sir Walter's latest essay in historical fiction. It is better than some of his recent work. It is dignified, scholarly, amiable, well-written, well-arranged, and tremendously *documenté*. Probably no other writer could give such exact and complete pictures of eighteenth-century London as appear again and again in this book. The lore of the thing is prodigious, and handled with genuine manipulative skill. Newgate, King's Bench Prison, pleasure-gardens, Soho "assembly," night-den, theatre, criminal court, merchant's office, attorney's lair—the completeness of his knowledge embraces them all. Of course, he has performed these feats of an antiquarian fancy before, but—so far as our knowledge

extends—never with more adroitness and efficacy than here. The only fault we have to find with the rich and variegated local colour is that Sir Walter has a too emphatic preference for prison-life and criminal trials. There are three important trials, and scores of pages of prison-life. It is in this connexion—and only in this connexion—that Sir Walter loses sometimes his sense of proportion and comes near to writing a treatise.

It is true that the law of the land gives to every prisoner a groat—fourpence a day—to be paid by the detaining creditor—yet the groat is not always paid, and can only be obtained, if the creditor refuses it, by legal steps, which a man destitute of money cannot take. What attorney will take up the case of a man without a farthing? If the debtor wins his case, how is he to pay the attorney any costs out of fourpence a day? If he wishes to plead in *forma pauperis*, the law allows the warder to charge six shillings and eightpence for leave to go to the Court, and half-a-crown for the turnkey to take him there; what prisoner on the poor side can pay these fees? So that when a prisoner is really poor he cannot get his groats at all, for the creditor will not pay them unless he is obliged. Again, there are other ways of evading the law. If a debtor surrenders in June. . . .

The interest—always a mild and equable interest—resides rather in the scenes taken individually than in the "story." The plot follows an accepted convention, employing conventional figures and conventional devices. The villains are truly villainous: Probus, the attorney, and Merriew, the "thief-taker," equal in turpitude, the most notorious rascals in history. The heroine, who from selling oranges in Drury-lane rose to refuse the hand of a peer, has that incredible purity and that amazing altruism which can exist only under this particular artistic convention. The hero is a good fellow, who suffers and enjoys through no fault or effort of his own, being, in fact, somewhat simple and mediocre. But these matters are quite usual in the historical novel, and have always been so. The convention being accepted, it may be fairly urged against the strength of the plot that there is no vital connexion of sentiment between the heroine and any other personage in the book. One would have thought that a "powerful love-interest" was essential; Sir Walter almost entirely dispenses with it; nor does he seem to put anything in its place.

As we have said, however, the interest depends not on the story. You must look elsewhere for the book's good qualities. And it has good qualities, and nearly every good quality except that which keeps you up at night.

*Quinford.* By Arthur H. Holmes.  
(Unicorn Press. 6s.)

MR. HOLMES has set himself, in this first book, to an enterprise worthy of the author of *What Maisie Knew* and *The Awkward Age*: to recount the loves of four ordinary people, dwelling apart in a village, as they reflected themselves in the mind of one of them, an unmarried woman of forty. We have no desire to rebuke him for audacity; we respect his courage; and if we are unable to congratulate him upon success, that is, at least in part, for a reason more or less accidental. The pen of every good writer of English prose holds in solution a certain bulk of Shakespeare, Defoe, and the Bible: no one resents that. But Mr. Holmes's is clogged with Mr. Henry James and Mr. George Meredith. Let us make that good. Miss Rose reflects, in the midst of a conversation, the space of one page. After which—

A wonderful strength came to her.  
Facing him firmly, she held out her hand, her eyes  
splendidly lighted.  
"Yes," she said with emphasis, "I leave it to you."  
She knew it was the strongest thing she had ever done.

Everyone is familiar with that wonderful game of Mr. James by which the conclusion of a finely analytic passage is enclaved by some banal phrase that, in its setting, jams

conviction tight. And here a moment's random search finds an example of the other:

The intimation was touched, so it seemed, with the joy of life, with the bounding gaiety of days innocently riotous: she found in it the suggestion of those sweets of existence which, in one shape or another, lie back in the consciousness or plead in the devotions of all men, taking from the great external elements an essence which revivifies and adorns the internal, finding the beauty of earth in the excellence of its gifts to the individual—the sunny, alluring, impassioning gifts which appeal to the human without offending the divine. And so finding she was given the thing discovered: possession was earned by mere sight.

Now, what with the critical pre-occupation inevitable in the case of a writer who fashions his work so obviously upon living models, and the comparison that upon every page he seems directly to challenge, it is extremely difficult to submit oneself to illusion, or to assay the work otherwise than by comparison; which, it must be confessed, is in Mr. Holmes's regard very odious. The ideal critic would be an intelligent and educated person unacquainted with the work of either master; and such a person it would not be easy to find. In his default, we are able to say of Mr. Holmes only that he is a writer of insight and industry; and that if he can enlarge himself from the limitations of his otherwise commendable idolatry, he may in the future be expected to give us something that will be read—but tremendously read (as Mr. James might say).

### Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

#### OUR LADY OF DARKNESS.

BY BERNARD CAPES.

Another story of the French Revolution, by the author of *The Adventures of the Comte de la Mustte*. Mr. Capes's new hero is a young English aristocrat imbued with the teachings of Tom Paine and the Encyclopædists. He visits France, meets an extraordinary girl, dislikes her, misunderstands her, loves her, and on the scaffold loses her. (Blackwood. 6s.)

#### THE VIOLET FLAME.

BY FRED. T. JANE.

A clever scientific-miraculous story by the author of *His Lordship, The Passen, and Wo*. "Mirzarbeau did not let the grass grow under his feet; three days after that interview with Miss Baker, the whole of London was placarded with his pretensions. The posters were, at any rate, masterpieces of simplicity: 'I, Fleuris Mirzarbeau, am the Man called The Beast, in the Book of Revelation. I shall rule the World. It was my Hand that destroyed Waterloo Station; and thus will I destroy all the Earth unless my Power is recognised.' This is but the beginning of wonders, all of which are laid in London. (Ward, Lock & Co. 3s. 6d.)

#### THE SHADOW ON THE MANSE. BY CAMPBELL RAE-BROWN.

This novel, by the author of *The Loveliest Woman in London* and other novels, is a story of religion and the stage. The two elements meet when the new minister and the new laird—old schoolfellows—find themselves neighbours. This is how an old gardener warns the Rev. Basil Hamilton against Tom Featherstone: "Never say a word, man, but he's gat mair than a dizen—a hale dizen, min' ye—o' real livin' play-actors coming by the morn's first steamer, a' straight red-het fra London, and the hauf o' them weemin—weemin! Dae ye hear that?" (Greening. 6s.)

#### AGAINST THE TIDES OF FATE. BY JOHN ARTHUR BARRY.

Contains thirteen stories, by the author of *Steve Brown's Bunyip*. It is a pity that the title-page and cover do not indicate this fact. Most of the stories are of the sea and Australian life. (Duckworth. 3s. 6d.)

#### THE BOND OF BLACK.

BY WILLIAM LE QUEUX.

"Although the police were, by these revelations of Muriel's, made aware of the existence of Satanism in London, the suicide of their head made it unnecessary for any details of the *cultus diabolicus* to be given to the public through the medium of the sensational Press." But the sensational novel had its mission to perform: hence these lurid pages by the author of *If Sinners Entice Thee*. (F. V. White & Co. 6s.)

#### SIR SERGEANT.

BY W. L. WATSON.

We wonder how many romances of the '45 are published per annum. To do Mr. Watson justice his narrative is one of adventures that "ensued upon the '45." It is a gallant story. A good passage is the description of a keen fencing-bout between Lord Balmeath and his daughter, Lady Christine. (Blackwood. 6s.)

#### A NEW DIVINITY.

BY "CHOLA."

Ten slight stories of Indian life. The first, which gives the title to the book, tells how a very objectionable English member of the Indian Civil Service was thrown from his horse and killed, and thereupon converted by the natives into a deity and placated with choice cigars. Of one of the other stories the author says that it was, when it first appeared, "much mutilated to fit the editor's Procrustean bed." (Longmans. 2s. 6d.)

#### LOVE'S DEPTHS.

BY GEORGES OHNET.

A translation, by Mr. Fred. Rothwell, of a typical "Ohnet." All the ingredients are here, mixed with the old skill. The villainess-in-chief, Mme. Florence Lefrançois, is a miracle of turpitude. (Chatto & Windus. 6s.)

#### THE LITTLE NOVICE.

BY ALIX KING.

A story of two English girls educated in a French convent. Muriel decides to be a nun, but, meeting a medical student, changes her plans and becomes a lady doctor. Frustrated love follows, but the end is bliss. Incidentally a doctor is called a "disciple of Æsculapius," and hell "a place whose climate is not considered particularly salubrious." (Cassell. 6s.)

#### SUCH IS THE LAW.

BY MARIE M. SADLEIR.

A melodramatic mixture. Lavender Garland loves Sidney Weston, a drunkard. Few could look at her sweet face, or meet her deep, luminous eyes, without a pull at their heartstrings. Weston dies, and Lavender suffers until Sir Spencer Percival leads her to the altar on his immaculate arm. After the wedding the glory of the setting sun glistened on her rippling hair and shone on her dewy eyes till he tenderly kissed the tears away. (Greening. 6s.)

#### THE DESIRE OF MAN.

BY L. T. MEADE.

Mrs. Meade calls her new story an "impossibility," and we are disposed to agree with her. Mr. Rochester, aged seventy-five, is transformed, through the occult skill of Dr. Jellybrand, to a young man of full vigour and an incapacity to die. This regeneration is transmitted to him by his grand-daughter Eugenia, who holds his hands and looks intense. The story then begins, and at the end Mr. Rochester expresses himself ready for death. (Digby Long & Co. 6s.)

#### FURZE BLOOM.

BY S. BARING-GOULD.

Hitherto all the stories in "The Novelist," Messrs. Methuen's sixpenny series of new fiction, have been long. The present book is, however, a collection of twelve tales of the Western Moors, by a writer who knows his subject as well as anyone. "Genefer," "A Can of Whortles," "Anthony Blight," "Ruth Tregoddeck," "Polly Porter"—these are some of the titles. (Methuen. 6d.)



## THE ACADEMY.

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## Express Literature.

THOSE persons who wondered how the newspaper correspondents who were gathered together at Rennes spent their time after the hearings were done—hearings that began at six in the morning and were over before ordinary business has made a start—will find in this book a partial solution. Mr. Steevens, at any rate, was occupied as historian. His *Daily Mail* article once out of the way, he was at liberty to cast the drama upon which he was a privileged spectator into narrative form. The result lies before us,\* a notable example of that rapid modern publishing which is merely an extension of journalism.

To review Mr. Steevens's work in the ordinary way is impossible, because no reviewer has any exact knowledge on the subject. It is one of the cases where the critic confesses at once, and without shame, that the author is his superior in information. Mr. Steevens was at Rennes; we were not: hence we can but say that his book is workmanlike in arrangement, incisively written, and very readable. Instead, therefore, of detailed criticism we extract descriptions of Dreyfus, Mercier, and Picquart, which show how capably Mr. Steevens comes to his work as special correspondent:

## ALFRED DREYFUS.

There came in a little old man—an old, old man of thirty-nine. A small-statured, thick-set old man in the black uniform of the artillery; over the red collar his hair was gone white as silver, and on the temples and at the back of the crown he was bald. As he turned to face the judges there was a glimpse of a face both burned and pale—a rather broad, large-featured face with a thrusting jaw and chin. It was not Jewish in expression until you saw it in profile. . . .

He walked up two steps to his seat with a gait full of resolve, yet heavy, constrained, mechanical—such a gait as an Egyptian mummy might walk with if it came to life in its swathing grave-clothes. He saluted the President with a white-gloved hand, took off his képi, sat down. An officer of gendarmes followed and sat down behind him. The Registrar, rising from beside the prosecuting officer, read out the general order constituting the court; then the white moustache and imperial twitched as the President, in a small voice, put a question to the prisoner. Another sudden stillness: then came the voice of Dreyfus. No one heard what it said—thin, sapless, split, it was such as might rustle from the lips of a corpse.

What he had said was, "Alfred Dreyfus; Captain of Artillery; thirty-nine years." With these three common phrases he broke the silence of four years and a half. Nothing could be more formal, and yet here in the first five minutes of the trial was summed up the whole incredibly romantic history. Alfred Dreyfus—five years ago nobody knew there was such a name in the world; now the leading comic singer of Paris, who was born with it, has changed it because it is too embarrassingly famous. Captain of Artillery—and generals who have led armies in the presence of the enemy have lost their commands because of him. Thirty-nine years—and here were men who were known before he was born staking their ripe reputations for or against him. Sitting within ten yards of him were Casimir-Perier, the only living ex-Chief of

the State in which he was a simple unit; Mercier, Billot, Cavaignac, Zurlinden, Chanoine—five successive heads, and half a dozen generals besides, of the army in which he was an unregarded subordinate; Hanotaux, the Minister who for years has conducted foreign relations in which he could never have dreamed of figuring—all there because he was. Novelists like Prévost and Mirbeau, essayists like Maurice Barrès, philosophers like Max Nordau, French journalists like Arthur Meyer and Cornély, foreign journalists who linked the whole world together—they had all come to see him. There were men like Picquart and Lebrun-Renault, nobodies when last he knew and spoke with them—now famous in two continents just because they had known and spoken with him. Most dramatic of all, there was a little, close-veiled woman in black—Madame Henry—a woman he had never seen, widow of a man whom he never knew, yet who had risen to celebrity and fallen to an infamous death because of him.

What did he think of such a miracle, such an irony? To all appearances he did not think of it at all. He sat rigid and upright, hugging his chair close with back and legs and feet, his hands folded to the képi on his knees.

## COLONEL PICQUART.

His demeanour was not at all conciliatory. He approached with absolute calm on a face that bears no sign of passion either for good or evil: he looks—and looks as if he knows he looks—the embodiment of pure reason. He settled himself very carefully and lengthily on the witness's chair, got his shoulder-blades comfortably into the back, crossed his leg over his knee, and pulled down his trousers over his boots. Then he poured out a glass of water and laid both hands firmly on the table before him. He suggested that, while far from wishing to swagger, he knew he was master of the situation. When he began to speak there was neither the ease of conversation nor the rhythm of declamation. You remembered that he had been a professor at the École de Guerre. It was a lecture, pure and simple; and the first word was as distinct and clear cut as the last. His whole demeanour said, "Now, gentlemen, I must ask you to listen to me. I shall take some time; but, if you will only listen, you have now the chance of your lives to understand the Dreyfus case."

And then, without hesitation or confusion, Colonel Picquart explained the Dreyfus case for seven hours and a half. It was a masterpiece of reasoning—the intellectual triumph of the trial. I should strongly advise the French War Office to make its peace with Colonel Picquart, for he has a better head than all the generals put together.

## GENERAL MERCIER.

Mercier's personality strikes the note of the whole Dreyfus case. Looking at his back as he gave evidence—tall, straight, and slim—you could have called him soldierly and suspected him stupid. On his face and neck the bronzed skin hangs loosely. There is neither depth of cranium nor height of forehead to hold a brain in. The eyes are slits with heavy-curtained lids and bags beneath them that turn the drooping cheeks into caverns. A little moustache and beard frame thin lips that might be evil, sensuous, humorous, but could never be human. If you look at his head you think him a vulture; if at his face you call him a mummy. He speaks in a low, passionless monotone; his gestures are calculated to follow his words instead of proceeding, as a Frenchman's should, along with them, on the same impulse. When he was interrupted by Casimir-Perier he persisted in his assertions with the dogged mumble of a schoolboy detected in a lie. As he sat and strove to wind the toils of treason round the prisoner he seemed as unmoved by hate as by pity; he accused him dully, as if repeating a lesson. Cold, deliberate, tortuous, thorough yet ineffective, verbose but not candid, battling bravely with native stupidity, truly believing himself to be doing God's work, fearless of responsibility, untouched by anger or pity, fear or hope either for others or for himself—General Mercier was the very type and mirror of a Jesuit Grand Inquisitor.

When the time comes—if ever it does come—for the trial of Dreyfus's oppressors and the real traitor, we hope that Mr. Steevens may again be present. We need his portrait of Esterhazy.

\* *The Tragedy of Dreyfus.* By G. W. Steevens. (Harper Brothers. 5s.)

## The Ineligible "Elegy."

LAST week, in a little sketch called "The Reading Class," I rather casually suggested that Gray's "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard" ought to be excluded from school reading-books. I propose now to show literary reason for this exclusion. It will be admitted that this beautiful poem is to be found in almost every school *Reader*, that, in fact, it has been selected as a kind of elocutionary whetstone for the British schoolboy. It is reasonable, therefore, to suppose that it has had, and is having, a great influence in the formation of a taste for poetry. And a taste for poetry is one of the supreme savours of life!

Now, the natural boy hates poetry. He may come to like brave rhymes and jingling metres, but, as a rule, he likes in verse only what he likes better in prose. If his taste for poetry is to grow, it must be tenderly watered; and the custom is to water it with Gray's "Elegy."

It is a bad choice. I do not wish to lay too much stress on the structural difficulties of the "Elegy," or on those feats of misunderstanding which boys will bring to almost any poem put before them; but certainly, if there is a poem which is strewn with pitfalls, and which opens the doors of the Vague to the youthful mind, it is the "Elegy." My proposition last week that "to boys the whole poem is unreal," has brought me a letter from an old school friend, who languished in the same arid pastures of literature as myself. In it he says: "As to Gray's 'Elegy,' I am sure you are right. I remember how I used to grind through it without one word of explanation when I was a little fellow of ten years of age [observe, *ten*!]: each line went by itself, and one consequence was that the thing in the piece that impressed me most was the reference to

The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear.

I had had my neck nearly wrung off in those days for once saying that a noun 'governed' something, and I was not the boy to risk a further twisting by asking if it was the Polar Bear that was meant; but there was a magnificent remoteness in the dwelling of this creature that always pleased me, and it was not till later that I discovered what the verse really meant."

Is not this pathetic? Could a boy's inability to grapple with poetic forms and ideas be better illustrated? Yet I knew a boy of sixteen, who led our Sunday evening hymns, to whom the words

O Paradise! O Paradise!  
Who doth not crave for rest?

conveyed the notion that Paradise was a hard old worldling who did not—and would not—crave for rest.

It is of small use to say that the teacher of a reading class ought to explain difficult points. If he began to explain Gray's "Elegy" he would never be done. The object of a reading class is to teach reading. If the reading matter provided is beyond the boys' grasp, they cannot deliver it properly; while if the teacher is to clear the way with explanations, the main end will hardly be gained. You don't exercise colts on stony ground, and to throw stumbling-blocks of sense in the way of a boy whose tongue you are training seems rather inept. It is doubtful, moreover, whether the most capable reading master could, with hammering talk of Subject, Predicate, Clause, Connexion, and what not, or by any more humane process, get his boys to understand some of the verses in the "Elegy." Let those who have suffered—and most of us are in this boat—recall their pangs of conscious dullness when they grappled with the three-stanza sentence:

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,  
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,  
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,  
And read their history in a nation's eyes

Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone  
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;  
Forbad to wade through slaughter to a throne,  
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,  
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,  
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride  
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

To carry boys over the Pons Asinorum is child's play compared with making them understand the "Elegy." My friend's vision of a submarine bear might, no doubt, have been dissipated by his teacher in a trice; although, when you think of it, it seems scarcely just to expect any mortal teacher to divine that such an idea had occurred to any mortal boy. But these verbal pitfalls may pass; there are higher misunderstandings and disabilities. I remember that an excellent reading master once drilled us for a quarter of an hour in the delivery of Gray's line—

The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

He said, and I am very sure he was right, that we failed to express the sadness and irony of the contrast between the path and its goal. I have often thought that as the years go by and go by I shall become more capable of delivering that line as my master wished me to deliver it in 1879. It is one of those lines which one learns to speak in the Reading-class of Life. I believe that this master failed to see that the line was beyond our powers, because, in such a special sense, it was beyond our experience. For us the paths of glory led to the cricket field, to B—— Common, and to the clean, wide ice on H—— Dam.

Yet the real case against the "Elegy" has still to be stated. It is not the presence of isolated, difficult lines which makes Gray's poem the most unsuitable in the language to put before boys. It is the whole mind of the "Elegy," which is a concentrated account of a mood impossible to the young. The poem touches a boy nowhere. It gives him no cue; there is no beckoning familiar thing to hearten and invite, no fulcrum by which a healthy lad can lift the deadweight of a *man's* world-weariness.

It may be said that the very difficulty of the "Elegy" is good to stretch a boy's mind. Not so, for the wedge principle is wanting. Difficulties are good where the boy recognises something as his own. Any one of Shakespeare's plays contains lines and moods as far from a boy's experience as the "Elegy." But the difference is vital. In the play (I am thinking particularly of "Julius Cæsar," through which we were once taken in admirable style and to our life-long advantage) the parts which are within a boy's grasp explain, or at the least humanise, the parts which are beyond his grasp. The boy builds on the ground he can occupy, and the rest is insensibly laid out in building plots in his mind. As life goes on, he takes up this ground, and the play goes with him, and becomes a running commentary on life. Any piece of literature which takes large account of life is pretty safe provender for boys. They find their own, and, recognising that the whole is organic and true, they are willing to know in part and prophesy in part. But the "Elegy"—what root has it in boyhood? What boy ever believed in the "hoary-headed swain" or the "forefathers of the hamlet"? As for the youth who gave to Misery all he had, a tear, and gained from Heaven, 'twas all he wish'd, a friend, no schoolboy ever understood that transaction. And this poem, which boys cannot understand, and masters cannot hope to explain, is our accepted introduction to Poetry. That is where the mischief lies. The "Elegy" is torn to tatters, and Poetry is not recommended. Nor is the hardship a mere school-days' affair, as the grown man learns when he is prompted to turn to the "Elegy"—and finds, not a poem, but a phonograph.

Z.

## Beauchamp's Case.

WHAT I saw was this: a man in clerical dress sprawling on the ale-house bench, drinking and laughing with the village yokels. The entire abandon of his manner was amazing: he was of them; his was the loudest guffaw. Shepherd and flock were on common ground—the communism of the bench outside the village ale-house.

Later, over a cup of tea, I mentioned the incident to my sister, at whose house I was staying. She shook her head (the little grey curls on either side twiddled against each other), and pressed the tomato sandwiches on me.

"But the ale-house incident!" I persisted. "Is it not strange that a parson should—er—care to hobnob with the village yokels?"

"Ah! Mr. Beauchamp has odd habits."

"Beauchamp!" I echoed, remembering that there had been something familiar in my glimpse of that long figure sprawling on the ale-house bench. "Harry Beauchamp do you mean?"

She nodded. "Did you know him?"

"As one of the most brilliant men I have ever known. He was not a particularly good scholar, but he had remarkable gifts of understanding and intuition. He seemed to know things by a sixth sense, to understand them, to be of them and yet above them."

"Like Shakespeare!" interposed my hostess, a satirical gleam in her eye.

"Like Shakespeare!" I repeated, and I meant it. "But his were awful gifts. He gained his experience too quickly. We said of him that at thirty he would have exhausted life—and then—"

She looked curiously at me. "Then is now! Come tomorrow morning and hear him preach."

The next day was Sunday. We walked over the fields to his church. On the way we discussed Harry Beauchamp. He had descended upon the parish three years ago, with the effect of a captain of Dragoons on a girls' school. Churchgoing became popular; tea at the rectory developed into a function, and Beauchamp into a craze. Within six months he married a charming widow of good family, who read Spinoza, played Dvorák after breakfast, and talked of mediæval art. Her boudoir at the rectory was refurnished in modest imitation of Walter Pater's green drawing-room, and Mrs. Beauchamp was referred to in the county journal as "the most cultured and the most exquisitely dressed woman in East Anglia."

"The effect on Beauchamp," continued my sister, "was characteristic. With his extraordinary power of living a year in a week, he went through and emerged on the other side of the culture pose long before the green drawing-room was ready for use. A dog that's fed on dainties and lives in unnatural luxury will, you know, when he gets the chance, delight in gutter garbage. Beauchamp's descent, if I may call it descent, was more fastidious. He craved for the life of the natural man; the veneer and trappings of the artificial environment into which he had dropped—bored and irritated him. He sought his companions among men who knew about things at first hand—shepherds, labourers, sailors, and the like. He took to drinking beer, smoking a clay pipe, and using the dialect. He refused to go about with his wife because, he said, the swish of her silk skirts maddened him. She died when their child was born—luckily."

"And then?"

"Then he married the daughter of a 'looker'—that is, a man who looks after sheep. She can't read or write, and they live in a cottage with a brick floor, and a living-room that opens on to the street. But here is the church. His sermon may interest you."

Beauchamp's faithlessness to his caste had affected his appearance to the extent that he now allowed his hair and beard to grow as it listed. But his brain had not lost quality, nor his voice conviction. The way he declaimed

the words, "I will arise and go to my father," as if, after long doubt and pain, the impulse had just seized him and he must away at once, thrilled the crowded, curious congregation. He read the lessons with remarkable elocutionary skill, and his part in the liturgy was spoken as if it was new to him that morning. I began to question if this was the man I had seen lolling on the ale-house bench the previous day, and my doubts deepened till he reached the penultimate stage of the sermon. It had been a powerful discourse, scholarly, allusive, clothed in fine nervous English, but at a certain point—well do I remember it, and the sensation it made—he broke, without effort, and apparently without premeditation, into the almost unintelligible dialect of the district. More: he dropped at once to the level of the least intelligent among his hearers. His allusions became broad and homely, his manner colloquial, his thought dull and slow. It was a most significant, a most bewildering exhibition.

"Do you ever see him? Does he ever call?" I asked my sister as we walked home.

She gave a slight, but expressive, shrug to her shoulders. "Last year, when an attractive woman was staying with me, he amazed us all by appearing in the drawing-room, one afternoon, clothed and in his right mind, but the gleam did not lighten him beyond the afternoon. That evening he was playing quoits with the hoppers."

"We can do nothing to help him, I suppose?"

"Nobody can help Harry Beauchamp. There is only one way for him—his own way. We can but watch and wonder."

The next day I met him in the village street, wearing a smock-frock, and carrying a thistle-spud. He touched his cap and gave me a gruff "Good morning."

My sister went abroad that autumn, and did not return till the late spring of the following year. I visited her in the month of June.

"Well, what about Beauchamp?" I asked. "Are his sermons entirely in the dialect now?"

"We see nothing of him. His wife still lives in the village."

"And he?"

"Still consistent. He's dropped a step—several steps—lower. I can show you his dwelling-place, if you like."

She took me to an upper window, and indicated a small, low building, looking like a cattle-shed, far away in the marsh lands—the famous grazing lands where cattle and innumerable sheep wander.

"Well?" I said.

"If you want Harry Beauchamp you must seek him there," she answered.

That evening I crossed the marshes and cautiously approached the shed. It was empty. But the interior showed signs—signs the merest, but signs—of habitation. A truss of not over-clean hay was strewn in the corner, and alongside were several roots, some nibbled, others half-eaten. There was no window, and the odour of the place was unpleasant.

Determined to have speech with the owner, even if I waited till his return, I crossed a brook that ran by the side of the shed and, crouching between a clump of bushes, waited. And while I waited, staring out over the wide plains, and wondering at the strange pranks Nature allows her children to play, I saw across a couple of fields something moving among a herd of cattle that were whisking their tails and rubbing their mild faces against the wire fencing. It was Beauchamp—on all-fours.

I did not speak to him.

## Things Seen.

### At the Worcester Festival.

SIDE by side lay the knight and his lady, their hands folded in prayer on their bosoms. Time had smoothed away the corners of the painted marble tomb; smoothed away their features, too, so that nothing remained but the placid, pious smile. A less gentle hand than Time's had dealt more ruthlessly with them. The dog against which their feet rested was headless; so was the eagle which served as a pillow. And one of the lady's feet, emerging from her stiffly folded skirt, was broken off.

The gaily-dressed, fashionable crowd began to pour into the Cathedral and fill the seats that stretched lengthwise down the nave and aisles from west to east. A Gothic arch watched over the eternal slumber of the peaceful pair. But chairs and seats were squeezed in at each end of the tomb, and along the sides, and soon hats gay with flowers and feathers nodded all around them, so that they might have been lying on a bed of bright blossoms.

Horatio Parker's "*Horæ Novissimæ*" thundered and triumphed down the nave and aisles. The voice of Albani floated in and out of the arches like a golden bird. It seemed to me that the knight and his lady listened reverently. Then the strains of Palestrina's "*Stabat Mater*," borne on the human voice, rose and fell with a pious wailing. I shut my eyes and my spirit flew back a few centuries. I seemed to be walking with the knight and his lady through dimly-lighted cloisters, listening to the doleful chanting of pale nuns and saints.

I opened my eyes. They still lay in their stone slumber, their hands folded in placid piety. Round about waved the gaudy hats. Someone had laid a red silk parasol, trimmed with chiffon and ribbons, and with a ripe tomato for a handle, down beside the lady; and on her body, resting just below the folded hands, was a pile of music books—Spohr's "*Last Judgment*," "*Horæ Novissimæ*," and a heavily-bound volume of Beethoven's Symphonies.

Assuredly I was back in the nineteenth century again.

### Progress.

I HAD strolled across into the village churchyard to listen, for the organ was giving out "*Abide with Me*." The sun had set an hour ago, but here and there a broadening patch of light spread from the church windows. In one of the patches stood a figure, bent over a stick.

"I suppose we ought to be inside?" I said.

"Ay," he replied. And I saw that he was very, very old. His voice was high-pitched, and shaky.

"But we are pretty near," I argued.

"Might as well be ten mile away as jest outside," he said.

Inside rough rustic voices caught up the hymn. Just for something to say, I asked if Mr. Evershed were not the organist; for Mr. Evershed is everything in the village, from overseer to general provider of necessities.

"So they tell me," he said. Then, peering round at me, he added. "I used to play de organ there."

"It's a nice organ," I said.

"Ah, 't'warn't a finger-organ what I played," he said. "Two bar'ls it got. Parson come one marnin' and said: 'You got to grind de organ at church,' he said. I was skeered at first, but I soon come to it like. I played de organ twelve year and more."

"How many tunes did it play?"

"There was twelve toons, six on each bar'l. And I had to hold up one bar'l with one hand while I grind on de other, else it'd go slib-slib-slib like."

He illustrated it—for a moment—with his two hands and his stick; but ceased perforce and leaned again more heavily.

"What became of that organ?" I asked.

"Sold it—up—somewhere—in de shires," he piped, while his head bobbed with exhaustion from his pantomime. "Four or five pounds it fetched. I'd have liked to have had it in my room, jest to give me a toon now and then, when I turned the 'andle."

The hymn died down; and silence fell upon the churchyard.

"Ah, they can't sing bass to them finger-organs," said the old man, bowing over his stick. A few moments of silence, and then the soft fluster of a congregation released from prayer.

"I reckon they've finished blowin'," said the old man. And contempt squeaked in his voice as he plodded into the gloom.

## R. L. S. at Anstruther.

A MEMORIAL-STONE was last week inserted in the wall of Cunzie House at Anstruther, where R. L. Stevenson lived during some of his early engineering days. The stone bears the following inscription:

Robert Louis Stevenson lived in this house in the summer of 1868.

Not one quick beat of your warm heart,  
Nor thought that came to you apart,  
Pleasure nor pity, love nor pain  
Nor sorrow, has gone by in vain

From the breezy street corners of Edinburgh, and from the high windows of his father's house, the child Stevenson looked across the Forth, where the ships were "tacking for the Baltic," or returning from the Indies, "laden with parrots and tobacco," to Fife and its "little towns posted along the shore as thick as sedges, each with its bit of harbour, its old church or public building, its flavour of decayed prosperity and decaying fish."

And it was to Fife that he went with his father on his first journey "in the complete character of man, without the help of petticoats," hanging about with his hands in his pockets, the east wind humming in his teeth, and his head already full of ballads and the romance of history, whilst his father dealt severely with the guardians of the harbour lights. Then, as afterwards, Stevenson loved to turn back his mental clock two hundred years. For him Magus Muir, over which he drove with his father, was still a "desert place, quite unenclosed; in the midst the primate's carriage fleeing at the gallop; the assassins loose-reined in pursuit, Burley Balfour, pistol in hand, among the first. . . . The figure that always fixed my attention is that of Hackston, of Rathillet, sitting in the saddle with his cloak about his mouth," and taking "no hand in the deed because he had a private spite against the victim. . . . It is an old temptation with me to pluck away that cloak and see the face, to open that bosom and to read the heart. With incomplete romances about Hackston the drawers of my youth were lumbered."

This was but the first of many such journeys, and five years later Stevenson, now a lanky youth, was sent to Anstruther to glean engineering experience from the building of the breakwater.

What I gleaned I am sure I do not know; but, indeed, I had already my own private determination to be an author, . . . and in those days, though I haunted the breakwater by day, and even loved the place for the sake of the sunshine, the thrilling seaside air, the wash of waves on the sea face, the green glimmer of the divers' helmets far below, and the musical clinking of the masons, my one genuine preoccupation lay elsewhere, and my only industry was in the hours when I was not on duty. I lodged with a certain Bailie Brown, a carpenter by trade; and there, as soon as dinner was despatched, in a chamber scented with dry rose leaves, drew my chair to the table, and proceeded to pour forth literature at such a speed, and with such intimations of early death and immortality, as I

now look back upon with wonder. Then it was that I wrote *Voces Fidelium*, a series of dramatic monologues in verse; then that I indited the bulk of a Covenanting novel—like so many others, never finished. Late I sat into the night, toiling (as I thought) under the very dart of death, toiling to leave a memory behind me. I feel moved to thrust aside the curtain of the years, to hail that poor feverish idiot, to bid him go to bed and clap *Voces Fidelium* on the fire before he goes; so clear does he appear before me, sitting there between his candles in the rose-scented room and the late night; so ridiculous a picture (to my elderly wisdom) does the fool present!

Baillie Brown's (or Cunzie House) was, unfortunately, not one of the old red-tiled dwellings which line the shore looking on the brown-sailed herring-boats coming in and out, and the white gulls circling round them, but a middle-aged house, standing rather listlessly with its shoulder to the high road that passes on to Crail, and with no view of the sea and not much of anything else from its windows. The *Random Memories*, from which we quote above, are supplemented now by two or three vivid, boyish letters from Anstruther, which open the selection from his correspondence that has lit up each number of *Scribner*, month by month, since January. We meet again in these letters the rose-leaves and the pier-foot, catch a glimpse of Mrs. Brown, "a motherly lot," and of the household economy; hear of a ride, a bathe, an evening with a strolling band of players in the town-hall, a visit to a psalmody class, where "one of the girls has a glorious voice," until at last, with a cold in his head and very homesick, he writes to his mother craving to be advised "to cut the business and come right slick out to Swanston."

Here, then, in Anstruther, during these summer days, the two branches of Stevenson's education were being carried on side by side—the education of an engineer, which was to have no result, save that to such as R. L. S. each piece of acquired knowledge is another key placed in his hand wherewith to unlock fresh doors in the kingdom of romance, and that other education, chiefly self-given, which was to make of him—

A priest to us all

Of the wonder and bloom of the world,

an apostle of courage and of joy.

In my view [he says in a recently published letter] one dank, dispirited word is harmful, a crime of *lèse-humanité*, a piece of acquired evil; every gay, every bright word or picture, like every pleasant air of music, is a piece of pleasure set afloat. The reader catches it and, if he be healthy, goes on his way rejoicing; and it is the business of art so to send him as often as possible.

## Memoirs of the Moment.

A GREAT deal of curiosity has been expressed as to the impressions made upon the Lord Chief Justice by the Dreyfus trial on the days that he sat it out at Rennes. In the Park on Sunday afternoon one of the speakers said he would give a penny for Lord Russell's thoughts about the court-martial, whereupon a second citizen cried out that "he could see through the generals." Of this particular trial Lord Russell, a guest for the occasion, would probably prefer to say little; and, as a matter of fact, that little would be hardly distinguishable amid the far more emphatic expressions of opinion pronounced generally by the English public and in the English Press. Lord Russell did not think the French procedure precisely the travesty of justice it was frequently represented to be; and, while far from pronouncing a verdict of "guilty," he yet thought there were unravelled clues and unexplained suspiciousnesses enough to explain why Frenchmen, swayed in their judgment by popular passions, might hesitate to pronounce innocence. One thing appeared quite clear to the great English lawyer—that a court-martial is far

less satisfactory for a soldier so accused than would be the secular tribunal of the country, presided over by a civilian judge. That hint is one which must henceforth be borne in mind in England, as well as in France.

Among the most pleasant reminiscences of his brief command at Cape Town, Sir William Butler ranks his meeting with Mr. Schreiner and with Olive Schreiner. Under the peculiar circumstances, the acquaintanceship was mutually agreeable; and Olive Schreiner, in her new manifesto, refers to the "line of great Englishmen, from the days of General Dundas and Sir George Grey to those of Sir William Butler," who have treated the Boer from the standpoint of "broad humanity." As to that, the compliment to Sir William Butler, who is proud of nothing if not of being an Irishman, may be just a little impaired by that lack in our language of a word of common denomination for an Englishman, an Irishman, and a Scotsman.

THE illness of Mr. John Aird, M.P., has given all his friends a fright. There is now no longer any need for the straw which during the past fortnight has littered the Bayswater-road in front of the large corner house in Hyde Park-terrace; and Mr. Aird himself, instead of hospital nurses, takes daily drives in the Park, now empty of almost everybody except the invalids kept in town, or the friends who have stayed to nurse them, and whose meetings become almost comic in their daily recurrence. Mr. Aird dates his illness from his visit not long ago to Egypt, where he has an interest in the new irrigation works on the Nile.

MR. RICHARD WHITEING, who has lived in Paris, and has an intimate understanding of French moods, is expressing himself on the Dreyfus case in the new and revised edition of *The Island*, a brilliant novel which somehow missed making the success reserved to *No. 5, John Street*.

THERE were rather delicate situations connected with the visit of the three hundred French *savants* to Dover. At the Castle, for instance, the dungeons which derive their chief interest from their occupation by French prisoners had to go undescribed. It happened that very few of the guests had ever seen the English coast from France; so that they were all the more delighted when they saw France quite plainly from Dover. The friendly sense of neighbourliness suggested by the proximity of the two shores was kept somewhat in check by the sight of the immense military precautions taken against invasion from possible foes so close at hand.

THE visits of the Queen to the West of England have been very few, apart from the circumstance of her residence at Sidmouth in her early years. Probably to make up for this accidental neglect, rather than for any special importance of the occasion, the Queen will pay a visit to Bristol in November to open a hospital of moderate dimensions. Her visit puts an end to at least one local legend—that has assigned to Her Majesty an undying aversion for Bristol because, at the time of her wedding, some wag of the city hung out festoons, not of flowers, but of German sausages.

MR. JOHN MORLEY, who is deep in the interminable papers and letters of Mr. Gladstone, has found it necessary to seek special assistance in the task of arranging documents for the memoir. A young journalist, from the staff of a London weekly paper, has consequently been summoned to Hawarden to give to Mr. Morley the help he requires.



## Correspondence.

## Cary's Translation of Dante.

SIR,—The difficulty of translating the *Divine Comedy* lies not so much in its metre as in a certain consequence of that metre. The use of the complex *terza rima* imposed on Dante a terse and pregnant sentence-structure, sufficiently harmonious with his stern genius. It is these short sentences which render the choice of a metre for translation so perplexing. The *terza rima* simply will not do in English. The natural course in such a case is to throw over the original metre, and adopt some form of the verse nationally consecrated to epic poetry. So Cary thought, and used Miltonic blank verse. Now, obviously Miltonic blank verse is a very big coat, which fits ill on a very little man. Nevertheless, for an undeniably small man Cary really did not do so badly, and might have done yet better but for the inherent obstacles of his author.

He failed to realise that Miltonic blank verse, like *terza rima*, demands a certain type of sentence-structure, unfortunately, the very opposite type—a sentence structure ample, intricate, revolving to its close through many members. But how is such a necessity to be reconciled with the curt, sententious, pregnant structure imposed on Dante by *terza rima*, and exactly conformable with his genius? It is irreconcilable, and Cary did not grasp the point; consequently the brusque Dantean sentences are for ever clashing with the metre. Where the metrical character prepares us to anticipate a full and swelling procession of sound the sentence structure jerks us up abruptly. The result is like a man of deliberate stride walking among stones, over which he is perpetually stumbling with ungainly effect, for which he is not himself responsible, except that he should have chosen another walking ground or acquired another walk.

But what metre, then, shall we choose? Ah, there is the difficulty! It must be a metre which lends itself to this disconcerting brevity of the Dantean sentence, which is indigenous, and which is lofty—"of such high matter does it entertain." No "naturalised" metre will avail. Rhyming heroics are too contracted, too monotonous for a poem of such length; nor can the greatest master of metre keep them on the grand plane for more than a brief while, and by a *tour de force*. Solve this question and you have won half the battle. But so far translators have proved only the difficulty of solving it: they have tried the impossible *terza rima*; they have tried to substitute for it unrhymed triplets, flat as stale soda-water—in fact, no metre; and all have failed. Those curt Dantean sentences are only natural in a measure like *terza rima*, knotted up by its complex rhyme form. Find a like English measure which is at the same time elevated, or else fall back on some adaptable variety of blank verse—quite un-Miltonic. That is the way of Mr. Symonds in the occasional passages he rendered with no inconsiderable success, and it is perhaps the solution. But its achievement demands at least a quasi-poet; and even quasi-poets will seldom blunt their teeth on a solid epic; it is usually writers incapable of original work who seek fame in this way; and they are the very men from whom we can hope but a partial success. Nor is the exception of Longfellow one *pour encourager les autres*.—I am, &c.,

September 16, 1899.

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

SIR,—The depreciation of old translations proceeds apace. I am glad your reviewer does not wholly give in to Mr. Kettle. May I venture to quote a verdict of some weight on the subject?

"It is generally better to read ten lines of any poet in the original, however painfully, than ten cantos of a translation. But an exception may be made in favour of

Cary's Dante. If no poet was ever liable to lose more in translation, none was ever so carefully translated; and I hardly know whether most to admire the rigid fidelity or the sweet and solemn harmony of Cary's verse. . . . It is true that the conciseness and the rivulet-like melody of Dante must continually be lost; but if I could only read English, and had to choose, for a library narrowed by poverty, between Cary's Dante and our own original Milton, I should choose Cary without an instant's pause."—(*The Stones of Venice*, vol. ii., p. 262, new edition.)

Fortified by the opinion of the most considerable man of letters living, I do not mean to give up Cary just yet.—I am, &c.,

VERNON RENDALL.

Gower-street, W.C.: September 18, 1899.

## Farcimosum Eruditio.

SIR,—We may reasonably assume that the public schools, too, represent those corporate machines for the manufacture of human sausages—if it be permissible to deploy into the same line of indefinite definition.

Far be it from me to do otherwise than defer to the author of "Farcimosum Eruditio"; but there is a shaft which draws reluctant—not mutinous—ink.

By the written law I am condemned as "crammed," for I have sat for the iniquitous examination, and certainly cannot claim to be "steeped" in any single Latin author.

What are the classics, then, for those who tread such paths?

"... They do not convey high thought or a large experience of men and things; they are not, as they were, 'litteræ humaniores, studia humanitatis et litterarum.' Their humanity is not perceived, their literature is not caught."

To declare that there may be sometimes an inner sanctuary, jealously guarded, where high thought strives to enter in, would be deemed facetious or sentimental in the public school boy.

To suggest, however respectfully, that a large experience of men and things, without extensive intercourse with both, is impossible, would, I feel, be presumptuous. But it is hard to be told that you have missed the humanity and the literature in their indivisible connexion when the drudgery is past. There inevitably remains a sense that the eye has gained some idea of proportion, that the ear has caught the sermon behind the word. "Sed vanitas vanitatum. . . ."

If we lived in the spacious days of a Johnson—but the "twin monsters" will not suffer.

Suffice it to say that there are those who live in the actual belief that the classics, despite the solemn iteration that they are "hammered and crammed," are yet, through their very essence, an appreciable force in the making of liberal-mindedness, if not of irreproachable scholarship.—I am, &c.,

"PUBLIC SCHOOL."

The Forbury: September 16, 1899.

## Another Knapsack Library.

SIR,—The following books, all, with the exception of the "Songs and Lyrics" and the "Temple Classics," in paper covers, would take up little space and lend themselves to that desultory reading which is perhaps most suited for a holiday:

Any two of Shakespeare's plays in the National Library Edition. 3d.

Religio Medici in the same edition or in the Temple Classics Edition.

Macmillan's two volumes of Tennyson's poems. 6d.

Wordsworth's Sonnets. Temple Classics.

Lamb's Essays of Elia. Temple Classics.

A volume (any volume) of Boswell's Johnson. Temple Classics.

Bacon's Essays. National Library.

The Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics. Second Series.

—I am, &c.,  
September 12, 1899.

T.

### An Orthographic Peccadillo.

SIR,—I do not wish to pose as an authority on either English or Spanish, but I think your correspondents might turn their attention to the headline "PeccadilloES." This plural appears to be neither correct nor euphonious. As most of your correspondents have written incognitose (*sic*), I beg to subscribe myself,—Yours truly,

"PIFFERI DI MONTAGNA," &c.

September 13, 1899.

### "David Harum."

SIR,—We observe with pleasure the article on *David Harum* in the current issue of your journal. It is not our business to make any comment on the criticism, but we wish to call your attention to a point which is evidently unknown to the writer, and that is, that the book has been selling in very considerable quantities for some weeks past. Although it has taken some time to catch the notice of the British public, it has undoubtedly now caught on, and is selling to the extent of some five hundred copies per week.

When the book was submitted to us by the American publishers, our reader reported favourably upon it. We offered to buy a small edition, which they accepted, not having apparently greater faith than ourselves in the likelihood of a distinctly American book having a large sale here. It took us some months to sell these copies, but now we are unable to get them over fast enough to supply the demand.

We are sorry that the critics have not reviewed it in the eulogistic manner of the writer of your article. It has, as a rule, only received that faint praise which does more harm to a book than a bad notice.

We trust your influential journal will be the means of making the book still more popular.—We are, &c.,  
September 18, 1899. C. ARTHUR PEARSON, LTD.

### The British Museum and Books.

SIR,—It may seem about time that the British Museum were now reorganised as a National Library, and nothing more. The vast increase in literature of all kinds, more especially in the direction of periodicals and journalistic prints, demands increased space; moreover, the books are crowded together in an unseemly manner, ingenuity having been exercised to economise space, to the humiliation of human intellect and genius. Let us have expansion, so that it may be a pleasure to walk round the galleries and inspect the contents (with a ticket of admission), instead of a mass of indiscriminate shelving! Let some access be given to the general public, so that they may see books as they now see minerals. The system now adopted in the King's and Grenville Libraries might then extend along the whole ground floor. Manuscripts, prints, engravings, maps, all claim attention, and might be made far more accessible.

Then, as to the "show" section—well, the animals have gone; much might be distributed among the Colonial and Foreign Offices; send minerals to the Geological Museum in Jermyn-street, gems to the South Kensington Museum. It is stated that the ethnological collections need more room, and a home is suggested for them also at Kensington.

It is certain that some radical change is necessary, and the boast of a real national library *all to itself* is worth some effort.—I am, &c.,  
September 16, 1899. AN AMATEUR AUTHOR.

### "And Which."

SIR,—In a paragraph in the ACADEMY of June 24, on the subject of a letter from Queen Victoria to Napoleon III., Her Majesty is spoken of "as a grammarian who cannot quite realise the superfluity of the 'and' before a relative which is not a reiterated one"; and the following passage from the letter is quoted: "We are in the midst of a ministerial crisis, and which I am afraid will be followed by others."

Will you allow me, with reference to this alleged "superfluity," to draw the attention of your readers to a query on the subject propounded in *Notes and Queries* of February 18 last, and to which no reply has so far been forthcoming. I strongly suspect that the first objector to the construction will be found to have been some one whose knowledge of English grammar was derived from school manuals rather than from acquaintance with the English classics.—I am, &c., C. J. IRVING.

"AND WHICH."—When did the use of "and which" in a clause where no previous "which" is found first begin to be proscribed? The following are a few examples of the usage, including some that have "and that" in place of "and which":

Wycliffe and Purvey, 1 Peter i. 4.—"Into eritage uncorruptible and undefouled, and that schal not fade."

Authorized Version.—"To an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away."

Sir Thomas More, *Utopia*, ii. 6.—"Usque adeo ut plumbeus quispiam, et cui non plus ingenii sit quam stiptiti."

Ralph Robynson's translation.—"In so muche that a lumpysh blokehedded churle, and whyche hathe no more wytte than an asse . . ."

Sir Thomas North, *Plutarch: Julius Caesar*.—"An army invincible and which they could not possibly with-stand."

Dryden, *Essay of Dramatic Poesy*.—"We have many plays of ours as regular as any of theirs, and which besides have . . ."

Dr. Johnson, *Life of Addison*.—"Two books yet celebrated in Italy for purity and elegance, and which, if they are now less read, are neglected only because . . ."

De Quincey, *Life of Bentley*.—"Of feuds so deadly, so enduring, and which continue to interest at a distance of a hundred and fifty years . . ."

Lord Beaconsfield, "Letter to the Duke of Marlborough."—"A danger in its ultimate results scarcely less disastrous than pestilence and famine, and which now engages your Excellency's anxious attention, distracts Ireland."

The following translation (Paul Stapfer) of a familiar passage in "Macbeth" seems to show that the usage is legitimate in French:

"C'est une histoire dite par un idiot, pleine de fracas et de furie, et qui ne signifie rien." C. J. I.

## Our Prize Competitions.

### New Series—No. 1.

WE offer this week a prize of a guinea for the best poem of twenty-four lines anticipating the joys of winter.

#### RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, The ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, September 26. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found in the second column of p. 320 or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. We wish to impress on competitors that the task of examining replies is much facilitated when one side only of the paper is written upon. It is also important that names and addresses should always be given: we cannot consider anonymous answers.

## Books Received.

Week ending Thursday, September 21.

## THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

Lock (W.), St. Paul the Master Builder .....	(Methuen)	3/6
Robinson (A. W.), The Epistle of Paul to the Galatians .....	net	1/6
Walker (Rev. W. L.), The Spirit and the Incarnation .....	(T. & T. Clark)	9/0

## POETRY, ETC.

Gilkin (Iwan), Prométhée .....	(Librairie Fischbacher, Paris)	3 fr. 50
Thackeray (F. St. John), Florilegium Latinum .....	(Lane)	7/6

## HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Norman-Neruda (May), The Climbs of Norman-Neruda .....	(Unwin)	21/0
Terry (C. S.), Life and Campaigns of Alexander Leslie, First Earl of Leven .....	(Longmans)	10/0
Melville (L.), The Life of William Makepeace Thackeray. 2 vols. (Hutchins'n)		7/6
Moulton (W. F.), William F. Moulton: a Memoir .....	(Isbister)	3/6
Grace (M. S.), A Sketch of the New Zealand War .....	(Marshall & Son)	2/6
Mollwraith (J. W.), Canada .....	(Unwin)	2/6

## TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

Johnston (P. L. W.), At the Sign of the Palm Tree .....	(Unwin)	2/6
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## EDUCATIONAL.

Page (T. E.), P. Vergili Maronis Aenidos .....	(Macmillan)	1/6
Lothian (A. V.), Arithmetic .....	(Blackwood)	3/6
Willson (S. J. B. W.), Caesar-Gallio War: Books IV. and V. (Blackwood)		1/6
Pitman's Practical Spanish Grammar .....	(Pitman & Sons)	1/0
The World and its Commerce .....	(Pitman & Sons)	
Chambers's Higher English Reader .....	(Chambers)	

## JUVENILE.

Harrison (C.) and Harner (S. H.), Master Charlie .....	(Cassell & Co.)	1/6
Horne (A.), The Spy in the School .....	(Chambers)	3/6
Fenn (M.), Fix Bay'nets .....	(Chambers)	5/0
Marin (L.), Princess and Fairy .....	(Chambers)	

## MISCELLANEOUS.

Platts (W. C.), The Tuttlebury Troubles .....	(Digby, Long & Co.)	3/6
Large-Print Up-to-Date Map of Transvaal, Cape Colony, &c. ....	(Bacon)	1/0
Knowlson (T. S.), The Art of Thinking .....	(Warne)	2/6
Morton (Honor), Questions for Women (and Men) .....	(Black)	2/0
Jerram (C. S.), The Armies of the World .....	(Lawrence & Bullen)	
Philip (A.), A Dissected Model of a Direct Current Dynamo (Philip & Son) net		4/6
Dan Leno Hys Books .....	(Greentag)	1/0

## NEW EDITIONS.

Whyte-Melville, Riding Recollections .....	(Ward, Lock)	3/6
Scott (Sir W.), The Surgeon's Daughter .....	(Dent)	1/6
Jordan (E. D.), Guide to Galway, Connemara, and the West of Ireland (Black)		1/0
Du Bosc (W. P.), The Soteriology of the New Testament (The Macmillan Co.)		6/0
Logan (J.), Melan's Costumes of the Clans of Scotland .....	(Byrce) net	3/6
Jones (S.), The Actor and His Art .....	(Downey)	3/6
Taylor (V.), Stories from Wagner .....	(Digby, Long & Co.)	3/6
Pocket Atlas and Gazetteer of the World .....	(Bacon)	

\*\* New Novels are acknowledged elsewhere.

## Announcements.

A NEW novel from the pen of the author of *The Choir Invisible* is likely to secure a good deal of attention, and Mr. James Lane Allen challenges curiosity at the outset through the choice of the uncommon title, *The Mettle of the Pasture*, which is suggested by the following passage in Shakespeare's "Henry V.":

And you, good yeomen,  
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here  
The mettle of your pasture; let us swear  
That you are worth your breeding.

The book will be published during the autumn by Messrs. Macmillan.

MESSRS. HUTCHINSON & Co. are publishing, simultaneously here and in America, *The Life of William Makepeace Thackeray*, which has been so long in preparation.

MR. MARION CRAWFORD'S new novel, *Via Crucis: a Romance of the Second Crusade*, now running its course through the pages of the *Century*, will be published very shortly in volume form by Messrs. Macmillan.

MESSRS. SEELEY & Co. have nearly ready for publication *The Story-Books of Little Gidding*, edited by Miss E. Cruwys Sharland. The book will consist of religious dialogues, held in the great room at Little Gidding, and now published for the first time from the original MS. of Nicholas Ferrar. The book will contain a memoir of the Ferrar family and an account of the story-books, also several interesting portraits and illustrations.

MISS C. A. HUTTON'S long-expected monograph on *Greek Terra-cottas* will be published by Messrs. Seeley in October. The book will contain a preface by Dr. A. S. Murray, Keeper of the Department of Greek and Roman Antiquities in the British Museum, under whom, and at the British School of Archaeology at Athens, Miss Hutton has for many years made a special study of this fascinating subject. The monograph will give an account of the use and meaning of the statuettes and the methods of manufacture, and also chapters on the genre statuettes, which throw much light on the social life of Ancient Greece. Of the numerous examples illustrated seventeen will be printed in colour.

MESSRS. GEORGE NEWNES, LTD., will publish shortly a *History of Association Football*, by N. L. Jackson. This book, which will comprise nearly 400 pages of text, with twenty full-page illustrations, will be a comprehensive work on the winter game.

MISS EDITH HENRIETTA FOWLER, who is known as the author of two representations of child life, has written a novel entitled *A Corner of the West*, the scene being laid in Devonshire. Miss Fowler is the daughter of Sir Henry Fowler and sister to Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, the author of *A Double Thread*.

IN *Life and Books* Mr. Fisher Unwin published on Sept. 18 a group of essays by F. F. Leighton. They deal with such diverse subjects as the Nude in Modern Art, Originality, Men's Women and Women's Women, &c. In the essays certain forms of art and literature are examined for the expression they give to ever-changing social ideals. In one the visualising faculty, or power of inward vision, is used as a test of the poet's or painter's genius. In another a comparison is made between the different standards of womanhood as shown by masculine and feminine novelists in the characters of heroines. Besides these essays there is a short study of Niccolò Machiavelli's *Discorsi*, and his position as the first practical writer on politics is discussed. In "A Literary Reformer" an attempt is made to estimate the work of Ephraim Gothold Lessing in German literature.

MR. MACQUEEN will publish immediately *Personal Recollections of Abraham Lincoln and the Civil War*, by James R. Gilmore ("Edmund Kirke"), author of *The Life of James Garfield*, &c., &c. Mr. Gilmore was a personal friend of Mr. Lincoln's, and was one of the so-called "Peace Commissioners" sent by Lincoln to Jefferson Davis.

MR. JOHN LONG has in preparation for the autumn a new work by the Rt. Hon. Sir Richard Temple, Bart., entitled *The House of Commons*. Among other features the book presents the following: The House of Commons as a Club; The Precincts and the Buildings; Life in Parliament; Manners and Customs of the House; Leading Figures in Parliament; The Irish Nationalist Party; The Lords as Seen by the Commons.

HER MAJESTY has been graciously pleased to accept a copy of the new Canadian volume of poems by Miss Machar, *The True North*. It was presented to the Queen by the Earl of Aberdeen, a former Governor of Canada.

MESSRS. JOHNSON & GREIG, publishers, Lerwick, have at present in the press an important work on *Shetland Folk-Lore*, by John Mr. Spence, F.E.I.S. For more than forty years the author has been gathering from the lips of the old folk the sayings and superstitions handed down to them, and the work is the outcome of his gleanings in that field.

THE thirteenth volume of *Book Prices Current* will be published almost immediately. The editor furnishes an introduction, in which he records the characteristics of the sales of 1899, and furnishes a forecast of the tastes of collectors and of the prices of the future.

MR. GORDON PHILLIPS, who is already well known as the author of a number of Scottish romances (*James Macpherson*, &c.), will issue shortly with Mr. Fisher Unwin a story entitled *The Laird's Wooing*. It may be described as a romantic chapter in Scottish history. The subject is the courtship of the maiden of low degree by the proud feudal baron.

\*\* Special cloth cases for binding the half-yearly volume of the ACADEMY can be supplied for 1s. each. The price of the bound half-yearly volume is 8s. 9d. Communications should be addressed to the Publisher, 43, Chancery-lane.

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## The Literary Week.

THE issue of the ACADEMY for next week will consist of a double number, and will include a supplement containing a classified list, extending over many pages, of all the new books and new editions announced for publication during the forthcoming season.

THE latest news of Mr. Grant Allen is more encouraging. Though still in an extremely precarious condition, he is suffering much less pain and is himself confident of recovery. The doctors are still unable precisely to describe his complaint.

'Tis an ill wind——. The action of the *Times*, which made it impossible for Lord Rosebery's *Appreciations and Addresses* to be sold any more in this country, has enabled the book to be advertised in America as "Suppressed in England."

FROM the new Stevenson letters in *Scribner's*. To Mr. Charles Baxter:

I shall have a fine book of travels, I feel sure; and will tell you more of the South Seas after very few months than any other writer has done—except Herman Melville, perhaps, who is a howling cheese.

To Mr. William Archer:

The voyage has agreed well with all; it has had its pains, and its extraordinary pleasures; nothing in the world can equal the excitement of the first time you cast anchor in some bay of a tropical island, and the boats begin to surround you, and the tattooed people swarm aboard.

To Mr. James Payn:

It is a good thing to be a good man, whether deaf or whether dumb; and of all our fellow-craftsmen (whom yet they count a jealous race), I never knew one but gave you the name of honesty and kindness: come to think of it gravely, this is better than the finest hearing.

A WELL-KNOWN character has just passed away in the person of Mrs. Baker, of Anne Hathaway's cottage, at Shottery, Stratford-on-Avon. Mrs. Baker, who claimed to be descended from Mrs. William Shakespeare, through Susan Hathaway, Anne's niece, had lived in the cottage for more than eighty years, so that there is no visitor to the famous shrine now living who has not seen her. To thousands of Americans Mrs. Baker must have stood as the typical old English countrywoman. Some years ago the trustees of Shakespeare's birthplace bought the cottage and established Mrs. Baker there as caretaker. Among the articles which were also purchased was the great bedstead in the upper room. Shakespeare's chair, however, left Shottery for Hampstead, where it became the property of Miss Crump. On Miss Crump's death it passed to America.

SINCE the early part of the year Mr. Anderson Graham has acted as Special Commissioner on Agriculture for the

*Morning Post*, and will shortly publish the result of his investigations with Messrs. Jarrold & Son under the title of *The Revival of English Agriculture*. During the same period he has performed the arduous task of shaping and editing the book of chess which has been expected from Mr. Blackburn, English champion for the last forty years. Messrs. Longmans hope to issue the book early next month. It will contain a biography of Mr. Blackburn.

MR. WEDMORE has been selecting, for early publication by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, a number of the contributions on artistic and literary subjects which he has made during many years past to various Reviews and to the *Standard*. The title of this volume is to be *On Books and Arts*.

ONE of the most amusing misconceptions which we remember occurred in a recent *Daily Chronicle*, the whole mistake turning upon the two meanings of the word plant. This is the *Chronicle's* paragraph:

The Pope takes great interest in an electric plant, to which he has given the name of "Officina Electrica Vaticana Alessandro Volta," in honour of Volta. A few days ago his Holiness made a special inspection of these plants, and the employees of the Vatican gardens were presented to him by the chief.

A comic draughtsman should certainly commemorate the scene. The picture might hang at Kew.

THE sudden increase of thefts from London free libraries is another argument against the "free access" system, the libraries where this is adopted having suffered most. Clerkenwell, St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, Hornsey, the Cripplegate Institute, the Bishopsgate Street Institute, have all lost books. The theory is, however, not that thieves are growing more numerous, but that one thief has become more active. From the circumstance that no attempt has been made to sell any of the books in question, all of which are marked in several places, it is supposed that the thief is amassing a library of his own.

FREE access will not, we imagine, be adopted at Manchester when, next week, that city becomes the possessor of the famous Althorp Library, presented to it by Mrs. Rylands, the widow of the late John Rylands. The edifice in Deansgate which Mrs. Rylands has built to hold: he Althorp books is now ready, and formal presentation to be made on October 6. The Spencers, including the Earl Spencer from whom Mrs. Rylands bought the collection in 1892 for a quarter of a million pounds, amassed the books on generous principles. The Althorp Library comprises 80,000 volumes, including fifty Caxtons. Henceforward Manchester takes its place among the shrines of bibliophile and bibliomane.

AN instance of American Democratic prejudice occurs in the title by which one of Mr. Anthony Hope's novels is known in that country. Here, it is *Mr. Witt's Widow*; there, *Witt's Widow*.



THE generous action of another benefactor has just extricated the people of Olney from an ignoble position. The centenary of William Cowper's death falls next year, and it had been proposed that the event should be celebrated fittingly, among other plans being the purchase by the town of the poet's house at Olney to preserve as a monument of her most illustrious son and England's gentlest poet. Olney, however, did not fall in with the



WILLIAM COWPER.

project at all, and the centenary celebration seemed likely to be inadequate until Mr. W. H. Collingridge, a great Cowper enthusiast, made the town a present of the house on the condition that the famous parlour shall be used as a Cowper museum. Mr. Collingridge, who is the owner of the *City Press*, was himself born in Cowper's house, and he has a large collection of Cowper relics and objects of interest which may serve as the museum's nucleus. His action is of more than local interest; the whole nation should be glad that Cowper's memory is thus to be honoured.

A MEMORIAL to another English poet has just been erected on foreign soil. Last week a tablet to the memory of Thomas Campbell, fixed to the door of the house in Boulogne in which he died, was unveiled, the occasion being the visit of the British Association to their French correlatives. Prof. Lewis Campbell, writing, as one of the few surviving descendants of the poet, to the *Times* on the subject, says: "*Non omnis morietur*. His once bright fame has been eclipsed by poets of richer quality and of larger volume. But morsels of his work are indestructible, and his public-spirited efforts in the cause of human progress, amongst which those on behalf of a 'teaching University for London' seem likely to bear late fruit, will have to be recorded in any complete review of the century now about to close. I shall never forget the generous words of Robert Browning, who said to me, in speaking of him both as a poet and as a critic of poetry, 'He was a great man.'"

THE relationship of *The Island* to No. 5, *John Street*, its sequel, has led Mr. Richard Whiteing, the author, to take in hand the earlier story and revise and augment it. The result has now been published by Mr. Grant Richards. From Mr. Whiteing's new preface we take this passage:

I have ever thought that our modern problems of human destiny should bear an emotional setting. All spring from the heart, and must return to it for their final appeal. Why should the great moving causes which stir

so much the passion of pity on the one side, the passion of the sense of wrong on the other, be shut out of romantic literature—Democracy the cause of our age above all? It is to think poorly of fiction to narrow its bounds in any such way. We do it wrong, being so majestic.

They tell me that my Islanders are beginning to degenerate by in-breeding, both in body and in mind. Are they quite sure that the evil, in so far as it affects the spiritual part, does not lie rather with the observers than with the observed? I once read a French story in which it suited the purpose of the hero to feign insanity for a while. He accomplished it in the simplest way in the world—by leading a perfectly rational life. When he had nothing to say he said it, and he never made idle talk. When he had eaten his fill, he rose from table. In warm weather he laid aside all purely ceremonial clothing. In short, he lived according to reason, and he told the truth. The doctors agreed that it was an extremely bad case; and they had him in a strait-jacket in less than a week.

HERE is the character of the good Economist, from the preface to Dr. William Smart's *Distribution of Income*, published this week:

He [the student of economics] becomes less and less disposed to dogmatise, knowing very well that a man's development on any side of his subject often stops from the time when he comes to a reasoned conclusion about it. Hence he becomes known as a silent man who asks questions, and he incurs very likely the reproach of being a blind leader because he will not pronounce on such a thing as a labour dispute till long after the dispute has settled itself. He has nothing of the cloud-compelling confidence of other scientific teachers. By the nature of his subject he ought to be—and, I think, generally is—the humblest of men, and is indeed only too apt to spend the best years of his life in waiting for more light, and meantime throwing cold water on other people's enthusiasms. If afterwards he feels any superiority to his students, it is not that he knows a little more than they, but that he knows how little any one can know of law and order in this many-motivated work-a-day life of man.

New light on the Kingsleys is afforded by an interview with "Lucas Malet," Charles Kingsley's daughter, in the *Windsor Magazine*. According to the interviewer, the author of *The Wages of Sin* has "one grave and fundamental quarrel with Fate. It turned her out a woman, and not a man! She herself is of opinion that Nature jumbled things up altogether in the construction of her whole family, and distributed male and female characteristics at random!"

"I SOMETIMES wonder," the same lady also remarked, "whether our plots belong to people who have lived before us—our ancestors, you know, or something of that kind. There's no such thing as spontaneous generation, we know. They must have a beginning. They must come from somewhere. How are they suggested to us?" And here is a piece of sturdy optimism: "Everyone can have what he wants in this world if he only wants it hard enough, and if he only has the courage to take it when it comes. It doesn't do to hesitate. And if you're afraid—why, it's all over with you. Keep your head, and know what you want when you see it. That's where women fail as a rule; they lose their heads and get confused, and then the moment goes by and never comes back again. Or they're afraid—there's a risk attached, and they daren't face it. That's the mistake. There's a risk attached to every venture, though it's forgotten afterwards. You must face the chance of going to the bottom if you want to come to the top!"

THE ethnological and other writings of the late George Kingsley, Charles Kingsley's doctor brother, and the father of Miss Mary Kingsley, are about to be republished in a single volume under the title *Notes on Sport and Travel*. Miss Mary Kingsley will contribute an introduction.

ALMOST concurrently with the opening of the new Arts and Crafts Exhibition a minor commercial concern, with precisely similar ideals, begins its career. Mr. Montagu Fordham, the projector, has gathered together a number of artistic craftsmen who hold themselves ready to take orders for the furnishing and decoration of the home. English handiwork only will be employed. Among Mr. Fordham's associates are Mr. Cobden Saunderson and Mr. Douglas Cockerell, for book-binding; Mr. Sidney H. Barnsley and Mr. W. R. Lethaby, for furniture; Miss May Morris, for embroidery; Mr. Louis Davis and Mr. C. M. Gere, for stained glass; Mr. G. P. Bankart, for plaster work; and the Birmingham Guild of Handicraft, and others, for metal work. The scheme is a good one, and it will, we hope, be successful. Mr. Fordham's shop, which is in Maddox-street, opens on Monday.

DECORATIVE pictorial covers are becoming increasingly popular. Certainly, although



although a severe taste may object to them, they are an improvement upon the lurid designs on the old yellow-backs. Although quite out of place on the library shelves, the new method of indicating the nature of the book by means of the scene on the cover is a useful one; for it gives the would-be purchaser the keynote of the book in advance. We reproduce a good example of a keynote cover—that belonging to *Nell Gwyn's Diamond*, by I. Hooper, published by Messrs. A. & C. Black. If

we are to have pictorial covers for novels this is the way to do them.

TRULY, as Father Matthew Russell recently wrote,

Professor R. Yelverton Tyrrell  
In Latin is brisk as a squirrel.

Within the covers of a comely book entitled *Florilegium Latinum* the Rev. F. St. John Thackeray and the Rev. E. D. Stone have gathered together a number of very agreeable and skilful experiments by the gentlemen who still write Latin verse with ease. The book contains many excellent and brilliant versions, but what particularly strikes us, on looking it through, is Prof. Tyrrell's extraordinarily agile treatment of Hood's "Bridge of Sighs." We give the opening lines:

IRRENEABILIS UNDA.

a! misera sortis  
pondere fessa!  
a! temere mortis  
viam ingressa!  
tollite facile  
onus tam bellum,  
onus tam gracile,  
tamque tenellum.  
panni gravatum  
cadaver adstringunt,  
vestes elatum  
ceu funebres cingunt,  
undam stillantes  
heu! illaetabilem:  
statim?—amantes  
ferre amabilem.

In any form the poem would be sufficiently difficult to master, but that both rhyme and metre should be reproduced is indeed an achievement. The other translations, with the exception of the "Bridge of Sighs," are only of pre-Victorian poems. A second volume, devoted to Victorian originals, will follow.

A LITTLE while ago we quoted Miss J. H. Findlater as saying that only the part of Scotland between Peebles and Galloway had not been appropriated by any kailyard or other writer. But, according to a critic in the *Glasgow Evening News*, Miss Findlater understated the case altogether. He writes: "The greater part of Scotland is yet to be written about. Our Midlands have not yet produced their novelist; Edinburgh and Glasgow are a field untouched in modern literary art. Rural Scotland has hitherto monopolised the attention of every ambitious penman, and the cities and towns have been severely left alone. It must be because the interests presented in the teeming multitudes of a place like Glasgow are so great as to be appalling. Here, at all events, is every element of great, and moving, and permanent prose literature. Here more passions war, intrigue is more startling and profound than in Thrums and Drumtochty, pathos is among us in its triple essence, comedy and tragedy are in every close. It is true that Miss Tytler and Mr. William Black have given Glasgow backgrounds to stories, but that is nothing: the city we know, of streets, shops, slums, ships, factories, grime and grandeur, enterprise and toil, has never been the motive of a story. Pioneers, oh, pioneers! this is no footing little claim; it's a blessed Bonanza."

MR. HALL CAINE's own dramatic version of *The Christian* is about to be performed in London. America, as our readers will remember, has already had the privilege of witnessing it. Mr. Caine states in a prefatory note that he has not, strictly speaking, dramatised the book. Instead, he has merely "taken the two principal characters of the novel, as well as the motive of their relation to each other, and made an independent drama of new incidents and fresh surroundings—just as he might have taken two characters from history and constructed thereon a play which could otherwise have no claims to historical truth. The two principal characters of this drama," Mr. Caine continues, "represent types which have been brought into existence by the latter half of the nineteenth century—the educated girl who has to fight the battle of life in professions which are usually controlled by men, and the young clergyman who makes an effort to realise, in a literal sense, the precepts of the Sermon on the Mount. But the social and religious problems which surround the steps of these characters in the novel are not dwelt upon in the play, which is simply a story of love."

SOME litigation, it is said, is likely to ensue between Mr. Hall Caine and Mr. Wilson Barrett before *The Christian*, the drama in which the teaching of the Sermon on the Mount is made manifest, has run its course. Another forthcoming play, the version by an American adaptor, of *Lorna Doone*, is also to be a subject of contention. Mr. Blackmore has made public the statement that the only authorised version is that by Mr. Horace Newte.

NUMBER II. of *The Elf: a little book* lies before us. This freakish publication proceeds from Peartree Cottage, Ingrave, Essex, and is the work of Mr. J. J. Guthrie. Half a dozen plates (better in design than reproduction), a fairy story, an essay, and three poems make up the number. One of the poems promises to be a complete alphabet on new lines, of which the first eight letters only are already given. It runs thus:

A. was an Ant-hill, and B. was a Boy  
Who came with intention the Ants to annoy;  
C. the Catastrophe, D. the Distress  
On the face of the boy in a minute or less.

E. was an Earwig, and F. was the Flower  
That Earwig intended in time to devour,  
G. was the Gard'ner, and H. was his Heel  
Which the mischievous insect was destined to feel.

*Literary Life*, the new American weekly paper of which we spoke in our last number, has inaugurated its career by inviting its readers to play once more the Academy game. The aim of the editor is to select an American Academy on the model of that of France—that is to say, to consist not merely of literary men, but of the forty most capable men in all branches of intellectual achievement. To facilitate matters a list to choose from has been drawn up, which we reproduce below. We are obliged to confess complete ignorance of many of the names :

*Historians* : John Fiske, Eugene Schuyler, Edward Eggleston, Hubert Howe Bancroft, John Bach McMaster, John Clark Ridpath, James Schouler, H. Von Holst.

*Essayists* : Charles Dudley Warner, Dr. Henry Van Dyke, Thomas W. Higginson, Henry M. Alden, Donald G. Mitchell, John Burroughs.

*Politicians* : Hon. Wm. McKinley, Carl Schurz, Admiral George Dewey, Henry Cabot Lodge, Senator George F. Hoar, Joseph R. Hawley.

*Philanthropists* : Edward Everett Hale, D.D., Andrew Carnegie.

*Professors* : Hon. Andrew D. White, President Benjamin Ide Wheeler, Prof. William James, President Dean C. Worcester, President A. T. Hadley of Yale, President Daniel C. Gilman, Prof. C. E. Norton, Prof. Wm. Z. Ripley.

*Dramatists* : Bronson Howard, Augustus Thomas, David Belasco, Clyde Fitch.

*Humorists* : Samuel L. Clemens, H. C. Bunner, Robert Burdette, Frank R. Stockton, J. C. Harris, Robert Grant.

*Novelists* : Henry James, Geo. W. Cable, Miss Wilkins, Wm. Dean Howells, Mrs. Deland, Mrs. Burnett, Francis Marion Crawford, Mrs. Catherwood, A. S. Hardy, Francis Bret Harte, Edgar Fawcett, Lew Wallace, Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, Julian Hawthorne.

*Poets* : Edmund Clarence Stedman, John J. Piatt, Richard Henry Stoddard, R. W. Gilder, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, John Hay, Mrs. Howe, W. H. Hayne, James Whitcomb Riley, Joaquin Miller, Father Tabb, Celia Thaxter.

*Critics* : Hamilton W. Mabie, George E. Woodberry.

*Journalists* : E. L. Godkin, Whitelaw Reid, Chas. H. Taylor, Henry Watterson, Chas. Emory Smith.

*Ecclesiastic* : Bishop Potter.

*Lawyer* : Joseph H. Choate.

*Sculptor* : Augustus St. Gaudens.

*Scientist* : Thomas Edison.

Many comments rise to mind as we read this list. One is that Mr. H. C. Bunner died two or three years ago; another that the French Academy includes no philanthropists, and that even if it did Dr. E. E. Hale's name would come more fittingly with the story-tellers. But it is, of course, for the readers of *Literary Life* to straighten out these things.

## Bibliographical.

A PASSAGE in Mr. Melville's *Life of W. M. Thackeray* raises again a question which has always been of interest to lovers of literature and the drama : Did Thackeray collaborate with Pierre Tournemine in producing the melodrama called "L'Abbaye de Pemarc'h," which was produced at the Théâtre Porte St. Antoine, Paris, in February, 1840? When H. L. Williams published, in 1884, an English version of this play, he boldly ascribed it to the novelist, giving sundry reasons for so doing. "L'Abbaye de Pemarc'h" is, however, accessible in the original French, and on the title-page we find it attributed to MM. Tournemine and "Thackeray" (without initials). That Thackeray was in Paris in 1840 is matter of history, and "L'Abbaye de Pemarc'h" may have been part-product of his pen. Much more likely is it that the "Thackeray" of "L'Abbaye" was the novelist's cousin, Captain Thomas James Thackeray, who was long resident in Paris where he was visited by Planché. This Captain

Thackeray, we know, dabbled in the drama, having been guilty of at least two adaptations from the French—a drama called "The Executioner," and a farce called "The Barber Baron," which saw the light in London in 1828 and 1830 respectively. He also collaborated in a comedy called "My Wife or My Place," produced at the Haymarket in 1831. In the following year he published a treatise *On Theatrical Emancipation and the Rights of Dramatic Authors*; and, altogether, it seems much more probable that "L'Abbaye de Pemarc'h" was written by him than that W. M. Thackeray had any hand in it. T. J. Thackeray, by the way, does not figure in the *Dictionary of National Biography*.

I note among the announcements of the Clarendon Press new editions of the works of John Gower and of Thomas Kyd, of the plays and poems of Robert Greene, and of the critical essays of John Dryden. For an edition of the complete works of Gower there is obviously room. The thing is a desideratum, inasmuch as there is nothing in the market now save the reprint of the *Confessio Amantis* in the "Carisbrooke Library." Of Gower's minor works there appears to have been no edition since that of the Roxburgh Club in 1818. Of Kyd's works, too, there is no available edition. His *Spanish Tragedy* was lately reproduced in dainty guise; and that, and the *Cornelia*, and the *Soliman and Perseda*, are in the Dodsley collection; but a complete edition of Kyd is certainly to be desired. Greene, of course, was edited by Dyce in 1831, and, in a sort of way, by Robert Bell in 1846; there is also the elaborate Grosart edition of 1881-86. Still, there is room for something less elaborate than Grosart. Greene is a writer of whom, for many reasons, the new generation should know more than is known by its elders. Which of Dryden's critical essays are to be reproduced I do not know; and upon that everything depends. The *Dramatic Poesy* has been reprinted within the last few decades by Mr. T. Arnold, Mr. E. Arber, and Mr. W. H. Low; the *Satire* and the *Epic Poetry* were republished in 1886, the *Satire* and *Translation* in 1882 (ed. Yonge). A handy edition of all the critical essays would be welcome.

Minor reprints of which notice is given are those of Earle's *Microcosmography*, Defoe's *Journal of the Plague*, and Crabbe's *Borough*. Of the first of these we had two reproductions so recently as 1897 (one of them being based on the Bliss text of 1811). Then there is the 1868 reprint by Mr. Arber. Defoe's *Plague* is equally accessible—in an edition by Routledge (1893), and in the same firm's "World Library" and "Universal Library." The edition illustrated by Cruikshank in 1872 (and brought out again in 1882) might well be reissued at this juncture. Crabbe's *Borough* has not been printed separately since 1853. No doubt the reprint will justify itself; but one would rather have a new complete edition of Crabbe—something more obviously for the library and for study than the little book included in the "Canterbury Poets."

There are two anthologies of English verse of which I am glad to see the announcement: I refer to *English Elegies* and *The Kings' Lyrics*. If my memory serves me, both of these have some novelty of idea. The last-named, it seems, will cover the reigns of James I. and Charles I. Why not that of Charles II.? Nay, why not give us a selection from all the songs inspired by devotion to the House of Stuart? In regard to the book of *Elegies*, I am curious to see whether it will, or will not, be brought "down to date," for, as I need hardly tell my readers, among the most touching of English elegies are some of those written by Mr. Swinburne—notably that on the death of Barry Cornwall.

Mr. C. B. Fernald has published in book form his adaptation of "The Ghetto," and it is understood that he is to follow it up with the text of his two original plays, "The Cat and the Cherub" and "The Moonlight Blossom." We are further taught to expect from him a book of *Stories of China Town*.

THE BOOKWORM.

## Reviews.

## The Pigeon-holing of Matthew Arnold.

*Matthew Arnold.* By George Saintsbury. (Blackwood.)

WE do not know anything very positive about Prof. Saintsbury's temperament; but a careful reading of his *Matthew Arnold* is enough to convince us that it is not the temperament which can deal fairly with Matthew Arnold. Mr. Saintsbury, despite his curious tendency to inaccuracy and to conclusions based upon insufficient grounds—his passion, in a word, for building up a huge general out of a minute particular—has the sort of mind which is best understood under a figure of pigeon-holes. Prof. Huxley, without Mr. Saintsbury's tendency to inaccuracy, had very much the same sort of mind. It is a mind which, if it be combined with any considerable thinking powers, can make a great impression on the world, and has, indeed, in many of its manifestations, made such an impression. We have said that Mr. Saintsbury has the pigeon-hole form of mind, despite that which appears to be almost his constitutional failing; for here precisely lies the paradox. The pigeon-hole form of mind tolerates no doubt, has no fears, despises all opponents, and possesses scarcely any dramatic imaginativeness. It is, as a rule, extremely industrious, and it derives its name from the fact that it is in the habit of collecting any quantity of conclusions and facts, tying them up in separate bundles, and, after carefully drying and labelling them, putting them away for future use in the pigeon-holes of memory. They then become, so to put the matter, stock-in-trade. As has been implied, if your facts are carefully selected and verified, and if your conclusions are impressive and plausible, the pigeon-hole mind is a very useful possession indeed. It is the sort of mind that *gets on* in the world. On that side stands Prof. Huxley. But what if your facts are picked up here and there (chiefly at random), and are then bundled together without very careful sorting? What if your conclusions are mostly based on assumptions of by no means acceptable or catholic first principles? What if the lack of power to sustain close argument brings those conclusions, even when the first principle is admitted, into some fallacious finish? The result is that you still are a little awed by the dead sort of certitude which invariably distinguishes the pigeon-hole mind, but that it is impossible, under the influence of a little careful thought, to regard either the statements of fact or the cocksure little conclusions with a very deepset respect or a very serious sympathy. Need it be added that Prof. Saintsbury stands on this side—that this is his province in the kingdom of the pigeon-hole mind? Here he is the satrap indeed.

Now at its very best this sort of temperament would have been ignobly inadequate for the expounding of such a personality as that of Matthew Arnold. If there was one thing with which Arnold had not a shred of sympathy it was the method of pigeon-holing applied to any mental process whatsoever. Macaulay, just because he was the most brilliant, the keenest, the most consummate example of this class, provoked him to unreasoning, if not altogether unreasonable, indignation. "What has he ever taught these times?" That was Arnold's question; and if you granted the underlying premise, you felt that the question, from Arnold's point of view, dismissed Macaulay into space. But Mr. Saintsbury, while perceiving, as everybody must perceive, Arnold's point of view, stands clear outside any sympathetic understanding of it. With amazing stolidity he pulls, on all occasions, out of pigeon-hole *x*, *y*, or *z* a set of conclusions which are naturally based upon premises which begin by being the precise contradictory of Arnold's premises. Without pausing to inquire—that would be a denial of the law—into the nature of either his own or Arnold's first principles, he condemns his man out of hand for the sole reason that Arnold's conclusions are not Mr. Saintsbury's.

Let us take one crucial and particular instance which demonstrates this point finally and beyond recall. Arnold, as we all know, had a peculiar prejudice against the dry and undramatic study of history which belongs to our system of modern education. "I do not like the course for the History School at all; nothing but read, read, read endless histories in English, many of them by quite second-rate men; nothing to form the mind as reading really great authors forms it, or even to exercise it as learning a new language, or mathematics, or one of the natural sciences exercises it." There, on a definite point, was a statement made by Arnold and built up through a certain train of reasoning which had for its basis a fixed first principle by which the theorist chose to regulate the usefulness and advantages of this or that kind of mental development. Now what does Mr. Saintsbury here? He flies to the pigeon-hole marked *h*, and takes down a bundle which contains this for its ascertained premiss and conclusion: "The study of history is one of extreme importance; therefore the man who does not care for the history course cannot be regarded seriously as an educator; but Mr. Arnold was such a contemner; therefore . . ." Mr. Saintsbury does not formulate his conclusions quite so definitely as this; but it is enough that he deduces in Arnold a "dislike to history," declares that to a "man of ideas" history must be "an annoying study," because "the things that ought to happen do not happen, and the things that do happen have to be awkwardly explained away." Could anything show more clearly than this how hopelessly impossible it is for one of Mr. Saintsbury's temperament ever to understand the springs, the sources from which a man like Arnold drew his theory and his teaching? Here the case is narrowed down to a definite issue. Arnold's position is clear; so is Mr. Saintsbury's; but because each position has its own atmosphere of sense and significance, it is impossible for one to live in the atmosphere of the other. The very essence of the same words of the same proposition as used by the two men differs with each utterance. For Arnold's meaning is beset by a thousand subtle comparisons, relations and siftings. Mr. Saintsbury's is, we fear, as plain and as bald as a geometrical axiom, and leads to conclusions as unprofitable as they hit wide of the mark.

When, then, it comes to a discussion by Mr. Saintsbury of Arnold's religious position, the result is as grotesque as it is exasperating. Mr. Saintsbury's boisterous orthodoxy clamours, and grins, and twists in elephantine curves, and is throughout magnificently certain of itself. Out come the first principles, tumbling one over the other in their anxiety to be stated, where to have been stated suffices apparently for Mr. Saintsbury's purpose. "Not believe in hell-fire!" said the devout believer to the doubter. "Not believe in hell-fire! Why, I *know* that hell-fire exists." That is the Professor's attitude. Arnold, with his splendid and sincere desire to get at the meaning even of orthodoxy—"Don't read St. Paul under the influence of a Sunday convention; get at the back of his actual, living meaning"—that Arnold is placed by Mr. Saintsbury "In The Wilderness" (the actual title of the chapter devoted to this portion of the life). We are not concerned here to defend Matthew Arnold's religious theories; but it is fitting that a biographer should be able to understand, by some sort of imaginative sympathy, the mental attitude of his subject. Mr. Saintsbury may be right, for all we care, in every single point of his theory of religion. What we require in a book of this kind, however, is some intelligent stating of Arnold's case, some presentment of his actual frame of mind, some touching of the fountains from which he drew his doctrine, some delineation of cause and effect, as these developed in the workings of a rare and subtle spirit. We get none of this from Mr. Saintsbury. He frankly sees no responsibility other than to take up scattered propositions from Arnold's works and argue, argue, argue, for all the world like any hot-gospeller. The futility

of the position could not be overstated. In nine cases out of ten, even on the mere point of argument, which nobody wants and which profits nothing, Mr. Saintsbury is baldly and grimly unconvincing. Take one sufficing example. "The prophecy of the details of Peter's death," says Arnold in *Literature and Dogma*, "is almost certainly an addition after the event, because it is not at all in the manner of Jesus." "Oho!" cries Mr. Saintsbury, "and where do you get any knowledge of the 'manner of Jesus' outside the Gospels?" And then (we quote now textually): "So you must, by the inner light, pick and choose out of the very same documents what, according to your good pleasure, is 'in the manner of Jesus,' and then black-mark the rest as being not so"—with a great deal more to the same effect. That is precisely the case. Did Arnold ever deny that he had no knowledge of Jesus outside the Gospels? Does he not practically say: "In the consistent pictures the Gospels give, in bulk, of Jesus, the prophecy of Peter's death does not take a natural place?" He may be right or he may be wrong; but it is a clear proposition, and is scarcely answered by a mere restatement of the very grounds on which its conclusion is based. But that is Mr. Saintsbury's way of argument. It is nothing more or less than a long exposition of the fact that Mr. Saintsbury has no capacity whatever of presenting to you any vital picture or even vital impression of the personality of Arnold.

We have left ourselves but scant space in which to discuss Mr. Saintsbury's attitude towards Arnold the poet, as distinguished from Arnold the thinker; but there is little enough that we could say of profit. There are better things to be found, however, in the book when we enter this province; but they are none of them very illuminative, or even passably striking. Mr. Saintsbury leaves no clear and exact impression of what he really thinks of Arnold, regarded as a writer of poetry as a whole rather than as a writer of separate poems. He tells you, taking those poems *seriatim*, that he likes four lines here, but dislikes the two lines immediately following; there are three stanzas in one poem, perhaps, of high-water mark, and two in the same poem which show Arnold at his worst; and so forth, and so forth. That is the sort of thing which supplies the argument of page after page. A good deal of it may be sound enough; but, frankly, we do not very much care if it is, although we can quite understand that Mr. Saintsbury was not naturally the man to do the thing according to any other method. For here that fatal temperament comes in again. Mr. Saintsbury is scholar enough to pick out a couple of lines, a stanza or a long poem, and to discuss them all with a complacent air of authority. But it is literally the dead page, not the living poet's soul, of Matthew Arnold that he chooses for his commentary. You do not leave the book with any definite impression of the fulness, the totality of the poet's work. You are only aware, for Mr. Saintsbury lets you know it with damnable iteration, that he does most cordially admire the famous lines—

Still nursing the unconquerable hope,  
Still clutching the inviolable shade.

So far as these two lines go, it is certain that Mrs. Micawber never will desert Mr. Micawber.

The biographical element in the book again is extremely slight; but Mr. Saintsbury is aware of it and has his explanation pat. For the rest, the actual writing, though far from satisfactory at all times, is a good deal better, on the whole, than the writing to be found in most of the recent works published by this hand. Such words as "epistoler" and "equivalenced" still star his pages; you come across such a sentence as, "Despondency is a pretty piece of melancholy, and, with a comfortable stool, will suit a man well"; but on the whole, there are fewer evidences of Mr. Saintsbury's slipshod and confused manner in his *Matthew Arnold* than we had dared to expect.

## Woman.

*Women and Economics: A Study of the Economic Relation between Men and Women as a Factor in Social Evolution.* By Charlotte Perkins Stetson. (Putnam's.)

*Questions for Women (and Men).* By Honnor Morten. With an Introduction by Mrs. Fawcett, LL.D. (A. & C. Black.)

HERE are two books written by and about women. There is no resemblance in their methods and very little in their aim. The one is wholly theoretic, the other almost wholly practical. The one deals with the world's "change of heart," the other mainly with certain vulnerable joints in our existing social and industrial armour. Mrs. Stetson offers us something like a system of sociology; Miss Morten shows us where and how the woman who wants to be socially helpful can best apply her energies. Her book is, in spite of its title, not at all controversial; it contains not so much "questions" as—if the expression may be permitted—"tips." Its curious and interesting relation to Mrs. Stetson's longer volume lies in its point of view. Mrs. Stetson's whole aim is to demonstrate: (1) that woman has not been an independent economic unit; (2) that the whole race has suffered by her dependence; and (3) that this dependence is on the way to cease, greatly to the gain of the whole world. Miss Morten does not talk at all about the independence of women, but almost every word of her book rests upon the assumption that women are independent. The average English reader, naturally hostile to general ideas, will be able to read it with perfect comfort; will find in it all sorts of "practical" facts, and useful instructions as to details of conduct; and will, not impossibly, be strengthened unawares in a habit not so much of believing women to be independent human beings as of acting as though they were.

But when he turns to *Women and Economics*—which, on account of its title, he will, no doubt, be slow to do—this same average reader will find himself singularly disconcerted. He will be compelled by unanswerable arguments to admit that all women used to be, and that most women still are, economically dependent upon men; that the money they receive is not measured by the work they do, but by the wealth of the man belonging to them; and that, in short, they are not paid by or for their work at all. This position having been established, he will be carried on to consider the result of such economic dependence. The first result has been to make marriage a livelihood for women—a calling undertaken, like other callings, largely upon commercial considerations. The natural grounds of selection—so advantageous to the future development of the race—tend to be overridden. The woman seeks not only the desired mate, but also the supporter who can provide her with the material necessities of life. Another result has been to cut off women from the general stream of industrial development; to keep them isolated workers, employed in comparatively simple, but multifarious, processes, instead of sending them out to share the complex co-operative processes of some single highly specialised trade.

The woman who, in her own home, follows a score of callings, must, by the nature of things, fail to reach the highest excellence in any. Her skill, whatever its degree, is acquired, as the earliest workers acquired theirs, by practice, by rule of thumb, and each generation has to begin the work over again from much the same starting-point. Cut off from wide social interests, cultivated only on the side of her family affections, woman has naturally remained a creature of narrow views, and her influence on man has accordingly been a narrowing one. A mother who sees nothing beyond the family horizon cannot be expected to imbue her sons with wide public spirit. If, however, economic dependence were the necessary condition of healthy



motherhood—if, in other words, the well-being of the race demanded it—all these concomitant evils, however clearly recognised, would have to be accepted and endured. The price might be heavy, but it would have to be paid. The question whether this is so is next considered, and the conclusion arrived at, that so far from being better equipped for maternal functions, the carefully supported woman who lives and works in her own home is rather less fitted for motherhood than the savage or the peasant; while mentally she is rather less competent as an educator than the father who has lived in the larger developments of the world, or the teacher trained not in the enclosed home but outside it. At this point Mrs. Stetson, for the first time, seems to overstep the mark a little. That the average human mother falls considerably below the standard of motherhood conceived by the best and most enlightened of her race is unquestionable. But that the animals are, in their sphere, much more successful may be doubted. Few of us who have had animal friends have not lost one at least at the birth of offspring. Human infantile mortality stands, indeed, sadly high; but what of the kittens, the puppies, the young birds, who in a state of nature fall victims every year not only to enemies or to climatic mischances, but to the neglect or stupidity of their mothers? Hens frequently refuse to feed a second brood, and leave the chicks to starve; cats—and the cat is a good mother—will hide their young and lose them, or drop them from high places, or desert them. Why, the very circumstance that one at a birth suffices to keep the human race going, while a reserve is necessary to the quadrupeds, shows that the woman manages better. No, it cannot be maintained that the human mother is less competent than the mother cat or than the mother hen; what cannot be disputed is, that she is much less competent than she might be if she were a better developed creature.

As a housekeeper, in the widest sense of the word, Mrs. Stetson finds the dependent woman no more satisfactory than as a mother. She points out, as so many other writers and speakers have done, the extravagance, the waste of labour, and the poor results in the way of comfort that attend our present system of housekeeping. Most reformers who touch this subject do but preach in the wilderness; and the reason why no one marks them is that they do not discriminate between the common kitchen and the common home. In England, at any rate, the human creature as at present developed does not desire to share his home with a crowd of fellow creatures, however charming or cultivated. He desires to have at least one room all to himself; and is tempted by no promise of space or splendour, or good food or low prices, if these are to be bought at the cost of privacy. Mrs. Stetson avoids this accustomed confusion of the kitchen and the home. "We are not going," she says, "to lose our homes, nor our families, nor any of the sweetness and happiness that go with them. But we are going to lose our kitchens, as we have lost our laundries and bakeries. The cook-stove will follow the loom and wheel, the wool carder and the shears. We shall have homes that are places to live in and love in, to rest in and play in, to be alone in and to be together in; and they will not be confused or de-classed by admixture with any industry whatever."

While deploring the dependence of women, and looking with eagerness to the day of its total disappearance, Mrs. Stetson does not attribute that dependence either to the deliberate malice of man or the deliberate folly of woman. On the other hand, she sees that it was at one stage useful, and perhaps essential, for the race. She perceives that man, as the guardian and provider of woman and child, had to assume a position and qualities quite undeveloped in other male animals, who leave their mate and progeny to shift for themselves. "The subjection of woman has involved, to an enormous degree, the maternalising of man. Under its bonds he has been forced into new functions impossible to male energy alone. He has had to learn to

love and care for someone besides himself. He has had to learn to work, to serve, to become human."

There has been another gain to the race which Mrs. Stetson does not note. In the upper middle class of this country, and perhaps in even greater measure in the corresponding class in America, while the brothers become early engrossed in the strenuous competition of modern commerce, the sisters—whose age of marriage is deferred by the fact that the possible husband must first earn enough to keep himself and his wife—remain longer at school or college, and, when they return home, have leisure which they often employ in reading and study. Such women are generally better educated than their brothers and husbands. They form an artificially leisured class, and have turned their leisure to good use. From mothers of this group come England's best and ablest men; and from women of this group, married and unmarried, has come almost exclusively the movement for more freedom, more social activity, more personal life. The existence of this class makes possible such a manual as Miss Morten's, with its notes upon college life, upon public work, upon women's settlements, upon nursing and education. Women of this class, engaged in all sorts of public work, we see around us daily and accept quite contentedly. Nobody nowadays is shocked, and the nation is perceptibly the richer. Yet when these changes are formularised and set out in general terms many of us will be ready to exclaim and deny and to denounce Mrs. Stetson as a dangerous and subversive writer. Such dissentients may be reminded of Mr. John Morley's dictum, which, acknowledging that women may be regarded either as wives or mothers, or as independent human beings, boldly declares that a writer's appreciation of the conditions of human progress may be estimated by his attitude in regard to women, and that the writer who thinks of woman rather as wife and mother than as an independent person will have comparatively mean notions even of wifehood and motherhood.

If the writer, surely also the reader may be thus estimated, and Mrs. Stetson's book may be used as a touchstone. To-day it will meet with opposition and dispute—more or less according as we appreciate more or less truly the conditions of human progress. Ten years hence—perhaps five years hence—it will be accepted eagerly; twenty years hence it will be a mere milestone of history, as Mary Wollstonecroft's *Education of Daughters* is to-day. These are the stages through which books must pass which contain true analyses of transient societies. But the literary historian who, somewhere towards the latter half of the twentieth century, in order to write the record of woman's extinct economic dependence, looks up Mrs. Stetson's volume will find, amid phrases grown old-fashioned and arguments long since admitted, a sparkle of wit, a lucidity of statement, and an admirable spirit of justice and allowance, likely even in those improved days to be still rare among controversialists.

### A Champion of the Maori.

*A Sketch of the New Zealand War.* By Morgan S. Grace, C.M.G. (Marshall.)

THERE are occasions when the most skilful literary man may strive and strive, pile word on word, pursue epithet and image, in his endeavour to make his story live, and not all his art can overcome a something antipathetic which frustrates his every effort. And then the amateur may step carelessly into the ring, dash down a few unpremeditated sentences, and snatch the laurel by virtue of possessing some vivifying essence which stamps his effort vital. The book before us is another instance of the success of the amateur. The author is a man of action, a politician, with a non-literary mind. All he set out to do was to recall his adventures in the New Zealand War in the early sixties, and thus enable the English reader to learn "what

blundering asses we were and what fine fellows the Maori." There are a score of indications that he wrote his little history with a running pen: it is without careful order, it is tangential and scrappy; and yet it lives; the thing has been done. Mr. Grace, as his title tells us, thought that he was writing a mere sketch, a hurried outline; but instead the essential details are all here too. What is more, the book is in the grandly simple manner, a veritable little saga.

Mr. Grace is an Irishman who, when a young man, shipped for Auckland in medical charge of troops. The Maori War was beginning when he landed, and, taking the place of a brother medical officer who wished to stay at home and continue his courtship, he was ordered to the front with the 65th. In an undress staff frockcoat he paraded with the regiment. The Brigade-Major, mounted on a rough ten-pound animal, picked out the dandy stranger. "He rode straight at me, pulled his horse on his haunches, swung him a bit to the left, and shouted out: 'You think yourself a swell, sir. I am Brigade-Major Slack. You are going to Taranaki. Tell Colonel Gold, sir, he is bitching the whole war. As for Colonel Murray, I shall have him broke, sir, I shall have him broke.' He rode off. I smiled, and ranked him a shingle short." The regiment then embarked for New Plymouth. It was not long before the young doctor tasted war. He describes his first impressions:

As soon as the Maori saw our object they opened fire. Our bugles sounded "Take cover." Our men immediately fell flat, crept up anyhow to some gorse hedges, and fired blindly through the fences at anything or nothing. As I lay prone on the ground, clutching absolutely—not figuratively—at the blades of grass, the balls ripped up the sward around me. I first drew in one leg, then another, then tucked in my arm, anon tried to bury my head in my shoulders, or my buttock in my back. It was useless, there was no escape. My soul was frozen within me. My orderly, Corporal Prince, was lying beside me. I knew nothing of his state of mind. The bugle sounded. My heart stood still, then the blood bounded back to my brain.

"What is it, Corporal?"

"Call for the medical officer, sir."

"Malbrouk s'en va-t-en guerre."

An electric flash went through my brain. Have you the courage to neglect your sacred duty? Look in the face of your comrades with the brand of a coward on your heart? No, no! A thousand times no. I arose, alert and smiling. Corporal Prince and I marched with coolness and dignity from one end of the line of skirmishers to the other, almost the only persons exposed to the fire of the enemy. I looked after the wounded without cover and under fire. Now that I had something to do my fear was gone.

And here we return to the author's original purpose: to show what blundering asses we were and what fine fellows the Maori; to show also, as he puts it elsewhere, that the Maori of that time was "a gentleman, a man of superior talent and undoubted courage, who knew more about strategy, fortification, defence and attack, than our army had learned either at Woolwich or in India." Not that Mr. Grace would belittle England; "my sympathies," he says, "are with the Maori, though my affections are all with the British soldier"—that is how the case stands. One of his stories reflects equally charmingly on both his friends:

The chief military duty at that time consisted of outpost work. I noticed that the men of the 40th and 12th regiments came in jaded and weary, whilst the soldiers of the 65th Foot always turned up in the morning fresh and rosy. I was much struck with this difference, which was more marked in rough, wet weather. The temperaments of the men accounted for part of it; but the difference was so glaring I determined to inquire into the cause.

I asked a 65th man for an explanation. He said: "We are on duty to-night. The weather is wet and cold. Come round to our outposts after 'grand rounds' and see for yourself."

I did so. The outposts had been inspected, all orders were given for the night. The officer on duty had retired within the lines. I crept up and was recognised by the men. A soldier near me on sentry called out in a loud, drawing voice: "How are you?"

Immediately, long spun out: "How are you all?" [in Maori] was heard.

The soldier replied: "God save you all."

The Maori replied: "Good, it is the 65th Regiment."

The soldier answered: "Good, it is the Maori."

The Maori said: "Too wet and cold to-night. Let us all go to sleep."

The soldier replied: "All right."

Certain it is there was no firing. Each relied on the other's honour. Had there been any change of policy, the Maori would assuredly have given full notice.

Throughout Mr. Grace insists on the sportsmanlike character of the Maori. They refrained from surprising their enemies on many occasions when massacre was almost invited. During one laborious march for the purpose of storming a pa, or stockade, "the Maori, I think," says Mr. Grace, "were in the neighbouring scrub smoking their pipes and laughing at us. I do not in the least wonder they did not fire. First, our men were like a lot of children out blackberrying; second, the Maori had built three lovely pas and they wanted us to have a look at them." Also, and this is delicious, "they were just as anxious to see the big guns in action as we were."

One warrior, taken prisoner at the attack on Kaharamaea, was visited by General Cameron in hospital. Mr. Grace, who was in charge, described his career.

I said: "General, this is a most extraordinary man. He has received two gunshot wounds, his thigh has already been amputated, and his arm is in danger; he has had the bayonet thrust into his body seven times, and received four sabre wounds in the head. Look at him now; smoking his pipe as tranquilly as a baby sucking a bottle."

The interpreter interpreted all I had said to the Maori. He nodded his head, and smiled in a sweet and gentle manner.

The general's eye moistened, and he became a little pale.

"In the name of God," he exclaimed, "why did you resist our advance? Could you not see we were in overwhelming force?"

The Maori replied: "What would you have us do? This is our village, these are our plantations. Men are not fit to live if not brave enough to defend their own homes."

The general looked abashed. "At any rate," he said, "I am glad to see you are now well treated. Have you any complaints to make?"

"No . . . By the way, yes. Whilst I was lying wounded on the ground, and after a soldier had given me a drink, an officer came up and sabred me."

"That is not according to the usages of war."

"That is a slave's work."

The general turned purple and swore an oath. "I'll cashier him. Would you know the man?"

"Yes. I was a little flurried, but I would know the man."

There was a great turmoil in the camp; hot and fevered inquiries. Presently a colour-sergeant marched in, holding a drummer-boy by the ear. The boy was marched up opposite the Maori, who continued to smoke and gazed at him intently.

"Is that the officer?"

"Yes," said the Maori, "that is he."

The interpreter explained that the youth was a drummer-boy, and his sword was only a toy.

"Do not say any more about it," quoth the Maori.

"Boys must be boys. We train our sons in the same way."

This man was again taken prisoner. "What?" said Mr. Grace, "in arms again?" "Yes," he said; "what would you have a man do? He must stand by his own people." The man was imprisoned, with some hundred and twenty others, in a hulk anchored outside Wellington Harbour. One night, during a gale, the waves broke over her. This was the Maori's chance; they slid through the porthole, one by one, and swam and drifted to

Nghawranga, four miles distant, taking it in turns to support their aged chief. Five succumbed, but not the one-legged hero. This escape was the last episode in the war. The Maori, says Mr. Grace, were never conquered; they realised that a kingdom in which the white man should be subject to themselves was impossible, and they therefore ceased fighting.

### The Persian Poet of Wisdom.

*The Gulistan, or Rose-Garden, of Sadi.* Translated by Sir Edwin Arnold. (Thomas Bursleigh.)

WHAT is the reason that versions of Eastern poets seldom justify to an English reader the great reputation of the originals? Sir Edwin Arnold is peculiarly qualified for such a task, both by his knowledge of the East and its languages, and by his very considerable achievement as an original poet: he has chosen for his experiment one of the greatest poets of Persia, a country renowned for poets. Yet it is probable that after getting through one of these "Babs," or gateways, the English reader will turn for solace to another Bab, by one W. S. Gilbert. Partly, no doubt, it is the insistent obtrusion of certain Eastern formulæ, which produces ultimately an almost ludicrous and altogether tedious effect in English. Partly it is that we do not relish continual moralities; nor is the apologue, with its tagged-on lesson, a favourite form with us. Partly, also, something is due to the forms of verse adopted in rendering Eastern poetry. Probably Sir Edwin would say he used the metres which had the nearest correspondence with those of the original. But a translator should surely consider likewise what is the effect of a metre in English; and the effect of his metres is to us trivial and unworthy of the subject-matter.

Aye, *shikam*! ignoble belly, content thyself with a cake,  
Lest thy better, the manly backbone, with shameful bending  
should break!

Such verse is not merely undignified, but perilously akin to doggerel. Yet the substance is strong and well-turned, worthy of a graver metric form.

Briefly, the book consists of a series of moral anecdotes in prose, the lesson of which is driven home by aphorisms in verse. It is full of shrewd reflection, mingled often with deep wisdom, and its ethical standard is very high. The *Bab*, or section devoted to Darweeshes, contains the loftiest morality, rising often to spirituality of a very striking kind, applicable to all religions which profess a supernatural and ascetic element. That entitled *The Manners of Kings* has perhaps the most shrewdness. As an example, take the anecdote of the cheater of the poor, who was warned by a wise man that punishment would follow. Being burned out of his house by an accident, he asks whence the flames have come. The wise man, being present, answers: "From the fire of the burning hearts of the poor they came!"

Beware of the smoke that from souls doth part,  
For the flame will burst from the ashes at length!  
Wrong not too deeply one human heart,  
For a sigh to o'erturn the world hath strength!

The stories are always apposite, and show a man of wide and varied experience, who has thought deeply on what he has seen: for Sadi was an indefatigable traveller. And one can understand that many of the aphorisms, in grave and deftly-turned verse, would have for a Persian the memorability of the aphorisms of Shakespeare or Pope. But in English, and in their present form, they will leave our native makers of aphorisms secure.

"His hand moves always in radiance of  
Blessing."

*Bernardino Luini.* By G. C. Williamson, Litt.D. "The Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture." (Bell.)

THE new series of "Great Masters" has at least two advantages over its predecessor, the "Great Artists," to which reference has already been made in the columns of the ACADEMY. One is in the illustrations. Instead of a few meagre cuts from engravings, we are treated to a liberal number of reproductions from admirable photographs, many of them taken for the first time for the purpose of the series. In the case of the present volume on Luini these amount to forty, including a photogravure frontispiece, and nearly all are excellent. The only exceptions are such large compositions as the Lugano "Passion," which cannot possibly be reproduced to good effect on so small a scale. In these cases details—such as, for instance, the Magdalene figure in the "Passion"—would have been better. The other advantage is in the topographical list of all known works by, or ascribed to, the painter dealt with. These are something after the fashion of those in Mr. Berenson's well-known volumes; but they are accompanied by full descriptions of the composition and colouring of a majority of the pictures, for which Mr. Berenson does not find room. We are not sure, however, that the text of Dr. Williamson's volume is quite as good as its trimmings. In the case of Luini a biography, properly so called, is out of the question. Vasari neglects him, and the only material available consists of a few dates on the pictures, a few traditions, a few documents disinterred from archives of the convents where he worked. Properly, then, the treatment should resolve itself into a critical essay, and with such a name we can hardly dignify the series of somewhat disjointed, though occasionally interesting, notes which Dr. Williamson puts before us. There is endless description and endless comment, but a whole Luini fails to disengage himself. Two types of modern art criticism find admirable examples in two quotations which Dr. Williamson gives. Mr. Ruskin says of Luini: "Every touch he lays is eternal; every thought he conceives is beautiful and pure, his hand moves always in radiance of blessing; from day to day his life enlarges in power and in peace; it passes away cloudlessly, the starry twilight remaining arched far against the night." And Morelli says: "His forms are round and somewhat heavy, the feet usually too long and the hands too broad and large, eyes long and narrow, and lips protruding." Dr. Williamson tries to combine the Ruskinian and Morellian spirits, but in his heart, we take it, he is Morellian. And with the utmost respect for Morelli and for his methods, we must confess some dismay at the light-hearted fashion in which his pupils bandy about their ascriptions of pictures to this artist and that. What, for instance, is the value of such a note as this on the "Herodias' Daughter" at Vienna?—"In the collection of the Grand Duke William, and then ascribed to Leonardo. Morelli attributed this to Solario, but we consider it is the work of Luini." No reasons are given, and, indeed, Dr. Williamson too often fails to give reasons for his attributions, which thus sink to the level of mere guesses. Moreover, he is inconsistent. On one page he tells you that the "La Columbina" at Dorchester House is a copy; on another, speaking of the various versions of the same picture, he says: "The two at St. Petersburg and Dorchester House we distinctly assign to Luini." Finally, and worst of all, he makes his attributions from photographs. He can never have seen the "La Columbina" at St. Petersburg, because he has never been there. We know that he has never been there, because he says of the St. Sebastian in the same gallery: "We have not seen this picture, and cannot, therefore, dogmatise upon its origin." "Therefore" is good.

## Other New Books.

A FURTHER STUDY OF OTHELLO. BY WALKER GIVEN.

THIS is a somewhat egregious contribution to Shakesperian scholarship. Mr. Given, like some other of his countrymen, has the racial antagonism between white and black upon his brain, and believes that Shakespeare and the Elizabethan audiences had it too. He tries to find therein a totally unnecessary key to the tragedy of *Othello*. The marriage of Othello and Desdemona, he says, was not a "miscegenation" but a "non-somatic union." Othello pledged himself before the Senate that this should be so, and in those abnormal conditions is to be found the secret of his unreasonable and morbid jealousy. This amazing theory is expounded at tedious length, and with considerable ingenuity in misinterpreting plain English and in finding out subtleties where none exist. We have re-read the play with Mr. Given's views in our mind, and are assured that there is nothing in them. After all, Shakespeare was not Ibsen. The difficulties which Mr. Given conceives his explanation to wipe away exist only in his own imagination, and the evolution of the plot is quite intelligible and straightforward without any such motive as he suggests. Moreover, the repulsion of sex between white man and negro, which doubtless exists, had certainly not become self-conscious in the sixteenth century; and if it had, it could not have affected the relations of Othello and Desdemona, for a Moor is not a negro, as Shakespeare probably knew very well. He is, of course, so far as physiological relations go, a member of the Caucasian or Mediterranean group, and not of the negro group. Mr. Given has, therefore, based an offensive superstructure on a non-existent foundation. (Kegan Paul.)

THE TUTTLEBURY TROUBLES. BY W. CARTER PLATTS.

THIS, as its title makes clear, is a work of humour, Tuttlebury belonging to the same genus of comic name as Spoffkins. Mr. Tuttlebury—Erasmus Tuttlebury—who has already been made the hero of the *Tuttlebury Tales*, is here shown in various predicaments. He learns the bicycle, he endeavours to intimidate a Scotch heifer, he visits a fashionable milliner's, and so forth. Mr. Platts seems to us to owe a great deal to the American writer who created a sardonic domestic experimentalist and tyrant named Spoopendyke, whose merits have never been sufficiently recognised, and of whom Mr. Tuttlebury is but the pale reflection. But this fact does not interfere in the least with the fun of the present work, which, for such festive occasions as smoking concerts, is as well adapted to keep the audience merry as anything we have seen for some time. There is something in one of Mr. Jerome's volumes very like Mr. Platts's dedication to his pipe. (Digby, Long & Co. 3s. 6d.)

THE ARMIES OF THE WORLD. BY C. S. JERRAM.

Under this title Mr. Jerram offers a handy and concise guide to the fighting strength of the nations, so that anyone spoiling for a battle may easily make his choice of an enemy. Information concerning the Transvaal is, of course, the most interesting at the present moment. According to Mr. Jerram, the country upon which we are meditating attack has a war strength of 26,500 burghers, 14,200 of whom are between eighteen and thirty-five years of age. "The State Artillery is the nucleus of the armed forces. It has been re-organised since 1895. It must always be ready to march. The corps comprises a colonel, 109 other officers and N.C.O.s, 226 artillerymen, 28 apprentice telegraphists, &c. The large number of officers is for training purposes. . . . The number of guns is only approximately known. It is not less than the following:—Six light and six heavy Krupp guns, four light and two heavy quick-firing guns, one rifled muzzle-

loading gun, one machine gun." There are also several volunteer corps. The Orange Free State permanent troops consist of eighty field artillerymen. The reserve for this force consists of 400 men. The number of men liable to serve is 20,000. Strategy, says Mr. Jerram in his introduction, is still what it was. "Could Cæsar return to lead the armies of France or Germany, his aims and objects, and the principles underlying those aims and objects, would still be those of the Gallic War." The arrangement of the book is orderly, and Mr. Jerram has not wasted words; but it is, of course, impossible to say to what extent his information is accurate. For instance, at the present moment the condition of the Transvaal forces is certainly very different from that given in the account which we have quoted. (Lawrence & Bullen.)

THE SOTERIOLOGY OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

BY PROF. W. PORCHER DU BOSE.

THE new edition of Dr. Du Bose's *Soteriology* is distinguished from that of 1892 mainly by a preface. In this is indicated his line of defence against certain critics who in the chapter on the human personality of Christ, and particularly in the use of the phrase itself, found matter of offence. At first sight it would seem to imply the severance of Christ into two persons; and Mr. Gladstone, while professing himself satisfied that it was used "with no evil intent," affixed to it a note which may be taken, perhaps, as equivalent to the technical "scandalous." The confessed inadequacy of the words "person" and "substance" to the mysteries they are used to enshrine is Dr. Du Bose's principal defence. (Macmillan & Co.)

THE SPIRIT AND THE INCARNATION.

BY THE REV. W. L. WALKER.

It is not easy—and the attempt savours of audacity—in a few lines to summarise and, however superficially, to criticise a book that represents the serious thought and labour of twenty-five years. In these pages is traced the path by which an earnest Scots parson believes himself to have hewn his way back to orthodox Christianity. We say believes himself, because, with the best will in the world, we cannot see that he is there. The doctrine of the Primitive Church, as formulated by the Council of Nicea and ever since accepted by East and West, is that Jesus is "God of God . . . begotten before the ages." Mr. Walker teaches that the Incarnation is a process carried forward by the Holy (or ethical) Spirit and consummated in Christ; who "had to realise His Divine-human manhood through constant receptiveness of and obedience to the Spirit which was the Divine principle within Him." This should mean that it is as an Incarnation of the Holy Spirit that He is the Son of God; which, with regard to the Divine Persons, is absolutely to turn upside down all the traditions of two thousand years.

The full truth of the Incarnation is that God has in Christ manifested *His* life of Sonship in human form, which was *our* life in its truth, and was therefore the "Son of man," and manifested *His* life in that human form which, divested of the flesh, He retains for ever, and in which we see the possibility and behold the image of our own eternal life in God. It was the one God and Father in Christ by His Holy Spirit, as He is in us all, but in Him *organically* as the result of the whole Divine working in the world to that end, and so completely possessed by Him that the human was entirely *one* with the Divine.

The book is not all as difficult as this; but seeing that the author introduces the passage with a phrase that suggests a formal summing-up, it seems right to quote it. In its class Mr. Walker's work is of real importance; and it may be hoped that out of its learned and thoughtful pages many readers for whom the older definitions have lost their significance will draw comfort and inspiration. (T. & T. Clark.)

## Fiction.

*The Patroness.* By G. M. George.  
(Hutchinson. 6s.)

THIS novel might have had for sub-title, "The Story of a Lie." Mr. George, with much real ingenuity, compels an uncommonly conscientious heroine to tell a lie:

Not a little place at Tooting,  
But a country-house with shooting  
And a ring-park, deer-park lie.

Her behaviour, however, subsequent to the act of lying, does not convince. It is difficult to believe that a girl would break off her engagement, even to a vicar, because she had been driven to confess to him an untruth which she had uttered to another person, and which did not in the least concern her lover. The circumstances were these. Margaret, through the sudden death of her father, became patron of a Welsh living. She knew her father's desires, but, from the highest motives, she ignored these desires, and offered the parish to a client of her own, telling Mr. Morris, whom her father had favoured, that she did not consider him a fit person to have the cure of souls. Afterwards she discovered that her father had written a letter offering the living to Mr. Morris, but had expired before posting it. Questioned by Morris as to the existence of such a document, she deliberately denied it. Here occurred the lie. It was a lie large, but entirely unimportant. No issue whatever depended upon it. The fact of its unimportance mars the book. It makes the book unimportant by making its theme trivial. To the world *The Patroness* will not be of the first interest. It is commonplace. It is not lifted out of the rut of daily existence as we all see it. Individuality is lacking. But the book has merit. Mr. George develops a theme with skill, and he possesses that mysterious quality usually described as a "gift for narrative." His pictures of the religious and social manners of a small town, though they may not be inspiring, are beyond doubt faithful and honestly realistic.

The book has another fault: it is too long. The author has yet to learn how to leave out. Here is an example of numerous unnecessary things left in:

In spite of the large congregation, there was a distinct want of heartiness in the service, and a comparatively small number joined in the responses. Evidently prayer was not considered an important part of worship, even praise was a mere accessory, to be joined in according to the humour or the musical powers of the worshipper. But no sooner had the preacher ascended the pulpit steps than every face looked animated, and when the short collect was finished the people seated themselves afresh as if the interest of the day were to begin; figuratively speaking, the curtain had been raised; they neither coughed nor spat, they were wrapt in eager attention.

In a quiet and impressive manner the preacher gave out the text: "And they took Absalom, and cast him into a great pit in the wood, and laid a very great heap of stones upon him."

Already in the first lesson for the day he had read out the passage in his sonorous bass voice, so there was no need to spoil the effect by giving out chapter and verse. He simply repeated the tragic words with even greater emphasis, and, after a short pause, began:

"My brethren, this is an age of license, of revolt, of lawlessness; we see it on all sides. This spirit of rebellion, this chafing against authority, is poisoning our country's blood, is extending itself into every corner of the land, affecting every class, robbing of their sacredness the very names of father and of mother, destroying the happiness of the hearth, desecrating our sanctuaries, undermining the stability . . ."

The sermon continues for pages. This is the second instance which we have encountered during the last few days of a novelist giving a "full note" of a sermon. The practice is not one to be encouraged.

*A Name to Conjure With.* By John Strange Winter.  
(F. V. White & Co. 6s.)

OUR acquaintance with the work of Mrs. Stannard is by no means complete, but we think we are correct in saying that *A Name to Conjure With* marks a departure in her productions. There is throughout the story plain evidence of an intention to be truthful and to abandon the prettiness of sentimentality. Further, the book is strongly imagined, and it is just this imaginative strength—rarest of all qualities in fiction and every other art—which, with its sincerity, atones in a large measure for the novel's numerous shortcomings. The writing is careless and vulgar, and the special pity of this is that Mrs. Stannard has a natural gift for good, unaffected, vigorous English. The theme is trite, and has been treated over and over again. The characters are literary people: our experience of "literary" novels almost moves us to lay down a rule that authors and journalists should never figure in fiction. Mrs. Stannard's heroine is a lady who, from writing tales for servants and shop-girls, springs suddenly into fame as the author of a really great novel. Mrs. Lessingham (the "name to conjure with") and her husband have hitherto been poor. Their income is now multiplied, but they spend proportionately, and Mr. Lessingham is an invalid, and so the famous lady-novelist must continue to work hard. One day she comes to a dead stop, takes a glass of Green Chartreuse, and proceeds forward with colours flying. That is the beginning of the Chartreuse habit. The rest of the book is the history of her declension to the condition of a secret drunkard, living two lives, presenting one face to her husband and the world, and another to herself in that study where rows of liqueur bottles lay in a locked cupboard.

Yes, it is very trite, this theme. And Mrs. Stannard is sometimes strangely wrong in her details of fact concerning the fiscal side of literature. We should like to know, for instance, how an author who is content to sell all serial rights of a four-thousand word story for thirty-five pounds could keep up a household with a wage-list alone of four hundred a year. Mrs. Lessingham would have got at least sixty or seventy pounds for a story. The specimens of reviews and the remarks as to the attitude of the best magazines are also, to be frank, absurd. Yet the sheer imagination which is brought to bear on the domestic, the artistic, and the spiritual existence of this hard-driven woman is such that minor faults, whether of taste or of accuracy, do not seriously count. The book is, when you have cut into the marrow of it, sound, strong, and convincing; it is convincing even in its "happy" conclusion.

## Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final.  
Reviews of a selection will follow.]

LITTLE NOVELS OF ITALY. BY MAURICE HEWLETT.

Five short stories by the author of *The Forest Lovers*. The titles: "Madonna of the Peach-Tree," "Ippolita in the Hills," "The Duchess of Nona," "Messer Cino and the Live Coal," and "The Judgment of Borsio." All have appeared in periodicals. (Chapman & Hall. 6s.)

ON TRIAL. BY "ZACK."

The first long novel by the author of *Life is Life*, reprinted from *Blackwood*. A dramatic, tragic love story of Devonshire folk. Though this is longer than her previous tales, there is no falling off in "Zack's" tenseness. (Blackwood. 6s.)

GILIAN THE DREAMER. BY NEIL MUNRO.

This is the story which the author of *John Splendid* has been contributing to *Good Words* under the title "The Paymaster's Boy." "What boy's this?" said the General,



looking at Gilian with surmising eyes. "He puts me in mind of—of—of an old tale somewhere with a sunny day in it." A pretty story, of a poetical, sensitive visionary cast among old soldiers. (Isbister. 6s.)

EVEN IF.

By J. MORGAN DE GROOT.

The sequel to the same author's story *A Lotus Flower*. At the end of that work, Hilda, driven from her husband Emile by his "cold intellectuality," and driven from her friend Gerard by his too passionate ardour, disappears to start life afresh. This book takes up the story at that point. Hilda is found in Stockholm in the first chapter. The same wistful, poetical feeling permeates the new book. (Blackwood. 6s.)

MIRANDA OF THE BALCONY.

By A. E. W. MASON.

A new novel by the author of *The Courtship of Morrice Buckler*. Mr. Mason's crowded narrative has good old-fashioned chapter headings. Chapter III., for instance, treats of a gentleman with an agreeable countenance, and of a woman's face in a mirror"; Chapter IX., "Shows the use which a blind man may make of a dark night"; Chapter XIX., "Tells of Charnock's wanderings in Morocco, and of a walnut-wood door." (Macmillan. 6s.)

A CORNER OF THE WEST.

By E. H. FOWLER.

Miss Fowler is the sister of the author of *A Double Thread*, and this is her first full-grown novel, although she has written stories for children. It is a quiet, pretty, sympathetic tale of simple people, with incidental "Fowlerisms." Thus: "Once an acquaintance always an acquaintance, like clergymen and mortgages; but I thought that acquaintances sometimes grew into friends, just as thirty years ago I thought that ponies grew into horses." (Hutchinson. 6s.)

A LOST LADY OF OLD YEARS.

By JOHN BUCHAN.

Another "auld Highland story," by the author of *John Burnet of Burns*. Mr. Buchan, in a dedication strangely reminiscent of the dedication of Stevenson's *Kidnapped*, describes his period as "the bleak side of the '45." Old friends figure in these pages—Lord Lovat and Murray of Broughton among them. The lost lady is Murray's wife. (Lane. 6s.)

A CORNER OF ASIA.

By HUGH CLIFFORD.

A new volume in the Overseas Library. Mr. Clifford's sub-title describes the book as "Tales and Impressions of Men and Things in the Malay Peninsula," on which his books *In Court and Kampong* and *Studies in Brown Humanity* prove him an authority. "The Death March of Kulop Sumbing," "The Vigil of Pa' Túa, the Thief"—these are two of the stories. (Unwin. 2s.)

THE SHADOW OF THE BEAR.

By HEADON HILL.

"A man riding a bicycle turned out of the comparative seclusion of Curzon-street and steered, in one unflinching curve, into the thick of the Piccadilly traffic. The action in itself betokened self-confidence and nerve, and the possession of those qualities was further suggested by the rider's clear grey eyes." That is the beginning, and the practised reader knows that the rider is to pass through perils unnumbered and come out "on top." It is so. The Bear is, of course, Russia. (Pearson. 3s. 6d.)

THE HEIRESS OF THE SEASON.

By SIR WILLIAM MAGNAY.

A passage from Sydney Smith serves as the novelist's motto: "I have got into all my London feelings, which come to me immediately I pass Hyde Park Corner. I am heartless, selfish, indolent, worldly and frivolous. Pardon the vices inevitable in the greatest of cities." The story is of London society to-day. On page 312, Jock and Maud forswear for ever horse-couping noblemen, touting honourables, looting dowagers, and all flashy acquaintances. (Smith, Elder. 6s.)

THE PATTEN EXPERIMENT.

By MARY E. MANN.

"How does a man and his family live on eleven shillings a week?" was the question which the Rev. Eustace Patten and his wife Rica and certain other young people set out to answer practically by starting the Patten experiment. How they succeeded is explained in this pleasant comedy by the author of *The Cedar Star*. (Unwin. 6s.)

THE RED RAG OF RITUAL.

By GEORGE CUSACK.

A story for the times. In the first chapter a street child and a ritualistic priest confer. "I should think God likes Catholics," she remarks, "'cos they give Him pretty things. I should." "Being a Catholic isn't all pretty things," he said; "there are hard things too." The child becomes the heroine of the book, and prevents the Rev. Francis Philmore from going over to Rome. To such as are interested in points of ceremony and creed it should be fascinating. (Warne. 6s.)

SELLCUTS' MANAGER.

By MRS. ORMISTON CHANT.

Sellcuts was a music-hall, and its manager was Mr. Paul Blake, gentleman and philanthropist. Mrs. Ormiston Chant, whose views on the proper control of music-halls are well known, has apparently written this story (just as Sir Walter Besant wrote *All Sorts and Conditions of Men*) to bring the model house of entertainment nearer. A vivacious, good-humoured, free-and-easy book. (Richards. 6s.)

NELL GWYN'S DIAMOND.

By I. HOOPER.

A story of adventure and peril, by the author of *His Grace o' th' Gunne* and *The Minister's Conversion*. As to the present resting-place of Nell Gwyn's diamond opinions differ. Some say it is in the possession of the Jesuits; some that a shrine in Spain harbours it; a certain V.C. declares that it decorates an idol in the Punjab. In the present spirited volume it leads Mr. Aysgarth a very entertaining dance. (Black. 6s.)

THE GREATEST GIFT.

By A. W. MARCHMONT.

The greatest gift is, of course, "a woman's heart; the heart of her I loved." A somewhat melodramatic story, with a pretty ending. The part of beneficent disentangler is played by the kindly editor of the Middlesbrough *Evening News*—a new position for the Fourth Estate. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

UNDER THE SJAMBOK.

By G. H. RUSSELL.

This is timely, for it is a tale of adventure in the Transvaal. "'Yes, mister,' said Solomon [after Babijan had been shot], 'e was a good old feller in spite of his black skin, so we'll find a 'ole to put 'im in.' In less than ten minutes an ant-bear hole held all that remained of the once feared and mighty witch-doctor. A big stone was rolled across the mouth, and we then descended into the valley of the great Letaba river." (Murray. 6s.)

A CRIMSON CRIME.

By G. MANVILLE FENN.

Mr. Fenn is always spirited, brisk, and sensational. All his qualities are again in full force here. After the second inquest Oliver's innocence is established, and the wedding lends joy to the last page. (Chatto & Windus. 6s.)

SHAMS.

ANONYMOUS.

This work, which is dedicated "to those who might make society a better thing than it is," supplies a hectic picture of the sinfulness of certain artistic London sets. The central sinner is Lord Edensor. He talks like this: "Twenty—the age of hopes and dreams and possibilities. You can adore Beauty in a garret. Not all the silken tissues or gorgeous jewels of the East are worth her exquisite nudity. . . ." and so forth. A silly book. (Greening. 3s. 6d.)

THE BROWN GIRLS.

By R. NEISH.

Thirteen tales and sketches, light and flippant, by the author of *The Others*. (Arrowsmith. 1s.)

## THE ACADEMY.

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## A Forgotten Notable Novel.

I do not now remember the date of the appearance of *My Trivial Life and Misfortune*. It was recommended to me as a clever book, and I found it a great deal more. So lasting was the impression it left upon me that I have constantly wondered ever since how it came to have no successor. True, *Poor Nellie* followed it, but at such an immense intellectual distance that I could with difficulty be induced to accept it as a work of the same author. The long silence of "A Plain Woman" leads me to conclude that she gave us all herself in the striking story of her misfortune and trivial life. Sainte-Beuve once said, inaccurately, that every woman has a novel in her. Neither the average woman nor the average man has any such thing. For the most part we are docile sheep, who neither perceive where we are going nor whither we have gone, nor what we have done, nor what we expect to do. The blows of fate fell us; but generally we are incapable of shaping our experiences in perspective. Unhappily the vast majority nowadays has betaken itself to fiction, and we are flooded with cheap and vulgar trash which means nothing, introduces us to no character worth knowing, does not help us to make new friends as the creative fiction of old did, adds no new personality to our museum, tells us no tale we are not ready to forget with the last page.

Jane Austen's women, George Meredith's women and many of his men, Thackeray's men and some of his women, Dickens's men, Scott's men and women, Turgenev's and Balzac's men and women—all these are persons we know, remember, and gladly welcome at any time. Of whose creations among the modern novelists, clever and successful as they may be, can one say so much? Stevenson's style is ever a delight, the man himself most charming; but what character of serious and lasting value has he given us? He has given us himself athwart his work, and it is much; but he has not added a solid man or woman, unless we except Allan Breck, to our gallery of portraits in fiction.

Now the claim I lay for *My Trivial Life and Misfortune* is precisely the merit of being written upon the plan which every reading of new fiction proves to me is the best. I cannot predict what the future novelist may hold in store for the surprise and delight of the readers who will succeed us; but this I do know about the present—the popular novelists of the day never introduce us to a single character whom we succeed in knowing and understanding, we succeed in detesting or loving, like personal acquaintances. The present-day popular novelists' sole preoccupation is to write clever things about their characters, and as a rule they mistake flippancy, vulgarity, and obscurity for cleverness. Instead of making us see how the men and women they write about saw, their concern is to show us how they see such men and women. The result is that we lay down these cheap, unworked, and alarmingly popular new novels with a feeling of depression and time lost, having learnt nothing,

having met nobody worth meeting or capable of being remembered, not even having enjoyed a temporary distraction. The distinctive notes of the fiction of the hour are: vulgarity, an absence of literary flavour, and a cheap abuse of smart and trivial dialogue.

Hence the singular individuality of such a book as *My Trivial Life and Misfortune*. Here is a book written by a lady in the dear old-fashioned sense of the word—a woman who looks at life with the eyes of a retiring, well-bred woman. She brings to this inappreciable quality—that quality which claims sisterhood with the refined and gentle outlook of Jane Austen—a keen sense of humour, a caustic wit, the rare capacity of finding material for observation, and a marvellous art of living in the dullest and most hopeless surroundings. I do not hesitate to call *My Trivial Life and Misfortune* a great book, a book worthy of a modest place on the shelf of our classical novelists. For these reasons: it is admirably well written, as they used to write in the days when English literature was framed and fashioned; quiet, dignified, not too perfumed or dazzling, without a taint of epigram: it is not clever writing, it is genuine. How diminishing are those delightful qualities in our literature—genuineness and spontaneity! Unfortunately the author is not an artist, and she lacks charm. Hence her book is far too long, and is crowded with details by no means essential. Much of the conversation—a faithful reproduction of the deadly dull conversation of the dull life she so admirably portrays—might with advantage have been cut down.

There is none of the eloquence, none of the brilliance, the intensity of Charlotte Brontë, none of the delicate wit and enchanting suggestive railery and humour of Jane Austen, none of the large philosophy and wide observation of George Eliot; and yet something of these three great women writers enters into a more ponderous whole, which contains so much less genius than any of the three.

But the fact remains that when you have closed the book you have made several unforgettable acquaintances, mostly, I must admit, of a detestable kind. That the writer takes first rank—in the background, if you will, but still in the first rank—is proven by the fact that we learn to loathe the characters she offers for our loathing, and to ridicule, as we ridicule living persons, those she intends us to ridicule. Where will you find a more hateful snob than Rigardy-Wrenstone? She pursues him remorselessly, and draws him as only a British author can draw that exclusively British genus—the snob. The portrait is a triumph of untutored art. And what pungent wit and humour go to the building up of the figure! No ill-temper, no exasperation, but perfect breeding and a delicious sense of the ridiculous! As portraits, Aunt Jane and the admirable Catherine are quite as good in their way—Aunt Jane, in particular, is a masterly delineation of feminine imbecility and righteousness. We are hardly touched by the tragedy of the poor woman's last years because we are so intensely conscious of her exasperating individuality. She is so real to us that we cannot help a muttered "serves her right" when Nemesis overtakes her and she is punished for her disagreeable righteousness. Such preaching, Bible-quoting unamiability as that of Aunt Jane deserves almost any fate, though one would rather that destiny did not wait until a woman grows old and feeble to punish her. And how restrained the portrait of the admirable Catherine—intriguer, blood-sucker, hypocrite, pseudo-philanthropist, a creature of ferocious, grasping greed! Truly a monument of unlovely British vices, committing crime to Bible quotations in the name of the Lord. As an exposure of the futility of the dull domestic martyrdom of women, of the petty absorption of their minds and souls in a worthless round of duties, of their arid hourly sacrifices, I know nothing more striking.

HANNAH LYNCH.

## Two Plays.

## "The Devil's Disciple."

It is characteristic of the London stage that Mr. George Bernard Shaw's comedy, "The Devil's Disciple," after having long since proved its quality by a success in America, should be introduced to London at—Kennington. None the less credit, however, to Mr. Murray Carson for producing it. It is a brilliantly bad play. We have sometimes thought that Mr. Shaw writes indefensible plays for the mere fighter's pleasure of defending them; and no doubt when the time comes he will defend this one as he has defended others.

The action of "The Devil's Disciple" passes in New Hampshire during the American War of Independence, 1777. The first act is in the house of the late Timothy Dudgeon. There are present the relict; her elder son, Richard, a bad man (the Devil's disciple); her younger son, a fool; Essie, a bastard of the dead man's brother; Anthony Anderson (the minister) and his wife, Judith; the lawyer, and various relatives. The will is read, and, to the general surprise and disgust, Richard the wicked is named heir. That is all; but the act is masterly from end to end. The right atmosphere is got with firm, simple precision, and every character is admirably sketched. The reading of the will *in extenso* is contrived with a resourcefulness and a natural aptitude for stagecraft unworthy neither of Ibsen nor of Dumas *père*. It is a wonderful will; and one is conscious of a desire to have known the testator, who must have been very like his son Richard—a kind heart, a bitter tongue, and the sworn foe of sentimentality and religiosity—a projection, in fact, of "G. B. S."

It is in the second act that Mr. Shaw's waywardness begins. One gradually discovers then that the first act has no bearing on the action whatever, except to introduce the three leading characters—Richard, and the parson and his wife. All this business of the will, these humours of conventional mourning, this elaborate picture of the Dudgeon family, have nothing to do with the play itself. The play starts again. We are at the parson's. British soldiers are about. They find Richard alone with Mrs. Anderson, Mr. Anderson having been called to a pastoral visit, and taking Richard to be the parson they arrest him. Now, arrest is a mere preliminary to death. Richard accepts the situation. Mrs. Anderson accepts it, though she has professed to loathe the man. And when the parson returns he also seemingly accepts it, and departs hurriedly, none knows whither. It will be observed that the plot is trite.

Act III. is in three scenes. In the first, Mrs. Anderson, who believes her husband to be a coward, confesses that Richard's heroism has aroused her love, and Richard astutely repulses her. In the second, Richard is tried by court-martial and sentenced to death. In the third, Richard is within a hundred seconds of being hung when the parson arrives at the head of militia powerful enough to treat with the English, and Richard is set free. This third act is an amazing mixture. The scene between Richard and Mrs. Anderson contains, among other good things, a fine exposition of Richard's motives in allowing himself to die for the minister; but Mrs. Anderson's sudden love for him, so freely expressed, is quite unconvincing. The court-martial is one of the best scenes in the play. The officers, especially General Burgoyne, with his "Let me persuade you to be hanged," are superb. Nevertheless, the court-martial is inexcusable. For it is farce, brilliant farce which continually boils over with marvellous wit and humour, but still farce, and utterly out of harmony with the rest of the play—cast in a different mould, composed in a different key. The scene of execution is feeble. It should have been thrilling, but Mr. Shaw was too much occupied with being funny to attend to the dramatic opportunities of the situation. The con-

clusion is just like comic opera, and one feels the need of Offenbach's strains as the curtain falls.

To sum up, the first act is comedy of the highest order, but it might have been omitted. The second scene of the third act is farce of the highest order, but it should be rewritten as comedy. The rest of the play is by turns weak, sublime, infantile, clever, and incomprehensible. Motives are not clearly exposed, and characters are not consistent. The parson, for example, is quite a model and unexceptionable parson in the first act, but in the second he is for ever talking like "G. B. S." "The Devil's Disciple" is the least satisfactory play of Mr. Shaw's which we have read or seen, except "Widowers' Houses." It is inferior to "Arms and the Man" and to everything in *Plays, Pleasant and Unpleasant*. But it is not a piece to be ignored. It comprises Mr. Shaw's worst, and his best also. To see the first act and come away is to come away with the impression that Mr. Shaw is the dramatist of the future. To stay is to feel that he may never be anything else.

## "The Moonlight Blossom."

If for nothing else, Mr. C. B. Fernald's "The Moonlight Blossom," produced at the Prince of Wales's Theatre by Mr. Forbes Robertson and Mrs. Patrick Campbell, deserves notice because it breaks the terrible circle of insularity in which nearly all our plays are enclosed. It gives a new atmosphere, awakens a dormant set of sensibilities—like Maeterlinck; and therefore we must be grateful, not only to Mr. Fernald, but to those who have the courage to perform his piece before an audience necessarily uncomprehending and apathetic. The production of it is an effort in the cause of dramatic art, not an appeal to the box-office. But it is by no means a good play. It is not even as good a play as we had the right to expect from Mr. Fernald. Mr. Fernald wrote "The Cat and the Cherub," a melodrama clumsy, crude, amateurish, but interesting and remarkable. "The Cat and the Cherub" was in the best sense dramatic, and it evoked that unmistakable *frisson* in the theatre which only a genuine dramatist is capable of evoking. But though it was dramatic, it was nothing else. Now, "The Moonlight Blossom" has several virtues, but it is not dramatic. Given the theme, it is neatly enough constructed. The dialogue is admirable in its appropriateness, simplicity, and real literary beauty; and there is quaint wit in it. Bummavashi, the boastful drunkard, says: "I am powdered with the dust of maidens' wings. For me women have forsaken their young." But when we have praised the dialogue, and appreciated the charm of the decorations and costumes (due to Mr. Alfred Parsons, A.R.A.), we have finished with esteem. The basis of the plot is feebly melodramatic—not at all, to our thinking, distinctively Japanese, but something "Adelphic" expressed in terms of Japanese law and custom. Nor has Mr. Fernald apparently made any sustained attempt to portray the Japanese spirit. No one who has spent even a single intimate evening with some of the numerous Japanese who come to London to learn English applied art and English shipbuilding could be for a moment under the illusion that Mr. Fernald had given us Japan. "The Moonlight Blossom," spiritually, is no more Japanese than the Japanese umbrellas in Regent-street. It is something between East and West—as though England and Japan had met on arid Perim and manufactured a concoction utterly foreign to both. Possibly this fact, possibly the fact that the theme is essentially weak and artificial, accounts for the dulness which pervades much of the play. There you have it: despite its literary charm and the freshness of certain aspects of it, "The Moonlight Blossom" is apt to be tedious. All that intelligent acting could do was done.

E. A. B.

## Things Seen.

### Parker's Immortality.

THE cottage garden was an orchard in miniature, and the size and bloom of the fruit proclaimed the excellence of the stock and the care with which the trees had been tended.

"Your fruit looks very well," I remarked to the old woman.

"Yes, they're good trees," she answered, speaking eagerly, as gossips will with a stranger to whom all their thoughts are new. "My husband taught me fruit farming. He's been dead eleven years. I shall be seventy-nine next March, and I was married fifty years ago. No, I've never lived anywhere else. We came straight here on the day I was married, and my husband planted all these trees the same year. My husband was head gardener to old Mr. Chesham, the father of the young gentleman who's lodging in the next cottage, so he knew all about fruit farming. Sometimes I think I ought to have travelled more. I've never been further than Hastings. Oh, yes, I manage all right. I sell the fruit. It's good selling fruit. There are some ladies in Hastings give me nine shillings a bushel for those Blenheim Oranges. And then I bake bread for the hoppers. My husband's mother taught me to bake. He persuaded her to stay a week here and teach me. My husband was a great one for learning and teaching. Then there's Mr. Chesham—that's a help to me. He always comes here during the hopping season. He's a literary gentleman. He often talks of my husband. He says the best part of his writing is the bits about the country, and he often says to me: 'Mrs. Parker, that's due to your husband. He made me love the country, and taught me all I know about it.' We have long talks in the evening, sometimes. Mr. Chesham doesn't need to make any money. When I ask him why he sits writing and writing all day, he says because he wants to be remembered after he is dead. It may be all very well for writing folk to want to do good to people after they are dead, but it's quite enough for me to get through the day without thinking what's going to happen to other people after I'm dead and buried. I put my shoulder out last winter—fell down them steps—and that makes me a bit slow. I've got as much as I can do without thinking of who comes after me. Did you see the text hanging on the wall of Mr. Chesham's room. My niece painted it for him. I wanted her to choose something from the Bible, but Mr. Chesham chose that about leaving a memory behind him. Oh, yes! I get along all right. The hoppers pay a good price for my bread, and the fruit sells well; and there's Mr. Chesham! My shoulder troubles me now and then, but I've got along without help from anybody since my husband died."

Yet, I think, Parker did not wholly die eleven years ago. As I went my way I found myself wondering if, somewhere in the shades, he has yet met that poet who lived eighteen hundred years ago, the poet who wrote

*Non omnis moriar; multaque pars mei  
Vitabit Libitnam.*

## Memoirs of the Moment.

SCOTLAND, more than ever this season, has been the most highly favoured of nations by visitors. The Queen and her Court are there, and the Prince of Wales, two of his daughters, and his son-in-law are there. The Duke and Duchess of York and their children are there. So are the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and their children, the

Princess Henry of Battenberg and hers. The Duke of Cambridge has been there. Mr. Balfour is, as usual, there. Finally, Lord George Hamilton and Lord Selborne, addressing Scottish audiences for the Government, are to have set-offs in Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and Mr. Asquith addressing Scottish audiences on behalf of the Opposition.

THE Dysart Trust, which was set up for twenty-one years from the death of the present Earl's grandfather, came to an end last Saturday, on which day he obtained for the first time full control over his Ham and other estates. Lord Dysart's father, who led a merry life as Lord Huntingtower, did not live to inherit the earldom. In spite of the numerous escapades in which, from time to time, he figured publicly, he was a man of many excellences of heart. Of his generosity, of a sort, there was no doubt; and it has needed the careful management of twenty-one years to pull the property round to anything like its old prosperity. Lord Dysart is the Lord-Lieutenant of the County of Rutland—a distinction he owed certainly not to the size of his property in that minute county, but to the favour of Mr. Gladstone, who had had the pleasure of hailing in the young man a convert from Unionism to Home Rule.

A NICE question in ethics is again raised by the arrest this week of two sailors charged with having committed cannibalism on a raft, after the wreck of their vessel. To take life is not always to commit murder, or the soldier and the hangman were an extinct species. The community has the power of life and death. And what, then, is a community? The definition of it is a matter of some verbal difficulty if it is so worded as to exclude a company of shipwrecked mariners on the high seas. They are isolated from the rest of their kind by barriers more decisive than those that divide most of the countries of Europe from each other. They are their own senate and their own law-makers. If five men must all die unless one dies to give them sustenance; and if all agree and draw lots, and the man who draws doom is immolated, how are the survivors to be regarded by theologians or by lawgivers? Doctors of divinity differ; and the law temporises. Guilty of murder, a jury, not many years ago, found two such hapless culprits, at the direction of Lord Coleridge, who, nevertheless, instantly liberated them.

MR. LOUIS GARVIN has been saying his good-byes this week to the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle*, prior to his removal to London, where he takes up his appointment on the *Daily Telegraph* on November 1. "A journalist is a kind of bat who flits by night, and who loses, as the years go by, the friends of the day." So Mr. Garvin, at a farewell dinner in the North the other evening, declared, adding his surprise to find, when the parting-time came, that he had forfeited so few and kept so many. Refusing to accept the praises proper enough to the occasion, Mr. Garvin remarked it was sometimes said that this or that article was from the pen of this or that person, whereas "a paper—a real paper—is the product, not of an individual, but of a corporation." The members of such a staff, said Mr. Garvin, are "flesh of each other's flesh, and blood of each other's blood." In short, a great paper imposes its own traditions on receptive minds. Lord Brougham, when he wrote a whole number of the *Edinburgh Review*, did not produce a more homogeneous periodical than the *Saturday Review* of the sixties, done by a score of different hands, and under an editor who himself did not write a syllable.

## Correspondence.

## Misconceptions.

SIR,—Will you allow me space to endorse every word of the masterly article by "Z" on "The Ineligible Elegy"? Literature has always seemed to me an influence that should be vital in any real education. But, in spite of floods of talk on various "systems" and "schemes," the ordinary school routine remains singularly lacking in either applied psychology, applied sympathy, or applied common sense. While this is so, literature, which dies with drudgery, must suffer many deaths. Often the actual teachers are not to blame, but examiners, head masters, and other "people of importance" are still at their old work of inhibiting natural growth.

Surely it is enough only to mention the "Elegy" to see how apart from all that is boyish the poem is. The very word "elegy" marks it as such. What has a schoolboy to do with elegies? But I have never found that that argument produces any impression.

The truth is, sir, that, besides psychology, the school-master often lacks literary appreciation. What is artificial, what goes by rule, appeals to those to whom rules are as the breath of their nostrils. What is free and nonconforming they instinctively feel to be dangerous to scholastic rectitude.

Now, observe, the boy is at the other pole. He hates rules, he loves what is unrestrained. Hence an eternal antagonism, except in those rare cases where teachers never lose their love of freedom.

But there is a third force acting against school literature—prudery. We must have a young person literature. The great taboo lies on the reading of "Hamlet," of *Adam Bede*, of *David Copperfield*, and I have been criticised for giving, as an upper school prize, *The Heart of Midlothian*. For myself, I think that all this fear for the young person has the reverse of the intended effect. That opens up a wide question. I do not believe in the cleanliness of concealment, and I have never found it practically necessary; but, at any rate, the idea of a young person literature is one barrier to any literature at all.

Still, when all is said, there remains much unexplained perversity in the scholastic selection. Why, for instance, choose "Richard II.," one of the plays least interesting to boys? Why harp on "The Deserted Village," which is as far from personal appeal as is the "Elegy"? Why drill pupil teachers in Cowper and in the prosiest pieces of his work that can be found? I confess I cannot answer these questions. The answers remain among the secrets of the scholastic mind.

What is to be proposed? It seems so obvious, one would have thought, that what is wanted is poetry of action, adventure, life. Only with older boys should occasional (and short) reflective pieces be introduced. These should be varied, for one boy takes to one thing, another to another. I have known boys of fifteen really genuinely enthusiastic over Ben Jonson's "Hymn to Diana," but it has the redeeming qualities of shortness and melody.

All that we need is a little sympathetic psychology, a little common sense, a little literary taste, and the freedom to apply these endowments. Literature and life will then have some organic relationship in the process of growth.—I am, &c.,

September 25, 1899.

MAGISTER.

SIR,—Perhaps these two instances of childish misconception of words may amuse your readers. They are both from well-known hymns:

- (1) Can a mother's tender care  
Cease toward the child she bear?

This puzzled me for years. I could never understand why a mother should be particularly tender towards a bear, even if it was a young one and a "she" one.

(2) When the soft dews of kindly sleep.

It seems only the other day that I discovered that "kindly" was not the name of a place where "soft Jews" went to sleep.—I am, &c.,

September 25, 1899.

ERNLEY WALROND.

SIR,—I have heard the following story told apropos of the difficulty to the youthful mind of comprehending Gray's "Elegy." A master who was superintending a boys' reading-class which was working through the poem asked one of his pupils what was the meaning of the line: "The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep." The question was evidently a poser, and it was some time before the answer came: "Four rude old men sleeping in church"!

A little girl with whom I am acquainted recently asked her mother what a "consecrated cross-eye bear" was; the explanation of her query being that she had been learning (orally) a hymn commencing: "A consecrated cross I bear."—I am, &c.,

WARD MUIR.

Liverpool: September 24, 1899.

## Benjamin Jowett and Herbert Spencer.

SIR,—Mr. McBain is doing good service in calling the attention of your readers to the unjustifiable statements of the opponents of Herbert Spencer. With regard to the definition of "ancestor-worship" in Chambers's New Dictionary, about which a letter appeared a few weeks ago, it is to be hoped that in the next edition the word "erroneously" will be expunged. To say that "ancestor-worship is supposed by Mr. Spencer to be the foundation of all religion" may be fairly correct: it is for readers of Spencer to judge by the evidence he brings forward whether this is rightly or "erroneously" supposed; and in any case it is not the province of the lexicographer to introduce his private opinions in a definition of this sort.

Mr. McBain's letter in your issue of September 16 opens up wider ground. Dr. Jowett's allusions to Herbert Spencer indicate what the latter himself would probably call a strong classical bias, and they bring up once more the general question of classical *versus* scientific education. This question has been thoroughly discussed by Mr. Spencer in his work on Education, and it is not necessary to recapitulate the arguments used by him in support of his view that education should be mainly scientific.

It is not to be wondered at that Jowett should look with something like scorn upon Spencer, champion, as he is, of such an opposite system of education and an opposite school of thought to that which Jowett represented. The strong language of Jowett's allusions to this "fellow," fit only to be classed among "repulsive people," shows clearly how an almost exclusively classical education warps the mind. In Jowett's case, the theological bias was also greatly in evidence, and the reverence for authority and tradition cultivated by classical and theological studies combined is sufficient to account for his narrow-mindedness, which resulted in his hurling opprobrious epithets at the heads of those who differed from him. Spencer's own conduct stands out in great contrast. A man who has taken a most prominent part in many controversies, it will be said of him that he was always patient under contumely, and never returned in kind the contemptuous and contemptible language applied to him by many of his opponents.—I am, &c.,

W. P. H.

Norwich: September 25, 1899.



### "And Which."

SIR,—In a letter headed "And Which," in your last issue, the writer suggests that the word "and" is not superfluous in such sentences as that instanced by you in the ACADEMY of June 24,\* and he gives quotations as showing good authority for its use.

But, surely, the sentences he quotes are not similar in form to those in question?

In Mr. Irving's quotations "and" is used to connect qualifications, the first or the first group expressed by adjectives, the last by a fuller form, to give impressiveness and cadence.—I am, &c., F. A. ALLEN.

September 25, 1899.

SIR,—This "and which" question comes up annually with unfailing regularity, and no one—not even Mr. Andrew Lang, though he has toyed with it—seems able to settle it. May I try to do so? Thus:

Many relative sentences (but, of course, not all) are of an adjectival nature. Regarded as units, these sentences are adjectives in their principal sentences.

If a substantive is qualified by several adjectives immediately following one another, it is proper to put "and" before the last adjective.

Therefore, if a relative sentence is adjectival, and is the last of a series of two or more adjectives or adjectival clauses, it is proper to put "and" before its "which."

Note that, if I am right, your own rule, that "and" is only permissible when the relative is a reiterated one, is not quite broad enough. It would be just as correct to write, with Sir Thomas North,

An army invincible, and which they could not possibly withstand,

as to write

An army *which was* invincible, and which they could not possibly withstand.

In my opinion, every one of the samples of "and which" given by Mr. C. J. Irving is perfectly justifiable. The sentence from Her Majesty's letter, however—"We are in the midst of a ministerial crisis, and which I am afraid will be followed by others"—is incorrect. No adjective immediately precedes the "and which." Moreover, the relative sentence is not adjectival at all. It comprises a separate statement as to the future, and would have been better cast in the form of a separate principal sentence—"And I am afraid it will be followed by others."

Let me add that an "and" before a reiterated "which" is correct in any case, whether the relative sentence is adjectival or not. Thus: "A ministerial crisis which I attribute to hidden causes and which I am afraid will be followed by others."—I am, &c., E. A. B.

September 25, 1899.

SIR,—The use of *et qui* without a preceding *qui* is not only legitimate in French, but it is absolutely necessary in the example cited by your correspondent. In

"C'est une histoire—pleine de fracas et de furie *et qui* signifie rien"

the use of the conjunction is evidently necessary to distinguish the antecedent of *qui*, which is clearly *histoire* and not *furie*.

It is useful to compare a parallel construction:

"Une grâce un peu maniérée et serpentine *mais qui* séduisant."—*Bourget*.

E. R. J. GLANVILLE.

Nottingham: Sept. 26, 1899.

\* "We are in the midst of a ministerial crisis, *and* which I am afraid will be followed by others."

## Our Prize Competitions.

### Result of No. 1—New Series.

LAST week, the time being ripe, we asked for poems of not more than twenty-four lines anticipating the joys of winter. The Rev. T. Constable, Hurstwood, Buxted, has, we think, the best claim to the prize for the following spirited lines (in spite of a Shakespearian "howler" in the third stanza):

#### OLD OCTOBER.

Hail, old October, bright and chill,  
First freedman from the summer sun!  
Spice high the bowl, and drink your fill!  
Thank heaven, at last the summer's done!

Come, friend, my fire is burning bright,  
A fire's no longer out of place,  
How clear it glows! (there's frost to-night,  
It looks white winter in the face.

You've been to see "King John." You've seen  
A noble play: I'm glad you went;  
But what on earth does Shakespeare mean  
By "*winter of our discontent*"?

Be mine the Tree that feeds the fire!  
Be mine the sun knows when to set!  
Be mine the months when friends desire  
To turn in here from cold and wet!

The sentry sun, that glared so long  
O'erhead, deserts his summer post;  
Ay, you may brew it hot and strong:  
"The joys of winter"—come, a toast!

Shine on the kangaroo, thou sun!  
Make far New Zealand faint with fear!  
Don't hurry back to spoil our fun.  
Thank goodness, old October's here!

We quote also three others:

#### WINTER.

Some folks may sigh for summer days,  
To laze and dream among the flowers;  
Give me old winter's breezy ways,  
The north wind's sparkling, frosty hours.

To feel the warm, enkindled blood  
Run circling to my glad heart's core,  
To say with Schiller "Oh, 'tis good  
To be alive!" and wish no more.

To glide along the crispy ice  
With newly sharpened, well-cut skates;  
Each day to find a new device  
For threes and dainty figure eights.

And thro' the woody copse to wend  
Our way, hand joined in hand some night  
When winter stars to Love's eyes lend  
A newer note, a gladder light.

Within the fireside's ingle nook,  
So still and quiet as a mouse,  
She knitting, I with pipe and book—  
My favourite, *Angel in the House*.

Warmed by the yule-log's cheerful light,  
Her words of love will seem more tender,  
What memories we'll weave at night!—  
Four feet upon a brass-bound fender.

[B. B., Birmingham.]

#### THE ADVENT OF WINTER.

(With Apologies to Macaulay.)

Blow, blow, O winds of Autumn; beat, beat, O stormy rain.  
Let loose the floods, strip bare the woods—King Winter comes again.  
Too long we've lain in idleness in Summer's flowery nest,  
But from the north he steppeth forth, shall put our powers to test.

The stars have felt his frosty breath: the woods have owned his  
sway;

They cast aside their summer pride in glorious disarray.  
Through leafless aisle and ruined choir his challenging trumpets  
ring:

"Ho! far and near the lists are clear: who meets the Northern  
King?"

O Northern King, our walls are stout; we make the threshold fast,  
We neither fear thy glittering spear nor wild and stormy blast.  
The winds that prowl and prowl around if they may entrance win—  
Ho! let them prowl, or let them howl, our hearts beat high within.

The white enchantment of the snow may hold the world in thrall  
Without ; within, fantastic flames go flickering up the wall.  
The magic of romance is ours ; we are stirred to the old unrest,  
And again afire with a strange desire, we follow the wondrous  
quest.

So all night long we hold the fort, but lo ! at break of day  
At the castle gates the champion waits, and we may not say him  
nay.

His seal is set on every pane, a challenge fair and free :  
"Up, up ! arise, and in valiant wise, come buffet a fall with me !"

We come, we come, O Northern King ! Loud, loud thy bugles  
blow—

The wide and glittering heavens above, the wind-swept earth below.  
The joy of battle fills our hearts, and we meet thee face to face  
In the wild delight of a stormy fight and the clash of a steeléd  
embrace.  
[E. G. H., London.]

Poems received also from:—E. W., London ; E. H., Stroud ;  
C. S. M., Tayport ; F. B. D., Torquay ; E. C. M. D., Crediton ;  
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J. F. H., London (too long for competition) ; and C. C., Newcastle  
(too late).

### Prize Competition No. 2.

We offer this week a prize of a guinea for the best English  
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of the Dreyfus case.

#### RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, The ACADEMY, 43  
Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post  
of Tuesday, October 3. Each answer must be accompanied by  
the coupon to be found in the second column of p. 344 or it can-  
not enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one  
attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate  
coupon ; otherwise the first only will be considered. We wish to  
impress on competitors that the task of examining replies is much  
facilitated when one side only of the paper is written upon. It is  
also important that names and addresses should always be given :  
we cannot consider anonymous answers.

### Books Received.

Week ending Thursday, September 28.

#### THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

Farrar (F. W.), <i>Texts Explained</i> .....	(Longmans)	6/0
Gowen (H. H.), <i>Church Work in British Columbia</i> .....	(Longmans)	5/0
Callow (Rev. C.), <i>Origin and Development of the Creeds</i> .....	(Elliot Stock)	
<i>Early Christianity Outside the Roman Empire</i> . Two Lectures by F. Crawford Burkitt.....	(Cambridge: University Press)	
Staley (Rev. V.), <i>The Ceremonial of the English Church</i> .....	(Mowbray)	
Matheson (Rev. George), <i>Studies of the Portrait of Christ</i> .....	(Hodder & Co.)	6/0

#### HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Brain (Belle M.), <i>The Transformation of Hawaii</i> .....	(Oliphant & Co.)	3/6
Meakin (Budgett), <i>The Moorish Empire</i> .....	(Swan Sonnenschein)	15/0
Douglas (Sir George), <i>James Hogg</i> .....	(Oliphant & Co.)	1/6
Parker (Joseph), <i>A Preacher's Life</i> .....	(Hodder & Co.)	6/0

#### POETRY AND BELLES LETTRES.

Leighton (F. F.), <i>Life and Books</i> .....	(T. Fisher Unwin)	6/0
Heijermans, jun. (H.), <i>The Ghetto</i> . Adapted by C. B. Fernald.	(Heinemann)	1/6
Pattinson (J. S.), <i>Far-Ben, or Poems in Many Moods</i> .	(Swan Sonnenschein)	4/6

#### EDUCATIONAL.

French and Osborn, <i>Elementary Algebra</i> .....	(Churchill)	4/6
De Vogüé, <i>Cœurs Russes</i> .....	(Macmillan)	2/6
Stephen (Katherine), <i>French History for Schools</i> .....	(Macmillan)	3/6
Fotheringham (James), <i>Wordsworth's Prelude</i> .....	(Marshall)	1/0
Rouse (W. H. D.), <i>Greek Iambic Verse</i> .....	(Cambridge: University Press)	6/0
<i>Prometheus Bound of Æschylus</i> . Edited by H. Rackham.	(Cambridge: University Press)	2/6
Ferrier (Annie G.), <i>The Children's Guide to the French Language</i> .	(Blackwood)	1/6
Mercier (A.), <i>Handbook of French Composition</i> .....	(Blackwood)	1/6
<i>Paradise Lost</i> . Edited by T. Page.	(Moffat & Co.)	2/0
<i>Stories from the Northern Sagas</i> . Edited by A. F. Major and E. E. Speight.....	(Marshall)	

#### SCIENCE.

Petty (Sir William), <i>Economic Writings</i> . Edited by C. H. Hull.	(Cambridge: University Press)	
<i>The International Geography</i> . By Seventy Authors. Edited by H. R. Mill.	(Newnes)	15/0
<i>Moffat's Science Reader III</i> .	(Moffat & Co.)	1/0

#### ART.

Nicholson (W.), <i>Twelve Portraits</i> .....	(Heinemann)	21/0
Baldry (A. L.), <i>Sir John Millais</i> .....	(Bell)	7/6
Stevenson (R. A. M.), <i>Velasquez</i> .....	(Bell)	6/0

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

Smart (William), <i>The Distribution of Income</i> .....	(Macmillan)	5/0
Bund (W. A.), <i>The Story of Ice</i> .....	(Newnes)	1/0
<i>Purgatory: a translation from Dante by A. C. Auchmuty</i>	(Williams & Norgate)	5/0
De Brath & Beatty, <i>Over-Pressure</i> .....	(Philip & Son)	3/6
<i>The Process Year Book</i> . Edited by W. Gamble.....	(Penrose & Co.)	
<i>Chums</i> . Annual Volume.....	(Cassell)	8/0
<i>Young England</i> . Annual Volume.....	(Sunday School Union)	5/0
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<i>Life's Possibilities</i> . Edited by E. A. D.....	(Mowbray & Co.)	
Henty (G. A.), <i>Yule-Tide Yarns</i> .....	(Longmans)	6/0
Meade (I. T.), <i>Light o' the Morning</i> .....	(Chambers)	6/0
Cole (W. E.), <i>Mabel's Prince Wonderful</i> .....	(Chambers)	2/6
Haverfield (E. L.), <i>Nancy's Fancies</i> .....	(Chambers)	2/6
Stuart (Hamish), <i>Lochs and Loch Fishing</i> .....	(Chapman & Hall)	10/6

#### NEW EDITIONS.

Olway (T.), <i>Venice Preserved</i> .....	(Dent)	
Cicero, <i>De Officiis</i> . Translated by G. B. Gardner.....	(Methuen)	2/6
Ochino (Bernardino), <i>The Tragedy</i> . Edited by C. E. Plumtre	(Grant Richards)	6/0
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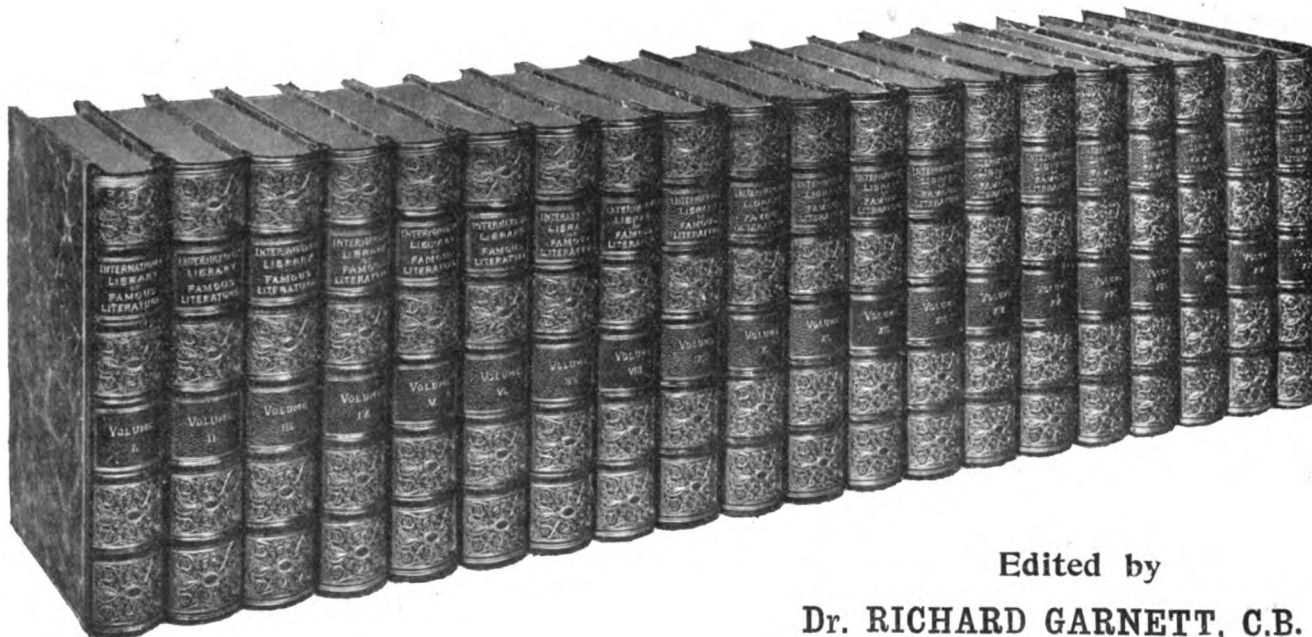
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Kit Kennedy. S. R. Crockett.  
A Double Thread. E. T. Fowler.  
No. 5, John Street. R. Whiteing.  
The Orange Girl. Sir W. Besant.  
The Solitary Summer. Anon.

This is the American list:

{ David Harum. E. N. Westcott.  
{ Richard Carvel. W. Churchill.  
When Knighthood was in Flower. E. Caskoden.  
No. 5, John Street. R. Whiteing.  
The Market Place. H. Frederic.  
A Gentleman Player. R. N. Stephens.  
Children of the Mist. E. Phillpotts.

CONCERNING the above American list we have received the following letter from the Macmillan Co., of New York: "There is a curious inaccuracy in the summary of the best selling books in America which is published in the October number of the *New York Bookman*. Out of the twenty-nine towns from which the figures are obtained, twenty return as the most popular book *Richard Carvel*,

by Winston Churchill; whereas, in the summary of the returns, the first place is given to *David Harum*, which stands first in only eight towns. An inaccuracy of this kind gives rather a rude shock to the faith which we have hitherto placed upon these interesting returns in the *New York Bookman*, which are always watched with no little interest."

THE *Life of Christ*, on which "Ian Maclaren" (the Rev. John Watson) has been engaged for some time, is to run serially in England in a magazine specially projected for it by Sir George Newnes. This is the *Horn Magazine*, a periodical for the English Sunday, which will begin in December. In America "Ian Maclaren's" work will be printed in *McClure's Magazine*.

THE statement that Mr. Rider Haggard has gone to British Columbia on a mining expedition is wrong. The papers have confused two names. Mr. Rider Haggard remains to till his farm, the gentleman who is intent upon Alaskan gold being Mr. F. C. D. Haggard, a well-known figure on the Stock Exchange.

MR. HALL CAINE's reply, which serves as preface for the new half-crown edition of *The Christian*, to the critics of that book is spirited and exhaustive. But it is not so conclusive as to prevent criticism of itself. Into one point, at any rate, we are interested to inquire. Concerning the ambiguous wording of what is perhaps the principal scene in the story, where John Storm remains under Glory Quayle's roof (or does not remain), Mr. Hall Caine confesses to a mischievous impulse: "When I wrote the chapter in question," he now says, "I knew it would be interpreted according to the moral standard of the readers reading it, and that I might properly stand aside in silence and watch the self-revelations which certain persons were making." This is a new position for the author to occupy. Should fiction be employed for such purposes, or should it be straightforward and explicit? It may surely be argued that novelists have no right to leave any situation as important as this to a reader's whim; that their duty is to narrate without ambiguity. If they use their books to make discoveries concerning their readers' moral calibre, they are not playing the game.

HENCEFORWARD the *Speaker* is to be the organ of young Oxford Liberalism. The final number of the paper on its old lines was published on Saturday last. Therein the editor, Sir Wemyss Reid, says a farewell word, and lays down the control which he has exercised for ten years. The new *Speaker* will be edited by Mr. Philip Carr and Mr. J. L. Hammond. Every number will contain signed articles on topics of the week, always from the Liberal point of view, and frequently will be found articles by representative Scottish, Irish, and provincial Liberals, and foreign correspondence from well-informed Liberals in the capitals of Europe and America.

IN an interview in the *Daily News* Sir Wemyss Reid speaks freely and interestingly concerning his long journalistic career. We extract a passage:

"Tell me, Sir Wemyss—you have known great numbers of journalists—have you known any who took up their work without serious convictions, and yet were successful?"

"Never!" came the emphatic reply. "As a matter of fact, I can hardly recall a single instance of a journalist who wrote merely to order. I knew one man who was editor of a Tory paper while privately professing to be a Radical; but that was all. He was a failure. The man who writes without convictions, or contrary to his own views, cannot permanently impose on the public. He is sure to be, sooner or later, found out. I believe such men are very rare. The old foolish notion of the journalist as a hired bravo, who sells his pen to either side, as the soldier of fortune sold his sword, is being exploded. No journalist with any self-respect, or any sense of honour, would do it. For a writer to convince the public he must first himself be convinced."

"When," Sir Wemyss Reid added, "as a junior reporter, I first went forth with pencil and pocket-book, I felt a strange glow in the thought that now I had laid hands on a lever that moves the conscience of mankind. I think so still. Next to the Church, there is nothing by which you can so directly, so widely, and so quickly influence your fellow-men as by the Press."

ACCORDING to Mr. Archer's article on the Drama in this week's *World*, Mr. Forbes Robertson had the opportunity of purchasing from Mr. Alexander the rights in Mr. Stephen Phillips's play, "Paolo and Francesca." Says Mr. Archer: "Here was an experiment worth the making!—an experiment in which success meant splendid triumph, and even failure would have meant glory. Success, as I have admitted, can never be predicted with absolute certainty; accidents will happen even to the most admirable plays; and bad acting, a perverse audience, or stupid criticism, might play havoc with Mr. Phillips's play, as with any other. But if a great play has been written in our time, this is assuredly it. Not an altogether easy play to cast or act, and one which demands for its mounting the finest artistic tact and intelligence; but these are not conditions to deter a manager like Mr. Robertson." Whatever may be the fate of Mr. Phillips's tragedy with managers, it will very shortly be in the hands of the reading public, or that small section thereof which cares for new dramatic poetry.

MORE particular criticism of Mr. Phillips is to be found in *Blackwood* from the steady pen of the "Looker-on," who has been reading Mr. Phillips's two poems on the Dreyfus case. The critic writes: "So far as these short pieces can inform us, Mr. Phillips's poetic faculty is the full and lasting fund that could not be counted upon with certainty when he first drew upon it. Both have fine lines—finely conceived, finely expressed, and moving with a majesty which no other of our younger poets has ever attempted." Certain of these lines are then quoted. But then comes the other side of the matter. Mr. Phillips is severely reprimanded for encouraging the Almighty with the compliment, "Thou more than Mars"; and also for his comparison of Christ with "a deeply injured but otherwise and in himself ordinary artillery captain." "These are marvels," says the "Looker-on," "which have no explanation for me. But it deeply concerns Mr. Phillips to find one, and to use it for purgation and avoidance."

MR. WILLIAM ARCHER has an interesting and informing article on "The American Language" in the current *Pall Mall Magazine*, wherein he displays a kindness for the racy idiom of Transatlantic speech that may stagger less catholic

minds. But Mr. Archer has always cultivated a rare receptivity for new ideas. Says he:

It is a sheer pedantry—nay, a misconception of the laws which govern language as a living organism—to despise pithy and apt colloquialisms, and even slang. In order to remain healthy and vigorous, a literary language must be rooted in the soil of a copious vernacular, from which it can extract and assimilate, by a chemistry peculiar to itself, whatever nourishment it requires. It must keep in touch with life in the broadest acceptance of the word; and life at certain levels, obeying a psychological law which must simply be accepted as one of the conditions of the problem, will always express itself in dialect, provincialism, slang.

Taking, later, two Americanisms as examples of bad and good, Mr. Archer writes thus soundly:

My point, then, is that "scientist" ought to live on its merits, "transpire" to die on its demerits. With regard to every neologism we ought first to inquire: "Does it fill a gap? Does it serve a purpose?" And if that question be answered in the affirmative, we may next consider whether it is formed on a reasonably good analogy and in consonance with the general spirit of the language. "Truthful," for example, is said to be an Americanism, and at one time gave offence on that account. It is not only a vast improvement on the stilted "veracious," but one of the prettiest and most thoroughly English words in the dictionary.

For American peculiarities of pronunciation Mr. Archer has less admiration, but he refrains from condemnation.

BUT concerning American slang Mr. Archer is not always quite accurate. "Scrap," he says, "in the sense of quarrel [and fight], is one of the few exceedingly common American expressions which have as yet taken no hold in England." This is not so. The East End of London, at any rate, has known what scrapping is for many a day, and has now indeed hardly any other word for the ordinary set-to with the "raws." Mr. Gus Elen, an impersonator of coster life whose delineations are valuable for their accuracy, has used "scrap" in his songs for several years. Again, Mr. Archer, for examples of the Bowery habit of substituting "d" for "t," refers his readers to two recent books, neither of which has yet found an English publisher. He might more suitably have sent them to Mr. Stephen Crane's tragic little story, *Maggie*, which Mr. Heinemann issued several years ago, or to later works of the same writer. In *Maggie* Bowery talk is reproduced to perfection.

THE sagacious Mr. Dooley, as Mr. Archer calls him, continues, in Monday's *Westminster Gazette*, his burlesque account of the Dreyfus trial. The fun grows faster and more furious week by week, and our only regret is that to prepare a Gallic equivalent of the Chicago saloon-keeper's Irish is beyond the power of any human translator's intellect. "'While Gin'ral Mercier's proceedin' with his remarks,' says the prisidint of the Coort, 'call Col. Pat th' Clam, who's sick an' can't come. Swear Gin'ral Billot, Gin'ral Boisdoffer, Gin'ral Chammy, an' th' former mimbers iv th' Gover'mint.' 'I object to their bein' sworn,' says Matther Blamange. 'They must be sw'ra,' says th' prisidint. 'How th' divlle can they perjure thimselves if they ain't sworn?'" Again: "'Who ar-re ye, annyhow?' says the prisidint to Matther Blamange. 'I'm the counsel f'r the pris'ner,' says Matther Blamange. 'Git out,' says th' prisidint.'"

THE organ of Ruskin Hall, Oxford, promises to be a firebrand in the home of spires and lost causes. *Young Oxford* it is called, and on its first page is a rude woodcut representing the University as a gigantic sphinx, and Ruskin Hall as a small man with pickaxe and a spade. Subsequently we come to a series of pictures of a University Don for whom Ruskin Hall feels pity, and whom, the more, it takes in hand in order to straighten out

his deformities "and make a man of him." The audacity of it! The other drawings, and they are very numerous, are all in the same vein: Ruskin Hall is the reformer, the galvaniser; Oxford the moribund hulk.

WE give this week a portrait of the lady who is publicly known as "Lucas Malet." Mrs. Harrison began her career as a novelist in 1882 with *Mrs. Lorimer*. This was



"LUCAS MALET" (MRS. WILLIAM HARRISON).

followed in 1885 by *Colonel Enderby's Wife*, in 1888 by *A Counsel of Perfection*, and then came, in 1891, her most powerful work *The Wages of Sin*. "Lucas Malet" works slowly, at her own pace, and after *The Wages of Sin* it was five years before *The Carissima* appeared. Her new story is awaited with much interest.

MR. KIPLING's new book, *Stalky & Co.*, has a prefatory poem from which we quote a few stanzas.

Western wind and open surge  
Took us from our mothers;  
Flung us on a naked shore  
(Twelve bleak houses by the shore!  
Seven summers by the shore!)  
'Mid two hundred brothers.  
  
There we met with famous men  
Set in office o'er us;  
And they beat on us with rods—  
Faithfully with many rods—  
Daily beat us on with rods,  
For the love they bore us.  
  
Out of Egypt unto Troy—  
Over Himalaya—  
Far and sure our bands have gone—  
Hy-Brasil or Babylon,  
Islands of the Southern Run,  
And cities of Cathaia!  
  
And we all praise famous men—  
Ancients of the College;  
For they taught us common sense—  
Tried to teach us common sense—  
Truth and God's Own Common Sense,  
Which is more than knowledge!

SCENE: A CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

LADY: "Then you have nothing at all of Thomas Love Peacock's?"

ASSISTANT: "Nothing, madam. You see, this is only a circulating library, and Mr. Peacock's works are purely literary."

THE author of certain charming Irish songs and ballads which from time to time have been printed in *Blackwood*, Miss "Moira O'Neill," has collected her poems, which, under the title of *Songs of the Glen*, Messrs. Blackwood are about to publish.

IN a leading article in its issue of last Monday, the *Morning Post* takes our contributor "Z." to task for his attack on Gray's "Elegy" as a schoolroom classic. It is, however, clear that the writer of the article has not studied "Z.'s" argument. Our contributor did not "deride the sentiment" of the "Elegy"; he was only anxious that it should not be rubbed off in the endless iteration of the reading-class. Nor does the writer answer "Z.'s" objections when he says: "We know no pleasure, in all the pleasures of poetry, equal to that of the expanding appreciation which comes with increasing years." It was for this very expansion that "Z." pleaded, when he pointed out that a play of Shakespeare's, read in the schoolroom, would go with a boy through life, and be more and more understood, whereas the "Elegy," having no root in boyhood, was apt to perish in the tiresome usage of the reading-class.

INCIDENTALLY the same writer attributes to Mr. Eden Phillpotts the origin of the phrase "the human boy." Surely Mr. Chadband came first.

OMARISM has led an American gentleman, Mr. Isaac Bassett Choate, to an excursion into the FitzGeraldian metre entitled *Obeyd, the Camel Driver*, which is published at the *Home Journal* office. The pleasing motto of the little book is an Arabic proverb running: "The camel driver has his thoughts, and the camel—he has his thoughts." Mr. Choate begins with the driver's thoughts, and then adds those of the camel, a most laudable attempt to present both sides of the case.

MEANWHILE another American Omarian has arisen insisting upon a change in the spelling of the great hedonist's name. "Not Omar," says he, "but 'Umar.'" "Umar," he adds, "is the way in which the immortal tentmaker wrote his own name. Moreover, there is no letter or sound of 'o' in the Persian. The accent, or stress, is on the last syllable, both of 'Umar' and of 'Khayyám,' as is the case with all Persian words, with perhaps a dozen exceptions. When written 'Omar,' there is a noticeable tendency to pronounce the name with the first syllable stressed, which is anathema to the real student of 'Umar.'" We are now in train to learn who are the real students of Omar—that is, "Umar"—and who not. It is getting high time for a division of sheep and goats.

BREVITY has been more in favour during late years than for two centuries. Early Victorian writers were long indeed; eighteenth century writers were long; the artists in little ended with Herrick and Prior, beginning again with our own times. It is Herrick of whom we are distantly reminded—the Herrick of the "Noble Numbers"—by the small manual of daily maxims which the Rev. Frederick Langbridge has composed under the title *Little Tapers* (R.T.S.). Mr. Langbridge's manner may be illustrated by two or three quotations:

*Sin has a Sin on either Arm.*

Who knocks so loud?—"A little lonely sin."

"Slip through," we answer, and all Hell is in.

"Happy Worm," says the Eagle; "Thou must Creep!"

God set thy na'ure in a certain key:  
Therein do thou work out the melody.



*It is the Trifles Matter Most.*

God sends great angels in our sore dismay,  
But little ones go in and out all day.

*A Stout Heart is Halfway There.*

Arouse thy courage ere it fails and faints:  
God props no Gospel up with sinking saints.

It would be hard, indeed, to compress counsel more closely than this.

MISS GERTRUDE WARD, Mr. Humphry Ward's sister, the author of the *Life of Bishop Smythies*, has in the press *Letters from East Africa*, 1895-97.

A NEW novel of social life in England, written by Mrs. de la Pasture, the author of *Deborah of Tod's*, will be published by Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. next week. The title of the new book is *Adam Grigson*.

## Bibliographical.

In the preface to his *Family Letters and Memoir* of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Mr. W. M. Rossetti said that if the work found favour with the public he should be disposed "to rummage" among his "ample stock of materials," and "produce a number of details" relating not only to his brother Gabriel, but also to "other members or connections of the family." The firstfruit of that "rummaging" was the volume, issued last year, entitled *Ruskin: Rossetti: Pre-Raphaelitism*. Included in this were many letters by D. G. Rossetti and some extracts from the diary of Ford Madox Brown. Now Mr. W. M. Rossetti announces another volume, to be called *Pre-Raphaelite Diaries and Letters*, comprising more letters by D. G. Rossetti and (apparently) more extracts from Madox Brown's diary. This method of book-making may be very agreeable to Mr. W. M. Rossetti, but it is very irritating to the students and admirers of the Pre-Raphaelite group, who, with all these fresh "materials" cropping up from time to time, must feel mystified. However, Mr. W. M. Rossetti promises to print in the forthcoming book his *Journal of the P.R.B.* (to which, it seems, he was a sort of secretary), and that will certainly be welcome.

Messrs. Macmillan are to give circulation in England to a collection of *Representative English Comedies*, put together by an American professor (C. M. Cayley). The work will be in five volumes, and therefore, one may hope, tolerably comprehensive. It is a little surprising that it should have been left to a Transatlantic scholar to perform this labour of love; but so it is. We possess literally no representative collection of English comedies. It is true that, of the five volumes of the *British Drama* published in 1804, two are given up to Comedies, but these begin with Jonson and end with Cumberland, making but a meagre show. It is greatly to be hoped that Mr. Cayley will start with "Ralph Roister Doister," and come down to Mr. Pinero. It would suffice if, of English comedy-writers since Sheridan, he gave specimen scenes only. We are to receive also from America a book by another professor on *The Development of the English Novel*; but this has already been done for us by Mr. Walter Raleigh, in a fashion on which it will be difficult to improve.

With reference to the promised anthology entitled *The Kings' Lyrics*—poems of the reigns of James I. and Charles I.—I am reminded of the existence in the "Canterbury Poets" series of a little collection of *Cavalier and Courtier Lyrics*, edited by Mr. W. H. Direks. But that book has a different scope from that of *The Kings' Lyrics*, covering as it does the ground between the accession of Charles I. and the death of Charles II. A still earlier selection was *The Courtly Poets* (1870), for which Dr. Hannah was responsible, and which also had a larger scheme than that of *The Kings' Lyrics*.

Mr. J. R. Tutin, who promises us a *Concordance to Omar Khayyâm*, has already done some excellent work in the *belles lettres* in a modest way. We are indebted to him, for instance, for a reprint of the *Sacred Poems of Crashaw* (published originally in 1662). Previously to that (1887) he had printed a selection from Crashaw's verse for private circulation. Two years ago he reprinted Christopher Smart's *Song to David*. He has also edited the poems of Burns, the early poems of Wordsworth, and selections from Henry Vaughan, Moore, and Keats, and has compiled a bibliography of Wordsworth, a *Wordsworth Birthday Book*, and a *Shelley Birthday Book*.

Miss Lilian Whiting is to give us a *Study of Mrs. Browning* and a memoir of Miss Kate Field. The latter will have the greater freshness. Whether the English public is much interested in Miss Field remains to be seen. She wrote monographs on Ristori and Fechter, which have been circulated over here; and I think her descriptions of Dickens's Readings have found their way to us. But that is about all. A comedietta from her pen is in French's list.

It is pleasant to note among the books of the near future a selection from the verse of Crabbe. It will not be the first of its kind, but will be welcome, because Crabbe at present is too little known, even to those who study literature. Welcome, again, will be the "Bibelot" which is to be devoted to Gay's *Trivia*, and *Other Pieces*. Gay is another writer with whom the general reader is too little acquainted. The late Mr. Underhill gave us an excellent edition of Gay, but something a little more "popular" was wanted and will now be supplied.

In the department of classic fiction we are to have a reprint of Galt's *Ringan Gilhaize*; or, *the Covenanters*—a story which cannot be described as hackneyed, seeing that it has not been reprinted, apparently—in separate form—since 1823. The announced reprint of *Vathek* will also be acceptable, though we had one so recently as five years ago (edited by Dr. Garnett, and illustrated withal). Beckford's story was in the "Minerva Library" (1891), and "Cassell's National Library" (1886); so it cannot be regarded as inaccessible even to the humblest reader.

In undertaking a translation of Ibsen's "Love's Comedy" into English, Mr. C. H. Herford really does supply a "felt want." It comes, however, late in the day. The French had a version done for their benefit three years ago.

There is a lack of originality among literary people in the matter of book-titles. Thus, in 1889, there appeared a little volume of essays called *Rambles in Bookland*. Some little while after that title was bodily annexed for the purposes of a column in a daily paper. Then, in 1893, came Mr. C. F. Blackburn's *Rambles in Books*; and now, I see, we are to receive from Mr. Joseph Shaylor a publication entitled *Saunterings in Bookland*. Yet another instance: two years ago Mr. J. A. Hammerton produced a book called *The Actor's Art*, and now a Mr. Stanley Jones presents us with one entitled *The Actor and His Art*.

The *Collected Poems* of Thomas Edward Brown—that is to be another of the season's benefactions. Brown first appeared in print as a poet in 1873, but it was not till 1881 that he published his first volume—*Fo'e'sle Yarns*. Then came *The Doctor*, &c., in 1887, *The Manx Witch*, &c., in 1889, and *Old John*, &c., in 1893.

Hitherto, Mr. A. B. Walkley has been known in the book-world only as the author of some reprinted *Playhouse Impressions*, published in 1892. His forthcoming book, *Frames of Mind* (also contributed originally to the Press), will help to exhibit his versatility, which is considerable. He is a busier journalist than is generally supposed.

We are to have a new edition, revised, curtailed here, augmented there, of Mr. H. D. Traill's dialogues, *The New Lucian*. It is surprising to be reminded that these date back no further (so far as their book form is concerned) than 1884. One thinks of them as older.

THE BOOKWORM.

## Reviews.

## War is Suicide.

*Is War now Impossible?* By I. S. Bloch. (Grant Richards 6s.)

THIS is a translation from the sixth and last volume of M. Bloch's great work on *The Future of War*, which is known to have influenced powerfully the ideas of the Czar with regard to the late Peace Conference. From this fact, and the further fact that it is prefaced by Mr. W. T. Stead, the reader knows what will be the author's prepossessions. Nevertheless, and in spite of the fact that M. Bloch is simply a Russian banker, not in any way a military man, this book is very different from the mass of literature issued by peace societies. The original is a monumental examination of modern war in all its aspects and details; while the volume here selected by Mr. Stead for translation sums up the conclusions of the previous volumes. The work has received the approval of a council of military experts to whom the Czar submitted it for investigation, so that we may rely on its general accuracy and value, civilian though the writer be. It is no declamation against war; it eschews rhetoric and eloquence. The very effectiveness of it lies in its cool scientific spirit of inquiry, its logical marshalling of facts and figures. Those facts and calmly demonstrated conclusions from fact have a remorseless eloquence, a terrible rhetoric. M. Bloch, we think, proves up to the hilt that the great European war which we all fear means national suicide for all the European peoples. But with his further and final conclusion, that war is therefore impossible, we are less ready to agree: it is based upon the assumption that nations do not commit suicide. Is he so sure of that?

The future great war will have no parallel in the past. The long wars which followed the French Revolution, and ended at Waterloo, had a unity; it was France against Europe, and each side fought (so to speak) with its back to its own wall. The nearest parallel is the Thirty Years' War, where nation fell on the back of nation, with inconclusive victories, marching and countermarching, endless prolongation, fire, famine, and devastation, leaving the ends of war finally unaccomplished by either of the main contestants. But there auxiliary nations drew out of and re-entered the struggle at pleasure; here there will be no retreat, no cessation for any country, once the enormous conflict is begun, except by complete overthrow or exhaustion. It will be a universal and incessant Thirty Years' War, with the added horror of murderous weapons and whole peoples set in the battle-field.

At the first declaration of war, the first sound of the tocsin (so to speak), the sanguinary business will begin. Before that declaration has died on the ears of Europe, over the frontiers will come streams of cavalry: fierce riders, Uhlans or Cossacks, eddying through the borderlands, and throwing off their spray of lances to threaten the interior. Telegraphs will be cut, depôts and government resources generally destroyed or seized; communications will be interrupted, and mobilisation thwarted in every possible way. In the rear of these swarms presently the main armies will roll into the country by hundreds of thousands, while behind slowly form and surge forward reserves in millions. No carefully trained bodies like the little English armies of the Soudan or the Afghan border, vast numbers of the invaders (as of the defenders) will come straight from the fields, the workshop, the desk, the counting-house. With a load of eighty pounds on their backs they will have to make long marches in all weathers, and sleep on the ground, often under the rain. In a fortnight, without seeing an enemy or hearing a bullet, a hundred thousand soldiers will crowd the hospitals. Such is the calculation of the army doctors. Hardship and sickness will do the work among these unseasoned men. Leaving this appalling *delta* behind it, the army

will emerge upon the enemy. But, further, it will leave on its track a straggle of corpses and wounded from bullets that fly invisible as pestilence, fired by hidden sharpshooters whose rifles show not a puff of smoke to betray their lurking-place. The cavalry of the main army now spread out in patrols to reconnoitre the enemy; but they bring back vague reports as to his position and numbers. The enemy's skirmishers prevented their getting into touch with his main forces. At a distance of half a mile the skirmishers' fire began to empty their saddles. The smokeless powder did not suffer them to see where the skirmishers were posted; and it was impossible for them, exposed on horseback, to stand the deadly rain of bullets. Infantry will have to push forward as skirmishers, and complete (much less satisfactorily than could be desired) the task of reconnoitring. During the battle that follows the cavalry cannot (it is probable) be used. They will have to stand back some distance from the firing-line or every saddle would be emptied. Only in pursuit can they again be brought into use.

The whole battle-field will be visible. No smoke, for the powder is smokeless; little sound from rifle fire compared with old battles, for even volley firing cannot be heard beyond a mile. There will be the rattle of one's own rifles, the noise of the great guns, and the clear, unimpeded sight of every man who falls—and they will fall in ranks. There can be no better description than that which M. Bloch quotes from a French military writer:

The distance is 16,000 metres from the enemy. The artillery is in position, and the command has been passed along the batteries to "give fire." The enemy's artillery replies. Shells tear up the soil and burst; in a short time the crew of every gun has ascertained the distance of the enemy. Then every projectile discharged bursts in the air over the heads of the enemy, raining down hundreds of fragments and bullets on his position. Men and horses are overwhelmed by this rain of lead and iron. Guns destroy one another, batteries are mutually annihilated, ammunition cases are emptied. Success will be with those whose fire does not slacken. In the midst of this fire the battalions will advance.

Now they are but 2,000 metres away. Already the rifle bullets whistle round and kill, each not only finding a victim, but penetrating files, ricocheting, and striking again. Volley succeeds volley, bullets in great handfuls, constant as hail, and swift as lightning, deluge the field of battle. The artillery having silenced the enemy is now free to deal with the enemy's battalions. On his infantry, however loosely it may be formed, the guns direct thick iron rain, and soon in the position of the enemy the earth is deluged with blood.

The firing lines will advance one after the other, battalions will march after battalions; finally, the reserves will follow. Yet with all this movement in the two armies there will be a belt a thousand paces wide, separating them as by a neutral territory, swept by the fire of both sides—a belt which no living being can stand for a moment. The ammunition will be almost exhausted; millions of cartridges, thousands of shells, will cover the soil; but the fire will continue until the empty ammunition cases are replaced with full; melinite bombs will turn to dust farm-houses, villages, and hamlets, destroying everything that might be used as cover, obstacle, or refuge.

The moment will approach when half the combatants will be mowed down; dead and wounded will lie in parallel rows, separated one from the other by that belt of a thousand paces which will be swept by a cross-fire of shells which no living being can pass. The battle will continue with ferocity; but still that thousand paces unchangingly separate the foes.

Who shall have gained the victory? Neither.

Thus, as the result of so much bloodshed, it is probable that the battle would be indecisive. It would be impossible to push home a decisive attack across that zone of fire so eloquently described. For armies in future will be entrenched. The defenders will rest upon chains of fortresses, to which are attached entrenched camps. Even the invaders will entrench themselves, as a defence against

the terrible hostile fire. Thus, whichever attacks, the war will be a series of Plevnas, with incalculably greater powers of defence. The assailants will only be able to advance on the enemy's position slowly, digging trenches for themselves as they proceed. It may take a whole day to arrive, in this manner, within possible striking distance of the adversary's lines. Battles will last for days—some venture to say a week. And when an army is beaten, it will retreat slowly, throwing up fresh earthworks and standing at bay behind them, until it reaches a fresh line of fortresses or receives reinforcements: so that it will scarcely be possible to turn defeat into rout. Nor will a new Sedan be possible. The forces of the nations are too nearly equal for one army to surround another; moreover, turning operations will be difficult, because with magazine-rifles and entrenchments a small force can hold a large one at bay till it is reinforced, and the attempt to turn the flank arrested. Everything points to campaigns long, stubborn, sanguinary, and indecisive; the attacker often becoming the defender, and the fortunes of war swaying ponderously to and fro.

The chief cause of this is the use of smokeless powder (which we have already noticed), and the immense improvement both in small arms and artillery. Not only can the magazine-gun volley a torrent of bullets with inconceivable rapidity, but its carrying power is enormously greater. It will carry two or three miles, and it can be used with effect at a mile. It will pierce a file of men with a single bullet, and will penetrate a tree, killing the man behind it. The old bullet soared in a curve, and it needed careful calculation to make it descend on its mark. From the modern rifle the bullet flies straight to its aim, at an even level above the ground. Therefore, without aiming at all, if the rifle be merely laid level, it will strike everything between the muzzle of the gun and the end of its flight. Yet, at the same time, it is much more accurate, and there are greater facilities for correct fire with it.

Artillery is still more destructive. Here is a frightful calculation:

It is estimated that if a body of men advancing to the attack had to traverse a distance of a mile and a half under the fire of a single battery, they would be exposed to 1,450 rounds before they crossed the zone of fire; and the bursting of the shells fired by that battery would scatter 275,000 bullets in fragments over the mile and a half across which they would have to march. In 1870 an ordinary shell when it burst broke into from nineteen to thirty pieces. To-day it bursts into 240. Shrapnel-fire in 1870 only scattered thirty-seven death-dealing missiles. Now it scatters 340. A bomb weighing about 70 lb. thirty years ago would have burst into forty-two fragments. To-day, when it is charged with peroxylene, it breaks up into 1,200 pieces, each of which is hurled with much greater velocity than the larger lumps which were scattered by a gunpowder explosion. It is estimated that such a bomb would effectively destroy all life within a range of 200 metres of the explosion.

We need not dwell on the superior accuracy given by range-finders, absence of smoke, and other causes. This is enough. To cope with the ranks and swathes of ghastly wounded men that will lie in the track of such fire what medical means are there? Really none. Firstly, the hospital department is completely inadequate; nor could any efforts make it adequate. Secondly, it will not be possible to find a safe spot near enough to the battlefield for the surgeons to do their work. The wounded must lie on the field for days—if, as happened at Gravelotte, their own comrades do not build the fallen, dead and living together, into a rampart for their own defence.

In such a war there is death to be gained, but not glory. The officers especially, who must expose themselves to encourage the men, will fall in appalling proportions. Nay, more: every country has bodies of expert shots, trained to do nothing but pick off officers. Several German and Austrian officers have told M. Bloch that if

war break out they will, of course, do their duty; but they would head their men knowing they would never return. With the thoroughly trained officers mostly killed off, how are these masses of men (by that time consisting mostly of raw reserves) to be handled? They would become military mobs.

For the nations at home to maintain, feed, and provide transport for these immense hosts during a long war appears impossible, so vast would the expense be. Not only commerce, but the whole industrial and agricultural system must be disorganised through the prolonged absence in the battle-field of all the able-bodied workers. Ruin, financial and industrial, must result. The nations would be starving at home while the armies were starving in the field. Add (what M. Bloch omits) that, with the hosts of dead and wounded covering the battle-fields, or crowded into necessarily insanitary hospitals, there will be grave danger of widespread pestilence, and the breakdown of the whole machinery becomes complete. Finally would arise revolution, the infuriated peoples turning on the rulers who had betrayed them, with the suffering and discontented armies in no mood to lend themselves to repression. Nor would England escape. Dependent for our trade on the world's open markets, for our food supply on open imports, growing but corn enough at home for a three months' provision, our one safety is in the possibility of our fleet ensuring the trade routes. And few impartial authorities believe in that. Even were it so, the prices of convoyed food would rise to famine figures.

Such is the war of the future drawn by M. Bloch. For our part, we think it demonstrably true. War is suicide. We wish we could believe with the author that there will, therefore, be no war. But in France and England these facts are not recognised. England still imagines that even a disastrous war would be only a bigger Majuba, from which she could rally and recover. Now, two nations are enough to fire the train. Moreover, the clash of ambitions and national passions may drift the rulers into the catastrophe. Universal earth-hunger and bitter jealousies provide every opening for an irretrievable mistake. With so many climbers on the steep of ambition, there will some day be a fatal accident; and the first nation that slips will drag the others after it into the abyss of war. That is a form of virtual suicide possible to nations as to men.

### A Nation of Philosophers.

*The Six Systems of Indian Philosophy.* By F. Max Müller. (Longmans.)

*Auld Lang Syne.* By F. Max Müller. Second Series. (Longmans.)

WE have placed these books together because they are the gathering up of the threads, as it were, of the work to which Mr. Max Müller has mainly devoted his life. His eyes have ever been fixed on the Orient. He has grown old in the quest of the meaning of the life and literature of ancient India; now he looks back affectionately on his labours, culls a fact here, picks a flower there, and gossips. The larger of the two volumes is modestly described as "some of the notes on the Six Systems of Indian Philosophy which have accumulated in my notebooks for many years." Learned, garrulous, kindly, discursive, combative, full of repetitions, and of a pleasant variety, the six hundred pages radiate enthusiasm, and proclaim the author's undying interest in "the most highly gifted races of mankind, and the solutions they have proposed for the eternal riddles of the world." It is an old man who speaks through these books. His work is done. He puts his spear by, and steps forth from the arena with this irreproachable homily on his lips: "Scholars who on questions of scholarship differ from

us, as we differ from them should never be counted as personal enemies." In *Auld Lang Syne* (this is the second series, and less personal than the first) he gossips about his Indian friends, about the Veda, and about himself—an excellent subject, for he is an uncommon combination of scholar, gossip, gladiator, enthusiast, and sentimentalist.

India! How the vista opens at the name. A nation at for four thousand years has let the material world



PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER.

Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Co.

batten upon her, and has kept her secret thoughts through all because she knew that those thoughts were all that really mattered. "A society in which spiritual interests predominate and throw all material interests into the shade, a world of thinkers, a nation of philosophers." She has seen the peoples of antiquity rise, flourish, and fall, and still remains suave, mysterious, unaffected.

Indian philosophy is the most abstruse of subjects; Sanskrit names make the eyes ache, and they baffle the memory; the attempt to follow the reasoning of a Hindu sage is like trying to explain the stages of a kinematograph to a blind school; and yet the play of Mr. Max Müller's mind, and the humanity that runs through his exposition, is such, that as one turns these pages—stumbling, grappling—the picture grows, and remains—in broad brushwork, if you like—a living and suggestive thing, part of one's intellectual life.

The editor of *The Sacred Books of the East* has never visited India:

The dream of my life to see India face to face has never been realised. When I was young enough I had not the wherewithal to go there, and when, later in life, I was invited again and again by my Indian friends to go there, I was too old and too much tied down by duties from which there was no escape. Besides, unless I could have stayed in India at least two or three years, could have learned to speak the languages, and come to know the few native scholars still left, it was nothing to me. My India was not on the surface, but lay many centuries behind it.

But if Mr. Max Müller has never set foot in India he is there in the spirit to an extent that sometimes has

embarrassing consequences. A recent mail brought him a series of questions, signed by a number of Indian gentlemen, with a request for an "early answer." The questions indicate the problems on which the modern Indian mind is brooding. Here are two of them:

What is your opinion regarding God and the soul? Is the latter a reflection of the former, or is the one quite separate from the other?

Is the universe eternal and self-abiding, or has it been created by some one?

The querists, if you please, were cloth merchants. "They probably," adds Mr. Max Müller, "expect my answer by return of post." And no doubt, by now, the anxious cloth merchants have received some kind of reply. For years of poring over Sanskrit texts have not dulled the Professor's kindliness nor deadened his enthusiasm; neither have they withered his German sentiment for romance.

Does not such a passage as this rouse in one the desire to read on, and learn more about the Rig-veda hymns?

Seeing that the Veda was certainly more ancient than anything we possessed of Aryan literature elsewhere, people jumped to the conclusion that it would bring us near to the very beginning of all things, and that we should find in the hymns of the Rig-veda the "very songs of the morning stars and the shouts of the sons of God."

Or this:

In India we still see, as it were, the last traces of the primordial surprise at the world. Their earliest thinkers seem still to feel strange in it, while Greeks and Romans are thoroughly at home in their little world. . . . The Indians, at least their leading thinkers, never cared so intensely for the span of life on earth as the Greeks did. . . . Even, while passing through the world their eyes were for ever fixed on the Beyond. . . . Their hearts would never forget the life that lay behind them, and their minds were for ever set on the life that was to come.

That wistfulness, sad and glad at once, dominates the lives of many Westerners also. Apropos, Mr. Max Müller prints this touching passage, as a hint to his correspondents who clamour for quick replies:

Life has its limits, every day has its limits, and one hour out of the twenty-four might well be left to an old man for dreaming, for looking back on the years and friends that are gone, and forward to that life to which our stay on earth forms, as he thinks, but a short prelude.

To Sanskrit scholars, to Orientalists, to students of comparative religion, the subject of these volumes is, of course, familiar. Their interest in them is the academic, or shall we say the sporting, interest of fellow-workers in the same field who, having already mastered the lie of the land, proceed to attack one another over the age of the gates, the construction of the roads, the writing on the milestones, and the period of the strata. But the world at large is not eager for specialist criticism. It is the atmosphere, the spirit of a book, that it demands, an answer to the questions: "Have I anything to learn from this book? Is there that in it to stimulate my imagination and to feed my mind?"

Here in the West we give of our best to material things. Our call has ever been to the factory, the market-place, the field of battle. In India the spectacle sweeps before us of, practically, a whole nation dominated by one interest—interest in the great problems of humanity here on earth.

Its kings surrounded themselves with a court of sages rather than of warriors, and the people at large developed and strengthened their old taste for religious and philosophical problems that has endured for centuries, and is not extinct even at the present time.

Climatic conditions and the simple morning civilisation of ancient India encouraged in that gentle people this

habit of reflection and wonder at the miracle of the seasons. The struggle for life had not begun; conquest did not invite them; they knew nothing of the life of great cities; the means of communication between one settlement and another were so slight as to make journeys prohibitive; like the free animals, their tastes were few; devices for killing time had not occurred to them; the act of writing was unknown; such literature as they had was mnemonic—"what was there to do for those who, in order to escape from the heat of the tropical sun, had taken their abode in the shade of groves or in the caves of mountainous valleys, except to meditate on the world in which they found themselves placed, they did not know how or why?"

Truth is neither young nor old. It is eternal. It existed; it exists; it will exist. This the Hindu philosophers have never doubted; any more than they have ever doubted that the soul is immortal. To them the truth lies hidden in their Bible—the Veda. It is there, "self-luminous, like the sun." The Veda is; it needs no proof, but it needs explanation; and here, as elsewhere, each commentator must offer a new interpretation. Hence the mazes of Indian philosophy through which Mr. Max Müller and other redoubtable Sanskrit scholars have threaded their way. Needless to say, they do not always agree; indeed, during the last decade battle-dore and shuttlecock has been played with Sanskrit reputations. Learning and loving-kindness are not interchangeable terms.

The Vedas, as we possess them, are four systematically arranged collections of hymns and verses, probably 4,000 years old; and the Veda is often used in the sense of these four Vedas taken together. It is the oldest book in the world; yet till recent times it had never been published. The Veda, the Brahmins declared, was the primordial divine revelation; that it was not the composition of human authors, but the work of Brahman, the Supreme Spirit, who had revealed it to seers. A long period of time went to its production; and for hundreds of years, if not thousands, it was never reduced to writing. The ancient literature of India was entirely mnemonic. Boys had to spend years and years of their youth learning by heart line after line of certain books, and nothing else. Every word, every letter, every accent of the Veda had been settled by authority as far back as about the fifth century B.C.; and when, some hundreds of years later, it began to be written down, the MSS. were so few and so precious that none but a handful of native scholars had ever seen them.

Imagine, then, the sensation in India when Mr. Max Müller's edition of the Rig-veda (the first and most important of the four collections that form the Veda) was suddenly offered for sale in the bookshops of India. Their Bible—their venerable Bible—that had never been published during the four thousand years of its existence, to be translated and sold publicly by a *Mlekkha*—a barbarian! But the Brahmins soon acknowledged the great achievement, and later, when a second edition became necessary, it was the Maharajah of Vizianagram who offered to become responsible for the printing bill of £4,000.

It is, of course, impossible here and now to touch even the fringe of the profound and tortuous speculations that have resulted in the *Six Systems*. They share many things in common.

They all promise to teach the nature of the soul, and its relation to the Godhead or to a Supreme Being. They all undertake to supply the means of knowing the nature of that Supreme Being, and through that knowledge to pave the way to human happiness. They all share the conviction that there is suffering in the world which is something *irregular*, has no right to exist, and should therefore be removed.

Of the Six Systems, the first, called the Vedānta, is "clearly the native philosophy of India." Once a sage

gave this pithy exposition of the fundamental doctrines of the Vedānta system:

In one half verse I shall tell you what has been taught in thousands of volumes: Brahman is true, the world is false, the soul is Brahman and nothing else.

It is something to have so clear a statement. So recondite and multifarious are the mental turns and twirls of those ancient philosophers, so voluminous are the emendations and annotations encrusted on the original truth by generations of second-class minds, that after turning the pages of this closely packed volume it is refreshing to hear even of that ancient reservoir of thought to which Mr. Max Müller refers more than once—"the secret springs of the wisdom of Kapila or Buddha Śākya Muni."

The longer I have studied the various systems the more have I become impressed with the truth of the view that there is behind the variety of the Six Systems a common fund of what may be called national or popular philosophy, a large Mānasa lake of philosophical thought and language, far away in the distant North, and in the distant Past, from which each thinker was allowed to draw for his own purposes.

If the present writer were asked to formulate a brief synopsis of the explanation of the riddle of life that these ancient Hindu seers evolved, he would adventure on something of this kind:

The world, as we know it, is Phenomenal.

Brahman, God, from whom we come, alone is Real.

The aim of our lives should be to blot out the Phenomenal, to recover the Real, to return to God, to regain God-consciousness. This can only be done by destroying that universal Nescience which causes suffering and makes us mistake the Phenomenal for the Real.

The soul never dies.

By the law of Karman every thought, every deed done, good or evil, continues through the ages, and bears fruit.

The reason of suffering is Nescience, non-discrimination, false knowledge—the effect, by the law of Karman, of thoughts thought, or deeds done, if not in this, then in former lives.

Must the effect of these thoughts and deeds go on for ever? Cannot the cycle of lives and deaths be stopped? Cannot freedom ever be attained? Yes! By Knowledge. By Knowledge of the Self within. By reconciling that self with the Divine.

Karman will cease to work only when Freedom has been gained. Then all will be well. Struggles will be over. The individual's humanity will be taken back into the God-head,

not to put on a new nature, but to recover his old and true nature—in fact, to become what, in spite of the dreams and fancies of life, he has always been.

It is surely astounding [adds Mr. Max Müller] that such a system as the Vedānta should have been slowly elaborated by the indefatigable and intrepid thinkers of India thousands of years ago, a system that even now makes us giddy, as in mounting the last steps of the swaying spire of an ancient Gothic cathedral. None of our philosophers, not excepting Heraclitus, Plato, Kant, or Hegel, has ventured to erect such a spire, never frightened by storms or lightnings. Stone follows on stone in regular succession after once the first step has been made, after once it has been clearly seen that in the beginning there can have been but One, as there will be but One in the end.

"A system that makes us giddy." There, in six words, is expressed the effect on the mind of the man or woman who, from curiosity, or from the heart's cry for truth, attempts to understand the edifice of Indian philosophy. To lift the curtain, to push open the door—that has ever been the longing of the nations through all the centuries. One can but be thrilled with pity for the human agony that has gone to this great quest, that still continues unremittingly, and still finds us crying from the housetops to the stars. The Hindu philosophers taught that the



Phenomenal world is a disability that must be overcome if we would find the Real. We in the West accept the world as a school for the practice of conduct and the development of character, and try to lull ourselves by the anodyne of work and good deeds.

Meanwhile, one reels back from the giddy heights of Hindu philosophy to the simplicity, say, of the prophet Micah: "What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" Truth is eternal. It is the form only that changes. To all creeds the great truth applies: "Ask and ye shall receive." And to all, also, those words of the ancient Hindu seer:

When God has become really known all fetters fall.

### In Chains at Omdurman.

*A Prisoner of the Khaleefa: Twelve Years' Captivity at Omdurman.* By Charles Neufeld. (Chapman & Hall.)

On April 1, 1887, Charles Neufeld, a German trader, left Wadi Halfa with a caravan, intending to trade in the Soudan, and from that day until September, 1898, he was lost to civilisation. Most of those years he spent in chains in the prison at Omdurman, refusing to acknowledge the Mahdi's mission, and suffering tortures which place the Khaleefa on the same unenvied pinnacle as that adorned by M. Lebon, of the Ile du Diable notoriety. But though



MR. CHARLES NEUFELD WRITING IN PRISON.

Charles Neufeld was cut off from the civilised world, many reports of him got through to Cairo which gave an impression of him which he is anxious to remove.

This handsome volume is a book with two purposes. One is to describe life at Omdurman under the tyranny of the Khaleefa—this is the more important in the eyes of the public; the other is to vindicate the author from the accusations hurled anonymously at him—this is the more important in Mr. Neufeld's eyes. It was said that he betrayed the caravan into the hands of the Dervishes; he shows, in a plain, straightforward account, how it was betrayed by guides Gabou and Hassan, with the result that Mr. Neufeld spent the best part of twelve years in an unspeakably filthy prison. It was said that he refused the chances given him to escape from the Soudan; he shows how his attempts were frustrated, and how close was the watch kept upon him in and out of prison. He was accused of marrying a native wife and of becoming a Mahdist; he shows that he was the only man who refused to give up his religion, and that he was married

by the Khaleefa's order to a native woman much as the nuns were married by the same tyrant to Greek merchants. Mr. Neufeld's story bears the stamp of truth and his vindication appears to be complete, but to the general public the story of what went on at Omdurman will be of wider interest.

The account given by Mr. Neufeld of life in the *Saier*, or prison, at Omdurman, is, he assures us, toned down for European reading. This it is easy to believe, but even as it is the striking passages which are best worth quoting are better left to be read in the book itself. Dirt, black-mail, and the kourbash seem the principal features of prison life, and the chapter on "Prison Justice" is not one to be read by over-sensitive persons. When Neufeld was let out of prison it was to help manufacture saltpetre for the Khaleefa's powder magazine, and this, no doubt, gave rise to the story that he was making powder to shoot English soldiers with. As a matter of fact, the saltpetre he made was so bad that the powder-makers were unable to use it to any purpose. About two tons of the stuff is still lying unused in the stores at Omdurman. Of a more valuable derelict at Omdurman—the Khaleefa's treasure—Mr. Neufeld remarks that all good gold and silver jewellery, and coins, disappeared during the last fifteen years in the Soudan. The Khaleefa was entitled to one-fifth of all loot and all property, and he insisted on having his share in gold, but though it is impossible to say what estimate should be put on the Khaleefa's buried treasure, some idea may be gleaned from an examination of the books of the treasury, which were well kept. The few millions he buried will no doubt be discovered some day—but unofficially.

Perhaps the most interesting part of the book is that which describes the battle of Omdurman, from the point of view of the prisoner in the *Saier* at Omdurman. Vague hints came dropping in of the advance of the English, who crossed the desert with "iron devils," otherwise the railway. Then at last came the shells whistling overhead, and then all the prisoners in the yard were covered with dust and stones. A shell had struck the top of the prison wall, ricocheted to the opposite wall, and fallen without exploding in the prison of the women. Neufeld went nearly mad with joy, and shouted and danced, until the infuriated Baggara prisoners would have killed him had not the gaoler, Idris es Saier, locked them all up, and left Neufeld, to whom he looked to speak a good word for him to the English, out in the yard among the sympathisers with the Egyptian Government. The flight of the shells overhead had, we are told, a most extraordinary effect—they appeared to compress the atmosphere, and press it down to the earth; the prisoners could actually feel the pressure on their bodies, and with some it brought on nausea. During the night they could hear the pat, pat, pat of at first a few dozen bare feet, until eventually they could tell that thousands were running into the town. The refugees gave a striking account of the battle, and how the Dervish army had been mown down by the English and Egyptian troops; and then at last Idris came, frightened out of his life, to say that a big, tall man, who, he was told, was the dreaded Sirdar, had asked for Neufeld. The last order that he was to receive and obey in the *Saier* was, "Neufeld, out you go." "It was the Sirdar's order, and half carried by the friendly and strong arms supporting me, I obeyed."

Mr. Neufeld has his opinion to give on the Sirdar's tactics, and he expresses himself strongly that Lord Kitchener made one grave error—he gave quarter. He extended to a horde of murderers the advantages of civilised warfare, "and the clemency he felt called upon to extend to them will cost England the loss of many a gallant life yet." The Sirdar prevented his black troops from exercising the *lex talionis* on the men who had murdered, mutilated, and outraged their families in the past, and, in so doing, Mr. Neufeld holds that he committed an injustice to the men



who had worked so long and so hard to see the Day of Retaliation. These words have an added strength from the fact that at the moment of their publication comes the news that the Khaleefa is collecting another large army in the southern Soudan, and that a new expedition will have to be sent against him.

The last chapter deals with the death of General Gordon, and Mr. Neufeld claims that the version he gives from the accounts of eye-witnesses is the only true one. Gordon was not stabbed in the back and dragged down the stairs of his palace at Khartoum. He died fighting, having killed sixteen or seventeen of his assailants with his sword, while his left hand was blackened with unburned powder of his at least thrice-emptied revolver. He fought his way down the steps with a spear and pistol-shot in his right breast, and, as he breathed his last, "he turned to strike his last assailant, half raised his sword to strike, and fell dead with his face to heaven." So say the natives who were present at the last; and as to the esteem in which Gordon was held even by the Mahdists, Mr. Neufeld declares that he never heard a single word against Gordon during the twelve years he spent in the Soudan, nor did he hear one until he came among the General's own flesh and blood.

There is no doubt that Mr. Neufeld was badly treated in the stories which, on the evidence of spies, were believed against him. His obstinacy led to his being treated by the Khaleefa worse than any other of the captives, whereas, had he allowed himself to be "educated," he might have been one of the trusted councillors of the tyrant. But his book is more than a vindication of his conduct in captivity; it is a most valuable addition to the literature of the Soudan, and of the dark days when Khartoum was cut off from the civilised world by the savagery of the Dervishes.

### Healing Words.

*Faith-Healing and "Christian Science."* By Alice Feilding. (Duckworth.)

It was in 1896 that Sir Douglas Galton congratulated an audience of some three hundred people because, "in the heart of this great and sin-burdened London," a fitting temple had been found for "the Christ-Truth that was come to fulfil the whole law." The old Jewish synagogue in Bryanston-street was the fane alluded to, and from that focus the gospel of Mrs. Eddy has been spread abroad. Mrs. Feilding, in a spirit of scientific inquiry, has thought it worth while to make a serious examination of the claims made by the apostles of the new light, and to assay the evidences on which they are based.

Her book is therefore, to describe it very generally, concerned with two principal matters: first, with the parallels which history offers to the remarkable results which are alleged to follow upon the treatment of these mystics—the contrasts and the points of similarity; secondly, with an examination of the written word, with a view to the uncovering of any sound coherent principle which may be obscured by its unfamiliar phraseology.

Of the many historical cases of well-authenticated cures wrought by means that, to empirical science, appear certainly inefficient, one of the most picturesque is the grace believed by many generations to reside in royal hands laid upon the scrofulous. Evelyn thus graphically describes the operation as it might be witnessed in his own day:

His Majesty sitting under his state in the Banqueting House, the Chirurgeons cause the sick to be brought or led up to the Throne, where they kneeling, the King strokes their faces or cheeks with both his hands at once, at which instant a Chaplaine in his formalities said: "He put his hands on them and healed them." This is said to everyone in particular. When they have all been touched they come up again in the same order; and the

other Chaplaine kneeling, and having angel-gold strung on white ribbon on his arme, delivers them one by one to his Majesty, who puts them about the necks of the touched as they pass, whilst the first Chaplaine repeats: "That is the true light who came into the world." . . .

In the Middle Ages the Waldenses and Moravians made the immediate cure of disease in answer to prayer an article of faith; George Fox, the founder of the Society of Friends, wrought many cures, according to the testimony of his own Journal; the Jumpers, the Shakers, the Jerkers, the Mormons, and even the sober Methodists, in the days of their first fervour, could allege such Divine interpositions. The Pietist movement in Germany, by the abundance of its prodigies, carried even the Faculty off its feet. Outwardly the methods employed varied; in most cases some kind of prayer or exorcism was used. Valentine Greatrakes, called the Stroker, an old Cromwellian soldier, had it borne in upon him that he could touch efficaciously for the Evil. He set aside three days a week for the exercise of his faculty. His simple method was to lay his hand upon the part affected and to pray: "God Almighty heal thee, for His mercy's sake." He had a vast success, as bishops testified. Mesmer used wands and darkness and frankincense and magnetised trees. If you have a sufficiently impressive manner, you may easily cure a child's warts by solemnly disposing a leaf beneath a stone and assuring him that within a week the leaf and the warts will have vanished away. Such cures, indeed, says Dr. Carpenter, are the best established of all. You may go further afield and find the like phenomena among peoples who have even less in common than Mesmer and George Fox.

But one thing, Mrs. Feilding makes it clear, is common to all these manifestations: they follow upon some kind of rite, or occur amid circumstances fitted to produce in the mind of the patient a strong confidence, and to wind him up to a rigid attitude of expectation. How it happens that such conditions of mind affect nerves and muscles to the point of healing long-established functional disorders, to say nothing of organic mischief, it will be the business of the dissecting-room and the laboratory to find out, if they can; it will provide them with subjects of speculation for generations enough. We cannot follow Mrs. Feilding into her disquisition on Mental Therapeutics, with all the knotted horrors of efferent, afferent, sensori-motor, affero-efferent, of cortical centres and ideational centres, and neuro-physiological interworkings. And we must leave on one side, too, the controversies of the Salpêtrière school, with Charcot at its head, and the school founded by Liébeault at Nancy for the particular study of hypnotic phenomena. It is time to get more closely to Mrs. Eddy.

*Christian Science, a Key to the Scriptures*, of which she is the author, appeared in 1866, and is now in its 155th edition. The moment when the new gospel was launched was a propitious one. The American public was ripe for a revolt against the prevalent materialism; the inbred reverence for the Bible which, if it had temporarily grown cold, is none the less a part of the national character (as it is of our own), was warming to a second spring; and the rush and racket of the people's incredible activity was bearing a copious harvest of nervous disorders. The half-educated formed nine-tenths, let us say (and a very creditable proportion, as nations go), of the general population; reverent of learning, quite incapable of discriminating it from its ape. And Mrs. Eddy, quite as indiscriminating as any of them, was admirably equipped, by a nodding acquaintance with theology, metaphysics, and science, and the gift of a tenacious and resonant memory, to give them the thing they longed for. Words were Mrs. Eddy's *baques*, her magnetic tree, her pomp of court, her royal priesthood—words, words, words. Five hundred pages of them in her book. To a reader familiar with the sober use of metaphysical terms, her explanations and her definitions are mere jargon—are the astonishing offspring

of a riotous imagination playing, in the light of half-grasped notions gathered at a distance from Hegel or Berkeley or Spinoza or St. Thomas, upon high-sounding, mysterious polysyllables. We must content ourselves with quoting almost at random. Here is—would you believe it?—a definition:

Matter, Mythology, Mortality [synonyms!]; another name for mortal mind; illusion; intelligence, substance and life in non-intelligence and mortality; life resulting in death, and death in life; sensation in the sensationless; mind originating in matter; the opposite of Truth; the opposite of Spirit; the opposite of God; that of which immortal mind takes no cognisance; that which mortal mind [already identified with this mysterious trilogy] sees, feels, tastes, and smells in belief.

Mortal mind plays a great part. It designates, we are luminously told, "something that has no real existence": such things as "passions and appetites, depraved will, envy, deceit, hatred, revenge, disease, death." One conjectures that somebody once told Mrs. Eddy that St. Thomas, following St. Augustine, resolved evil into non-entity; not, of course, in the sense that it had no existence, but in the sense that it is found, upon analysis, to be an absence of good: as poverty is defect of wealth, or pride defect of sound judgment in the comparison of ourselves with our neighbour. A person who can "define" God as "the divine principle" may be depended upon to exemplify most of the possible fallacies of deductive logic. Thus we are told that "the metaphysics of Christian Science prove the rule by inversion." "There is no pain in Truth and [*sc.* therefore, for it is a proof] there is no truth in pain." She regrets that Ontology receives less attention than Physiology, and relates the following improving anecdote:

It is related that a father, anxious to try such an experiment, plunged his infant babe, only a few hours old, into water for several minutes, and repeated this operation daily, until the child could remain under water twenty minutes, moving and playing without harm, like a fish. Parents should remember this, and so learn how to develop their children properly on dry land.

But why on dry land? And what, in the name of all that is mysterious, does Mrs. Eddy suppose Ontology to mean?

The author of the *Key to the Scriptures* has been hailed as a teacher "second only to One." It was proper, therefore, that she should give to her disciples a form of prayer and a confession of faith. This is it:

Our Father and Mother God, all-harmonious, Adorable One.

Thy kingdom is come,

Good is ever-present and omnipotent.

Enable us to know—as in Heaven, so in earth—

God is all in all.

Give us grace for to-day; feed Thou the famished affections;

And Divine Love is reflected in love;

And leaveth us not in temptation, but delivereth us from all evil—sin, disease, and death.

For God is omnipresent Good, Substance, Life, Truth, Love.

And here is some part of a prayer proper to a cure of dyspepsia. It was composed by an apostle of the cult:

Holy Reality! We BELIEVE in Thee that Thou art EVERYWHERE present. We *really* believe it. . . . Forgive us our sins in that we have talked this day about our backaches, that we have told our neighbours that our food hurts us, that we mentioned to a visitor that there was a lump in our stomach, that we have wasted our valuable time . . . in worrying for fear that our stomach would grow worse. . . . We know, Father and Mother of us all, that there is no such thing as a really diseased stomach . . . that the mortal mind is a twist, a distortion, a false attitude, the HARMATIA [blessed word!] of thought . . . Help us to stoutly affirm, with our hand in Your hand, with our eyes fixed on Thee, that we have no Dyspepsia . . . that there is no such thing . . . that there never will be any such thing. Amen.

In fine, what shall we say of Mrs. Eddy and the swarm of rivals and imitators that clusters about her? That they are impostors, charlatans, greedy quacks? God forbid. It is within the range of the most moderate charity to suppose them honest, pious persons, who, in the midst of their extravagancies, act in perfect good faith. It is almost certain that from the means they employ excellent results have issued; that the squadrons and legions of their high-sounding words have very effectively produced the atmosphere that, in accordance with laws unknown, has set free natural forces by which the mind has been able to rectify the misgearings of the bodily organs and to heal their sickness. But their theories (if minds so confused and undisciplined may rightly be credited with a theory) are as loose, as incoherent, as troublous to an inquirer who seeks clear vision as dream stuff.

Mrs. Feilding has done her work well; she is moderate, rational, and patient; but one may be permitted to doubt whether hers is not to a large extent lost labour. She is not likely to persuade the class which the *Key to the Scriptures* is fit to convince, and which does, in fact, in many cases profit by its application; and the others, above or below it, need no persuasion.

## A Fine Artist.

*Twelve Portraits.* By William Nicholson. (Heinemann.)

To Mr. William Nicholson belongs the credit of introducing a new form of portraiture. We do not mean that he reflected thus: "I will give the public something new, something that will startle them into interest," but that within himself was the impulse to see things in a new way—that is, his own way. In a word, consciously or unconsciously we know not, he turned his back on the past,



MR. GLADSTONE. BY W. NICHOLSON.

ignored the schools, and looked with his own eyes. A difficult thing: indeed, of such is the kingdom of genius. The result is the remarkable series of portraits which have been published separately from time to time, and are now issued, with some additions, loose and mounted, in a canvas portfolio of a pleasant green hue. Mr. Nicholson's art is not caricature, although at first glance it might seem so. He just gives us the real man or woman seen in a flash of insight, with that characteristic note that distinguishes one

man from another and makes an individual of him. He uses colour sparingly, but always rightly. His figures are alive—when they stand they stand, when they walk they walk, and when they sit they *are* seated. And he knows how to mass his blacks. He is no flatterer, this observer of the essential; but none of his sitters could object to his presentment of them. We doubt if a truer portrait of the Queen has ever been done than his simple,



LORD ROBERTS. BY W. NICHOLSON.

spacious, dignified drawing. His Mr. Cecil Rhodes is the man himself; how few the lines, yet how they tell. There is a grim integrity about his Archbishop of Canterbury that fascinates and holds the attention. Mark the power in the hands, and how the ink-spilled background helps the composition. The two examples we give carry the reduction in size well, but the inevitable absence of colour takes much from them. Yet, even in the small size, how personal is the Lord Roberts, how deft the arrangement of the battalion in the plain beneath, how fine the sense of distance. And the Mr. Gladstone! Is it not the aged, loose-limbed, dignified statesman himself? Mr. Nicholson is a fine artist. He works in a simple medium, and therein he has won a great reputation.

### The Real "Ghetto."

*The Ghetto.* A Drama in Four Acts, freely adapted from the Dutch of Herman Heijermans, junior. By Chester Bailey Fernald. (Heinemann.)

In the interests alike of his own reputation and that of his author, Mr. C. B. Fernald was well advised in publishing his adaptation of *The Ghetto*. Not that the play, even in the form in which we may now read it, is a play of the highest significance or value, but it is undeniably more worthy of attention than the mutilated version produced at the Comedy Theatre. Of the alterations in detail we need not speak here. They are sufficiently glaring to strike anyone who has seen the play acted. But there is one alteration which affects the entire atmosphere, the whole framework, of the piece which it is necessary to point out. The Comedy "Ghetto" is dated 1817. The real *Ghetto* is dated "the present day." It is easy to see how much difference a change of this kind may make in a play of the naturalistic school. *The Ghetto* strikes the modern note, it is conceived from the standpoint of to-day,

its characters use the modern idiom and are in touch with modern ideas. There is a flavour of Herbert Spencer and the Higher Criticism about them. Put them back ninety years and they appear ridiculous. Whether this change of date was made with Mr. Fernald's consent we do not know, but it seems to us to destroy the value of the acted play.

Turning to the drama itself, as we now see it in print, certain merits become clear which were obscured in the acted version, though, on the other hand, certain defects also become prominent. The character of the young Jew Rafael, which was unintelligible in the hands of a melodramatic actor like Mr. Bellew, becomes coherent, or, at least, credible, when considered from the realistic standpoint. Rafael is not a hero commanding the undivided sympathy of the crowd. He is merely a rather conceited young man of coarse fibre finding himself in a situation he has neither the intellect nor the heart to cope with. He is married to his father's Christian servant Rosa. As the hero of a melodrama it is his business to proclaim the fact to his father and the world and go forth a beggar to make his fortune. That is what Mr. Bellew would have liked him to do. The real Rafael is fashioned on quite other lines. "In a month Hanakoff would have played my symphony," he says.

ROSA: Would have! Why not, then?

RAFAEL: Why not? It won't be possible, Rosa.

ROSA: It must be possible! Why not? Why not?

RAFAEL: Well, because the Symphony isn't finished, and in the time when I thought to finish it I shall be working with my hands to keep us from starving. . . .

ROSA: Rafael, you shall not tell your father! . . .

And Rafael consents.

This is not the hero of romance, but the calculating and not very intelligent young Jew. Again, the Rafael who rebukes his father for sordid commercialism and systematic dishonesty while continuing to live on his father's gains and under his father's roof, is scarcely the heroic *poseur* of Mr. Bellew. In a word, Rafael is not a sympathetic figure. And the same is true of almost every other person in the cast. They are all of them conceived in the unsympathetic vein, and the one really considerable merit of the author's which emerges from an examination of his play is his courage. His character drawing is relentless. He has selected a repulsive environment for his drama—a vulgar, sordid world which, for aught we know, may not in the least resemble the Jewish quarter of Amsterdam. But having chosen it, he selects his characters to fit it. And if the result is not a very agreeable play, it is undeniably a courageous one.

It is curious that a dramatist who could boldly select a repulsive background for his piece, and fill it with repulsive figures, could yet allow himself at times to slip from the realistic into the melodramatic mood. The quieter scenes of the play are all realistic to the last degree, and in a sombre way decidedly effective. But in the more emotional moments realism is flung to the winds, and the action becomes frankly stagey. Rafael finds two young Jews insulting Rosa. From the realistic standpoint this is hardly the moment for farcical absurdities; but Mr. Fernald (or Mr. Heijermans, if the fault be his) becomes frankly farcical. Rafael's interview with Rebecca is equally untrue to life. At times, notably at the end of Act iii., the author's "sense of the theatre" seems to be at fault; but, indeed, this is the weakest act in the play. One word as to the translation. Mr. Fernald was probably right in keeping the style down to the conversational level, though even here in moments of passion a less pedestrian manner might have been used with advantage; but he must guard against his habit of slipping into blank verse. This is excusable, though not always agreeable, in a poetical play such as "The Moonlight Blossom"; but a humble inhabitant of a ghetto would hardly open a conversation with

Have trade and traffic gone to bed for Sabbath?

## Fiction.

Gusto.

*Little Novels of Italy.* By Maurice Hewlett. (Chapman & Hall. 6s.)

We have before remarked on Mr. Hewlett's joy of living—his gusto; and here again, in his new book, it is his first characteristic. His gusto is immense, enough for himself and all his readers: a gusto that sweeps one into its course like a March wind, and carries one with it. At the beginning of his first story, "*Madonna of the Peach-Trees*," is a scene of laundry girls washing clothes by the Ponte Navi at Verona. With what an air Mr. Hewlett presents it; with what robust pleasure in the doing!

Having spat into the water many times, rubbed his hands, mopped his head, and cursed most things under heaven and some in it, Master Baldassare found himself watching the laundresses on the shore. They were the usual shrill, shrewd, and laughing line—the trade seems to induce high mirth—and as such no bait for the old merchant by ordinary; but just now the sun and breeze together made a bright patch of them, set them at a provoking flutter. Baldassare, prickly with dust, found them like their own cool linen hung out to dance itself dry in the wind. Most of all, he noticed Vanna, whom he knew well enough, because when she knelt upright she was taller and more wayward than the rest, and because the wind made so plain the pretty figure she had. She was very industrious, but no less full of talk; there seemed so much to say! The pauses were frequent in which she straightened herself from the hips, and turned to thrust chin and voice into the debate. You saw then the sharp angle, the fine line of light along that raised chin, the charming turn of the neck, her free young shoulders and shapely head; also you marked her lively tones of *ci* and *si*, and how her slaking finger drove them home. The wind would catch her yellow hair, sometimes, and wind it across her bosom like a scarf; or it streamed sideways like a long pennon; or, being caught by a gust from below, sprayed out like a cloud of litten gold. Vanna always joined in the laugh at her mishap, tossed her tresses back, pinned them up (both hands at the business); and then, with square shoulders and elbows stiff as rods, set to working the dirt out of Don Urbano's surplice. Baldassare brooded, chewing straws. What a clear colour that girl had to be sure! What a lissom rascal it was!

Throughout his work Mr. Hewlett is at this high pressure, as though he wrote at sunrise. Hence a vinous exhilarating book; a book with the rush and merriment of a crisping wave.

Notable is it also for vivid pictorial effects. Italy is the land of colour, and little novels of Italy must have colour too. From beneath any illustrator Mr. Hewlett has cut away the ground, so living are these written pictures; even an illustration in colour would have little left to do. Here is Vanna, for instance, in the story from which we have quoted, "*Madonna of the Peach-Trees*":

Giovanna, flower in the face as she was, fit to be nose-gay on any hearth, posy for any man's breast, sprang in a very lowly soil. Like a blossoming reed she shot up to her inches by Adage, and one forgot the muddy bed wondering at the slim grace of the shaft with its crown of yellow atop. Her hair waved about her like a flag; she should have been planted in a castle; instead, Giovanna the stately calm, with her billowing line, staid lips, and candid grey eyes, was to be seen on her knees by the green water most days of the week. Bare-armed, splashed to the neck, bare-headed, out-at heels, she rinsed and pommelled, wrung and dipped again, laughed, chattered, flung her hair to the wind, her sweat to the water, in line with a dozen other women below the Ponte Navi.

And in landscape the same colouring hand is at work. Amilcare and Molly's journey to Rome, in "*The Duchess of Nona*," gives the example:

They made Rome a day or two after . . . ; trailed across the bleached marches (with the Sabine Hills like a blue hem beyond); caught the sun at Cervetri, and entered the dusty town by the Porta Cavallegieri on one of those beaten white noons when the shadows look to be cut out of ebony, and the wicked old walls forbidden to keep still. The very dust seems alive, quivering and restless under heel. St. Peter's Church, smothered in rush mats, was a-building, the marble blocks had the vivid force of lightning; two or three heretic friars were being haled by the Ponte Sant' Angelo to a burning in the Vatican.

But gusto and colour are, after all, only among the minor achievements of a novelist. We are glad to have them, but other qualities must come first. Knowledge of men and a power of conviction are in the van. Mr. Hewlett, in this book, is to seek in both. His stories move royally in that gay and forceful way of his, charming, amusing, stimulating; and there's an end. They do not persuade, they do not satisfy. They remain just entertainment, when we are hoping that the line will be overpassed and a new scene in the human drama displayed. We read them, delight in them, put them down—tales, tales! More, the suspicion creeps upon us that a whole book of such work is beneath Mr. Hewlett's genius: one story, "*The Judgment of Borso*" say, just to show that in this department of narration he is expert, were sufficient; after that he might bend his mind to something really worthy. For these little novels are superficial at best, not all their author's array of resolute words, not all his gusto, not all his warm colouring, has altered that. Giovanna, Madonna of the peach-trees, pursued from Verona by a hooting rabble, and returning mysteriously at night to be mistaken for the Blessed Virgin and to kindle in the town a blaze of pious fervour; Ippolita, beauty of Padua, so beset by lovers and their absurd ceremonies that she flies to the hills with the goatherds, and mates with the laziest of them; Molly Lovell, daughter of an English wharfinger, in those kissing times which so enraptured Erasmus, forced by an overweening husband to offer poison to Cesar Borgia and dying of her humanity; Monna Selvaggia, beloved of Messer Cino da Pistoja, poet and friend of Dante, but loved only as a poetical idea, not as a reality; and lastly Bellaroba, slim Venetian and child of nature, wed most irregularly to the impudent Angioletto, and winning the favour of the wise Duke Borso—none of these wayward children (for they are little else) do more than please us. Neither they nor their lovers ever convince, ever touch us. Mr. Hewlett has yet to learn the art of so stating a thing that question seems impossible. At present he merely relates, he does not prove. Indeed, in all these narratives of real persons there is less persuasiveness and illusion of reality than in their author's confessedly improbable play of *Pan and the Young Shepherd*, which still represents his high-water mark.

But pleasing these bubbling stories remain, to a degree seldom if ever attained by any other living writer: even the one or two that end tragically, since, in the absence of the proof of which we have spoken, their gloomy issue hardly touches us. The impression, as a whole, is pleasure unalloyed. Both in variety, in charm, and in fun "*The Judgment of Borso*" comes first—a dainty, audacious piece of comedy in Mr. Hewlett's own vein. If Angioletto and his Bellaroba remind the reader over much of Prosper le Gai and Isoult la Desirous—well, it is no very serious matter. In adhering to a favourite type of puppet Mr. Hewlett indulges himself in good company.

To sum up, Mr. Hewlett is in no need to strive for tenderer humour or gayer fancy, for increase of gusto or the pictorial gift. These are his in brave profusion. But if he is to do the work which we hope to see from his hand, he must toil hard and continually for a deeper vision of the human heart, and that power of conviction without which the prettiest story in the world is only pretty.

## Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final.  
Reviews of a selection will follow.]

## A SAILOR'S BRIDE.

BY GUY BOOTHBY.

The latest product of Mr. Boothby's incredible phonograph. By way of frontispiece, a sturdy Englishman throttles an Asiatic, with one hand and with the other prevents him from using a gigantic knife. In the end the sailor's bride remarks: "Was it not at sea, and under the most terrible circumstances, that my husband and I learnt to love each other?" Of course it was. (F. V. White. 5s.)

## TERENCE.

BY B. M. CROKER.

An Irish novel by a favourite Irish novelist, dedicated to the Irish Tourist Development. An old soldier, Patrick Ryan, talks sagely in a rich brogue. "I was recommended for the Cross," he says; "but I'm drawing sixpence a day instead, and may be it's better. Sure there's not wan hereabouts that knows a V.C. when they sees it, and I feels in me bones as I surely earned it." (Chatto & Windus. 6s.)

## THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF

ISRAEL PENDRAY.

BY SILAS K. HOCKING.

Cornish Methodism. The hero is converted on page 25 and immediately begins preaching, from which point we have his recollections of evangelical work in Cornwall in the time of Wesley, with whom the hero works. Smuggling and witchcraft and adventure and love enter into the story, which is laid at St. Ives and Redruth. (Warne & Co. 3s. 6d.)

## THE PARSON AND THE FOOL.

BY W. WOOLLAM.

The author in his preface quotes the *Standard* as saying of him that he is "certainly a writer with that real interest in the problems of human character and development which is the first of the novelist's qualifications." The story is a serious study of an unselfish man, never quite able, owing to external conditions, to express himself, to develop on his own lines. (Downey.)

## THE RIVAL CHIEFS.

BY S. M. LYNE.

A romance of the Hebrides, opening at the latter end of the last century on an island occupied by two branches of the Clan Maclean who did not mix and rarely crossed the stream that separated their domains. Love and legendry, shipwreck and a gathering of the clans, throw varying colours on the story. (Aberdeen: Moran & Co. 3s. 6d.)

## HER PART.

BY A. N. MOUNT ROSE.

A pleasant story of village life considered as an epitome of town life. This is how the Oaks Mansion, newly occupied by the heroine, is rated by the village fathers: "'Whoy, the Hoaks 'as allus bin put in much too low. Net for gross you know. £20, whoy, she be a payin' more'n forty, as I 'ear. Well, neow, if you puts it down at £50, I says 'as 'ow that will take about a fardin' in the pound off your cottages an' moine, down i' Row.' . . . 'Well worth troysin', James—well worth troysin', that is,' and straight down went a note." (Burleigh. 6s.)

BABY WILKINSON'S V.C.,  
AND OTHER STORIES.

BY LIEUT.-COL. N. NEWNHAM-DAVIS.

Eighteen humorous adventure stories of Indian life. One tells how General Bundobast, in "A Regimental Scandal," sighs for the days when "soldiers were soldiers." "'We were as nice a lot of boys . . . as the service has ever seen. There was Jacky Carr . . . and Bobby Fathead, who died of drink at Lucknow; and Jumpy Jameson, who took to tub-thumping, and died a dean or a devil-dodger of some kind or another; and little Billy Cadogan, the most awful little demon on a horse that ever was, and, next to Jameson, the most awful devil with the women

that was ever created; and there was myself'—and the old general drew himself up and winked at Admiral Furbelow, who, in return, told him that he was the hottest young fellow that the Almighty ever put breath into." (Downey & Co. 6s.)

## AN ENGLISHMAN.

BY MARY L. PENDERED.

A long and very full narrative of life in provincial England—in Mercia, as the author designates it. The "Englishman" is of yeoman stock, a good fellow to the core, but with an escutcheon on which trade has set her alleged smudge. None the less, Maia Lovel, true aristocrat, marries him and is happy. A pretty, leisurely, wholesome book. (Methuen. 6s.)

## A FAIR IMPERIALIST.

BY V. J. LEATHERDALE.

A rather self-conscious novel of the day. "I wonder, my harmless, necessary Nell," says Major Carew to his daughter, "if you would fetch me the book I ordered yesterday?" Do majors thus play with Shakespearian phrase? The story, however, is not all affected talk: there is incident, too, and some interesting fencing. (Unwin. 6s.)

## THE VALLEY OF SAPPHIRES.

BY MAYNE LINDSAY.

Several short stories, mostly Indian, from the magazines. The first concerns a valley where the children play with sapphires as with pebbles. "It seems an established fact that the Valley of Sapphires is not the fruit of a lively fancy." And yet the Klondike is crowded. (Ward, Lock & Co. 3s. 6d.)

## MY DEAR SIR.

BY HARRY B. VOGEL.

Dick Dysart thought it would be a grand thing if his friend Maillard, who had just written a successful play, should marry the lovely daughter of the Duke of Deveron. So he induced Maillard to take a tutorship in the ducal household, to which he (Dysart) had been appointed. "The one thing of all things for Tiny," murmured Dick to himself, "is a sweet, good wife. The idea is redolent of possibilities." Perhaps, but the book is redolent of impossibilities. (Pearsons, Ltd. 3s. 6d.)

## PURPLE AND FINE LINEN.

BY W. PIGOTT.

A romance of undergraduates and mystery. In the first chapter is a letter in cipher running thus:

86.5..6.7.7.6.8..1281329.2.  
7.3.250212.6.2818..4..5.5.128.  
24..802.3.18..282..4.3..8.  
5.02.3.187.8.3.0

This, we need hardly say, means:

To-morrow at daybreak. A boat will await. Be watchful. Be true.

Exciting adventures off Scotland follow. (Cassell. 6s.)

## THE STEPMOTHER.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER.

Another of Mrs. Alexander's busy stories of pleasant people and love troubles. One of her new characters talks like this: "The extraordinary sympathy with Nature, which some people are so proud of, argues a substratum of *sauvagerie*, which puts the arts and sciences *hors concours*." (F. V. White. 6s.)

## WAYFARERS ALL.

BY LESLIE KEITH.

A quiet novel, with chapter titles to this pattern: "Walnut Tree Walk," "Gleams of Sunshine," "A Simple Wedding," "Aunt Catherine." (Jarrold. 6s.)

## THE ADVENTURES OF A

LADY PEARL-BROKER.

BY BEATRICE

HERON-MAXWELL.

A lady pearl-broker is a lady who sells pearls on commission in society, and runs risks of being robbed of £20,000 worth of jewellery at a time. This is the story of such a lady's adventures. It is not wanting in excitement. (New Century Press.)



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## A New Lamb Letter.

By the kindness of Mr. George A. Gutch, I am permitted to make public a hitherto-unpublished letter written by Charles Lamb to John Matthew Gutch, his friend and schoolfellow at Christ's Hospital. The missive is valuable as a further illustration of Lamb's freakish mischief, and in adding another to our too slender store of his epistolary hoaxes, the best specimen of which is perhaps the letter to Manning in China, dated Christmas Day, 1815, with its awful list of death's ravages: "Coleridge is just dead, having lived just long enough to close the eyes of Wordsworth," and so forth. The story of the new letter seems to be this: At Midsummer, 1800, by invitation of his old schoolfellow, John Matthew Gutch, Lamb moved with his sister to rooms in a house in Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane (since demolished), where Gutch, with his partner Anderson, carried on the business of a law stationer. Gutch, who was then twenty-five, was at the time courting Miss Wheeley, who became his first wife. Miss Wheeley was the daughter of a coachmaker at Birmingham, whither Gutch had to travel to pursue his suit. Lamb took advantage of one of those visits to make the lover exceedingly uncomfortable by means of the following letter. It is inscribed on foolscap, the first side being closely packed in handwriting which quite suggests that some serious matter is afoot. There is no date. Rob, who is mentioned at the close, was Robert Lloyd, the son of the Quaker banker of Birmingham, and a correspondent of Lamb's:

DEAR GUTCH,—Anderson is not come home, and I am almost afraid to tell you what has happen'd, lest it should seem to have happen'd by my fault in not writing for you home sooner.—

This morning Henry, the eldest lad, was missing, we suppos'd he was only gone out on a morning's stroll, and that he would return, but he did not return and we discovered that he had opened your desk before he went & I suppose taken all the money he could find, for on diligent search I could find none, and on opening your Letter to Anderson, which I thought necessary to get at the key, I learn that you had a good deal of money there. Several people have been here after you to day, and the boys seem quite frightened, and do not know what to do.

In particular, one gentleman wants to have some writings finished by Tuesday—For God's sake set out by the first coach. Mary has been crying all day about it, and I am now just going to some law stationer in the neighbourhood, that the eldest boy has recommended, to get him to come and be in the house for a day or so, to manage. I cannot think what detains Anderson. His sister is quite frightened about him. I am very sorry I did not write yesterday, but Henry persuaded me to wait till he could ascertain when some job must be done (at the furthest) for Mr. Foulkes, and as nothing had occurred besides I did not like to disturb your pleasures. I now see my error, and shall be heartily ashamed to see your

[That is as far as the letter goes on the first page. We

then turn over, and find (as Gutch to his immense relief found before us) written right across both pages:]

A Bite!!!

Anderson is come home, and the wheels of thy business are going on as ever. The boy is honest, and I am thy friend.

And how does the coach-maker's daughter? Thou art her Phaeton, her Gig, and her Sociable. Commend me to Rob.

C. LAMB.

Saturday.

It is a pity that this is the only letter from Lamb to Gutch, with the exception of the one printed by Canon Ainger, dated April 9, 1810, that has been preserved. But all, or nearly all, of his papers were destroyed; with those of Lamb perishing, in all probability, many equally characteristic letters of Coleridge.

E. V. LUCAS.

## "All the Newest Books."

By a Quiet Man.

I DESIRE, as a plain man who loves his books, to exclaim a little on the Autumn Season. Have you seen the publishers' lists—yards and yards of announcements? Such alluring books, too; such pressing invitations! At first I was happy, saying: "This I will read, and this." But as I went on and on, as each choice was discounted by a better, as each vista fell away in a longer perspective, I grew dizzy and rebellious. Why this annual Sturbridge Fair of new books? Why this combined assault of the publishers on the reading Ego, and on all the precious loyalties of one's bookshelves? For it comes to that: one cannot read old books and new when the new come in myriads and all stepping together. It were useless to complain: this seasonal way of publishing and reading books is fixed among us; nor will I presume to lecture those who go to the Fair. I go myself. There is no resisting the blaze and the din.

I go, but one feels the disproportion between the huge output of even one autumn season and the little heap of books that will keep a man happy all his life. Books!—why even a few phrases, even tags and snatches of glorious verse which a man may write in his pocket-book, or carry in his head, are, if they have passed into the blood, wealth beyond the dreams of librarians. There was a boy at my old school who used to approach me in the dormitory with an intense gaze, and deliver himself, in a whisper, of the words—"Black Auster!" I thought him mad, until he grew more liberal and took me by the throat with Macaulay's verse:

The furies of thy brother  
With me and mine abide,  
If one of your accursed house  
Upon black Auster ride!

A few years later we were roasting chestnuts in a garret, with London at our feet, and with Horace—Francis's *Horace* (with all the first lines in Latin)—to savour our young pessimism. I hear him rolling out the last verse of the Ode to Postumus:

Then shall your worthier heir discharge  
And set th' imprison'd casks at large,  
And dye the floor with wine,  
So rich and precious, not the feasts  
Of holy pontiffs cheer their guests  
With liquor more divine.

It cheered us immensely to talk of "old Falernian," and drink weak tea, in those days. Well—my friend is the truest reader and lover of books that I know, and yet I should not meagrely sum up his past and present reading if I named only six writers: Macaulay (the *Lays*), Horace



(the *Odes*), Herrick, Malory, Scott, and Thackeray. To him the autumn publishing season is scarcely more than the wind that stirs the trees in his garden, "and they do make no noise." Yet new books reach him, and he can praise a hopeful writer or damn a "boomster" on as good grounds as you shall desire. Few mistakes are made in that house—in that house of wise prejudice. It is becoming rare to meet the man of one book. Yet I knew a bank clerk, who confided to me that his only poet was—Shenstone. And I knew a tea traveller who, when you lured him from politics, would kindle and confess that he had read *Paradise Lost* many times; but I could not find that he remembered more than five words of the poem. They were in the Sixth Book, in the passage where the Father surveys the doubtful battle of the angelic hosts, and commands the Son to end the conflict "since none but Thou can end it." I can see H— leaning forward in his arm-chair, all the man tendered and aflame, shaking a monitory finger as he cited the tremendous injunction:

Bring forth all my WAR.

Then, triumphing and fatigued, he would sink back, waving a hand, putting you at a distance, and warning you, as it were, not to say "How grand!"—since even to agree with him were a kind of levity! And once I supped with a poet who said to me: "There are two passages in all poetry which I find sovran for a black mood." "Repeat them." "The first is from 'Othello':

Not poppy, nor mandragora,  
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,  
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep  
Which thou owedst yesterday."

"And the second?" "The second is from Milton—you know the lines—Comus is recommending his cup to the Lady—none so potent, he tells her, to stir up joy,

Not that Nepenthes, which the wife of Thone  
In Egypt gave to Jove-born Helena."

What is all the hurly-burly of the Book-Mart to such moments and such preferences!

Preferences!—we need the word. Our critics hie up and down, saying "Lo, here!" and "Lo, there!"—but the man who only reads what he will, and loves what he reads, is apt to prove a good bookman. I looked into Chadwick's *Life of Defoe* the other day—a fantastic book—and was reminded of Lamb's indictment of Defoe's *Complete English Tradesman*, which he said he could burn for its tendency "to narrow and degrade the heart." Not so Mr. Chadwick: after enumerating all Defoe's works, not omitting the *Journal of the Plague* and *Robinson Crusoe*, he pronounces the *Complete English Tradesman* to be Defoe's masterpiece, and *second to no work in the English language*. Foolish! Well, but that is the way to love books, and all such solitary choosings and loyalties have a charm. Their genuineness is above suspicion. That is a sweet story that Hazlitt tells of Mr. Fearn, the tiger hunter, who "was buried in the woods of Indostan." He took a whim, and wrote a metaphysical book, and put it in his boat, and said, as he floated down the Ganges: "If I live, this will live: if I die, it will not be heard of." When the book was printed it fell dead from the Press; no one wanted it. But to the end of his life (he was buried in the woods of Indostan) Mr. Fearn used to say, "There was a sensible writer in the *Monthly Review* who saw the matter in its proper light."

That man is best fitted to buy new books in a crowd who reads old ones in his room. His judgment is encased by an atmosphere of memories and preferences through which only books of real pretension can win their way. Unhappy the man who goes into the book-mart without prejudices derived from a few good old books, long loved, and often read. With such tests and touchstones about us we may welcome the biggest "Autumn Season." Z.

## Things Seen.

### Renunciation.

To a valley by the sea—green, sheltered, secluded—came on this day for a picnic a score of shy pupil-teachers from a neighbouring training college. It also happened that on the same day fourteen seminarists from a neighbouring Roman Catholic training college came over in a brake to picnic in the green valley. I, who was walking by the sea, saw the black-coated, self-conscious seminarists arrive; saw them arrange a cloth on the sward; saw them spread their luncheon, tuck the tails of their black coats beneath them, and seat themselves, tailor-wise, for the repast. Hardly had they begun when a char-à-banc containing the young women appeared at the entrance of the valley. They too spread a cloth, at a discreet distance, and it seemed as if the luncheon parties were to proceed sedately and pleasantly, when cries of dismay arose from a group of pupil-teachers who were rummaging in the char-à-banc!

The luncheon-basket had been left behind.

Slowly, dejectedly, those who had been searching for the basket joined their companions around the table-cloth—spotless, bare, reproachful. Feminine lamentations swept through the peaceful valley. The seminarists gazed at the woe-begone maidens, and, as they gazed, a common thought moved through them, more searching than pity or condolence, something of that primordial instinct their training and vows had not wholly eradicated—the desire of man to comfort the Fair in distress. The impulse moved through them; then, as one man, they rose to their feet, bowed awkwardly to the young women, and, by means of nods and vague pointings, they offered what was meant to be an invitation to accept their repast. Then they scrambled to their feet and disappeared in a long black line over the sunlit sandhill.

### Heroism.

FIVE friends—three men and two women—were staying at a small unfrequented place on the coast. It was their custom to bathe together at noon, but one day, as it happened, the bachelor of the party, who, on the analogy that among the blind the one-eyed is king, was also the best swimmer, was some minutes late at the bathing tents. His friends were already in the water. It was a temperate day, and before undressing he stood awhile on the crest of the shingly beach watching them sporting in the shallows of the tide, some fifty yards below. Also he saw, some distance out to sea, a black head bobbing on the waves. The swimmer was a venturesome distance from the shore, and the man thought, with some apprehension and not a little annoyance, "If he calls for help, I should have to—to—to save him. Whew!"

The thought drummed through his brain while he was undressing, troubling him; for, like most of us, he was at heart timid; but he had considered the matter and decided that should fate ever put him to the ordeal there could be but one course—some show of heroism at any cost. The obsession passed: soon he was stepping out into the sunshine, prepared to run gaily down the beach. But, as he came out of the tent, he saw in one swift, comprehensive glance, that his friends were no longer in the water: they were gathered in a group on the shore, gesticulating, beckoning wildly to him.

He looked out over the waters. The black head bobbing on the waves was no longer visible. The thought dinned in his head: "It has come, then!" and he staggered there in the sunshine.

His friends were still gesticulating and beckoning from the beach, and for a moment he was angry—angry that they should so unanimously, so insistently, relegate the

task to him. But the effort to save this man's life must be made: he must make it. That rushed with his blood. Then his eye caught sight of a boat a stone's-throw away, an old boat, swathed in canvas from gunwale to gunwale against the winter. Here was a compromise, an honest one, for he was not a good swimmer, and there and back with a body in tow, why it meant drowning; but here was a compromise. He raced along the shingle, the flints cutting his feet, tore and tugged and dragged at the canvas till it all lay in shreds on the ground, and then, the voices of his friends ringing in his ears, with a supreme call on his strength, he ran the old boat down the shelving beach, and plunged breathless, bleeding, wild-eyed into the midst of his friends. "What are you doing?" they cried. "Doing! doing!" he shouted, "he's drowning!"

"Seals, don't drown!" said one.

"Seals?"

"Yes, we shouted to you to come and look at a seal. It came quite close to us. Such a dear."

## The Amateur Critic.

[From time to time we receive letters from correspondents in praise or disapproval of books new and old. Hitherto we have not made these amateur criticisms public, but in future, for awhile, beginning with this week, we propose to put a page of the ACADEMY at the service of the unprofessional commentator. To this page we also invite our readers to contribute remarks on striking or curious passages which they may meet with in their ordinary reading. No communication, we would point out, must exceed 300 words.]

### A Forgotten Author.

Miss Hannah Lynch's graceful and, to me, very welcome paper on "A Forgotten Notable Novel" recalls to my mind an amusing experiment which was once tried by Mr. W. E. Henley in the columns of his famous *National Observer*. Instead of the usual batch of trenchant reviews, one week the editor declared that, as no books of importance had been published, he would fill up his pages with notices of some old ones. Thereupon books by such authors as Sir Walter Scott, Disraeli, and Thackeray were dealt with in true *National Observer* style. Now, it has occurred to me that when you are more than usually beset by the influx of new books, you might afford a pleasing contrast to your contemporaries by devoting your pages, or some of them, to reviews of a few old books. It is true that in the general way reprints of classical works get noticed, but in such cases the reviewer—if he calls attention to more than the *format* and print of the edition—turns out a very vague style of essay. Surely if Miss Lynch's example were followed, and some of the many books of merit that have been allowed too long to lie neglected were reviewed, not because they had been reprinted, but because they deserved to be known, a genuine service would be rendered to the reading public. May I mention the name of the Rev. C. R. Maturin, whose novels and plays, seventy years ago, were not only suggestive to Sir Walter Scott, but undoubtedly influenced Victor Hugo and Honoré de Balzac, and generally did much for the romantic movement in France? In two of his novels, entitled *The Wild Irish Boy* and *Women*, issued respectively in 1808 and 1818, Maturin gives us early and not unsuccessful examples of the psychological romance. It would be a profitable undertaking to review these books in the light of modern thought. In *Melmoth the Wanderer*, which was re-issued by Messrs. Bentley some seven years ago, the public had an opportunity, which I fear it did not appreciate, of making the acquaintance of one phase of the work of this writer.

R. I.

### Charles Wells's Stories.

A short time ago I chanced, in a second-hand book-shop, upon a copy of Charles Wells's very little-known *Stories after Nature*. The volume was neatly bound, its pages of hand-made paper were uncut, and its general air of freshness indicated at once that it was no second-hand book at all, but of the class that is known as "remainders." Its title-page gave 1891 as the date of publication, and showed that it was one of a limited edition of four hundred numbered copies. I was on the point of returning it to its place when my eye was arrested by the names "Rossetti" and "Swinburne" in the preface. Evidently this Charles Wells, whose name was entirely strange to me, was not, as I had supposed, one of your fine amateur men of letters who literally give the world the laboured results of half a lifetime of dainty toying with the pen. I paid the shilling demanded and the book became mine. My purchase, I found, was a volume of imaginative stories, full of the highest poetic feeling, and touched with a quaint old-world mannerism that had an indescribable charm. The preface, written by Mr. W. J. Linton, stated that the author was the Wells mentioned by Keats in his sonnet to a friend who sent him roses, and that the stories were first published anonymously in 1822. Their republication, I gathered, was due to just such an accident as that which had brought the volume into my possession. Mr. Linton had found the book on a bookstall, and he and his friends (among them D. G. Rossetti), to whom he showed it, immediately perceived its merit. "Rossetti," he says, "was minded to illustrate some of the stories." And Mr. Swinburne, who had it from Rossetti, found it "perfect in grace and power, tender and exquisite in choice of language, full of a noble and masculine delicacy in feeling and purpose." And yet with it all, the book is comparatively unknown. One can only wonder at the irony of fate that has allowed this gem of literature to fade from the memory of men.

WILFRED F. GROVES.

### A Striking Book for Children.

I do not remember any extended notice in your own columns, or indeed anywhere, of a book which I do not hesitate to associate in the closest intimacy on my shelves with *The Water Babies* and *Bevis* and Mr. Stillman's *Billy and Hans*. This may seem extravagant praise, but *The Story of a Red Deer*, by the Hon. W. J. Fortescue, is so admirably told, is so full of the most intimate knowledge of nature, and presents so perfectly for both great and little children the life of the moors and the forests, that the judgment is just. Here, in pages which reveal the artist as well as the naturalist, is delicately drawn the life history of one of our last really wild animals from his baby calthood up to the later years of the proud stagship. Incidentally, also, across the story come other wild things—the rabbit, the badger, the fox—all touched off with the charm and fancy which one too often misses in kindred attempts. Mr. Fortescue may not repeat such work as this, but he takes his place with Kingsley, Kipling, and Jefferies in that rare circle to whom nature has shown some of her secrets.

C. E. C.

### The Howling Cheese.

Will you kindly use your valuable influence to persuade a publisher to give us a sixpenny edition of Herman Melville? I am equally tired of hearing this writer praised, and of having no opportunity of reading him. In your last number Stevenson is at it again: Melville is "a howling cheese" is his phrase—a howling cheese meaning, I take it, a howling swell. I have been reading books (with a special leaning towards those of the howling cheeses) for many years now, but never has a copy of *Omoo*, or *Typee*, or anything else of Melville's, come my way. I doubt not that there are various editions, but they must be strangely inaccessible. There cannot be one at sixpence, which is the new figure.

F. W. MORRIS.

## A Great Undertaking.\*

### The World's Literature in Twenty Volumes.

SOMETHING is to be done at last to relieve the embarrassment of the immense number of people who want to read wisely and widely, but are discouraged by the extent of the field and their inability to choose. Heretofore attempts have been made to meet their case, but none of them have taken account of the sturdy ambition of the inquirers, whose wish it is to survey, and in some degree explore, the entire field of literature from the earliest times down to the present day. Clearly no "hundred books" can give the needful point of vantage, or, to vary the metaphor, a hundred hand-shakes with the literature of the world are not enough. A wider, and a more sympathetic and catholic, acquaintance is desired.

The means to such an acquaintance seems likely to be provided in *The Library of Famous Literature* which the *Standard* is about to issue to all who will avail themselves of its enterprise. In twenty large volumes we are offered "the distilled essence of sixty centuries of books."

It would be a sorry farce to throw such a collection before the public without providing an orderly arrangement of the selections, and some direct critical assistance. No such mistake has been made. The control of the series has been given to Dr. Richard Garnett, whose release from the Chief Librarianship of the British Museum is thus turned to the advantage of a wider reading public. With him are associated Prof. Brandl, of Berlin, M. Léon Vallée, Librarian of the Bibliothèque Nationale of Paris, and Mr. Donald G. Mitchell, better known as "Ik Marvel," who is responsible for the selections from American literature. We have next a strong corps of interpreters and critics, who provide introductory studies or essays on such periods and phases

of literature as seem to require elucidation. This is an admirable feature of the work, and the list of names given

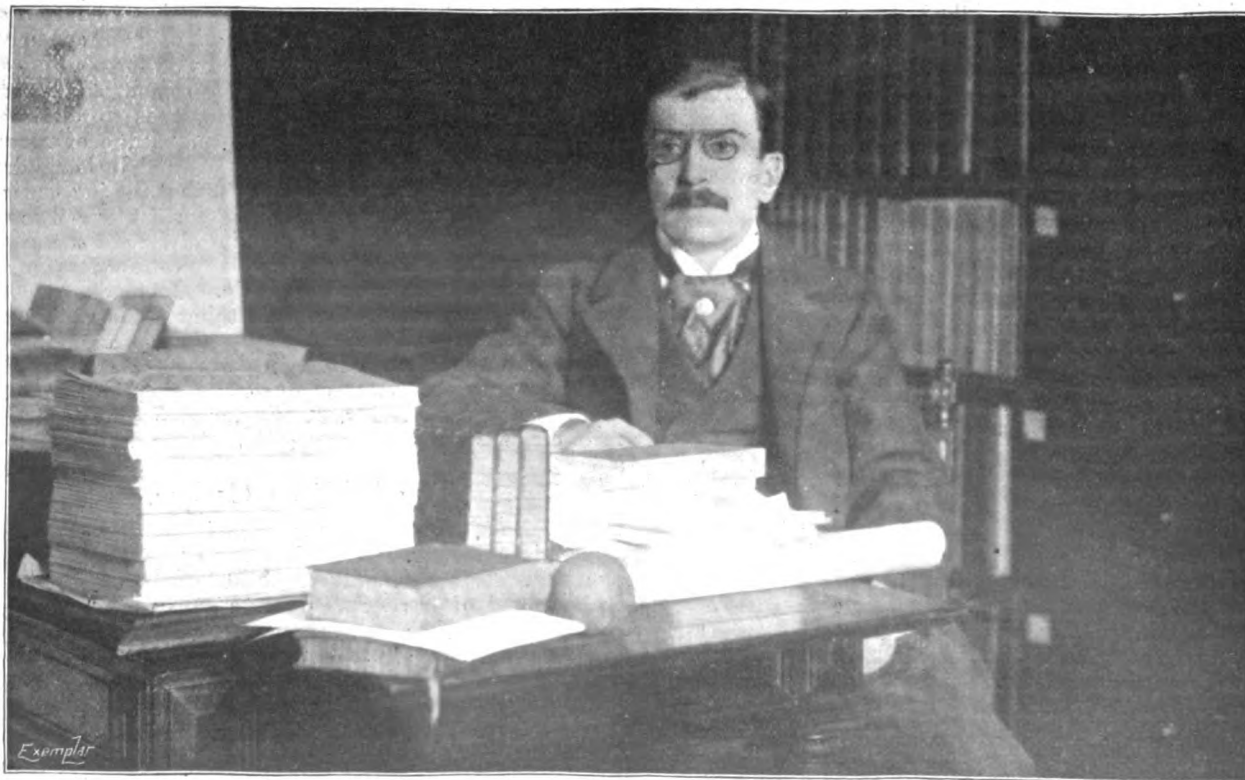


DR. GARNETT.

From the recent picture by the Hon. John Collier.

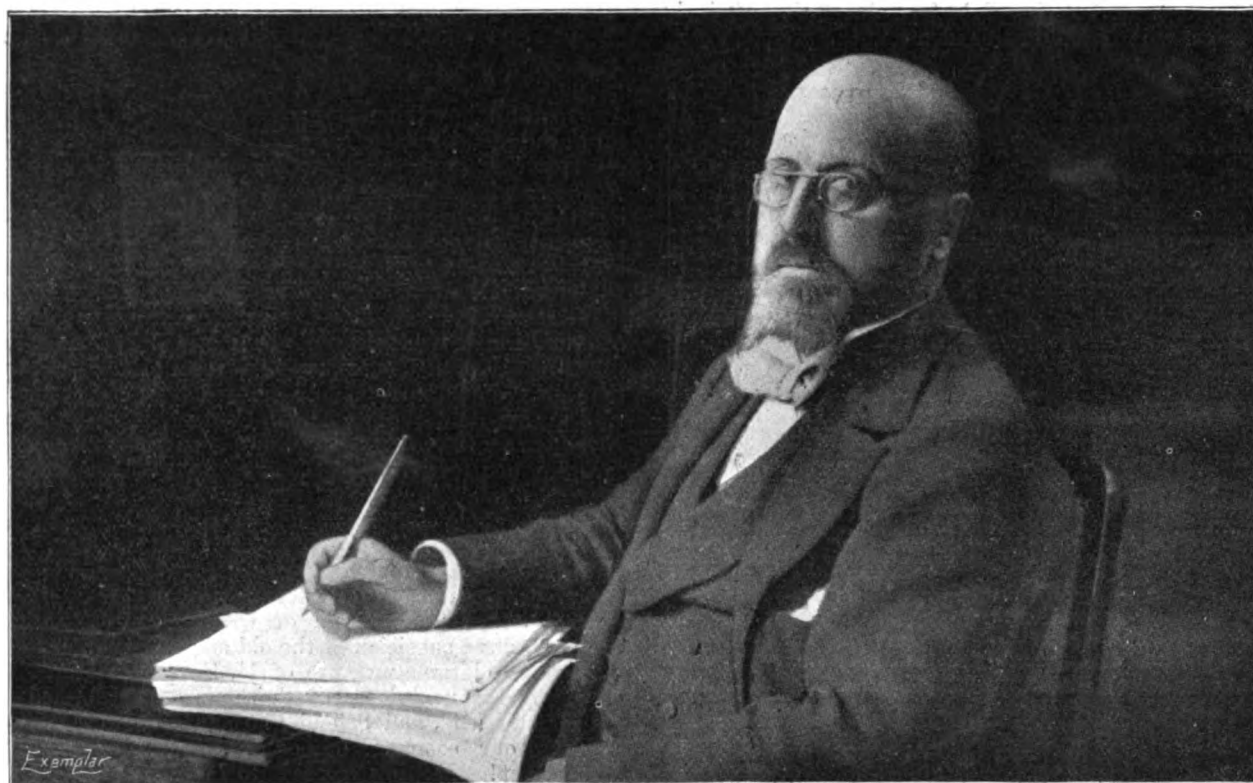
inspires every confidence. Thus Mr. Henry James sketches the "Rise of the Novel" to its present position and attempts a forecast of its future. That eminent French

\* *The Library of Famous Literature*. Edited by Dr. Richard Garnett. 20 vols. (Publishing Offices of the *Standard*.)



M. FERDINAND BRUNETIÈRE.

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MR. HENRY JAMES.

One of the Contributors to the "Library of Famous Literature"

critic, Ferdinand Brunetière, writes on "French Poetry," especially the poetry of the nineteenth century. Maurice Maeterlinck writes on the "Development of the Drama since Shakespeare." Armando Palacio Valdès, the Spanish novelist, has something to say on the "Decadence of Modern Literature." Sir Walter Besant discusses "Novels that have made History." Paul Bourget writes upon a topic close to his chosen field, "The Evolution of Literary Criticism" at the hands of Sainte-Beuve, Taine, and Matthew Arnold. Bret Harte, pioneer of the American short story, writes on "The Rise of the Short Story." Emile Zola contributes a militant essay on "Naturalism and Romanticism"; Dr. Edward Dowden on "The Elizabethan Era and its Influence on English Literature"; Dean Farrar on "The Literature of Religious Apologia and Criticism"; Comte E. Melchior de Vogüé on "The Great Years of Russian Literature"; Prof. Pasquale Villari, of Florence, on "The Renaissance and the Beginning of Modern Literature"; Mr. Donald G. Mitchell on "The Greater Literature of the World"; Dr. Henry Smith Williams on "The Literature of Science," and Mr. Andrew Lang on "The Progress of Literature in the Nineteenth Century"—all these render service which must prove valuable to readers and to serious students. Indeed, the advance proofs we have seen of many of these articles enable us to say that this will be so.

An important point is, that under each period the reader will find not only writings which belong to it in point of time, but also any writings which throw light on the period, though they may have been written centuries later. This is an excellent plan, for most readers like to be guided by writers whom they have learned to trust. To take an example, under the age of Homer will be found extracts from Matthew Arnold's lectures on translating Homer.

The result achieved by the application of these principles and methods is best judged by taking up a volume of *The Library* at random. Here is Volume IV. It opens with Gibbon's narrative of the capture of Jerusalem, from the *Decline and Fall*. Next we have Edward Fairfax's

rendering of Tasso's account of Godfrey of Boulogne in *Jerusalem Delivered*. Then "Richard and Saladin," from Scott's *Talisman*, followed by a humorous interlude from Barham's *Ingoldsby Legends*: "A Legend of Palestine and—West Kent." "The Tournament" from *Ivanhoe* follows, and is succeeded by a noble passage from the "Nibelungenlied," introducing a long series of romantic compositions. Mr. Lang's translation of *Aucassin and Nicolette*, Mrs. Oliphant's account of "The Fourth Crusade," in *Makers of Venice*, and the *Rhythm of Bernard de Morlaix* lead up to a lecture on "Village Life in England Six Hundred Years Ago," by Mr. Augustus Jessop. Turning the later leaves of this volume we find Robin Hood Ballads, passages from Dante's *Inferno*, and from the *Decameron*, from Froissart's *Chronicle*, from Pilpay's *Fables*, and from the *Memoirs* of Philippe de Comines. Even this glance into one volume is enough to show that the main object of the work has been steadily kept in view.

In turning to other volumes we notice scores of passages—not snippets, but lengthy passages—from works which almost every reader has desired at one time or another to be acquainted with. The *Adventures of Captain John Smith*, the Virginian pioneer, is a curious and fascinating book, but it is not a book which the general reader would be likely to purchase. Here he may taste its quality in twenty-four goodly pages. Then, again, what reader will not be grateful for Captain Alfred T. Mahan's expert account of the Battle of Trafalgar from his *Life of Nelson*? Beckford's *Vathek*, of which Byron said "Rasselas must bow before it," is another work eminently suitable for excerpt treatment.

To sum up, Dr. Garnett, whose association with the work inspires confidence, thinks that "the time seems ripe for a reversion to the principle which gave to classical literature its glory and its life—the sentiment that the highest excellence should be aimed at, and hence for a revival of the Greek ideal of an anthology—a 'gathering of flowers,' which is, after all, translated into broader



scientific language, but Darwin's formula of the survival of the fittest. It is out of this idea that the present work



SENOR A. P. VALDÈS.

has sprung. If the execution corresponds to the idea, if it is a true gathering of flowers, it should aid in protecting our literature . . . from an entirely novel danger in the dependence of the most popular, and therefore the most influential, authors upon a wide general public neither refined nor intelligent, who now, as dispensers of the substantial rewards of literature, occupy the place formerly held by the Court, the patron, and the university. Hence a serious apprehension of a general lowering of the standard of literature, far more pernicious than any temporary aberration of taste. The evil may be combated by anthologies, which, if not themselves unduly tolerant of inferior work, may do much good by familiarising the reader with what is excellent in the present, and reminding the writer of the conditions on which alone fame may be won in the future."

*The Library of Famous Literature*—which, we should add, is illustrated throughout in excellent style—makes good its claim to be a compact and representative display of the literature of the world.

## Paris Letter.

(From our French Correspondent.)

AMONG the many things for which we may still be thankful in the recent great crisis of France is the unexpected revelation of fine and noble characters. The heroes of the *Affaire* are now household names all the world over, awaiting the full honours of posterity. But we were hardly prepared for such a wonderful transformation as that of the elegant scoffer, M. Anatole France. His delightful wit and wisdom, his large and benevolent satire, showed him the servant of reason—above prejudices. In the face of the dire and wicked imbecility of those in exalted places we expected nothing more from Anatole France than a contemptuous shrug, an ironical chapter or two in his delicious volumes of contemporary history. Esterhazy we felt to have been specially fashioned for the pen of Anatole France, and so, when the *Année d'Améthyste* appeared, the delicate ironist had fulfilled our just expectations. But since then how much he has surpassed them! The forthcoming volume, concerning M. Bergeret in Paris, will contain pages as noble, as elevated and austere, as any written by the gravest and most spiritual of writers. Not a hint of mockery, not a suspicion of the old adorable perfidy which makes up so large a measure of M. France's charm. The gravity and mournfulness of the hour have reformed our old rakish friend, and behold him spiritualised, ennobled, wearing our common brand of sorrow and humbled amazement! He has ceased to laugh at the French generals. He remembers that he, too, is French, and that, as a Frenchman his heart is torn and bleeding. I know of no finer piece of writing, breathing a subdued sadness, a pity as deep and noble on behalf of France as on behalf of her irreparably wounded victim, than his letter from Holland to M. Bergeret after the verdict. A little while earlier his beautiful tribute to Colonel Picquart had come to us as dew in the desert, but on reading this austere, resigned, and solemnly patriotic essay on the verdict, we felt that Anatole France had entered a brighter sphere than even that of action, and has proved the mightier force of an honest pen than a dishonoured sword, with its momentary dishonouring victory.

The mood has passed, and now we find him back in his quaint and enchanting humour. The conspiracy has roused him out of his mournful meditations, and we have a new chapter of contemporary history in one of this week's *Figaros*. Those who know anything of reactionary and Nationalist French society will joyously recognise the marvellous accuracy of this sentence, which hits off the quality of the modern conspirators to the life:

Belonging to good society, they were all Nationalists. The Baron Wallstein as much as the rest. An Austrian Jew, set fleeing by the Viennese Anti-Semites, he had established himself in France, where he founded a big Anti-Semite newspaper and took refuge in the Church and army. M. de Terremonde, small aristocrat and small proprietor, showed exactly as much military and clerical enthusiasm as was necessary to identify himself with the titled society in which he moved. The Gromance had too much interest in the re-establishment of the Monarchy not to desire it sincerely. Their pecuniary situation was embarrassed. Madame de Gromance, pretty, well-made, free to act as she liked, could manage; but Gromance, who was no longer young, and had reached the age when we need security, comfort, and consideration, sighed for better times, and impatiently waited the coming of the king. He counted on being named a peer of France by Philippe restored. He laid claim to an arm-chair in the Luxembourg, and placed himself among Meline's Republicans, whom the king would be obliged to pay. The young Lacrisse was president of the Royalist youth of the department where the Baronne had lands and the Gromance had debts. In front of the little table placed under the foliage, in the rose-tinted candle light in which

the butterflies danced, these five persons were united in one thought, happily expressed by Joseph Lacrisse: "We must save France."

Gromance explains that he had been that day to the Senate. Remembering the comfortable velvet seats and his desire for one of them, he cries out again in the sincerity of his conviction: "Save France! Let us save France!" And this is the *résumé* of Nationalist patriotism.

The intensity of emotions through which we have been living here for the past two years, culminating in the fever of suspense, had made the reading of fiction an insipid and tasteless occupation. What could the novelists, even with the combined imagination of a dozen of the best, offer us to compare with the consuming interest of the daily papers? Life has become too dramatic, too tragic, too surprising for the woes and surprises of fiction to entertain us. And so I welcome, as the opening of the publishing season, an erudite, brightly-written book about the "libertines" of France in the seventeenth century, by M. Perrens, of the Institute. M. Perrens uses the term libertine in its scholarly sense, which means something of a freethinker and a freelance. The word gradually came to convey what it means to-day, owing first to the insane conviction in devout persons that an unbeliever is necessarily a rake, and then to the steady demoralisation of the libertines. They thought they might as well earn and justify their evil reputation. But imagine dubbing "libertine" an austere puritan because he chose to think for himself! Though M. Perrens explains that the early interpretation of libertinage was incredulity, he cannot conceal that the word even then went further in its definition, and allied moral with doctrinal imputations. M. Perrens justly protests against the monstrous abuses of the school historians. An early school prize of mine was the life of the great Condé, wherein the hero of Rocroi was depicted as one of the most perfect and most glorious of men. Why should boys or girls be brought up on such lies? The great Condé was a gallant soldier, but a creature of infamous life, without a single redeeming feature except his courage. "One does not deny, one only glides over the enormities," says M. Perrens. "Should one be constrained to mention them, one does so with red-heeled lightness: simple venial sins. In veiling paternal nudities, we are aided by the distance of time and space: the vices of Socrates and Condé do not shock us as do those of our contemporaries."

M. Perrens is hard on the *culte* of Victor Cousin, the great ladies of the seventeenth century, who were certainly what we should describe to-day as "a very bad lot." I have not space to say more about an extremely interesting and closely-packed volume, but I must refer the reader—for the play of words would be entirely lost in translation—to Marigny's description of Guillaume de Bautin, one of Richelieu's intimates. As a summary of falseness of character it is delicious.

H. L.

THE modern appreciation of Donne seems to begin with Robert Browning, who met with the poems when he was still a boy (about 1827), and was greatly influenced by them. He put the Mandrake song to music. He quoted and praised the Dean so constantly in later years that Miss Barrett noticed it early in their acquaintance; "your Donne," she says on several occasions. The stamp of the Dean's peculiar intensity of feeling can be traced in many of Browning's lyrics; his famous "obscurity" is closely analogous to Donne's. Of subsequent instances of the influence of Donne on English poetry this is hardly the place to speak.—From Mr. Edmund Gosse's *Life and Letters of Donne*, published this week.

## Studies in Contemporary Style.

### 1.—The Relative Pronoun.

*The public, no less than the immediate personal friends of Mr. Blank Blank will regret to learn that it has been found necessary to perform another operation on his eyes, which everybody will join in hoping will completely restore his sight to him.*—THE DAILY CHRONICLE.

*Another object, scarcely less important, is the overthrow of that military jurisdiction which, as M. de Pressensé shows, has so black a history in France.*—THE DAILY CHRONICLE.

*The Bill, which was to prove the magnum opus of the late Premier's career, which was to place the relations of Great Britain and Ireland upon a basis of permanent goodwill and amity, had been fought stage by stage through the Lower House.*—THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

THE last clause in our first quotation illustrates an error that is common in speech and in writing. At first we feel *which* to be placed in the objective by one or another of the verbs that follow; but it is not so. The pronoun is nominative to *will restore*. This discovery, however, only leads us to perceive the typical error. The predicate misstates the writer's meaning. He has no more than a hope that the operation will restore Mr. Blank's sight; yet, when we leave out the subordinate clause intervening between the nominative and the predicate, he says absolutely that it will. The writer may argue that the error is the printer's. He may say that there should have been a comma after *which* and a comma after *hoping*. The commas would serve only to make the error glaring. With the commas in use, the sentence, as we have said, would predict absolutely the success of the operation; and that would not be what the writer meant.

A ready method of finding whether a relative pronoun in an involved sentence is in proper relation to the predicate is to read the sentence with the words between the pronoun and the predicate left out. This will be perceived in an examination of our other excerpt from the *Daily Chronicle*. With *as M. de Pressensé shows* left out, the sentence would still be correct.

The truth seems to be that the erring writer suffers from the common fallacy that short sentences are bad style. He had two facts to express, and should have written two sentences. He should have written thus:

*Mr. Blank Blank finds it necessary to have another operation on his eyes. The public, as well as his personal friends, will hope for its complete success.*

We do not regard that as a particularly graceful statement. All we say is that it is a correct expression of the facts with which the writer supplies us.

The sentence from the *Quarterly Review* exemplifies an error not less common than that of the writer in the *Daily Chronicle*. Observe that the reviewer repeats the relative pronoun. The first result is that on the second use the pronoun seems relative to *career*, which is not the case. Another result is that the sentence is both ungrammatical and ungainly. In such a sentence the copulative conjunction is intended to connect verbs. It is never intended to connect pronouns. Repetition of the relative pronoun, therefore, is invariably bad style. The sentence should run thus:

*The Bill which was to prove the magnum opus of the late Premier's career, by placing the relations of Great Britain and Ireland upon a basis of permanent goodwill, had been fought stage by stage through the Lower House.*

It will be noticed that we have left out the comma after *Bill*. We have done so in order to draw attention to a third error in connexion with the relative pronoun. Following a usage which was general until the middle of



this century, the printer of the *Quarterly Review* still inclines to put a comma before every relative pronoun. Consequently, he destroys the distinction between the restrictive relative and the relative absolute, and thus deprives writers of a necessary means towards exact expression. The author of the sentence that we have quoted meant the relative to be restrictive. By using the comma the printer made it absolute, and left the sentence both inaccurate and limp.

Certain authorities on grammar say that the true restrictive relative is *that*. They maintain that *which* and *who* should be used as relative absolutes only. *This is the house that Jack built* is certainly better than *This is the house which Jack built*. It is equally clear that *The man that broke the bank of Monte Carlo* is better than *The man who broke the bank*. Still, we are not willing to go so far as the authorities to whom we have alluded. In this writing we have followed their precept; but there are many cases in which *that* instead of *who* or *which* as the restrictive relative would be exceedingly clumsy. We could not well use it, for example, in the first line of the Lord's Prayer.

E. H.

## Memoirs of the Moment.

THE Earl of Cranbrook, who has just kept his eighty-fifth birthday, belongs to a past generation of politicians. He follows, however, with close interest each new move in that game of politics in which he was once so bold a player. Nobody fought a better battle in bygone days than Mr. Gathorne-Hardy. He belonged, moreover, to a type rarer in the Tory party of thirty years ago than it is to-day. He was a partner in the Low Moor Iron Works; and a Conservative manufacturer was almost as rare at that time as a Conservative working-man. The party did not want to be aristocratic for ever, and Lord Beaconsfield, who had witnessed and reckoned with the rise of the manufacturing communities, brought Coningsby face to face with Mr. G. O. A. Head, of Stalybridge in fiction, and sought out such men in real life for his colleagues in the Cabinet. Mr. Gathorne-Hardy made a good Home Secretary, a good Secretary of State for India, and a good Secretary of State for War. When he rose to defend the Established Church in Ireland, he did so with the double fervour of a political partisan and of a convinced Churchman, and his speeches in opposition to Mr. Gladstone's Bill were among the most impassioned ever heard in the House of Commons. Of course, his career carried within itself the seeds of its own destruction. The "Manchester man" became the Londoner; the manufacturer was lost in the politician, and the democrat in the aristocrat.

THE Duke of Argyll, in committing Iona to the custody of representatives of the Church of Scotland, will be saved a slight yearly expenditure on its preservation. Old monks and modern elders may not seem an exactly happy conjunction; but Iona has other than religious memories, it has its close association with one of the greatest passages of English prose:

We were now treading [wrote Dr. Johnson] that illustrious island which was once the luminary of the Caledonian regions, whence savage clans and roving barbarians derived the benefits of knowledge and the blessings of religion. To abstract the mind from all local emotion would be impossible if it were endeavoured, and would be foolish if it were possible. Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses, whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future, predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings. Far from me and from my friends be such frigid philosophy as may conduct us indifferent and unmoved over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue. The man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force on the plains of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona.

THE name of Mr. Percy Pilcher has to be added to the long roll of martyrs who have perished in their attempts to increase man's facilities of locomotion. The flying-machine belongs, no doubt, to the twentieth century; the nineteenth, with its own triumphs, needs not to snatch at it. Percy Pilcher was an enthusiast literally indifferent to his life, so only he could carry further the powers of human flight. On Saturday afternoon he was surrounded by friends, bidden by Lord and Lady Braye to one of their fields near Stanford Hall, to see his ascent on his eagle-like craft. The weather was all against him; and a more prudent man than Percy Pilcher would have abstained from making the attempt. His was fatal good nature. He did not like to let people who had come to be amused go away bored. So at last he strove to mount, and had got about thirty feet high when the gust of wind came which dislocated his machine and him. The Hon. Everard Feilding, who was one of the first of the horrified onlookers to run forward and raise the bruised body of his friend, sent a full account of the affair to his brother, Lord Deubigh, who is now on duty as Lord-in-Waiting at Balmoral, so that the Queen might be fully and privately informed, as she always likes to be. Lord Braye, who is something of a poet and something of a theologian, thinks of raising a Pilcher monument in his park, with an inscription which his own pen is particularly well fitted to supply.

CERTAINLY not a tactician is the politician who this week declared that the opposition to war in South Africa had its origin, not in any love of peace, but in the mere hatred of one man, Mr. Chamberlain, who, &c. No panegyric which followed could make up to Mr. Chamberlain for the thrust unintentionally and clumsily conveyed in such a statement; as when Rogers, reproached by a lady for not coming to her aid over some trifle, assured her, with unconscious cruelty: "I pass my life in defending you."

LEO XIII., though not nearly so accessible as Pius IX. was to pilgrims and visitors, has, nevertheless, granted audiences to a large number of English Protestants even. He is first of all ready to put himself out to receive French people; then English people; then the peoples of Italy, Spain, and others; but Germans last of all. The other day, Lady Sophia Palmer, the daughter of the late Lord Chancellor Selborne, had a talk with the Pope, in which she told him that an uncle of hers, William Palmer, long dead, had joined the Roman Catholic Church, though she herself remained in "the Anglican branch." Leo XIII. smiled very paternally, and said a great many very agreeable things for an English lady to hear about his love for her country and his respect for its piety.

## Correspondence.

### The Translation of "Dante."

SIR,—Will you allow me to add a few words to my protest—all too brief, clearly, for comprehension—on Cary's translation? I was not, assuredly, deprecating Cary's verses because they were "old." What could be more exquisite than Chaucer's translation ("Second Nun's Tale") of a part of St. Bernard's prayer to the Virgin (*Paradiso*, Canto xxxiii.)?

Assembled in thee is magnificence  
With mercy, goodnesse, and with swich pitee  
That thou, that art the Sonne of excellence,  
That only helpeth hem that preyen thee,  
But ofte tyme of thy benignitee,  
Ful frely, er that men thyn help biseche,  
Thou goost biforn, and art hir lyves leche.

Take, again, Chaucer's turning of

Nel ventre tuo si raccese l'amore,  
Per lo cui caldo, nell' eterna pace,

into

Withiune the cloistre blisful of thy sydes  
Took mannes shap the eternal love and pees,

and one feels how great our loss is in not having more from the same master.

Nor was I unmindful of Ruskin's criticism, who, indeed, first sent me to Cary; but Ruskin's type of mind is Dantesque and analytic—two qualities which sufficiently explain his only half-concealed dislike for Milton's gorgeous imagery.

Nor do I agree with Mr. Francis Thompson in thinking that the English translators have failed because our poets cannot find an equivalent for Dante's "ternaries." No; is it not a question of vocabulary rather than metre? When one recalls the Bible, the Elizabethan translation, and, say, Morris's *Beowulf*, do we not feel that "prose" versions may be as impassioned and poetic as any metrical rendering, however imitative the music may be of the original? Mr. Francis Thompson's analysis of what English blank verse can do is admirable; but is he not thinking merely of Milton's and Shakespeare's use of it? But do they exhaust its resources? And now let me conclude with one more question: Is it not strange, after all, that no one has given us a paraphrase of Dante which can take rank with the many other paraphrases in which our language is peculiarly rich?—I am, &c.,

Clapham: October 3, 1899.

F. KETTLE.

### The Manifold Sins of the Adverb.

SIR,—I have noticed of late in certain literary journals a very proper attack upon the objectionable habit of using the split infinitive. For my part, words fail to adequately describe my contempt for all who indulge in the pernicious practice. The great objection to the custom is, of course, that the guilty adverb intervenes clumsily and obstructs the sense, so that the confused reader fails to get that clear grasp of the writer's thought which he would have obtained if the words had flowed in proper sequence.

But we should be logical, and go further in the matter. Is it not, for the same reason, just as objectionable to interpose the adverb or adverbial clause between the auxiliary and the verb? For example, "I will, in case of accidents, go." You will frequently come across instances of this.

The intrusive part of speech is also to be found between the noun and the verb, confusing the sense and abusing its privileges. Think of "He without mercy struck"! An adverb undoubtedly should "know its place," which is, of course, immediately after the verb. At other times this very loose particle strays beyond the object of a sentence in a most disorderly way: "They parted at the gate for ever." You will also find the adverbial clause playing this trick again and again.

Sometimes the adverb begins the sentence, and starts "qualifying the verb" before the verb itself can be guessed at—e.g., "In the evening I may wish to go to the theatre." Observe the ambiguity of meaning which results. Occasionally I have known good writers give way thus.

We have discouraged the verb from allowing its auxiliaries to go loose; and the preposition at the tail of a sentence we have also done away with; and if we can only pin that wretched piece of grammatical quicksilver to the rear of the verb we shall begin to get English composition into something like order.

I hope we shall see in future that every sentence is kept neat; and not allow the confusing, disorderly liberty of style which so has disgraced, sadly till now the dignity of our language.—I am, &c.,

SIMPLICITY SEVERE.

### Misconceptions.

SIR,—May I add one more example to the astonishing list of childish misconceptions? It was in the days when the Litany formed an inevitable part of the Morning Service, and a little boy of my acquaintance, unable to read, used to hear, in response to an unintelligible drone from the officiating clergyman, the oft-repeated and awe-inspiring statement, "We see—such a hairus—good Lord!" Many a scared glance did he cast about the little country church, wondering what a "hairus" might be, and why he could not also see one. The sentence was, of course, the Buckinghamshire rendering of "We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord."—I am, &c.,

STELLA M. DÜRING.

SIR,—Your contributor to the issue of September 23, on "The Ineligible of the Elegy," mentioned the case of a youth who was puzzled by Gray's line:

The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear.

That hard-worked word "bear," contrary to its astronomical associations, seems to be given to misleading the young. Witness the following story told me at first hand:

A child, being asked to draw a picture illustrating her favourite hymn, exhibited a picture of a fashionable lady ministering to a rather shaggy animal. Being asked to explain by her teacher, she quoted the lines:

Can a woman's tender care  
Cease toward the child she-bear?

—I am, &c.,

Cambridge: September 30, 1899.

C. G. F.

SIR,—Eight pupils, whose average age might be seven, were asked to write the Lord's Prayer from memory. Five of the eight wrote: "Lead us not in tutem tation"

A friend took her Sunday-school class to the seaside. It was a new experience for one scholar, who exclaimed: "Teacher, there's the sea, but where's all the tinimies?" ("The sea, and all that in them is").—I am, &c.,

LOUEY C. JACK.

Edinburgh: September 30, 1899.

### Our Literary Competitions.

#### Result of Competition No. 2.

WE asked last week for mottoes suitable to stand on the title-page of a history of the Dreyfus case. A great many suggestions have reached us, the majority of them so apt that the task of fixing upon the best has been no light one. We have decided, however, that the quotation from Carlyle's *Past and Present*, sent in by Mr. Ernest Davies, 3, Phené Street, Chelsea, has more to commend it than any other, and to Mr. Davies a cheque has therefore been sent. This is the passage:

"For properly, as many men as there are in a nation who can withal see Heaven's invisible justice, and know it to be on earth also omnipotent, so many men are there who stand between a nation and perdition."

Among the best of the remainder are these:

"The stake that is to be secured is of so great an interest, that all our industry, and all the violences we can suffer in the prosecution of it are not inconsiderable. This affair is to be done but once, and then never any more unto eternal ages."—*Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Dying."* [G. D., Horley.]

"JUDGE: Then did the Judge say to him, Hast thou any more to say?"

ENVY: My lord, I could say much more, only I would not be tedious to the court. Yet, if need be, when the other gentlemen have given in their evidence, rather than anything shall be wanting that will despatch him, I will enlarge my testimony against him. . . .

FAITHFUL: May I speak a few words in my own defence?

JUDGE: Sirrah! sirrah! thou deservest to live no longer, but to be slain immediately upon the place; yet, that all men may see our gentleness towards thee, let us hear what thou, vile runagate, hast to say.—*John Bunyan, "The Trial of Faithful."*

[J. P., Fenton.]

"All other wrongs done, patiently I take:  
But touch my honour and the case is changed!"

—*From the Pope's speech in "The Ring and the Book" (R. Browning).*

[M. O. E., Forest Hill.]

"Thou shalt not see me blush,  
Nor change my countenance for this arrest:  
A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.  
The purest spring is not so free from mud  
As I am clear from treason."

—*Shakespeare, "Henry VI., Part II., Act iii., Scene 1."*

[E. H., Didsbury.]

"France, thou shalt rue this treason with thy tears."

—*Shakespeare, "Henry VI., Part I., Act iii., Scene 2."*

[G. R., Aberdeen]

"There is the moral of all human tales:  
'Tis but the same rehearsal of the past,  
First Freedom, and then Glory—When that fails,  
Wealth, Vice, Corruption—*Barbarism* at last.  
And History, with all her volumes vast,  
Hath but one page."—*Byron.*

[W. J. F., Birmingham.]

"If aught against my life  
Thy country sought of thee, it sought unjustly,  
Against the law of nature, law of nations;  
No more thy country, but an impious crew  
Of men conspiring to uphold their state  
By worse than hostile deeds, violating the ends  
For which our country is a name so dear."

—*Samson Agonistes.*

[Mrs. J. S., Glasgow.]

"Where other superstitions flourish, political superstitions take root."—*Herbert Spencer.*

[H. B., Gartcosh.]

"Your deliverance sleepeth not, He that will come is not slack of His promise. Wait on for God's timeous salvation, ask not when or how long. I hope He shall lose nothing of you in the furnace, but dross. Commit your cause in meekness (forgiving your oppressors) to God, and your sentence shall come back from Him laughing."—*From a letter by Rev. Samuel Rutherford to William Glendinning, dated from the prison of Aberdeen, July 6, 1637.*

[J. C. H., Chapelhill.]

"As if Justice could be anything but the same ample law,  
expounded by natural judges and saviours,  
As if it might be this thing or that thing, according to decisions."

—*Walt Whitman.*

[A. M. P., Lincoln.]

"MACDUFF'S SON: What is a traitor?

LADY MACDUFF: Why, one that swears and lies.

SON: There are liars and swearers enough to beat the honest men, and hang them up."—*"Macbeth," Act iv., Scene 2.*

[L. K., Tunbridge Wells.]

"The compensation for injustice is that in that dark ordeal we gather the worthiest around us."—*Geo. Meredith, "Richard Feverel."*

[F. M., London.]

Replies received also from:—T. K., Newcastle; A. C., Stirling; A. E. T., London; S. M., Addiscombe; B. B., Birmingham; K. E. R. F., Bath; E. E. L., Leicester; H. J. S., Aberdeen; A. W. K., Straton Wilton; F. S., Belfast; M. C., London; A. H., Shadwell; C. J., London; W. M., Newport; M. R., Aberdeen; B. J. S., London; H. W. M., London; E. B., South Shields; Mrs. E. B., Liverpool (see rules); R. O. A., Rugby; R. F. McC., Whitby; C. G., Brighton; E. S. H., Bradford; H. F., London; J. L., Glasgow; J. D. H., Ealing; E. P., London; E. A., Royston; H. P. B., Glasgow; T. C., Buxted; E. M. S., London; C. H. B. K., Blackheath; H. T. F., Norwich; E. H., Ledbury; A. H. B., London; E. C. M. D., Crediton; F. G. N., North Wales; A. M. C., London; I. C. K., Hertford; C. S. W., Ewell; J. F. H., London; C. T. S., London; N. P., London; J. E. C., Ealing; F. H. L., Woking; C. S., Oxford; A. H. C., Lee; H. G. H., Whitby; H. C. C., Wednesbury; Miss G., Reigate; A. M. E., London; C. F. M., Bath; K. J., London; M. D., London; E. A., Surbiton.

## Prize Competition No. 3.

We publish this week a special supplement, containing publishers' announcements for the autumn season. From the lists therein printed we ask our readers to pick out what, in their opinion, promise to be:—

- The two most interesting biographies.
- The two most interesting works of history.
- The two most interesting works of travel.
- The two most interesting religious works.
- The two most interesting novels.
- The two most interesting books for children.

To the competitor whose selection most nearly resembles that produced by a collation of all replies received a cheque for a guinea will be sent.

### RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, The ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, October 10. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found in the first column of p. 388 or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. We wish to impress on competitors that the task of examining replies is much facilitated when one side only of the paper is written upon. It is also important that names and addresses should always be given: we cannot consider anonymous answers.

## Books Received. Week ending Thursday, October 5.

### THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

Palmer (Smythe), *Studies on Biblical Subjects. II.—Jacob at Bethel*... not 2/6  
Johnson Club Papers. By Various Hands... (Unwin) net 7/6  
Sinker (Rev. R.), *The Unity of the Book of Isaiah*... (Deighton, Bell & Co.) 2/  
Cowell (Most Rev. J. E.), *I Believe*... (Religious Tract Society)

### POETRY, CRITICISM, BELLES LETTRES, &c.

Smeaton (Oliphant), *English Satires*... 3/8

### HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Kock (Paul de) *Memoirs*... (Smithers) net 18/0  
Warner (George T.), *A Brief Survey*... (Blackie) 1/6  
Stanley (Hiram M.), *Physiology for Beginners*... (Open Court Co.) 2/0  
Atteridge (A. H.), *The Wars of the Nineties*... (Cassell) 6/0  
Fraser (Sir W.), *Words on Wellington*... (Nimmo) 7/6  
Clement (Clara Erskine), *Saints in Art*... (Nimmo) net 5/0  
Fisher (Sydney George), *The True Benjamin Franklin*... (Lippincott & Co.)  
Arnold-Forster (Frances), *Studies in Church Dedications*... net 36/0  
Mackennal (Alexander), *Homes and Haunts of the Pilgrim Fathers*  
(Religious Tract Society)

Temple Classics: *Plutarch's Lives* (North's Translation), Vols. IX. and X. each 1/8

### TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

Thomas (Margaret), *Two Years in Palestine and Syria*... (Nimmo)  
Morris (Charles), *Our Island Empire. A Handbook of Cuba, Porto Rico, &c.*  
(Lippincott & Co.)  
Stevenson (Paul Eve), *By Way of Cape Horn*... (Lippincott & Co.)  
Allen (Grant), *The European Tour*... (Richards) 6/

### MISCELLANEOUS.

Hardwicke (W. W.), *The Evolution of Man*... (Watts & Co.)  
Vernon (Rev. J. B.), *The Harvest of a Quiet Eye*... (Religious Tract Society)  
Stanley (Hon. E. Lyulph), *Our National Education*... (Nisbet) 2/6  
Robertson (J. M.), *Patriotism and Empire*... (Richards) 3/8  
Murray (Dr. James A. H.), *A New English Dictionary. I.—IN.*  
(Clarendon Press) 5/0  
Jones (J. L.), *Jess: Bits of Wayside Gospel*... (Macmillan)  
Dalton (Charles), *The Blenheim Roll*... (Eyre & Spottiswoode)  
Birch (Reg. B.), *Down Durlay Road*... (Unwin) net 3/8  
Leland (Charles G.), *Aradia; or, The Gospel of the Witches*... (Nutt) net 3/8  
Stewart (John), *Practical Nursing. Vol. I.*... (Blackwood) net 3/6  
Spence (John), *Shetland and Folklore*... (Johnson & Greig)  
Clapton (Edward), *The Precious Stones of the Bible*... (Simpkin, Marshall)  
Lowerison (Harry), *Field and Folklore*... (Nutt)  
Peyton (Ellis), *Cookery for Two and More*... (Russell & Co.) 2/6  
A. E. S., *What Came to Me in the Silence*... (Burleigh) 1/0  
Hulme (F. E.), *Familiar Wild Flowers. Sixth Series*... (Cassell) net 3/8  
Haggard (H. Rider), *A Farmer's Year*... (Longmans) 7/6  
Cross (Wilbur L.), *The Development of the English Novel*... (Macmillan) 6/0

### EDUCATIONAL.

Lazare (Jules), *Gems of Modern French Poetry*... (Hachette & Co.)

### JUVENILE.

Caine (O. V.), *In the Year of Waterloo*... (Nisbet) 6/0  
Elmslie (Theodora C.), *The Pilgrim Child*... (Ward, Lock)  
Brereton (Capt. F. S.), *With Shield and Assegai*... (Blackie) 3/8  
Pollard (Eliza F.), *The King's Secret*... (Blackie) 3/8  
Gomme (Florence), *Boys of the Priory School*... (Blackie) 2/8  
Harrison (Frederic), *Wynport College*... (Blackie) 5/0  
Tytler (Sarah), *A Loyal Little Maid*... (Blackie) 2/6  
Henty (G. A.), *Won by the Sword*... (Blackie) 6/0  
Henty (G. A.), *No Surrender*... (Blackie) 5/0  
Henty (G. A.), *A Roving Commission*... (Blackie) 6/0  
André (H.), *The Nightingale*... (Allen)  
Marshall (Emma), *A Good-Hearted Girl*... (Chambers) 3/8  
Molesworth (Mrs.), *The Boys and I*... (Chambers) 3/8

### NEW EDITIONS.

Elliot, M.P. (Hon. A.), *The State of the Church*... (Macmillan) 2/6  
Ingramham (Rev. J. H.), *The Prince of the House of David*... (Ward, Lock) 3/8  
*Popular Studies in Mythology, &c. 1. Celtic and Medieval Romance;*  
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Down out of life. Strike, England, and strike home.

We ask, are the Boers dogs? Are their jaws agape with foam? Are they not rather resolute men who have set their teeth to defend their country—though mistaken, if you like? Mr. Swinburne's sonnet is not patriotic poetry; it is not poetry of any kind; it is hysteria.

MR. ALFRED AUSTIN has, so far, written no special poem to hit the moment, although his views concerning English attempts against Boer oppression are well known. He has, however, presented fifty copies of his *Songs of England* for distribution on transports conveying our men to Africa.

MR. W. H. MALLOCK has transliterated the Wisdom of Lucretius into a poem in the measure of FitzGerald's *Omar*

*Khayyám*. The poem will appear in the December number of Lady Randolph Churchill's *Review*. Subsequently, with a prefatory essay and a literal translation of the passages transformed in the verses, it will be published in a volume.

WE understand that the paper on London in *Blackwood's Magazine*, which has attracted some attention, was from Mr. G. S. Street's pen.

MRS. TYNDALL'S biography of John Tyndall has again been thrown back, and it is now impossible to assign any definite time for its appearance. It would have been particularly interesting to have been able to read the work side by side with the *Life of Huxley*, which is to be ready in a few days.

THE false rumour that Mr. Rider Haggard has gone to British Columbia to take up some mines there has given the ingenious journalist an excellent opening for embroidery. As we stated last week, the real traveller is another Mr. Haggard altogether. None the less we find the following in an American paper just to hand:

H. RIDER HAGGARD IN CANADA.

THE FAMOUS NOVELIST TRAVELLING INCOGNITO.

Author of *King Solomon's Mines* has mining interests in the Canadian Northwest that are not myths—Gathering material for a mining camp story.

Vancouver, B.C., Sept. 22.—Mr. H. Rider Haggard, author of *King Solomon's Mines* and other works of fiction, has been in this city for over a week, and is now at Skagway with Lord Hamilton. The famous English writer is travelling incognito, and while here succeeded in keeping his identity from becoming generally known. . . The author of *She* has never been in the Canadian north before, and he may while there gather material for a work which will embody his experiences in the mining camps of British Columbia.

It will be interesting to learn how long it will be before this myth is entirely dissipated.

WE are requested to state that the forecast of Mr. Stephen Phillips's *Paolo and Francesca* which appeared in the *Daily Mail* of Wednesday was unauthorised. The quotations, which had been taken from an early draft of the tragedy, are no longer representative, and the plot was incorrectly given.

THE negotiations which have been long pending for the purchase of the *St. James's Gazette* are now concluded, and the paper has passed from the possession of Mr. Steinkopff into that of a syndicate. Mr. Hugh Chisholm remains in the editorial chair. The *St. James's Budget* is also to be revived, but not again as an illustrated weekly. The old battle of the *Budgets* has indeed ceased. A few years ago there were the *Pall Mall Budget*, the *St. James's Budget*, and the *Westminster Budget*, all vying with each to give the best sixpennyworth of picture and article. And now the *Pall Mall Budget* is no more, the *Westminster* is again at threepence, and the *St. James's* is to be once again without illustrations. Its old editor, Mr. Penderel Brodhurst, returns to his post.

THE latest of the pocket editions to reach us is, in one way at least, the most striking and satisfactory of them all. Its name is the "New Century Library," its publishers Messrs. Nelson & Sons, and the first volume is *The Post-humous Papers of the Pickwick Club*, complete. It is in that word "complete" that the special merit of Messrs. Nelson's edition resides. Hitherto *Pickwick* has had to be split up into two or three volumes, a division which has to a large extent neutralised the advantages of compactness which a pocket edition should possess. But Messrs. Nelson, by using India paper, have been enabled to present a complete *Pickwick* of 845 pages, printed in a large type, in a volume half an inch thick, 4½ by 6 inches in superficies, and weighing only four ounces. All pedestrians and travellers who like to have a book about them should be grateful to the makers of India paper. The "New Century" books are to be published month by month, after Dickens coming Scott and Thackeray.

APPROPOS of pocket editions, we may mention that Messrs. Dent's "Temple" edition of Scott, in forty-eight volumes, is now complete, and their "Temple" Dickens, running to thirty-two volumes, has been carried as far as it can be until the copyrights of the remaining books are exhausted.

LAST Saturday's *Daily News* contained a very interesting character-sketch of John Rylands, the millionaire whose wealth has put Manchester into the possession of the Althorp Library, from the pen of Dr. Parker, who knew him well. We quote two passages:

The simplicity of his life had its occasional drawbacks, not, indeed, very serious, yet not without comical significance. I well remember two public men dining with him, and, although they were preachers, they really did know the difference between real champagne and even the best sorts of nettle beer. As they were both eminent ministers, I will not credit them with a finer discrimination; it is enough that, to my certain knowledge, their palates were not absolutely paralysed. Would they take sherry? Yes. Each took a critical sip, and looked at the other. To me, as a young teetotaler, the look had some kind of occult meaning which a raw countryman could not be expected to discern. Would they take claret? Yes. One mouthful was enough. Would they taste the Madeira? Thanks. No. They were not dyspeptic; they were only sensible and discerning. All wines were alike to the hospitable but abstemious host. So were all tobaccos, for he probably hardly knew the difference between golden shag and black twist. Had it been otherwise, the John Rylands Library might never have been heard of. The world owes nothing to gluttons and wine-bibbers. The two critical guests have left nothing behind them; John Rylands has left a library worthy of his city and the nation.

MR. RYLANDS's own literary tastes were hardly in accord with the purchase of the Spencer books. Says Dr. Parker:

I remember Mr. Rylands telling me that he had collected twenty thousand metrical pieces. The blank books into which the hymns were pasted became quite a considerable library. Each series was in order, reference being simplified by copious indices. The other issue was still more remarkable. On one occasion Mr. Rylands said to me: "Just as I can tell almost by a glance at my book how many pieces of cloth, and how many yards of ribbon, are in my warehouse, so I want to be able to show in the easiest possible way exactly and completely what the Bible says upon any of its own subjects." This idea he carried out at great expense. His plan was to take the Authorised Version just as it stands, and number its paragraphs from one up to hundreds. The numbers were in large type. The margin of the Bible was very wide, and the numbers were set boldly upon it. To accompany the Bible Mr. Rylands published a book of subjects, such as Atonement, Baptism, Consecration, Festivals, Sacrifices, and the like, and under each of these subjects were printed all the numbers of paragraphs referring to it. So by keeping the Bible and the key side by side the reader could at once

see everything in the Bible upon any particular subject. This was a new form of a concordance of subjects in contradistinction to a concordance of words.

It is a far cry from this ingenious hobby to the "Mazarin Bible" of 1540-55—one of the chief Althorp treasures, now Manchester's—to the "Pfister Bible," to the "Mentz Bible" of 1462, and all the other priceless specimens which John Rylands's wealth has given to his city.

WE have received from Mr. J. Rochelle Thomas, the antiquarian, a circular relating to two oak chests which he has recently acquired, and for which, under the belief that they were Shakespeare's, he is asking £400. They were bought, it seems, at the sale of the contents of Shakespeare's house at Stratford-on-Avon, in 1847, by the late Charles Shrewsbury Butler, M.P., and have now passed into Mr. Thomas's hands. The reproduction in this circular of the title-page of the 1847 catalogue was a pleasant thought. The sale was conducted by the great George Robins, for whom, as many good stories go to prove, nothing but superlatives existed. If a house had a decent garden, it straightway "positively, gentlemen, reeks of roses"; if the song of birds were heard thereabouts, "I can assure you, gentlemen, that you can hardly sleep for nightingales." The present catalogue describes Shakespeare's house as "the truly heart-stirring relic of a most glorious period, and of England's immortal bard" and "the most honoured monument of the greatest genius that ever lived." This is not Robins at his best, but it will serve.

"A RIVAL M.P." has taken in hand one of the poems on "Winter" submitted to us for competition a week or so ago, and has treated it by a process which may be called improvement by elision. This is the poem, the suggested omissions being enclosed between square brackets, and such new words as the omissions make necessary being given in italics:

#### WINTER.

Some folks may sigh for summer days,  
To [laze and] dream among the flowers;  
Give me old winter's breezy ways,  
The north wind's [sparkling] frosty hours.  
To feel the warm, enkindled blood  
Run [circling] to my glad heart's core,  
To say with Schiller "Oh, 'tis good  
To [be a]live," and wish no more.  
To glide along the crispy ice  
With newly sharpened, [well-cut] skates;  
Each day to find a new device  
For threes and dainty [figure] eights.  
And thro' the woody copse to wend,  
[Our way] Hand joined in hand, some night  
When winter stars to Love's eyes lend  
A newer [note, a] gladder light.  
Within the fireside's ingle nook,  
As [So still and] quiet as a mouse,  
She knitting, I with pipe and book—  
The [My favourite,] *Angel in the House*.  
Warmed by the yule-log's cheerful light,  
Her words [of love] will seem more tender,  
What memories we'll weave at night!—  
Four feet upon a [brass-bound] fender.

It does not necessarily follow that a poem is better because its metre is rendered more brisk. One metre suits one subject, one another. But we do not think that in the present instance any harm has been done by the emendations. In his *Letters to Fanny Kemble*, it may be remembered, FitzGerald shows how injurious to a poem of Burns similar treatment can be. If any reader can suggest a well-known poem which would benefit by a similar process of elision we should be interested.



THE *Boys' Own Paper*—or the *B.O.P.*, as it is affectionately called—has seen many rivals start up since it was first issued, twenty-one years ago; but it has beaten them all. And it is now as strong and popular as ever, and still under the same editor, Mr. G. A. Hutchinson, who prepared the first number. As some celebration of the *B.O.P.*'s majority, a dinner has been arranged at the Holborn Restaurant for Tuesday, October 31, when past and present contributors, literary and artistic, will be present, as well as a number of "Old Boys." The price of the tickets has been limited to 5s., and to ensure seats early application should be made to the Hon. Sec. of the Dinner Committee, Mr. W. J. Gordon, Hillside, Thurleigh-road, Balham, S.W.

JEALOUS rivals of Mr. Guy Boothby who have hitherto been unable to see what there is "in him," will find his gifts codified carefully in the current *Blackwood*. Under the title "Fashion in Fiction," an anonymous critic inquires into the success of Mr. Boothby, Mr. Sheldon, and Mr. Silas K. Hocking. The writer suggests that their extraordinary vogue is not due to especial merit, but to their recognition that, whereas other fashions in fiction are continually changing, "three have kept a permanent hold upon the world's attention. Detectives, mysticism, and theology seem never to pall." Mr. Boothby adheres to detectives and mysticism; Mr. Sheldon and Mr. Hocking go in for theology. The result of this article will not, we trust, mean that some of the other leaders of fashion in fiction will go in for theology too. More tolerable far are detectives and mysticism.

APPROPOS of the sedulous supply of the public with exactly what the public wants, there is a guileless letter in the current *Author* which should kindle envy in many a budding novelist. It runs thus:

Does it occur to some of the failures who write to you that some men make a tolerable income out of fiction alone? Personally, I started as a journalist and proved myself eminently incompetent. At the present moment if I do write an article I do it badly, and at the cost of prodigious labour. But fiction comes more easily to me, and in financial return has already brought me £4,000 during this current year. I do not live in London, neither do I log-roll. I am not conscious of knowing a single human being who writes reviews. But I take note of what the public wants, and I supply it to the best of my ability. In one point I quite agree with your former correspondents, I never consider that I am adequately remunerated. I should much prefer £8,000 or £16,000. In fact, I could enjoy £32,000. But in the meanwhile £4,000 does not seem bad earning (for three-quarters of a year) for a man who much prefers (and employs) enjoyment to labour.

YACHTSMAN.

This is truly the golden age for mediocre narrators.

MR. DOOLEY, in the *Westminster Gazette*, on the Bertillon system of identifying criminals, is immense: "Ye know Bertillon. . . . He's th' la-ad that invinted th' system iv detictive wurruk med aisy that they use down in the Cinthral polis-station. I mind wanst afther 'twas inthrojooed th' loot says to Andy Rahan—he's a sergeant now, be hivins—he says, 'Go out,' he says, 'an' fetch in Mike McGool, th' safe robber,' he says. 'Here's his description,' he says. 'Eyelashes, eight killomethres long; eyes, blue an' assymethrical; jaw, bituminous; measurement, fr'm abaft th' left ear to base iv maxillary glan's, four hectograms; a r-red scar runnin' fr'm th' noomogasthric narve to th' sicond dorsal verteebree,' he says. 'Tis so; I have th' description at home in th' cash drawer.' Well, Andy come in about six o'clock that night lookin' as though he'd been thryin' to r-run a fut race acrost a pile iv scrap ir'n, an' says he: 'Loot,' he says. 'I've got him,' he says. 'I didn't take th'

measuremints,' he says, 'because whin I pulled out th' tape line he rowled me eighty hectograms down th' sthreet,' he says. 'But 'tis Mike McGool,' he says. 'I don't know anything about his noomogasthric narves,' he says, 'but I reco'nized his face,' he says. 'I've r-run him in fifty times,' he says."

MAURUS JOKAI, the Hungarian patriot, and the author of almost countless vigorous and absorbing romances, has been taking the readers of the Magyar journal *Nemzet* into his confidence, much as certain men of note in this country have been confiding their histories to Mr. T. P. O'Connor. "Every good man," says Jokai (we quote from the translation made by the *Morning Post's* Vienna correspondent), "is attended by two guardian angels—the good angel and the angel of wickedness. The bad angel always gives him sound, profitable, worldly-wise advice; the good angel urges him on to deeds of Quixotic folly. There is a date—March 15, 1848—of vast importance in Hungarian history. On the eve of this day I, with a whole company of enthusiastic spirits, swore to take my part in an effort for freedom for the liberation of Hungary from the heavy yoke of Austria. My bad angel told me that I was a fool, a visionary, a madman, and urged me to take to my heels while there was yet time. My good angel, on the contrary, reminded me that I had pledged my word of honour, and that I was engaged in a good cause. If my bad angel had prevailed I might possibly have in after years attained the dizzy eminence of the Burgomastership of some obscure provincial town, but I should not have become the author of a hundred books, while Hungary would not regard that day as one of the most glorious in her annals if prudence had outweighed goodness."

JOKAI, who has recently taken a young wife, then describes the happiness of his first marriage, although there again he had been urged on by the angel of Quixotic folly and dissuaded by her worldly-wise sister. The sum of it therefore is: "Be good men and true, rather than prudent or worldly-wise."

"Is it 'Gilian the Dreamer' or Neil the Dreamer?" is the question which some readers of Mr. Neil Munro's new story have been asking. As a matter of fact, we believe, Gilian is the only fictional character in Mr. Munro's book. All the others had their counterparts in real life, and their descendants are still to the fore once deeply interested in the tale that so intimately concerns them. Of course, in Gilian's there must be much of Mr. Munro's own early imaginings, but the author's career has shown that he can grasp the substance without bothering overmuch about the dream. The work on which Mr. Munro is at present engaged is in a more romantic style than anything he has done.

FABULISTS are many, but only the few are chosen. Mr. Crossland's *Literary Parables* set many minds at work on this piquant form of literature, but we have not been able to print their efforts. The fable which follows, by Mr. Gautier de Nogent, is more to the point:

#### A COMPLAINT.

There was once a young nobleman who wished to write a great work, so, after considering for many nights, he said to a Sage: "Give me a subject whereon to write, for I would be a great author."

"Go into the world as a poor man, and learn," said the Sage.

After a year the young man returned, saying: "I have written many chapters, but no one will publish them."

Then the Sage replied: "Go to the publisher as a rich man."

Many moons went by before the young man came again.

"The book is printed and published, but no one will read it," he complained.

"Even so," quoth the Sage; "I can do no more."

"THE latest advance puff," writes a correspondent, "needs the author of *The Book of Snobs* to deal adequately with it. 'Mr. Anthony Hope,' it runs, in the *Bookman*, 'is speaking with warm praise of the young Duchess of Sutherland's new novel. She calls it *One Hour and the Next*. It is a story concerning itself with the East End, and particularly with labour agitations.' This is very ingenious. Success and rank, the two gods of the ordinary person, join hands, and when the time comes the publisher will reap his harvest. Mr. Hall Caine, I expect soon to read, has great hopes of the new series of *Leaves from a Journal in the Highlands* which Her Majesty is thinking of issuing."

In a recent number we printed an adaptation by Mr. Paul Swinburne of Regnier's epitaph. A correspondent, Mr. R. Beverley, offers this alternative version:

I've lived without a single thought,  
Obeying simply as I ought,  
Sweet Nature's law or whim;  
And so I much astonished be  
That Death has dared to think of me,  
Who never thought of him.

"I apologise to Regnier and yourself," adds Mr. Beverley, "for the introduction of 'whim.' Perhaps you will pardon: I am sure Regnier would." We cannot be behind Regnier in magnanimity; we pardon too.

UNDER the title "Popular Studies in Mythology, Romance, and Folklore" Mr. Nutt is issuing a series of handy little sixpenny pamphlets which those schoolmasters who care to touch on these subjects should find of the greatest use. An introduction to Celtic and Mediæval Romance, by Mr. Alfred Nutt, comes first, and then "Folklore: What is It and What is the Good of It?" by Mr. E. S. Hartland, the President of the Folklore Society. Among the other numbers arranged for are: "The Fables of Æsop," by Mr. Joseph Jacobs; "Ossian, and the Literature Connected with his Name," by Mr. Alfred Nutt; "A Survey of Arthurian Romance," by Miss Jessie L. Weston; "The Fairy Mythology of Shakespeare"; "Cuchulinn, the Irish Achilles"; "The Troubadours and Their Times"; and "Wagner and Northern Mythology."

## Bibliographical.

THE largely increased interest taken in the stage to-day is illustrated by the announcement of a book on Barry Sullivan and his contemporaries. This is hero-worship indeed. That Sir Henry Irving should be about to find in Mr. Hiatt yet another biographer is intelligible enough, for he is the legitimate successor of Macready and Charles Kean. But—Barry Sullivan! That respectable old-school actor is inferior even to Charles Calvert (who has never yet been "biographed") in interest for students of the stage. He "created" very few notable parts (among them, however, being Valence in "Colombe's Birthday"), and he did nothing whatever for the illustration of Shakespeare, though it was as an expositor of Shakespeare that he was best known. He was essentially a player of the second—of even the third—class; and, without prejudging the forthcoming work, I venture to think that all the biography of Sullivan that is needed was supplied half a dozen years ago, when Mr. W. J. Lawrence published a little memoir which ran only to a hundred pages.

During the present season we seem likely to have at least as much autobiography as biography. The reminiscences

of Sir Algernon West, Dean Merivale, and Sir Edward Russell have long been promised. Now come announcements of the autobiographies of Mr. Robert Buchanan and Mr. Kegan Paul. I find that the younger literary men do not quite realise that Mr. Buchanan is (as things go nowadays) a veteran. He is in his fifty-ninth year. His first book (it was of verse) was published more than thirty years ago, his first novel about twenty-five years ago. Then came a period during which he sought fame and fortune as a playwright. Of Mr. Buchanan's journalistic experiences not much is known, or, if known, recollected. How many remember the weekly paper called *Light*, in which he wielded for a time the editorial thunder-bolt?

We all expect a good deal from the *Memories* of Mr. Kegan Paul, one of whose distinctions is that he is not in the current edition of *Who's Who*. The man-in-the-street knows of Mr. Paul only as a publisher of books. The reading world has not yet forgotten that Mr. Paul has written books as well as published them—e.g., his *Biographical Sketches*, dating back some fifteen or sixteen years; his *Faith and Unfaith* (and other Essays), now more than eight years old; his *Confessio Viatoris*, now nearly eight years old; and his little brochure on *Miracle*, published in 1892. He has also translated Huysmans, and this year he gave us a volume of poems. Sir Edward Russell, whose *That Reminds Me* should soon be in our hands, has not touched literature at many points. He has been an editor in the first place, a dramatic critic in the second; and it is in the latter capacity that he has figured as an author. Did he not write and issue a *Study of Hamlet*, inspired by Sir Henry Irving's royal Dane? Assuredly he was part author of a little book on *Ibsen on His Merits*, and also author of a lecture on Ibsen, published some four or five years since.

There is no end to the ingenuity of the anthologists. The very latest instance of it is the promise of a volume of *Prayers from the Poets*. I suppose there is nothing you cannot pick out of the *corpus poetarum* if you do but look for it long enough. It was only the other day that someone compiled a little collection of prayers from the works of men of letters. But I fancy (I may be wrong) that these were all in prose. Who was it said, "I never pray, but I have aspirations all day long"? There are more aspirations than set prayers, I suspect, in the world of the *belles lettres*.

Very welcome will be *The Backwater of Life, and Other Essays*, by the late James Payn. One wishes that that gentle humorist had written more in this literary form than he did. One recalls with pleasure, not only his two books of recollections, but his *Private Views* and his *Holiday Tasks*, published respectively in the early and the late eighties. No doubt he gave up to his weekly notes in the *Illustrated London News* much which would have had permanent life and value had it been set forth in the essay form.

Certain of Dr. John Brown's essays and sketches are to be issued, I see, at sixpence apiece, which is all very well; but there are many, I believe, who would like to have the opportunity of buying all Dr. Brown's works, in volume form, at a reasonable price. Now, I believe the *Hora Subseciva* are to be acquired only in three volumes and at half a guinea (less discount). Could not something cheaper be tried?

Great wits jump. No sooner do we grasp the fact that Mrs. Hugh Bell is going to give us a book (formerly a pamphlet) on *Conversational Openings* than we are told to expect from another lady, not so well known in the world of authorship, a booklet on *The Gentle Art of Good Talking*. The latter will cost but one shilling—a small price for instruction in an admittedly useful art.

THE BOOKWORM.

## Reviews.

## Mr. Kipling as Recruiting Sergeant.

*Stalky & Co.* By Rudyard Kipling. (Macmillan & Co. 6s.)

WHETHER or not Mr. Kipling claims to have set before us the whole boy, or only a special acquaintance of his own, we do not know; but if *Stalky & Co.*, as we half suspect, purports to tell the truth where *Eric*, Dean Farrar's famous story (and Mr. Kipling's bugbear), only romances, we must say at once that it comes short of that ambition. The impression of boy life conveyed by *Eric* is not more false than that given by *Stalky & Co.*, but the two pictures are the poles asunder. Dean Farrar's weakness for sentiment is quite equalled by Mr. Kipling's infatuation for might. One is as wrong as the other. The real boy comes somewhere between the two; you will find more of him in *Tom Brown* and *Tom Sawyer* than anywhere else. Mr. Kipling for once is caught tripping. In his endeavour to recapture his youth he has remembered everything but youth's immaturity. The escapades of youth are here, the joy of living, the high spirits; but a cleverness beyond all credence has been superimposed. The attempt to make forcible dialogue and successful strategy has been too much for the author, and fidelity to the fact has gone overboard in the interests of the yarn. We cannot believe that even at Westward Ho! Mr. Kipling's own school, three boys ever existed with so complete a theory of life, such rapid and accurate powers of deduction, such uncanny sagacity, such unwavering disregard of the feelings of others, and such brutal and unflagging wit, as Stalky, M'Turk, and Beetle. Mr. Kipling is entitled to idealise his puppets if he likes, and yet we have for so long come to look to him for genuine efforts to depict people as they are that it is with difficulty that the mind is adjusted to this new phase. We shall express the matter more clearly, perhaps, by saying that in these narratives of the adventures of three boys for the discomfort of masters or other enemies, and the glorification of themselves, the thought, the arrangement, and the orderly accomplishment are adult, the conditions and language—and that only approximately—alone being boyish. Now although the child is the father of the man, and all the rest of it, there is yet a vast difference between a boy's ways and a man's ways. Mr. Kipling seems to us to have overlooked that difference altogether.

He has also so overdone the book that it has to be pronounced his least satisfactory work. There is a piling on of youthful brutality beyond all need, a lack of selective skill. Had *Stalky & Co.* been a whole-hearted attempt at realism, a genuine effort to portray the boy, we should make no such objections. But it is nothing of the kind: the whole boy, indeed, would no more bear setting down in black and white than the whole man. Realism being, then, out of the question, it remains that Mr. Kipling might have made a far better book. For the moment his instinct for the best stories has left him: he has let in a very flood of the second best. "In Ambush" and "A Little Prep.," the best things here (as good in their kind as one could wish), make some of their companions appear singularly unnecessary. "An Unsavoury Interlude," "The Impressionists," "The Moral Reformers"—no one of these is worth the amount of spirit and literary power which Mr. Kipling has put into them. "An Unsavoury Interlude" in particular is quite unworthy—a story which relates how the three heroes, having been accused of neglecting to wash themselves, retaliate by hiding a putrid cat in their traducers' house. Boys doubtless do such things, and for an oral yarn the incident would serve; but when a man of genius sits down to elaborate the affair we feel that he is expending himself wantonly. The thing does not matter, is not worth the doing, especially by the same hand that gave us the

beautiful gravity of the *Jungle Books*. However, to balance the less worthy or unworthy chapters there are the two that we have named, which are of the first-class of boisterous school story. These, though often unnecessarily exuberant, justify themselves; and, if we had our way, Mr. Kipling's reputation as a delineator of boy life in a military nursery should rest on them alone. We quote from "In Ambush" the passages describing part of the conversation of the three when confined to their dormitory for a crime they did not commit:

"We've got him—got him on the Caudine Toasting-fork!" said Stalky, after those hints were taken. "King 'll have to prove his charges up to the giddy hilt."

"Too much ticklee, him bust," Beetle quoted from a book of his reading. "Didn't I say he'd go pop if we let un bide?"

"No prep., either, O ye incipient drunkards," said M'Turk, "and it's trig night too. Hullo! Here's our dear friend Foxy. More tortures, Foxibus?"

"I've brought you something to eat, young gentlemen," said the Sergeant from behind a crowded tray. Their wars had ever been waged without malice, and a suspicion floated in Foxy's mind that boys who allowed themselves to be tracked so easily might, perhaps, hold something in reserve. Foxy had served through the Mutiny, when early and accurate information was worth much.

"I—I noticed you 'adn't 'ad anything to eat, an' I spoke to Gumbly, an' he said you wasn't exactly cut off from supplies. So I brought up this. It's your potted 'am tin, ain't it, Mr. Corkran?"

"Why, Foxibus, you're a brick," said Stalky. "I didn't think you had this much—what's the word, Beetle?"

"Bowels," Beetle replied promptly. "Thank you, Sergeant. That's young Carter's potted ham, though."

"There was a C on it. I thought it was Mr. Corkran's. This is a very serious business, young gentlemen. That's what it is. I didn't know, perhaps, but there might be something on your side which you hadn't said to Mr. King or Mr. Prout, maybe."

"There is. Heaps, Foxibus." This from Stalky through a full mouth.

"Then you see, if that was the case, it seemed to me I might represent it, quiet so to say, to the 'Ead when he asks me about it. I've got to take 'im the charges to-night, an'—it looks bad on the face of it."

"Trociuous bad, Foxy. Twenty-seven cuts in the Gym before all the school, and public expulsion. 'Wine is a mocker, strong drink is ragin'," quoth Beetle.

Subsequently they visited the Head:

"Good evening," said he, when the three appeared under escort. "I want your undivided attention for a few minutes. You've known me for five years, and I've known you for—twenty-five. I think we understand one another perfectly. I am now going to pay you a tremendous compliment. (The brown one, please, Sergeant. Thanks. You needn't wait.) I'm going to execute you without rhyme, Beetle, or reason. I know you went to Colonel Dabney's covers because you were invited. I'm not even going to send the Sergeant with a note to ask if your statement is true, because I am convinced that, on this occasion, you have adhered strictly to the truth. I know, too, that you were not drinking. (You can take off that virtuous expression, M'Turk, or I shall begin to fear you don't understand me.) There is not a flaw in any of your characters. And that is why I am going to perpetrate a howling injustice. Your reputations have been injured, haven't they? You have been disgraced before the house, haven't you? You have a peculiarly keen regard for the honour of your house, haven't you? Well, now I am going to lick you."

Six apiece was their portion upon that word.

"And this, I think"—the head replaced the cane, and flung the written charge into the waste-paper basket—"covers the situation. When you find a variation from the normal—this will be useful to you in later life—always meet him in an abnormal way."

We have used the phrase, boy life in a military nursery, because it must be remembered that that is what Mr.

Kipling has set out to paint. *Stalky & Co.* is the book of empire-makers in the making, a fact which must be kept steadily in mind if one is to come through to the last page without qualms, or, indeed, come through to the last page at all. For empires are not made in accordance with the precepts of the fifth chapter of Matthew, or even of the ordinary citizen of the world, and empire-makers are a kind of boy in whom the softer emotions have no place, and in whom any cultivation of the delicacies is discouraged. The qualities which are most needed on our frontiers are the qualities which Mr. Kipling holds up for admiration. It is not so much Young England that is represented here as Young Fighting England, in whom there cannot be too much of quickness of thought and swiftness of decisive action, and who is successful only in so far as he is also merciless, adamant, and domineering. Courageous, too; although, curiously, Mr. Kipling leaves us to form our own conclusions as to his heroes' personal valour. Their victories are for the most part victories of diplomacy and vicarious blows. *Stalky*, we know from the last story, became a worthy soldier; but at school the three despised cricket with all their hearts, avoided football except under compulsion, and, so far as their historian informs us, fought no fights. On the other hand they once ill-treated a cow (although Mr. Kipling has not included the account of the incident in this volume), and in the course of curing two bullies of bullying their own experiments in that art reached a point of horrible atrocity. Hence, although for soldiers this is one of the most congenial collections of yarns that they are likely to get for some time, and for Volunteers and the military-minded it is hardly less admirable, for the Czar and for peace-loving and all gentle-souled readers it will be well nigh impossible. Mr. Kipling, as apostle of muscle and aggressive Imperialism, has uttered many battle-cries in his time; but this is his completest incitement to war, his crowning achievement as the supreme Recruiting Sergeant. Particularly so, since *Stalky & Co.* appeals to the young and plastic mind. Parents must please themselves as to whether they add the book to the holiday library; but we can only say that if it is to be read freely by impressionable boys, the sooner the curtain is rung down on the farce of Christianity the better; for there is hardly a precept of the Sermon on the Mount that is not joyously outraged in its pages.

What the book chiefly needs is some humanising relief. Throughout there is the same unerring metallic smartness, with hardly a hint of deeper feelings; the same torrent of brilliant slang. And this reminds us that besides other reasons for not handing this book to a boy, which will occur to every schoolmaster who happens to read it, there is also the objection that imitators of *Stalky*, *M'Turk*, and *Beetle* would be a very noxious race. For the originals we have admiration, albeit tempered by incredulity; but their derivatives will be appalling.

### The Only-Begetter of Impressionism.

*Velasquez.* By R. A. M. Stevenson. (George Bell & Sons. 5s. net.)

THIS cheap edition of Mr. R. A. M. Stevenson's *Velasquez* is a valuable little work. Mr. Stevenson is known as an admirable art critic. His technical knowledge is thorough, and his appreciation cultivated. He expresses himself in sound, literary English, without unnecessary ostentation of the terms of the schools. Yet he is far from that much more exasperating class of art critics who deal in flourishes of literary eloquence, from which nothing definite is to be learned—loose splotches of colour without definition. He is, in particular, almost an ideal critic of Velasquez; for, as he confesses, he is an impres-

sionist by temperament. You must, indeed, consequently allow for an avowed natural prejudice against what he calls decorative aim in painting (he gives unusual extension to the term so as to cover even the great Venetians); but he is large-mindedly conscious of this, and discounts it, endeavouring, so far as may be, to eliminate it from his general conclusions. To criticise Velasquez, assuredly a convinced impressionist is needful.

Spain is not a land of great ideals, of high spirituality: it has not developed the inner consciousness, like Germany; nor, like France, consummately cultivated the material consciousness. But it is the land where the sense of personal dignity has reached its loftiest expression. It is the land of the Hidalgo. It is the land of Quixote. A grave rhetoric characterises much of its literature and its art. Most appropriately, for final blossom of its art, it produced the founder of the personal style in painting, which we call Impressionism. The most modern of modern art has found in him its master and exemplar; for being concerned nowadays with ourselves, we needed an art which should teach us to see ourselves greatly. But the founder remains supreme. To go no further, his Spanish dignity gave an elevation to his seeing which is lacking in most modern impressionists, however masterly otherwise. The revolution he has worked in England, through such men as Whistler and Sargent, is great. It extends to the very teaching of our schools. The state of things which till lately prevailed, the piecemeal working and scrutiny of nature, is scathingly described by Mr. Stevenson:

Many people must have seen English painters who went out of their way to confuse their eyesight and destroy all unity of impression. Some begin a large landscape at the top of one corner, and finish it all the way down bit by bit. . . . These make a tunnel with their hands to shut out everything but the one patch of colour they are matching. These hold up white paper to gauge a value; these match tints upon a palette-knife held against the hues of nature; these cut holes in a card to look through; and these peep through their legs, their half-shut eyes, or into a small black mirror. . . . I have often seen men painting sunsets who would shade out the sky with a hat or hand that they might see what they were pleased to call the true colour of the ground. Of course, the grass instantly became of quite another colour to what it had been when the sky entered the painter's eyes at the same time. But they seemed unaware that they were painting by this process two quite different effects in one frame.

Mr. Ruskin, though aware that colours are altered by juxtaposition, is yet responsible for the cardboard device; as that great critic is responsible for many mistaken theories and practices. Wherein lay the originality of Velasquez? He sought his principle of unity in imitating the actual colour-relations of nature, seen and grasped as a whole, in their reciprocal interdependence. Whereas the painters with whom he may most nearly be compared studied things separately, and endeavoured to unify them either by a decorative system of colour-harmony and harmonies of line, like Rubens and the Venetians; or by *chiaroscuro*, like Rembrandt. It is in the Prado of Madrid, says Mr. Stevenson, that this supremacy of Velasquez can best be realised. There alone can his mature work be studied in bulk; and beside it even Rembrandt looks incomplete. In the Rembrandt group individually realistic figures are combined by an artificial harmony of *chiaroscuro*, slurring over the falsity of relative value. In Velasquez the group is united by a comprehensive perception of colour-values, studied not merely in their reciprocal effect, but as modified by the incidence of light on varying planes, and under varying conditions of atmospheric perspective. For it is obvious that even modelling is not a mere matter of light and dark, but a subtly-changing colour-pattern, caused by the numerous planes of surface. In the same way *chiaroscuro* and the effects of atmosphere reveal themselves by their effects on the value of colour. It is only artificially that we separate them, and in Velasquez they

are not separated. It is in this command of *values* that his power lies; and in the wonderfully trained gift of eye by which, in the most complex groups, he grasped such values whole and interdependent—not in carefully studied parts, which become false when they are arbitrarily assembled. For this reason, also, he is the first and greatest master of atmosphere, with its magical effects on the local qualities of colour—the quality which a coloured robe, for example, has, viewed merely from the milliner's standpoint.

Velasquez, therefore, not merely perceived these things most delicately, but perceived them with a single eye. And this, as opposed to the study of nature part by part, and the necessarily unrelated putting together of those parts (brought into a conventional relation by some arbitrary device of colour, line, or *chiaroscuro*), is what we understand by Impressionism. It also deserves that name because it is peculiarly dependent on the authority of the painter's personal way of sight—since no two temperaments perceive a given *ensemble* of relations alike. Nor must it be supposed that we use the term "conventional" in aught but a relative sense; that any art can do more than approximate to nature. Impressionism is simply a less conventional convention. It can become a very intolerable convention in the hands of those who lack the authoritative eye which—beyond all other methods of art—it exacts, and without which it is unjustified!

Velasquez himself (it is a point for the young impressionist in a hurry) neither attained this way of art, nor acquired the magisterial perfection of eye which made it possible, till the close of a crowded artistic life. He began by the severe study of nature, like the painters before him, and trained himself by successive attention to various powers of art, before he learned to combine and eliminate—combine all requisite powers, eliminate all aims unessential to his end. In the early "Forge of Vulcan" Mr. Stevenson finds him a student of modelling, after the style of Caravaggio, and relying on a brown medium for harmony of tone. In "The Topers" he shows strong realism as regards the individual figures, without true realism of relation. The bust of the young "Philip IV." has searching, but too rigid, drawing. Then he went to Italy, and came back enamoured of the Venetians, of Titian, and, above all, Tintoretto. With that began his middle period, marked by grand decorative aim and sometimes a more positive colour than he afterwards used. The "Surrender of Breda" is the masterpiece of this period; while in the National Gallery we have the fine "Admiral Pulido Pareja." Only in his third and latest period he put forth the great series of works which mark the attainment of his mature and impressionist ideal.

In their possession Madrid is rich, despite Cuba and Manila. Take, for example, the splendid "Las Meninas," which even in a small reproduction such as that of Mr. Stevenson's book gives some suggestion of what must be the glories of the original. A large, gloomy room in the palace, the foreground occupied by the little Infanta and her attendants: from the obscurity of the middle distance loom the figure of Velasquez himself on the left, and two others on the right; at the back a small mirror reflects the faces of the King and Queen; while still more remotely seen through an open door a courtier is drawing back a curtain. The effect produced with this material is superb. The foreground illumination is concentrated on the charming figure of the small Infanta, with wonderful dignity of result, yet without false lighting. This may be compared with certain modern pictures, where the same effect is trickily sought at the expense of all truth in light. The eye is led back with marvellous mystery and beauty through the successive planes of the dim spaces, till it comes to rest on the figure of the courtier—a mere fly on the window-pane, but singularly effective in his perspective setting. The most delicate atmosphere modulates everything. Nay, here as elsewhere, Mr. Stevenson shows that Velasquez employed atmosphere as a portion of the com-

position in a way unknown to the schools before him. The heads of the figures are low down, almost on a level, yet the canvas towers up above them; that upper space is filled with nothing but atmosphere. A darkness dimly populous with light engrosses it, producing all the effect of loftiest composition. It is not an accident of background, but an integral portion of the picture.

More capable of representation on a small scale is the full-length of the philosopher "Æsopus." "The most



ÆSOPUS.

cleverly handled of all Velasquez' heads," says Mr. Stevenson, "it is the one that best supports the legend of his swaggering dexterity in flourishing a paint-brush. It is a rough *impasto* woven into a most marvellously expressive texture, which is, unfortunately, quite unreplicable in illustrations." But the admirable character of the face, nevertheless, remains. Velasquez had no set handling. His brush-work alters with the mood and aim of the painting, differing with differently placed figures in one and the same picture. Let Mr. Stevenson describe a totally unlike handling in the little bust of "Philip IV." (Prado, 1080):

It may be noted for the sweet *finesse* of the modelling, the lovely black of the clothes, and a command of colour in close ranges so supreme that the local tints of the flesh



are preserved, and cannot anywhere be confounded with the soft iridescence of the luminous envelope. One feels that it goes beyond human powers in the intimacy of its modelling. It seems to challenge nature in finish, and one almost resents that art and nature should both triumph to this extent on the same canvas.

Hence more than any painter Velasquez can stand the terrible test of collective exhibition. There is no sameness; each painting is a fresh intention. Mr. Stevenson defends his habit in colour of dealing chiefly with the silvery play of light on wonderfully cadenced blacks, and his infrequent use of anything like bright colour. Perhaps it was not merely temperament. He may have felt that nature's brilliant effects did not lend themselves to subtle truth of value. Even Manet attains his results of intense light by a convention which is actually false, which relies on the fallaciousness of the human eye.

We cannot follow Mr. Stevenson through his searching and admirable analysis of Velasquez' art in all its *nuances* and problems. No painter involves more discussion of vital principles, and Mr. Stevenson handles his task luminously. The one little objection we have is a tendency to excessive illustration from other arts—always dangerous—which leads him at times into perilously omniscient assertion.

### "That Old Little Crooked Souldier."

*The Life and Campaigns of Alexander Leslie, First Earl of Leven.* By Charles Sanford Terry, M.A. (Longmans, Green & Co. 16s.)

To read this book in conjunction with *The Legend of Montrose* is to realise what an enormous advantage the novelist has over the historian. From a few hints Scott built up



ALEXANDER LESLIE.  
*First Earl of Leven.*

for us the immortal Dugald Dalgetty, the Scottish mercenary of the Thirty Years' War, with all his faults and foibles, good qualities and bad blended into a living human being. It is imagination, but it is more true than history. The Major lives with us still. Mr. Terry has the

same material to work on, but is too faithful and conscientious to make the best use of it. In history Leslie is but a name. When "the Solemn League and Covenant" was signed in Greyfriars' Churchyard, and King Charles in a rage swore "I will rather die than yield to these impertinent and damnable demands," there was called to take command of the insurgent forces "ane gentleman of base birth, borne in Balveny, who had servit long and fortunately in the Germane warris." He was close on threescore years of age, and for thirty years had, like Major Dalgetty, fought under Gustavus Adolphus, "bot," writes Baillie, "such was the wisdom and authoritie of that old little crooked souldier that all with ane incredible submission gave themselves to be guided by him, as if he had been Great Solyman."

Leslie's is a promising figure, but it remains waxwork—it never breathes the breath of life. Yet Mr. Terry has unearthed many romantic suggestions. Leslie may almost be said to have been born in the camp. His father was captain of the castle of Blair, in Athole; of his mother nothing is known, except that she was a "wench in Rannoch." Strangely enough, Mr. Hay Fleming has discovered the fact that this libertine captain, many a year after, when his son was already one of the veterans of Adolphus, "made an honest woman," as the Scotch say, of the erstwhile frail Rannoch lass. We say strangely, because there is but a bare chronicle of the event—it might appear natural enough if all the circumstances were known. Of the "little crooked old man" himself there is a half-length painting in Melville House, reproduced here as a frontispiece—it shows a portly little sexagenarian, almost foppishly got up in lace and ruffles, with pointed beard and curled moustache, and a miniature of the great Adolphus hanging on his breast; a sombre, quiet-looking face, showing little or no outward sign of the ability he must have possessed, since he outshone in valour and generalship all the crowd of Scottish cavaliers who sought their fortunes in Germany during the Thirty Years' War.

But he seems to have been a very illiterate man, and he who can neither write nor talk will soon fall a prey to oblivion. His letters and despatches must have been—as it is said he could barely write his own signature—dictated to a scribe or secretary; at any rate, they are very featureless productions, without a scintilla of originality or specific character. Nor is any pithy or memorable saying of his reported. The only event that seems ever to have developed in him a touch of emotion was the death of his great commander. At other times he seems to have kept his feelings well in hand. When his wife died he was too much engrossed in affairs to attend her funeral, and how and where he himself breathed his last remains a mystery.

In truth, Alexander Leslie, first Earl of Leven, was little more than a fighting machine, and it is absurd to institute any comparison, as was once the fashion, between him and his great rival, Oliver Cromwell, who was a statesman as well as a soldier. Lord Viscount Moore, probably, was not far from the mark when he observed to a couple of his friends "that the Earle of Leven's actions made not such a noyse in the world as those of Generall Leslie." Naturally at sixty a leader is apt to be more cautious and circumspect than he was a score of years before. And from first to last he appears to have been grasping and avaricious. He started in life at twenty penniless and illegitimate. But fortunes could be really picked up in the wars then. In 1640, says Mr. Terry, "a credulous intelligencer valued the clothes he went to church in at £2,000"—an exaggeration, no doubt; yet, even after a large discount has been made, evidence of wealth and ostentation. In 1635 he purchased the Barony of Balgoney, in Fife, and the lands of Craigincat and East Nisbit, in Berwickshire. About the same time he acquired Bogilie from the Boswells of Balmuto, and in 1650 the estate of Inchmartin, in the Carse of Gowrie. Plainly, therefore, he had had his pickings in battle.

Numberless are the contemporary allusions to his love of plunder.

We can after all, then, frame some sort of picture of this soldier of fortune. Whether he got any further in his alphabet than "g," or not—and Lord Hailes has preserved a witty story to prove the negative—it is certain that he was totally destitute of "book-learn." That, as the parvenu's manner is, he delighted in outward pomp and show would be evident from his portrait, even if the jeers of his contemporaries had not been preserved; that he could be simple, quiet, and wise in council is equally evident from the conciliatory influence he exerted when in command of the hitherto discordant Scottish army.

It remains only to ask what he did—the most important question of all, perhaps; though what he was is the more interesting. Passing over the years of his service with Gustavus, we find that he justified the choice of him as a Scottish general by transforming the bands of Covenanters from a shapeless conglomeration of bands into a disciplined and effective military force. Among an army of zealot preachers and enthusiasts he had the advantage to be a practical soldier, accustomed to fight when he was commanded, and little moved by the cries of faction. At Duns he virtually compelled Charles to make a complete surrender; and he achieved his end bloodlessly by steady generalship. That was in 1639; and in 1640, at a very slight expenditure of fighting material at Newburn, he forced Conway and Astley to evacuate Newcastle, and gave England the Parliament "which so much was looked for, from which so much resulted." In 1644 "he cleared the North of the Royalist garrisons, and both planned and shared the victory of Marston Moor," says Mr. Terry. He himself, however, fled before the victory was won; "he galloped off the field, nor drew bridle till he reached Leeds," relates our author, following Somerville. Throughout the difficult crisis of 1645 he continued to hold the north with an army ill-clothed, ill-fed, and ill-paid.

On the whole, then, he may be described as a Dugald Dalgetty with the humour left out; a mercenary loyal to his paymasters; a crafty, skilful master of war, ready to go where he was sent, and to fight when he was bid, but, as far as we can see, destitute of any settled policy or conviction of his own: a mere machine for carrying out the ideas of others.

Mr. Terry's labours, however, are not to be wholly judged by this centre-piece of his picture. He has brought together a vast number of documents that illustrate the relationship between England and Scotland at a time when they were peculiarly interesting. In that way his book is a valuable addition to the literature of knowledge.

### A Scourge for Players.

*The Actor and his Art: Some Considerations of the Present Condition of the Stage.* By Stanley Jones. (Downey & Co. 3s. 6d.)

MR. "STANLEY JONES" (whoever he may be) has audaciously lifted his stick and smashed the window of the enclosed chamber wherein the histrion resides. The free and biting wind of frank criticism rushes turbulently through that room from which hitherto even draughts have been excluded. Pouf! The very gods are blown over, and roll about helpless in this terrible breeze. The spectacle amuses; or rather one snatches a somewhat fearful joy from it. But one cannot help feeling sorry for the gods; one can scarcely resist a desire to set them on their feet and offer them the old accustomed worship. Such treatment of gods is at the least unusual, and—to them—surely incomprehensible. The owner of many a name mentioned in this witty book must have rubbed his eyes as he read, and asked himself whether or no he dreamt. And his uncertainty would be natural and proper, for it is

many years now since the Press entered tacitly into that agreement under which, in speaking of things histrionic, it always exaggerates praise, and diminishes blame to the vanishing point. That agreement, or convention, is one of the most curious and sacred "social contracts" that ever existed—sacred because the most fearless journalists, the most powerful newspapers, accept it as binding; curious because the Press does everything and gets nothing in return. How did it originate? Why should the Press exercise good nature for the pleasure of doing so? Why, if it is lenient to players, should it not extend the same leniency to dramatists? None seems to know. The only ascertained fact is, there is no bribery. *Apropos* of this, Mr. Jones quotes the saying of Sir Augustus Harris when he was once accused of trying to bribe the Press: "'Bribe the Press?' he said jocularly, 'I wish I could. For ten years I have been trying to find the way to do it.'" And Mr. Jones adds: "One might as well try to bribe the House of Commons." Which, though it is probably true, makes the matter all the more mysterious. Of course there are critics (a band *très select*) who ignore the widespread convention of kindness. It may be said that Mr. Stanley Jones is prominently one of these. His book is a wholesale attack on the modern stage, an attack which would be better if it were not contemptuous. In the main, without doubt, it is well founded, being based on two or three notorious truths. No one but a member of the theatrical profession would be likely to disagree with it seriously. Indeed, there are people who would call it trite and unnecessary—a rearrangement of common knowledge. For ourselves, we think that it can't do harm, and may do good—despite the statement of the *Athenaeum* quoted by Mr. Jones, that "actors do not buy books connected with their profession, even if they buy books at all."

It was inevitable, we suppose, that Mr. Stanley Jones should direct the full force of his onslaught against the actor-manager. To those who would reform the stage, the actor-manager has always fulfilled the function of a red rag to a bull. The stage is in a rotten condition, says Mr. Jones in effect, and the reason is the actor-manager. The argument is that when the actor-manager acts and manages, the interests of dramatic and histrionic art are made subservient to his personal vanity and predilections:

The stage suffers in yet another way by the authority which the actor-manager exercises over the theatre. He regards himself as the principal factor in every piece in which he appears, and his choice of plays is thus restricted to such works as he finds suitable to his own individual peculiarities, or to such as his ambition (which is only a polite term for vanity) urges him to produce. Reversing the proper process, the common practice is now for an actor to adapt a play to himself instead of adapting himself to the play. The actor-manager, in nine cases out of ten, sits for his portrait. The actor who is his own manager is in a position to dictate terms, and the dramatist must accept his fate. Thus the elevation of the actor often means the degradation of the drama, for the dramatist is no longer free to follow his own inclinations, but must write, in nine cases out of ten, with an understanding of the aspirations and limitations of an actor-manager.

Here follow actual instances of the "degradation." And this is one. A manager—

declined a play in which there was too much of the heroine with the ingenuous remarks: "Where do I come in? I don't intend to produce plays with any woman in the leading part." In short, if some disinterested manager cannot be induced to change this policy, the heroine's diminished head will presently disappear altogether from the drama. Where, indeed, are the actresses?

Where, indeed? Where are Miss Alma Murray and Miss Elizabeth Robins? And where, except at intervals, is Mrs. Patrick Campbell?

But, though the actor-manager is indubitably human,

it is by no means proved that he is the primal cause of the puerility of the English stage. The drama, like every other art, flourishes and fades, fades and flourishes. But the ebb and flow of a nation's artistic imagination are not controlled by passing vogues in the internal economy of the theatre. We happen now to be at the ebb. Perhaps the tide has turned; perhaps it hasn't. In either case the existence of the actor-manager won't affect it—no more than Canute influenced another tide. And as with the art of drama, so with the art of histrionics. If we have only one great actor and two great actresses, that is not the fault of the actor-manager. The actor-manager has not killed off dramatists of genius or actors of genius. Had he done so, their graves would be notorious. Where are these suppressed dramatists, and these unacted masterpieces? They do not exist. The simple unaided fact of their existence would be too much for the serried ranks of all the actor-managers. It is a law of nature that fine work gets itself heard, in one way or another; and quickly too. We know that some of the leading London managements are again and again at their wit's end for a play, and we feel sure that in their extremity they would be willing to produce even a fine play. There never was a time when young dramatists had a better chance than to-day. Let a man write even a curtain-raiser that succeeds moderately, and within a week he will find on his breakfast-table offers from the first managers of the West End. He will get cables from America. And what is more, he will receive money down for work uncommenced. And this in an era of actor-managers! Further, all theatres are not under the sinister sway of the actor-manager. What of those others which are free from his bane? Mr. George Edwardes has scarcely advanced the cause of art, nor the Messrs. Gatti. Nor was Mr. Comyns Carr strikingly successful when he took the Comedy Theatre. The plain truth is that no machinery except the machinery which includes an actor-manager has proved capable of combining popular success with a moderate degree of artistic achievement. And let us remember that artistic achievement is valuable only in so far as it succeeds. Better not to play it at all than to play a masterpiece to empty seats. There is no virtue in mere performance. That actor-managers have made disinterested efforts on behalf of dramatic art is beyond dispute. Mr. George Alexander will not soon forget "The Divided Way" and "Guy Domville," but he need never be ashamed of them. Mr. Tree will not soon forget the French pantomime play which he produced with "The Seats of the Mighty"—an exquisite thing foredoomed, as he must have well known, to a reception far below zero in its frostiness.

We do not seek to defend the actor-manager from the charges which Mr. Stanley Jones brings against him. We only insist that to accuse him of being a serious obstacle to the rise of the drama, or a factor in its fall, is to confuse minor phenomena with first causes. We cannot but agree with Mr. Jones's strictures against actor-managers and actors generally. He says that actors are vain, unbusinesslike, too fond of publicity, and ignorant. As a class, they are: it is notorious, but it is *de rigueur* not to mention the fact. Of the ignorance of actors he gives an admirable instance, self-confessed by the late Edward Righton:

"When 'The Happy Land' was read to the artists"—I am quoting Mr. Righton's words—"few, if any of us, I am afraid, saw its real point. . . . Nobody is more ready for a genuine guffaw than an actor when he sees the gist of a joke, and I think the harshest thing that could be said of our want of penetration on that occasion was that we were *none of us* posted up in the politics of the day." We can find nothing harsher to say than that the author did not overrate the intelligence of the public in assuming them to be better informed than the actors. It is Mr. Righton who suggests, if I do not misunderstand him, that the actor does not share the common interest in public affairs.

Of the actor's lack of business qualities, of his vanity,

and of his "passion for publicity," nothing needs to be said. Anyone who has brushed the fringe of the theatre—anyone who has even sat among the "resting" players in the dress-circle on a first night—must be well aware of them, and most people will prefer to be silent about them. Mr. Jones, however, gives some extremely funny examples, with names and dates. He spares no one. Some of his quotations from the *Era* newspaper, the "actor's bible," are delicious, and the remarks of actors to kindly interviewers are not less amusing.

On the whole, though Mr. Jones is markedly personal, he is seldom offensive—or rather he would not be deemed offensive by a man of ordinary sensibilities. His wit is sometimes very pretty indeed, as when he says of Sir Henry Irving that he "is not the man to spoil the ship for a thousand-pounds' worth of tar." *The Actor and His Art*, we repeat, is a wholesale attack; we have touched only on parts of it. In our view it is a salutary work, but it would have been more salutary if Mr. Jones had supplemented his attack with a reasoned explanation of the phenomena involved.

### A Preacher's Life.

*A Preacher's Life: An Autobiography and an Album.* By Joseph Parker. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

THE author says in his Preface: "It is impossible for any man to write exhaustively even his own biography." This is true, and it is a warning to the reader that he is not to expect a full, clear view of the minister of the City Temple. Many men do not understand their own lives, their own powers and influence; neither are they the best judges of the various forces which have contributed to their moral and mental development. For such to attempt to write their lives would be to court failure. To a certain extent Dr. Parker is one of these men. His autobiography by no means exhausts the subject, though it has a peculiar charm, freshness, and interest as coming from his own mind and pen.

Dr. Parker gives the frame-work of his outer career, and not more than a frame-work. He is a "Tyne child," and delights to tell of the place of his birth, and the home in which he spent his boyhood. He was born in Hexham, "with its venerable abbey, the hoary church of the parish which has outlasted the coming and the going of twelve hundred years." Those who watched over the spiritual well-being of the inhabitants were objects of intense interest to him in his boyhood. Strange to say, he was more friendly with the Rev. Michael Singleton, the Roman Catholic priest, than with the Rev. William Airey, "a large, sleek, well-to-do Protestant, who took the Reformation stipend quietly and diligently, and literally obeyed the Act of Uniformity without an intellectual spasm or tremour of misgiving."

His parents were not anonymous personages. The mother was tender, and had other eyes than those which belonged to the body, "saw visions and dreamt dreams"; and the father was strong in will, firm in principle, and held fast to views of the Supreme Being which no weak mind could have entertained. Under the paternal roof the public men of the village met in the evenings, when discussions took place on the gravest subjects. Religion had a firmer hold on the villagers than literature or politics, and its problems were examined at solemn consultations. Young Joseph Parker was an eager listener, and had his thoughts early turned in the direction of sacred themes. The formal education of the boy was irregular. He had three teachers, the first of whom "was, as to violence of temper, a fiend, notwithstanding which" the youth made progress in his studies, and became fit to be successor to his third schoolmaster.

I remember the circular, a prospectus in which I announced my succession to my former chief and teacher.

I called the school Ebenezer Seminary, though for what reason I have no recollection, possibly because the school-room was attached to the Independent Chapel, and therefore was supposed to have about it an odour of sanctity, and be worthy of a Bible name. I offered to teach grammar, algebra, Latin, Greek, and book-keeping by single and double entry, the prospectus concluding with the awe-inspiring words: "The conductor of Ebenezer Seminary does not undertake to supply his pupils with brains." This was frank on the part of a youth who was about nineteen years of age, yet the announcement enabled him to maintain the attitude of freezing reserve.

A youth with this spirit could not remain long at the task of endeavouring to teach children with or without brains. Soon he felt a burning desire to be a preacher. This grew with his years, and, as if by inspiration, he made the plunge, and became ere he was aware a popular preacher on the village green. Dr. Parker tells how he went to London when twenty-two years of age, and how he was received, trained by, and associated with the Rev. Dr. John Campbell, the leader of Congregationalism in those days, and one before whom few could stand. In 1853 he went to Banbury, then to Manchester in 1858, where he had a most successful pastorate, and received and accepted a call to London in 1869. What he has accomplished since then, first in the Poultry Chapel, and finally in the City Temple, is partially known. The author does not deal with this large subject, but leaves it for others to relate. It will doubtless be told one day, and will be a tale which, in some respects, is unrivalled in the history of the Nonconformist Churches of Britain.

Much of the value of this work lies in the history of the inner side of the author's life it portrays. The evangelical form of religion was the one which commended itself to his mind and heart, and in it, from earliest days, he had a firm belief. In a thoughtful chapter, Dr. Parker gives what he calls "the history of my soul," in which he explains the truths which inspired and sustained his ministry during all the years of its course.

Personally, I have accepted what is known as the evangelical interpretation of the Gospel, because I believe that the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, as evangelically interpreted, responds to more necessities and supplies better motives for service than any other conception of the Kingdom of God.

Though accepting this and making it the main feature of his preaching, Dr. Parker is not to be ranked with those who are frequently termed "Gospel Preachers." His Gospel takes in all the works, the ways, and the words of God. It is revealed in all the facts, dreams, visions, songs, prophecies, gospels and epistles of the Bible. Christ is to him the explanation of all things, and the Cross the fullest revelation of Christ. This faith, we are told, is secure, and "is no more endangered by the enlargement of lexicons and grammars than the moral purpose of life is impaired by climate, or the supremacy of conscience is modified by custom or language."

Dr. Parker is an Independent of Independents. He has never been anything else. If he had been an Episcopalian he would have given his bishop no end of trouble, and if he had been a Presbyterian he would seldom have been absent from the bar of the Synod or Assembly. He has much to say concerning the principles of Nonconformity and the practice of Nonconformists. It is with a sigh that he surveys Dissent in these days, and compares it with what it was sixty years ago.

Nonconformity has now slumberously evolved into milk and water, sold in large bottles labelled "Charity." What wonder that Nonconformity is anaesthetic, and tottering on its shivering pins? When I first knew it, Dissent was full of purpose, and a force to be reckoned with; now it lives too much on statistics and apologies. Once, if so much as a beast touched its mountain, it was thrust through with a dart. Now Dissent hobnobs with the opposition, and eats sandwiches in ecclesiastical picnics amidst the grieved solitudes of the Alps!

The volume is divided into three sections: the first, "Personal and Pastoral"; the second, "Literary and Controversial"; and the third, "An Album." In the last section there are "pen-and-ink" sketches of various public men, which abound with illustrative anecdotes and descriptions. Mr. Gladstone has the place of honour, and some interesting glimpses are given of that statesman. Here is a little picture:

When Henry Ward Beecher was my guest, Mr. Gladstone, who was then Prime Minister, wrote me a note asking that Mr. Beecher and myself would take breakfast with him at Downing-street. The illustrious preacher was only too glad, as was I myself, to have an opportunity of meeting the greatest man of England at close quarters. I can never forget the reception which Mr. Gladstone gave to his visitors, who mustered in considerable numbers and represented considerable variety of religious and political opinion. Judging by his manner, one would think that he had no experience of care or anxiety or worry of any kind. . . . Yet, on the very night of that day he and his Cabinet placed their resignation in the hands of the Queen.

Henry Ward Beecher, Thomas Binney, George Gilfillan, Norman Macleod, and R. W. Dale are in the author's Portrait Gallery. They are sketched by a steady hand and a genial heart. The chapter "An Irreparable Loss," in the first section, is a touching sketch of the author's wife, who was taken from him recently. To many this volume will prove a book of deep interest, especially to those who desire to understand the workings of this strong personality, who for more than half a century has addressed thousands of his fellow men on all that concerns their character, their life, and their destiny.

## Other New Books.

JAMES HOGG.

BY SIR GEORGE DOUGLAS.

We suppose there are still a few English readers who read the *Noctes Ambrosianae* and find it amusing, but Sir George Douglas points out that the *Noctes* created and perpetuated a very false impression of Hogg. It was a curious situation in which Hogg's rather weak vanity and good-humour placed him. Month by month he read in *Blackwood* dialogues in which he was made to utter sentiments which were as new to him as to the public. He bore each shock for the sake of the notoriety; but we are told that Mrs. Hogg, who survived her husband thirty-five years, was wont to express a wifely indignation when she recalled certain of the *Noctes*; and Hogg's daughter said that Wilson's Ettrick Shepherd was not "the Shepherd his own home knew."

As a poet Hogg had more sensitiveness than has been credited to him, or than his usual sturdy, easy-going nature might suggest. Witness these lines from *The Queen's Wake*:

Unknown to men of sordid heart,  
What joys the poet's hopes impart;  
Unknown, how his high soul is torn  
By cold neglect, or canting scorn:  
That meteor torch of mental light,  
A breath can quench, or kindle bright.  
Oft has that mind, which braved serene  
The shafts of poverty and pain,  
The Summer toil, the Winter blast,  
Fallen victim to a frown at last.  
Easy the boon he asks of thee;  
O, spare his heart in courtesy!

Sir George Douglas has written a very sympathetic little biography which brings Hogg before us as he was—farmer, poet, and story-writer. Hogg's most triumphant gifts were his ability to invest a Scottish ghost story with reality, and in his humorous insight into rustic character. This little book is an excellent addition to the "Famous Scots" series. (Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. 1s. 6d.)

SIR JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS:  
HIS ART AND INFLUENCE.

BY A. L. BALDRY.

WE are shortly to have a complete biography of Sir John Everett Millais by his son. Meanwhile there is no reason why competent critics should not deal with Millais's art and influence within smaller compass. Mr. A. L. Baldry gives us a great deal of information about Millais's



ST. AGNES'S EVE.

A Drawing by Sir John Millais from Tennyson's *Poems*, 1857.

long toil as a painter, and he emphasises the fact about which there can be least dispute—viz., Millais's genius for drawing. We are told that when, in 1838, the Duke of Sussex, presiding at the distribution of prizes by the Society of Arts, called for "Mr. Millais," the company were amazed to see a child in a pinafore come shyly forward to receive the silver medal for drawing from the antique. A born draughtsman, Millais soon showed that he had any amount of intelligence and imagination of a healthy English sort. His eye for colour was both correct and original, and the virility of the man was never absent from his work.

In short, Millais's powers were of a splendid order; but it is impossible to feel that they were ever co-ordinated by a lofty and all-embracing aim, or that they were ever marshalled to do the best work of which he was capable. The fact is, that Millais was a great, breezy Englishman, whose talent was allied to robust health rather than to any persuasion of his soul. He did his finest work when he was most under the discipline and in the company of men who did strictly meditate their rather thankless Muse. When he broke away, he became everything except a great or a lasting force. Mr. Baldry's treatment of Millais's defection from the Pre-Raphaelites is curious: "When he felt that he had the chance to extend his authority beyond the limits of a purely professional agitation, and to touch a larger public than would have been within his reach if he had continued only to advocate the extreme views that agreed well enough with his early enthusiasm, he very wisely did not waste his opportunity." That is to say, he prepared to paint "Bubbles."

On the whole, Mr. Baldry is on safer ground when

dealing with Millais's black-and-white work. This was nearly all produced under the Pre-Raphaelite influence. It is uniformly strong and careful, and the reproduction we give of one of Millais's illustrations to Tennyson's *Poems*, done in 1857, is as typical as any. (Bell & Sons. 7s. 6d. net)

THE ART OF THINKING.

BY T. SHARPER KNOWLSON.

WE do not wish to flout Mr. Knowlson. Every one of his pages is as modest as we could wish it to be. Still, we cannot help wondering why he is not Prime Minister of England. He purposes to teach the art of thought to anyone who reads his book. That necessarily implies an assumption on his part that he himself is a master of thought. Why, then, is this the first occasion on which we have heard his name? On any reasonable analogy, we are obliged to feel that he should by this time have been the peer of Plato and Lord Salisbury. As he is not, we have to seek for a reason why; and we find it in his book. Here is a sample of his didactic thinking:

We want men and women of all-round activities who will set apart an hour for thought's own sake, and thus fulfil the exhortation of a wise man whose practice it was to "sort his thoughts and label them." Such a habit would not only be good in itself: it would increase mental efficiency in every department of life. Mme. Swetchine says that to have ideas is to gather flowers; to think is to weave them into garlands. There could be no happier synonym for thinking than the word weaving—a putting together of the best products of observation, reading, experience, and travel, so as to represent a patterned whole, representing its design from the weaver's own mind. We have plenty of flowers; we want more garlands. We have libraries, books, and newspapers; we want more thinkers.

Do we, indeed? How are we to treat the brilliant creatures when they arrive? Are we to lay ourselves at their patent-leather feet, and say, "Great pundits, teach us, oh, teach us, to think"? How the deuce could they obey our imprecation? "Go to," they would say, if they answered us at all—"go to, ye groundlings: we are not masters of hedge-schools, nor are we philanthropists of any sort: we are sovereigns, some of us, and cabinet ministers (the others), and have no time to attend to you." That were the natural and proper answer. A man who thinks supremely does not teach the art to others. When Mr. Sharper Knowlson becomes the exception to that rule we shall listen to him with much regard. We hope that by that time he will have perceived that a flower is a thing more beautiful than a garland. That is to say, we hope he shall have become a thinker. (Warne. 2s. 6d.)

THE EUROPEAN TOUR.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

In this volume, with breathless haste and the utmost confidence, Mr. Allen instructs American and Colonial tourists how to get the best intellectual value from a visit to the old country and the Continent. The book is the completest piece of literary buttonholing we have ever seen. Mr. Allen holds his pupils and talks to them for three hundred pages. Nothing but the circumstance that the end of the work is reached puts an end to the amazing vivacity, vigour, knowledge, and dogmatism of this lightning Baedeker—this bovrilised Murray. Do this; go there; avoid this; on no account do that, says Mr. Allen, resorting for emphasis to various typographical devices. Here is a specimen passage:

Formerly Americans at least gave more time to Paris and less to London than is now usual. I think the older plan was the better one; the change is mostly due to social causes. "Fashionable" Americans who want to know marquises spend some months in London; other Americans who have too much good sense to desire such acquaintances follow their footsteps by pure habit. But if you will take my advice, you will go first to the Continent;



you can then return to London later, should you think it worth while. I am not afraid, however, that you *will* think it worth while; on the contrary, when you come to see how much there is to learn in France, Belgium, and (above all) Italy, you will thank me for having saved you from wasting your days in Piccadilly.

And here is another:

Don't go first to Rome. I regard that point as of so great importance that I will even repeat it in all the dignity of capitals: DON'T GO FIRST TO ROME. If you do, you will never so well understand Italy. To see Venice before you have seen Florence is a serious mistake; to see Rome before you have seen Florence is a *fatal blunder*.

Mr. Allen is quite aware that his advice is open to criticism. At the end of the London chapters he says so: "Let me add that in all this I am only pretending to give one man's view"; and the confession rather cuts the ground from the critic. It is, perhaps, as much as need be said about the book—that we find ourselves prepared to take Mr. Allen's advice more often than not. (Richards. 6s.)

## Fiction.

*The Path of a Star.* By Sara Jeannette Duncan.  
(Methuen. 6s.)

Mrs. COTES is apparently no longer satisfied to portray the lighter side of life, the humours of travel, and comedy almost farcical in the ends of the earth. In *The Path of a Star* she has written a very serious study of Anglo-Indian manners. One cannot but admire such determined grappling with nature as is displayed on nearly every page of this novel. At the same time, the final impression which the book leaves is an impression of annoyance. For Mrs. Cotes's seriousness has played havoc with her clear fluency. Not only life, but language, must be taken like an orange and squeezed dry. She will use no word but she will extract the last drop of significance from it. And her sentences—let us here change the metaphor—are not permitted to shirk. They stagger under their loads of meaning and suggestion, and not infrequently is added unto them that last straw which breaks the camel's back. The first paragraph in the book is an example of Mrs. Cotes at her busiest with the English language. The result—there is only one adjective to describe the result: it is vicious. Meredithese raised to the *n*<sup>th</sup> power would not surpass in pain and difficulty some of Mrs. Cotes's most conscientious efforts after precision in the conveyance of a subtlety. Her feats in wrenching words away from their plain sense occasionally reduce one to the silence of awe. "The air was gay with the *dimpling* of piano notes." In the name of the New English Dictionary, what is this? Only a little further on is: "'It's pay,' she cried, with pleasure *dimpling* about her lips." One could guess at that, but the vision of piano notes by their dimpling adding gaiety to the air—it amazes!

Translate *The Path of a Star* into English, and you will find a carefully-stippled picture of Anglo-Indian life; not the laughter of Simla, but the frowns of Calcutta. There is a good deal of Indian Salvation Army in the tale. One of the heroines is a Salvation lass—Captain Laura Filbert, to wit. This portion of the novel appears to us to be the best. The minor character of Ensign Sand, a friend of the captain's, is drawn with distinction:

"What kind of meetin' did you have?" asked Mrs. Sand. "There—there now; he shall have his bottle, so he shall!"

"A beautiful meeting. Abraham Lincoln White, the Savannah negro, you know, came as a believer for the first time, and so did Miss Rozario from Whiteaway and Laidlaw's. We had such a happy time."

"What sort of collection?"

Laura opened a knotted handkerchief and counted out some copper coins.

"Only seven annas three pice! And you call that a good meeting! I don't believe you exhorted them to give!"

"Oh, I think I did!" Laura returned mechanically.

"Seven annas and three pice! And you know what the Commissioner wrote out about our last quarter's earnings! What did you say?"

"I said—I said the collection would now be taken up," Laura faltered.

"Oh dear! oh dear! Leopold, stop clawing me! Couldn't you think of anythin' more tellin' or more touchin' than that? Fever or no fever, it does not do for me to stay away from the regular meetin's. One thing is plain—he wasn't there!"

"Who?"

"Well, you've never told me his name, but I expect you've got your reasons." Mrs. Sand's tone was not arch, but slightly resentful. "I mean the gentleman that attends so regular and sits behind, under the window. A society man, I should say, to look at him, though the officers of this Army are no respecters of persons, and I don't suppose the Lord takes any notice of his clothes."

*The Path of a Star* has earned our respect. It represents high endeavour. It is desperately "meant." Some of it we have really enjoyed. Much of it we have struggled with. We hope that in her next novel Mrs. Cotes will be a little more lenient towards her native tongue.

*The King's Mirror.* By Anthony Hope.  
(Methuen. 6s.)

IN some ways this is Mr. Hope's pleasantest work. It lacks the vivacity of the *Dolly Dialogues*, the incident and momentum of *The Prisoner of Zenda*, but it has a ripeness, a mellowness, a grave and agreeable humour to which those books do not pretend. We have an idea, as we read, that this, to a degree unapproached by his other stories, is Mr. Hope's own book. There is more of himself in it; he values it more highly; it is his *David Copperfield*, to borrow a phrase from Mr. Crockett's publishers. When a clever novelist turns aside from tickling the public, and produces his own book, it is almost certain to be good; and Mr. Hope being a very clever novelist, his own book, *The King's Mirror*, is very good indeed. We have read it with constant enjoyment and that subcutaneous smile which goes with the perusal of the gentle cynicisms of a witty yet kindly satirist. For Augustin of Forstadt, the king whose autobiography, or "mirror," is contained in this volume, is a figure of singular charm. We cannot quite away with memories of *Prince Otto* as we read him, and yet Mr. Hope stands on his own feet throughout, and squarely too. The king's boyhood, his youth, his gallantries, his enforced courtship, his friendships, his duel with the Radical journalist—all are related with a spirit and a humorous intelligence which it would be hard to overpraise. And the steps by which the enforced courtship becomes a congenial matter are made plain by exquisitely delicate touches. *The King's Mirror* is, so far, its author's best as well as pleasantest work. We expect to find it treasured on the bookshelves when the other stories that now stand to Mr. Hope's name are forgotten. It is a genuine contribution to serious fiction and, withal, a book of unflagging charm.

## Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THE DIARY OF A SUPERFLUOUS MAN. BY IVAN TURGENEV.

This is the thirteenth volume in Mrs. Garnett's translation of the Russian novelist. Two more are to follow, both made up of his short stories, and the work will be complete in December. In addition to the title story, the present volume contains: "A Tour in the Forest," "Yakov Pasinov," "Andrei Kolosov," and "A Correspondence." (Heinemann. 3s. 6d.)

## THE HUMAN INTEREST.

BY VIOLET HUNT.

Here we have Miss Hunt's clever observation and un-failing wit directed to a study of a cultured circle in Newcastle-on-Tyne, where we find a solicitor's wife sighing her soul out for the delights of London, and hear Mrs. Poynder's heavy, satisfied voice, saying: "Give me Newcastle!" There is also a Newcastle "po-utt," who wears his hair "nearly as long as po-utts do in London." (Methuen. 6s.)

ADAM GRIGSON.

BY MRS. HENRY DE LA PASTURE.

A long and interesting novel by the author of *Deborah of Tod's*. It is a faithful study of character, and its general intention is an effort to work out the effects on family life of a mixing of classes by marriage. (Smith, Elder & Co. 6s.)

PRINCESS FEATHER.

BY A. C. INCHBOLD.

A novel of the school of Thomas Hardy. Not Wessex but Sussex is the background. Elizabeth Kemp, waiting-maid to Lady Apreece half a century ago, is the heroine, "Princess Feather" and "London Pride" being her name among the country folk; and the story tells of her luckless marriage to Michael Tagg, a masterful blackguard. It is a sombre book, introducing, unless we are much mistaken, a new writer of power. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

DANIEL WHYTE.

BY A. J. DAWSON.

A long and many-coloured life-story by the author of *Middle Greyness* and *Bismillah*. Daniel Whyte, who is a mere boy at the beginning of the book, after the good old-fashioned way, and grown man at the end of it, has a roving career—now at sea, now as a journalist, but always, in whatever circumstances, grave and self-contained. An interesting, mature work. (Methuen. 6s.)

LADY BARBARITY.

BY J. C. SNAITH.

A "romantic comedy," opening in 1746, and told in the first person by her ladyship in a very taking style. In the first chapter Lady Bab's father is preparing for death, and this is how he breaks the news to his daughter: "He laid his hand upon the Bible. 'Tis no secret, my dearest Bab, that Robert John, fifth Earl, your papa, never was an anchorite. He hath ta'en his fill of pleasure. He hath played his hazard, and with a zest both late and early; but now the candles sink, you see, and I believe they've called the carriage.' Again he laid his hand upon the Bible." (Ward, Lock & Co. 6s.)

THE TWO MISS JEFFREYS.

BY DAVID LYALL.

We have here fifteen short stories, which have only a slight connexion. They are full of the tender and humorous delineation of Scottish life which has marked Mr. Lyall's other books. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.)

TRICKS AND TRIALS.

BY CHRISTABEL COLERIDGE.

A quiet country-town story by the author of *Waynflete* and many other novels. On page 223 we read: "Crispin was not unaware that the idea might not be quite unwelcome to the Greenwoods." We have wrestled long with these negatives, and we have come to the conclusion that Crispin was aware that the idea would be welcome at the Greenwoods. (Hurst & Blackett. 6s.)

A PLASTER SAINT.

BY ANNIE EDWARDS.

The hero, the Rev. George Gervase, is the plaster saint, and we see how his weak and selfish success affected the women whom he met in his path. A clever little study of character, and thoroughly modern. (Chatto & Windus. 3s. 6d.)

THE HOUSE BY THE LOCK. BY MRS. C. N. WILLIAMSON.

A melodramatic story by a writer who is becoming steadily popular among those who like melodramatic stories. (Bowden. 6s.)

MISS MALEVOLENT.

ANON.

This novel, by the author of *The Hypocrite*, appears to be another of the increasing number of stories about real people. The author says it is not, but we cannot read his description of Guy Waye and believe this denial. It palpitates, as the saying is, with actuality, and would seem to have been written largely under the influence of *The Green Carnation*. The wit is, however, inferior. "The Egyptian Hall," says Mr. World, "fascinates me; it enters into my life. Ever since I first went there I have had two servants—one Masculine and the other Cook." (Greening. 3s. 6d.)

THE DOCTOR.

BY H. DE VERE STACPOOLE.

The doctor was Dr. Townsend, a character in his way—"the most placid old man in the world, with a fearful temper." The story is of him and his niece, Indiana Thinville, who wrote a successful and audacious book, called *Wists*, under the pen name of John Sharpe. The doctor kept the book in his dressing-room beside his Bible. Mr. Stacpoole's tale is tragic, an odd mixture of real and conventional. (Unwin. 3s. 6d.)

MISS MARJORIE, OF SILVERMEAD. BY E. EVERETT-GREEN.

This is in every way a novel for young women, by a writer well accustomed to supply their needs. Miss Marjorie was Miss Marjorie Dacre, Aunt Marjorie, "the most delightful person in the world." Silvermead is also the most delightful place; and then for nearly four hundred crowded pages hearts are troubled and set right again, in an easy flow of narrative. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

THE WEIRD WELL.

BY MRS. ALEC McMILLAN.

"As the strains of the violins burst upon her ear, every dark and gloomy thought fled. In imagination she [Vera Polowski] was everything and nothing. She was in turn a spirit without a soul; a woman without pain. . . . Vera Polowski of stern reality ceased to exist. The Vera of musical imagination reigned supreme." This music was not at Bayreuth, nor at Covent Garden; it accompanied a three-and-sixpenny dinner at the Criterion. (Greening. 3s. 6d.)

HERONFORD.

BY S. R. KEIGHTLEY.

A romance of the Cassilis of Heronford. Family portraits, a family ghost, something of naval life, a secret marriage, a confession: such are a few of the elements of a picturesque and stirring story. The family scapegrace provokes his father to write: "A Cassilis might be mad, but he always went to the devil like a gentleman. He had never heard of any that had been hanged, but it seemed that his son was to bring the fashion into the family." (C. A. Pearson, Ltd. 6s.)

JAMES COPE.

BY CUTHBERT BARMBY.

The autobiography of a villainous district attorney. "The fact that I was district attorney at twenty-five will be quite sufficient to prove to anyone who knows anything of Western American life that I was a very smart young man, which is what I want to prove." He proves it to the hilt. We like the scene in which Jimmy reminds the judge in a private interview: "We came to make a scoop, and you are pledged to it, and dare not contradict me." (Ward, Lock & Co. 3s. 6d.)

BLADE-O'-GRASS.

BY B. L. FARJEON.

A tale of mean streets, and of two twin girls, Ruth and Blade o' Grass. Blade o' Grass receives her name from her capture of a few growing blades of grass in Stoney-alley, when grass was rather scarcer than it is in Holborn. How the girls went through life is the story, told in a vivid, hackneyed style, which produces everywhere such phrases as "remorseless Time," "breathless expectation," &c. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

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## Miss Braddon.

## An Enquiry.

THE great public is no fool. It is huge and simple and slow in mental processes, like a good-humoured giant; easy to please and grateful for diversion. But it has a keen sense of its own dignity; it will not be trifled with; it resents for ever the tongue in the cheek. When you address it you may turn aside your face to hide a smile; you may deceive it and continue to deceive it; but sooner or later—often sooner—the great mild-eyed public will awake to the disrespect. And then there is an end of you, for you are ignored. That is the only and sufficient punishment: the cut direct. This explains why many authors flourish and suddenly fade in the general esteem, though their work seems to a critical taste not to have worsened from its original mediocrity: they have been found out; the public is not mocked; and even now sundry glittering reputations are about to suffer extinction. It also explains why those popular authors who have never despised the public's shrewdness and dignity receive so great and permanent a reward. Among such authors to-day the foremost is Miss M. E. Braddon, affectionately known in a million homes as the contriver of *Lady Audley's Secret*. Miss Braddon is over sixty, she has written over sixty novels, and not once has she deviated from the narrow way of literary honesty; not once has she, by offering less than her best, presumed upon the fame of former successes. She has never been perfunctory, never spared her energies nor withheld her talent; she has given full measure and flowing over. And, while remembering the respect due to her tremendous patron, she has not forgotten that due to herself. Here is the foundation of her renown, which has been slowly built during a career of forty years. We are so accustomed to that renown that we may not, without consciously taking thought, realise its extent. Consider its universality, its uniqueness. It is a fact that there are thousands of tolerably educated English people who have never heard of Meredith, Hardy, Ibsen, Maeterlinck, Kipling, Barrie, Crockett; but you would travel far before you reached the zone where the name of Braddon failed of its recognition. Miss Braddon is part of England; she has woven herself into it; without her it would be different. This is no mere fanciful conceit. She is in the encyclopædias; she ought to be in the dictionaries, a common noun, for she stands for something which only schoolboys need ask to be defined.

So much for her position, in the national regard, to-day. To state the position is easier than to find the first cause of it in her books. Nevertheless that cause should be discoverable therein. One naturally turns to *Lady Audley's Secret*. Though this was not her first book, as is often supposed, it was her first, and perhaps her most brilliant, success. It appeared in 1862. Miss Braddon had been an acted playwright two years before that date, and she had also done novels. *Lady Audley's Secret* seems old-fashioned now. It refers to postillions and chariots, and Shoreditch Station (instead of Liverpool-street). The tone is often frankly religious. The hero always takes a pint of

sherry to his dinner. The champagne is Cliquot instead of Veuve Cliquot. Despite these marks of time upon its outer garment, the essential vitality of the novel is not yet expended. Clearly it was written with a full pen, and it still lives: it is not dust. In 1862 the plot may or may not have been original; it has been used a thousand times since. But it is a plot admirably adapted for a broad and simple sensationalism. Take a young and beautiful woman, golden-haired, amiable, exquisitely feminine. Surround her with every circumstance of happiness—a wealthy middle-aged husband, who worships her innocent simplicity; a fine old English home; the universal adoration of dependents. Then lift the edge of the curtain of the past, disclosing behind it the monstrous shadow of a crime. Slowly raise the curtain and raise it, till the full history of this enchanting creature, who at twenty has begun life again, stands dreadfully clear. That, save for a couple of minor passions, is the whole of *Lady Audley's Secret*. In two respects the book differs strangely from the usual sensational novel. The reader is never stretched on the rack of curiosity. "My lady's" guilt, and the nature of her secret, are made transparent from the first; nor can the reader reasonably doubt that the missing man is safely alive somewhere. Again, the ending is not entirely happy, and such happiness as occurs is by no means insisted upon. The story leaves, indeed, an effect of slight melancholy, for, while the reader is ultimately compelled to pity Lady Audley, she is not spared from a horrible fate. The modern newspaper syndicate, with its "finger on the public pulse," might have accepted *Lady Audley's Secret*; but it would certainly have returned it to the author for the addition of mystery and a more complete final happiness. Why, then, it may be asked, did *Lady Audley's Secret* so abundantly conquer the public? The answer to the question is: Partly by the slow and various ingenuity by which the crime is laid bare and the criminal convicted, but more by reason of the fulness and sincerity of the book's inspiration. The young author meant every line of it intensely, and neither her invention nor her vision ever flags. She is fecund, opulent in a certain sort of imagination. Indeed, I should hesitate to deny to Miss Braddon the title of artist. When, with a mind hypersensitised to receive critical impressions, I read *Lady Audley's Secret*, my chief feeling was one of surprise at its level excellence, its honesty, its fine disdain of trade tricks. And I was astonished, too, at the sound vigour of the writing. Miss Braddon might have been a notable stylist had she chosen; she has the essence of the matter. Not infrequently she strikes the true lyric note:

"He will do it," she said, between her set teeth; "he will do it, unless I get him into a lunatic asylum first; or unless——"

She did not finish the thought in words. She did not even think out the sentence; but some new and unnatural pulse in her heart seemed to beat out each separate syllable against her will.

The thought was this: "He will do it, unless some strange calamity befalls him and silences him for ever." The red blood flashed up into my lady's face with as sudden and transient a blaze as the flickering flame of a fire, and died as suddenly away, leaving her paler than winter snow. Her hands, which had before been locked convulsively together, fell apart and dropped heavily at her sides. She stopped in her rapid pacing to and fro—stopped as Lot's wife may have stopped, after that fatal backward glance at the perishing city, with every pulse slackening, with every drop of blood congealing in her veins in the terrible process that was to transform her from a woman into a statue.

Lady Audley stood still for about five minutes in that strangely statuesque attitude, her head erect, her eyes staring straight before her—staring far beyond the narrow boundary of her chamber wall, into dark distances of visionary horror.

That is English. Wilkie Collins could not have done it; Hugh Conway could not have done it; nor, I dare to

say, sundry greater men whom to name in this connexion would be to call forth a protest; nor any other living sensational writer. *Staring far beyond the narrow boundary of her chamber wall, into dark distances of visionary horror!* It is prose. It has the genuine vital impulse—the impulse which created *The Duchess of Malfi*, *Wuthering Heights*, and other masterpieces of dread.

*Lady Audley's Secret* is in Miss Braddon's early manner, and, though in some ways it remains unsurpassed by later work, she has developed in her middle and later periods a manner which is at once more elaborately skilful and more specially her own. In passing, I will point out that novels like *Ishmael* and *London Pride*, both historical, and of which the interest lies in character rather than event, stand apart from the body of her production. They are good novels, and more than a proof of versatility, but they are scarcely "Braddon." A good typical Braddon of the later period is *Rough Justice*, standing fifty-seventh in the catalogue of that uniform edition whose picture boards ornament the railway stations of three kingdoms. In the opening scene of *Rough Justice* Miss Braddon is precisely herself. The half gay, half melancholy bustle of the steamer's departure, and the unexpected joyous meeting of Arnold Wentworth and Mary Freeland, both young and alert and shrewd and clever and agreeable: these things, with the low-voiced hints of forgotten sins which will yet demand a penalty, are done with absolute precision of touch. Miss Braddon always likes her young characters, and she always paints them with a special *verve*. The whole chapter is steeped in the kindness, sagacity, and optimism which mark the author's temperament, and which constitute, apart from technical powers, the secret of her popularity. Miss Braddon is of those who have seen much, and have learnt charity therefrom. There is no narrowness in her. She has a heart which will contain the world; and she is aware of her world, she has studied it professionally for forty years. All has been fish that comes into the net of her memory. She is a Whiteley of actualities, and no matter what her story she can connect it closely with that which Mrs. Meynell has well called the "dailiness" of life. She knows. She knows the ways of prosecuting counsel at Bow-street, how lodgers bang doors, what game is shot in South Africa and the Dutch name of it and the name of the gun, how a ship leaves port, and how a guttersheet dies. This is another part of her attraction. She can take the morning paper and render it back again to the man in the street exquisitely transformed into something more agreeable, more gracious, and less disturbing. The man in the street reads *Rough Justice*, and says: "This is life, because I recognise the facts." And he is right in his way.

*Rough Justice* is a murder-mystery; Miss Braddon knows better now than to disclose her secret at the beginning. The interest of the tale turns on the detection of the murderer. At the start, of course, an innocent man is accused, but he is acquitted. It may be noted here that the concocter of crime-mysteries probably works backwards. Construct the actual crime and make it credible without being obvious; then construct a contemporaneous set of circumstances capable of offering an obvious solution, and disclose this first. The two chains of event need only touch at a single point; and that point is the Coincidence. The mystery-monger is entitled to one coincidence, not more. Miss Braddon seldom exceeds her allowance. Her constructions are full of ingenuity and resource. The retirement of the Inspector in *Rough Justice* is a piece of pure inspiration. It is necessary to observe particularly that Miss Braddon in her later books communicates the feeling of mystery not by means of atmosphere, but by means of contrasted facts plainly stated. There is fifty times more sense of mystery and apprehension in the night-picture of the crime on the cover than in the whole of the book itself. Miss Braddon, if I am not mistaken, abandoned early the machinery of "atmo-

spheres," which she used so effectively in *Lady Audley's Secret*. She was doubtless drawn towards facts as she grew older. The development must have assisted her popularity, for the great public prefers the concrete to the vague and suggestive.

Prosper Merimée said that all the characters of Balzac, even the scullions, have genius. Similarly one may say that in all Miss Braddon's characters there is a certain quality of *comfortableness*; they do not irritate; whatever their vagaries, you know that a final appeal to their good sense and broad charity will not be in vain: there is something at the bottom of them. Miss Braddon has a vast embracing sympathy. Sin must be punished; the future must pay for the past; but, this being granted, let us have riches and bright tempers, and eat well and dress well, and live in glorious old mansions. The life of the English country house, with its luxurious solidity—with what unaffected satisfaction she describes it! Miss Braddon is human; she represents the best aspect of average humanity—that "ultimate decency" which resides somewhere in everyone. It is this quality which is the deepest root of her success. Probably she would not exchange it for the first-rate passionate imagination which she lacks, and which might have made her great.

E. A. B.

## Travestying Herbert Spencer.

PROF. WARD is looked upon as the rising light of the Cambridge School of Psychology, and the publication, under the title of *Naturalism and Agnosticism* (A. & C. Black), of the Gifford lectures which he delivered before the University of Aberdeen, has been regarded in certain quarters as a "light to lighten the Gentiles" in the wilderness of scientific darkness. People who want a champion to buttress up their particular "ism," are usually satisfied with very light doses of fact and argument, and have a marked preference for misrepresentation, ridicule, and abuse, and Prof. Ward reaches high latitudes as a special pleader. That his book should be regarded as a notable one and a splendid specimen of Cambridge modes of thought, is startling evidence of the strength and vitality of the *Damnosa haereditas* of early evolutionary days. The Professor states that he has aimed at discussing, in a popular way, certain "assumptions of modern science" which have led to a more or less tacit rejection of idealistic views of the world, for until an idealistic (*i.e.*, spiritualistic) view of the world can be sustained, any exposition of theism is but wasted labour. He accordingly sets himself resolutely to the task of getting the "assumptions of science" out of the way so as to make room for theism. He has much to say about Tyndall, Huxley, and Darwin, and other big and honoured names—albeit that he strangely misses the point of their teaching. For they laboured to make it plain that evolution, as they understood it and taught it, was neither theistic nor anti-theistic, and that though it collided with certain theological theories, it was utterly incapable of explaining everything in the universe. They merely robbed people of a number of bogus shares and false bank-notes, and Huxley stoutly maintained that mechanical and teleological views were not, when stripped of certain unnecessary encumbrances, mutually exclusive.

But Mr. Herbert Spencer is the central figure in Prof. Ward's book, and we are clearly given to understand that all will be well with theism if only that distinguished philosopher can be got out of the way, and safely confined to what has been called his completely deserted "desert island." Those who travesty Mr. Spencer's teaching have of late had much to say about this "desert island," but Prof. Ward only half believes in its existence, for to him the author of *Synthetic Philosophy* is a veritable "datum

of consciousness," who, having launched his philosophic theory of evolution, cannot now be dismissed from the thoughts of men.

In assailing Mr. Spencer's philosophy Prof. Ward has much to say about physics and metaphysics, and he has a flourish of theory and parade of phrases which will doubtless make an impression on the uninitiated. But he keeps the general reader steadily in view, and in order to preserve the unflagging attention of that important individual he indulges freely in personalities and question-begging epithets. His telling points, or what he considers such, all tell in one direction—namely, that he is a violent partisan, and so strongly biased that his verdict is utterly worthless. A few specimens will be sufficient to prompt the very pertinent question: "How is it possible for a writer who is moved by the feelings implied to present the views of an antagonist in a fair manner?" He makes much of what he considers utter affectation in Mr. Spencer for using in certain instances initial capital letters. He makes the following quotation from Mr. Spencer's *First Principles*, noting in parenthesis his disapproval: "By the persistence of Force (capital F) we really mean the persistence of some Power (capital P) which transcends our knowledge and conception. The manifestations as recurring in ourselves, or outside ourselves, do not persist, but that which persists is the Unknown Cause (capital again) of these manifestations." But surely Prof. Ward is here allowing animus to prompt him to enter a very absurd caveat. For by condemning the use of capitals in the cases just cited he allows us to infer that while "James Ward" may fitly be honoured with capitals, and while a fictitious character like the notorious Bill Sikes may be similarly honoured, it is improper that capitals should be used in naming the agency of which all things are manifestations. Here an initial small letter only is, it seems, appropriate, but in suggesting his belief in that appropriateness the Professor only too palpably gives himself away. But in his zeal to discredit Mr. Spencer Prof. Ward has other weapons in store. He quotes a portion of a letter by Darwin to John Fiske, in which the author of the *Origin* states that "Such parts of H. Spencer as I have read with care impress my mind with the idea of his inexhaustible wealth of suggestion but never convince me," and Prof. Ward leaves his readers to infer that that was Darwin's first and last verdict about Spencer, than which nothing could be more unfair and even untrue. He might have remembered the appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober, and appealed from Darwin knowing little to Darwin knowing a great deal more. Had he done so he would have come across the memorable letter in which, addressing Spencer, Darwin states: "Everyone with eyes to see and ears to hear (the number, I fear, are not many) ought to bow the knee to you, and I for one do."

Then we are told that—

His [Spencer's] Synthetic Philosophy is made up of Hamilton's theory of the Unconditioned, of the physical theory of the conservation of energy, of the nebular hypothesis of Laplace, and of what used to be called the development hypothesis or the doctrine of the transmutation of species. The Darwinian form of this doctrine came too late to be satisfactorily incorporated in his system, still Mr. Spencer was not slow to turn it to account so far as he could.

This is simply "clotted nonsense," being an old piece of fiction with new and startling embellishments, which make one despair of "Cambridge modes of thought." But then fiction is such a useful weapon in controversy, and enables one to mount a chair and gesticulate with such marked effect that one is not surprised at the liberal use made of it by Prof. Ward.

But the great point in Prof. Ward's long indictment is what he calls the "missing two volumes," for the Professor has made the astounding discovery that the two volumes which ought to have been the base and bulwark

of Synthetic Philosophy are wanting, and without them the whole fabric falls to the ground as a tissue of absurdities. We first hear of this momentous affair in the preface, and from the preface onward we are never allowed to forget the missing articles, for, like the *borderneau* in the Dreyfus case, everything hangs on them. Says the Professor in his preface: "Mr. Spencer has blandly to confess that two volumes of his Synthetic Philosophy are missing, the volumes that should connect inorganic and biological evolution." Such a statement simply disfigures Prof. Ward's book, and Cambridge modes of thought must be in a bad way when fustian like this requires to be resorted to. For the statement implies that Mr. Spencer deliberately skipped two volumes because he dared not attempt them, than which nothing could be more untrue. At the very start, in 1860, Mr. Spencer stated that the application of his "First Principles" to inorganic nature would be passed over, because his system was too extensive without it, and because it was of more importance to interpret organic nature. It was thought absurd, and even insane, for one man, an invalid, to undertake the work mapped out at the beginning; now Prof. Ward reproaches Mr. Spencer for not making the scheme quite impossible by making it still more extensive. Mr. Spencer began his vast system with broken health, and from first to last the great question with him was not lack of ability to work out his theory all round and adequately elucidate it, but the fear, the ever present fear, that his health would utterly give way under the strain. But he struggled on, and at seventy-six years of age he more than completed his system as regards the number of volumes promised, and he fully completed it as regards exposition of views. So that the Professor's great discovery never meant anything of any consequence at any time, and is utterly meaningless now. But the missing two volumes play such a great part in Prof. Ward's indictment that the Professor must be allowed to state his charge more fully. He says (vol. i., pp. 262-3):

To be sure, Mr. Spencer tells us, when hard pressed by critics, that of the Synthetic Philosophy two volumes are missing—the two important volumes on inorganic evolution. "The closing chapters of the second of these volumes," he continues, "were it written, would deal with the evolution of organic matter—the step preceding the evolution of living forms. Habitually carrying with me in thought the contents of this unwritten chapter, I have, in some cases, expressed myself as though the reader had it before him, and have thus rendered some of my statements liable to misconception." Surely this is a statement not wanting in humour or in pathos! Who is the more to be pitied—the sympathetic readers who, through no fault of their own, as Mr. Spencer allows, have misunderstood, lacking as they have done for thirty-six years these two missing volumes of the stereotyped philosophy, or poor Mr. Spencer himself, with these unwritten volumes in his teeming brain, compelled all that time to see his statements misconstrued?

To all which the obvious answer is, "Fiddlesticks!" "Sympathetic readers" could not possibly have misunderstood Mr. Spencer, the misunderstanding being entirely on the part of hostile unsympathetic readers—men of the Cambridge school of thought, who have always pinned to see Mr. Spencer dismissed into space. There was no waiting till hard pressed by critics to announce that two volumes were missing, the scheme of Synthetic Philosophy having been mapped out and detailed at the very beginning. Besides, inorganic evolution is not passed over, and there is nothing wanting. For—and this is what Prof. Ward altogether ignores—Mr. Spencer has, in his writings, told us all that is known about inorganic evolution, and, what is more to the point, he has told us all that need be known about inorganic evolution, for the purpose of elucidating his *First Principles*. He has demonstrated what, indeed, needs very little demonstration, that the earth having been once in a liquid state from excessive heat, there could then have been no living



matter upon it; and that, consequently, non-living matter must have been turned into living matter in accordance with natural laws. And believing firmly in evolutionary generation, and not in spontaneous generation, he has fully explained how he conceives that, after a period of chemical evolution, inorganic became organic matter, and was moulded into the simplest types. But Prof. Ward is so thoroughly unscientific as to be always thinking about the moulding of matter straight away into a Senior Wrangler or a Smith Prizeman; and, of course, Mr. Spencer is naturally regarded by him as a mere spinner of words and phrases. One smiles at Prof. Ward saying that the spectacle of Mr. Spencer carrying in his teeming brain the contents of two unwritten volumes is somewhat humorous, for the only thing humorous about it is the fact that Prof. Ward considers it humorous. For in stating that he carried about in his mind the contents of an unwritten book Mr. Spencer is simply saying that he had thought out his subject; and Prof. Ward would have done well to have carried in his mind for some years these Gifford Lectures before committing them to book form.

Space does not permit, and indeed it is not necessary for me to deal with what Prof. Ward believes to be the heart of his book, namely, mind, and the hopelessness of Mr. Spencer's mechanical views to solve that riddle. The Professor's final resting-point is in spiritualistic monism, but in working up to his goal he relies much on those old bogies "dead matter," "blind agnosticism," and "mechanical necessity." It is all the old, old story, which has become somewhat stale to the thorough-going Spencerian, for Mr. Spencer has from first to last made it clear that he recognises that the transcendent problem which the universe presents is utterly beyond him, and that in acknowledging his incompetence to grasp in thought the cause of all things he is displaying true humility and reverence. His pride is purely mythical. Pride and arrogance are more applicable to Prof. Ward and those who, like him, profess to know and explain everything. But the Professor has in the end a "bland confession" of his own to make, for, after quoting Mr. Spencer's reverent dictum that the cause of all things is beyond us, and that it is strange that men should consider the highest worship to lie in assimilating this cause, this object of their worship, to themselves, he says: "For my part I feel that there is only too much in religious and theological literature to justify this censure." This is a startling confession for such a partisan critic to make, and the subsequent efforts made to minimise it and explain it away only emphasise the conviction that the author has imperfectly grasped the chain of reasoning he professes to demolish. And as he fails to grasp the chain of reasoning, he fails also to realise that the new methods of explaining instead of ridiculing forms of belief, and the larger charity and toleration which have supplanted the barren negations of bygone days, are largely if not entirely the work of the man he so strangely misrepresents and misunderstands—Herbert Spencer.

WILLIAM C. MCBAIN.

### To Poseidon.

CONCERNING Poseidon, a great God, I begin to sing: the shaker of the land and of the sea unharvested; God of the deep who holdeth Helicon and wide Ægæe. A double meed of honour have the Gods given thee, O Shaker of the Earth, to be tamer of horses and saviour of ships. Hail Prince, thou Girdler of the Earth, thou dark-haired God, and with kindly heart, O blessed one, do thou befriend the mariners.

From "*Homeric Hymns*," translated into Prose by Andrew Lang. (George Allen.)

## Things Seen.

### Magnetism.

EVERY cranny, every corner of the huge building was filled. From arena, from balconies, from galleries eager faces peered towards the platform upon which a number of black-coated gentlemen sat stiffly. He who was speaking had a sonorous voice: his many words rolled through the hall and—left us cold. Another followed; the next was a statistician. The fourth was genial. The fifth wore his learning like a flower. The sixth was minatory, and all had their subject pat; they made everything clear—but they were dull.

Through all those unimpassioned words that huge audience sat inarticulate, unemotional, sated. And there seemed little chance of entertainment, for the hands of the clock were drawing near to eleven, and the rain of worthy speakers went on—on—on. One by one the people trickled out. It seemed as if the evening would pass without a single thrill. But when at a quarter-past eleven "the little man" sprang to his feet shouting "Stop!" to those who were leaving, and with one comprehensive gesture took that great audience into his confidence and proceeded to play on them like a musician on an instrument, everything was changed. They gave themselves to him. It was as if some great beast had suddenly roused itself, crept from its lair, and opened its eyes on life. The thousands awoke; they left their seats; they waved handkerchiefs; they shouted; speaker and audience became one. It was amazing—that transformation from apathy to enthusiasm, that sudden, hysterical awakening of sympathy between speaker and hearers. It was enkindling to see the handkerchiefs flashing, and to hear the roar of approval.

### A Social Experiment.

OPPOSITE me was seated a lady in black, with a little girl daintily dressed in green with a large hat, white gloves on her small hands, and white socks reaching half-way up her little round legs. Round the bandstand four or five ragged but merry children were playing: they were dragging an old go-cart of home make about. Presently the little girl in green tugged the lady's arm several times. Then the lady rose and pretended that she wanted to sit on the seat nearest which the children were playing. At that moment one of them, a little dirty-cheeked girl, was sitting, her legs jutting out, on the high seat; she was of the same age as the child in green, but was "carried out in rags." The little patrician went up to her, smiled very prettily, and put out her white-gloved hand to the little scrub, who took it shyly, not knowing what to do with so dainty a thing; but the little lady did not "patronise," and they talked. Then it was evident that a game of "catch" had been proposed, for the ragged little one ran off round the bandstand, with white socks in pursuit. The chase was a stern one, but white socks was fleet, and not to dishearten the fugitive timed to catch her just on the post. Then white socks ran off with rags in chase. White socks ran gently at first, but just as her playmate was drawing near she spurted like a little hare, eyes sparkling, curls blowing. She romped home, and reaching the seat looked round panting. The guttersnipe was hopelessly in the rear, and her small dirty face was threatening a sob; under-lip was trembling, brows were bent. She never reached "home," but instead, stopped, turned slowly on her heel, and, running up to her bigger brother, took hold of his hand. So ended the experiment.

## The Amateur Critic.

[FROM time to time we receive letters from correspondents in praise or disapproval of books new and old. In future, for awhile, we propose to put a page of the ACADEMY at the service of the unprofessional critic. To this page we also invite our readers to contribute remarks on striking or curious passages which they may meet with in their ordinary reading. No communication, we would point out, must exceed 300 words.]

Walter Pater.

Admirers of Walter Pater's work must, I think, have often felt the want of an edition of his books in a convenient form. *Marius the Epicurean*, for instance, would make a most delightful holiday companion if it were issued in volumes of the size of the "Golden Treasury" series. I will not say in that series, lest it be thought that I want to popularise Mr. Pater; but in its present form, in two bulky octavo volumes, it is a formidable addition to one's luggage, more especially to the luggage of the enlightened cyclist or walking tourist. But there is a greater need, perhaps, of a good selection from his works. Much as volumes of selections are abused, it is very convenient to have a shelf of such volumes at hand for odd moments of reading. One can now put on the shelf prose selections from Hazlitt, Landor, Carlyle, Cardinal Newman, Thackeray, Matthew Arnold, and Mr. Ruskin—what a valuable addition would be a selection from the writings of Walter Pater! It would be interesting to hear what your readers have to say on this subject, and to see what extracts they would include in such a selection. I should not, for my part, care for mere paragraphs and sentences; I would ask for a few selected essays, such as:

"Du Bellay" .....	from <i>Renaissance Studies</i> .
"Rossetti" .....	" <i>Appreciations</i> .
"Wordsworth" .....	" "
"An Essay on Style" .....	" "
"A Prince of Court Painters" ..	" <i>Imaginary Portraits</i> .
"The Child in the House" ...	" <i>Macmillan's Magazine</i> .
"Cupid and Psyche" .....	" <i>Marius the Epicurean</i> .
"Marcus Aurelius" .....	" "
"The Supper Party" .....	" "
"A Selection" .....	" <i>Gaston de Latour</i> .

JOSEPH PORTER.

### "Like an Angel from a Cloud."

In Mr. Gosse's *Life of Donne* there are some capital pages about Donne as a preacher. It was said that he had no message "to clouted shoon"; but this was in an age when, as Mr. Gosse says, "he preached best who with most austere isolation rose above the crowd, and remained supreme and irreproachable." Mr. Gosse quotes the peroration of Donne's second Prebend Sermon delivered in St. Paul's on January 29, 1626. This is a superb specimen of a kind of preaching which is no longer heard, or even attempted. Donne's subject was the triumph over death. This is how he ended:

As my soul shall not go towards heaven, but go by heaven to heaven, to the heaven of heavens, so the true joy of a good soul in this world is the very joy of heaven; and we go thither, not that being without joy, we might have joy infused into us, but that, as Christ says, *Our joy might be full*, perfected, sealed with an everlastingness; for, as He promises, *That no man shall take our joy from us*, so neither shall death itself take it away, nor so much as interrupt it, or discontinue it, but as in the face of death, when he lays hold upon me, and in the face of the devil, when he attempts me, I shall see the face of God (for everything shall be a glass, to reflect God upon me), so in the agonies of death, in the anguish of that dissolution, in the sorrows of that valediction, in the inexpressibleness of that transmigration, I shall have a joy, which shall no more evaporate, than myself shall evaporate, a joy, that shall pass up, and put on a more glorious garment above, and be joy superinvested in glory. Amen.

H. F.

## Mr. Watson's Poems.

Opinions vary as to Mr. Watson's exact position among our poets; but there can be no doubt his place is a high one. To win a place in the foremost rank, a poet must either be able to delineate human nature in powerful, vigorous dramas, that fascinate the reader on account of the subtle analysis contained in them of the emotions and passions; or his soul must be ravished by the glory and the beauty of the world, and he must be able to express in majestic word-music the wonderful delight that he feels in the contemplation of nature.

Mr. Watson's chief claim to greatness consists in the fact that he possesses the second of the two gifts I have mentioned. He expresses his sense of the sublimity of nature in magnificent lyric outbursts of song, such as the "Ode in May" and "Hymn to the Sea." I should like to make some quotations here of considerable length, but space does not permit for more than this stanza from the former poem:

For of old the sun, our sire,  
Came wooing the mother of men,  
Earth, that was virginal then,  
Vestal fire to his fire.  
Silent her bosom and coy,  
But the strong god sued and pressed;  
And born of their starry nuptial joy  
Are all that drink of her breast.

H. P. WRIGHT.

### "Robinson Crusoe."

The other day, in an hour of unusual leisure, unusually vacant, I picked up my boy's copy of *Robinson Crusoe*, and read and read. I was a boy again. Alas, that it was only for an hour, and that since then I have been asking myself absurd adult questions about the book! However, boys do not read the ACADEMY, and behind their backs I would fain jot down a few thoughts. In what does the charm of *Robinson Crusoe* lie? Surely in a most singular and paradoxical economy of the two most necessary ingredients of great stories—truth to nature and literary art.

Defoe's economy of truth to nature is apparent when we consider what the real fate of a man must have been who for fifteen years lived alone on a desert island. He might adopt Crusoe's cheerful contrivances at first, but he would soon forget human speech, eat grass like Nebuchadnezzar, and decline into savagery or madness. Yet his situation is represented by Defoe as almost cheerful. As someone has said, Crusoe's long stay on the island produced in him only such mental suffering as might be due to a dull Sunday in Scotland. Defoe shows a like indifference to the artistic possibilities of the story. Charles Dickens marvelled that in all its pages there is nothing to make a man laugh or cry. If we consider what effects of humour or tragedy Dickens himself would have offered, or what a pile of philosophy Goethe would have dumped on Crusoe's foreshore, or what spectral and intolerable horrors Poe would have raised from that ocean prison, we shall see that Defoe's success—which is unchallenged—was won by a narrower set of powers than has gone to the making of any piece of fiction comparable to *Robinson Crusoe* in merit and fame.

Defoe, in fact, brought to his story little more than his wonderful circumstantial invention; and he was so little of an artist that he did not see that the story ends when Crusoe leaves his island and returns to England. But the tale thrives on its limitations. Men have cheerfully accepted a novel of human contrivance and homely wisdom in place of a novel of psychological insight and lofty tragedy. As for my boy, he would not barter a single passage from the Wreck, for all that a committee of novelists could add of poetry, or sentiment, or climax.

DELTA.

## Memoirs of the Moment.

CARDINAL RICHELIEU and President Kruger! The association may seem far to seek. Yet President Kruger is, by his marriage, actually connected with the great Cardinal, whose name, as everyone knows, was Du Plessis. Kruger was a young man when he met and married a member of the Du Plessis family, the descendant of a French surgeon (the near relative of the Cardinal) who went to the Cape in the seventeenth century in the employment of the Dutch East India Company. An early death speedily deprived the President of his first wife, who was immediately followed to the grave by her only son. A little later he chose a second wife from the same family. The second Mrs. Kruger was, in fact, the niece of the first, the Dopper creed not disallowing marriages within these degrees of consanguinity. It was apropos of this marriage that General Joubert, who at one time had a keen dislike of President Kruger, made a jest in his imperfect English. The President, he said, was a man of "double du-plessity." By his second and still reigning wife, the President is the father of sixteen children.

I AM not at the moment aware of the first mention of "Dutch courage" in our literature. Perhaps the phrase comes merely from the habit of drinking Hollands, known of old among our own soldiers, before going into action. But the ironical allusion it has come to have to the courage of the Dutch has no place in history. From this week this phrase, as an imputer of cowardice to the Dutch, ought, one supposes, to be extinct.

OF Mr. Horatio Tennyson, whose death passes almost unnoted, there is little to be said, except that he was the youngest of the poet's company of brothers. His life was one of some difficulty from the beginning. He, too, had a temperament. When his time at South School was over he loitered and moped at Somersby, a good subject, as it seemed, for nothing in particular. His powers were not deficient, but he never opened a book. He read nature pretty well though, and his observation of men and women—the few he had met—was so penetrating that his brother Alfred begged him to go to his friend Tennant at Blackheath; whither he went accordingly. The next thing was that he wanted to enlist. The suggestion was a grief to his mother, and the lad was sent instead to try his fortune in Tasmania. The story of many a younger son in a large family was his—a somewhat sad one, where the mother outlives the father and has small means. Horatio Tennyson was to have a long life, if it was not a very merry one. Religion, as expressed by the Oxford Movement, caught him and held him tight. He felt the matter too much to be able to talk it over without too much heat with the Poet, between whom and himself, however, friendly, if intermittent, relations were always maintained, as many a visitor to the Poet in his later years who met Horatio at Aldworth will remember. In earlier days, too, he often visited Farringford. Lady Taylor used to tell the story of going into a room there one afternoon in dim light, and seeing a figure stretched at length upon a sofa. She addressed herself as to the Poet, but a correcting voice from the cushions came forth: "I'm Horatio, the most morbid of the Tennysons!"

LADY CLIFFORD, whose death took place in Cornwall-gardens, South Kensington, the other day, and who had reached the age of eighty, was a woman of decision. When she was Miss Hercy she accepted the suit of Mr. Charles Clifford—a tall suitor, by the way, for a girl whose height was that of Queen Victoria, whom in later years

she somewhat resembled otherwise as she drove in the Park. Mr. Clifford was the cadet of an ancient Roman Catholic family, who, having secured the promise of the lady of his choice, decided to seek for fortune in the Colonies. To New Zealand he went, with results which are pretty well known. His political life there ended in his being Speaker of the House of Representatives; but his own private, proudest boast in reference to his New Zealand career was that he had imported the first trout that were put into New Zealand waters, for the benefit of all future generations.

BEFORE his successes in New Zealand as politician and as land-owner, young Clifford had a time of suspense, during which he wrote home to the lady he had left behind him to tell her that he could not ask her to wait indefinitely, and to wish her happiness in her freedom. He waited her answer with anxiety: the mail came; and with it the lady herself. The marriage that at once signalled her courage was one of the happiest on record; and Sir Charles Clifford lived for some years to enjoy and to spend in London and at a country house in the Midlands the great wealth that came to him from his property in New Zealand. He was made a baronet in 1887, and was happy in his dignity. Yet it often seemed as if his old colonial habits and feelings had a predominant place in his affections. The last public meeting at which he spoke was one in connexion with a memorial to Cardinal Manning. There was a certain pathos in the old man's references throughout to the Archbishop of Westminster as the Archbishop of Wellington, the town of the Roman Catholic primacy in New Zealand.

THE enlargement of Hughenden Manor is, no doubt, the natural, if not the inevitable, consequence of the marriage of Mr. Coningsby Disraeli. Yet one regrets that the modesty of the mansion in which the grandiose statesman spent his happiest hours is lost thereby. He himself, man of contrasts as he was, loved the littleness of the place. All the greatness was in the associations, and particularly in that visit paid to him there by the Queen—a visit to which the greatest houses in Bucks could not aspire. If you cannot rival Stowe, and if you must be proud of something, you may as well put your pride in the very narrowness of your domain. Lord Beaconsfield did this with particular success. "Excuse the vanity of a landed proprietor," he used to say when he showed his few fields to men who owned immense territories. Hughenden will become more commonplace as it becomes more prosperous.

"GRADUALLY the wind freshened and veered until at west-south-west it was blowing a strong steady breeze, and, with all square-sail set, the old *Harrowby* was bowling along at a good eight knots for the Channel. Faithful as usual, this well-beloved wind to the homeward-bounder never relaxed its strenuous push until the changing hue of the water, plain for all men to see, told us that we were once more on the soundings. Oh, blessed sight, that never falls upon the deep-water sailor, the fading away of that deep fathomless blue which for so many, many weary watches has greeted the eye! Somehow or other, too, the green of the Channel of Old England has a different tint to any other sea-green. It is not a pretty colour, will not for a moment bear comparison with the blazing emerald of some tropical shores, but it looks welcome—it says home; and even the most homeless and hardened of shell-backs feels a deep complacency when it greets his usually unobservant eye."—From Frank T. Bullen's "*The Log of a Sea-Waif*."

## Correspondence.

## "The Howling Cheese."

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mr. F. W. Morris, draws attention to R. L. Stevenson's praise of Herman Melville's works, and deploras the fact of his books being strangely inaccessible. He suggests a sixpenny edition, which possibly might pay some enterprising publisher. Meantime, I may say that *Types* can hardly be termed "inaccessible," as it is included in an admirable series of books called "The Sea Library," published by W. H. White & Co., Ltd., Edinburgh and London. *Types* was issued only last year. The series includes Darwin's *Voyage* and that rare sea story by George Cupples, *The Green Hand*. The books are beautifully got up, and are excellent value at the money, 3s. and 3s. 6d., according to the bulk of the volume.

May I be allowed to add that the Amateur Critic column is a happy thought on the part of the editor, and is sure to give pleasure and profit to all your readers?—I am, &c.,  
Glasgow: October 9, 1899. G. LINWOOD.

## Omar Khayyám.

SIR,—The statement of an "American Omanián," quoted in your last issue, that the name "Omar" should be accented on the last syllable, contains just enough truth to be misleading. In the first place, it is by no means certain that "all Persian words" are accented upon the final syllable. According to Dr. Trumpp, who has written an exhaustive treatise upon the difficult subject of Persian accent, the final stress is confined to parts of Persia; in the second place, the name Omar is not Persian, but Arabic, and all Arabs accent it upon the first syllable. Just as the Parisian pronunciation of a French name would be understood by the educated all over Europe, whereas if anglicised it would be unintelligible out of our own country, and "bad form" in that, so this Arabic accentuation of the name Omar will not only pass muster anywhere in the East, but will everywhere, even in Persia, be looked upon as more refined than the local mispronunciation. As to Khayyám, of course the final accent is correct, whether in Arabic, Persian, or any other language.—I am, &c.,  
JAMES PLATT, JUN.

London: October 9, 1899.

SIR,—In your issue of the 7th inst., in one of the paragraphs under the head of "The Literary Week," you note that an American "Omanián" would correct the ordinary pronunciation of the name "Omar" to "Umar." As far as the first syllable is concerned he is right; but there is, in fact, no second syllable in the word at all, the name really being 'Umr, with no vowel between the "m" and the "r." In your suggested division between sheep and goats those would certainly be the sheep who said "'Umr," while the goats would be those who called him "'Umar." Moreover, it is by no means the case that in almost all Persian words the accent, or stress, is on the second syllable. I could give you numberless words in which the contrary is the case, the stress depending more than anything else on the length (long or short) of the vowels in the syllables respectively, but not entirely on that even. For instance, in the word *shakhsi*, "a certain person," the accent is on the first, although its vowel "a" is short and that of the second, "i," is long.—I am, &c.,

A. ROGERS (*late Bombay Civil Service*).

London: October 10, 1899.

## "The Manifold Uses of the Adverb."

SIR,—I am afraid I must incur the contempt of "Simplicity Severe" and try and live it down, as I confess myself an admirer of the "Split Infinitive." I have never found any of the purists who could give a logical reason

for splitting the indicative and refusing to split the infinitive.

In my youth I learned in my catechism to say: "And I heartily thank my Heavenly Father." Why may I not now say my catechism taught me to heartily thank, &c., &c.?

Your correspondent lays down a rule that the proper place for the adverb is *immediately after the verb*. Is it? Let him try to arrange the following well-known line on his principle, and allow your readers to judge whether he has improved it:

"Slowly and sadly we laid him down."

Then he talks about the preposition at the end of the sentence being abolished; or, as he puts it, "done away with"! What is with?

The fact is, sir, that living languages cannot be tied up in the swaddling-clothes of grammatical rules, and speakers and writers will put adverbs where they are forcible, and that place, in many cases, is certainly *not immediately after the verb*. Does he generally say: "The father struck cruelly his son," instead of putting the adverb before the verb or after the object? Is he careful to say: "Whence do you come," instead of "where do you come from"? If so, I am sure he must afford to his friends considerable amusement.—I am, &c., J. W. K.

SIR,—"Simplicity Severe" writes in this week's ACADEMY that words "fail to adequately describe" his contempt for all who indulge in the pernicious practice of splitting infinitives.

The words I have quoted contain a split infinitive.

Is "Simplicity Severe" a humorist?—I am, &c.,

October 9, 1899.

EDGAR TURNER.

[Mr. Turner is certainly not a humorist if part of the equipment of a humorist be to discern humour in others.]

## Misconceptions.

SIR,—Yet another bear story. My ten-year-old school-boy, preparing his lessons beside me one winter evening, asked what "lugging" meant.

I inquired the context.

"It's something bears do in a very cold country Mr. — was reading to us about to-day. It was a rather queer bit of poetry, and he read it because he said it was such a good description of winter."

The line that he remembered and thought queerest was:

When tom-bears lug into the hall.

Which was what Mr. — had seemed to say, the real line, of course, being

When Tom bears logs into the hall.

—I am, &c.,

October 9, 1899.

J. M. S. M.

SIR,—Your correspondence on the above has caused my thoughts to wing their way back over several decades. In imagination, I see myself as a child repeating the words of the Lord's Prayer as I understand them to fall from my mother's lips: "Our Father, *shorten* heaven." I was much exercised over this phrase as I grew older, but it was not till I could spell out the words in the Prayer Book that I learnt differently.—I am, &c., G. A. E.

October 9, 1899.

## "The Little Panjandrum's Dodo."

SIR,—In the current number of the ACADEMY you give Mr. Farrow's new book, *The Little Panjandrum's Dodo*, as published by the S.P.C.K.

Will you kindly correct this mistake, as it will be issued this week by—Your, &c., SKEFFINGTON & SON.

London: October 9, 1899.

## Our Prize Competitions.

## Result of No. 3.

LAST week we printed, by way of supplement, a large number of publishers' announcements of the forthcoming season, and we asked our readers to pick from those what, in their opinion, promise to be (a) the two most interesting biographies, (b) the two most interesting works of history, (c) the two most interesting works of travel, (d) the two most interesting religious works, (e) the two most interesting novels, and (f) the two most interesting books for children.

A collation of the replies received show that the consensus of opinion is that the two biographies that promise most interest are :

The Life of Thomas Henry Huxley. By Leonard Huxley.  
The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson.\* Edited by S. Colvin.

The two historical works that promise most interest are :

Lord Acton's General History of Modern Times.  
Mr. Lang's History of Scotland.

The two works of travel that promise most interest are :

The Highest Andes. By E. A. FitzGerald.  
In India. By G. W. Steevens.

The two religious works that promise most interest are :

The Encyclopedia Biblica.  
Jowett's Doctrinal Sermons.

The two novels that promise most interest are :

Stalky & Co. By Rudyard Kipling.  
Robert Orange. By John Oliver Hobbes.

And the two children's books that promise most interest are :

Mr. Lang's Red Book of Animal Stories.  
Mr. Walter Crane's Blue Beard's Picture-Book.

One list contains as many as nine of these books, and this has been sent in by Mr. David Stott, 25, Westbourne-terrace-road, W., to whom, therefore, a cheque for a guinea has been sent. Mr. Stott's remaining three selections are Mr. Gosse's *Life and Letters of Donne*; *Church and Faith: Essays on the Teaching of the Church of England*; and Miss Upton's *Gullivog in War*.

Replies received from : M. A. C., Cambridge ; H. M. H., Clapham ; S., Wymering ; E. C. B., Leeds ; L. A. P., Broomhill ; C. A., Glasgow ; E. M. C., London ; H. J., London ; R. F. M. H., Whitby ; J. R. M., London ; J. H. A., Cambridge ; A. K. M., Dundee ; A. S., London ; G. E. B., Forest Gate ; G. D., Horley ; E. V. P., London ; A. H., Blandford ; L. C. J., Edinburgh ; A. M. P., Lincoln ; W. M. S., London ; E. H., Didsbury ; A. B., Headingley ; H. T., Epsom ; S. C., Brighton ; H. A. M., London ; C. J. B., Beckenham ; J. L., Broughty Ferry ; R. B. T. H. Q., London ; D. E. B., London ; J. T. S. K., Manchester ; G. A. F., London (3) ; A. E. T., London ; G. K. G., Stoke-on-Trent ; C. D. T., Liverpool ; L. K. H., Oxford ; A. W. P., Tunbridge Wells ; J. B. N., York ; H. S. U., Chelmsfield ; T. C., Buxted ; A. W. H., Heaton ; H. G., London ; T. E. J., Ipswich ; A. D., Maidstone ; S. B., Great Malvern ; D. S., Glasgow ; A. G., Forest Hill ; A. Y., Blackburn ; J. P., Glasgow ; J. R. O., Glasgow ; Y. P. S., London ; E. R. J., Limpsfield ; E. B., Liverpool ; H. S., London ; W. D., Edinburgh ; E. U., London ; B. H. B., Oxford ; J. M. M., Glasgow ; A. E. L., Stafford ; J. S. L., Glasgow ; G. R., Aberdeen.

## Competition No. 4. (New Series.)

"Urbanus Sylvan," writing in the October *Cornhill* of his adventures by the summer sea, describes the poverty of the bookshelves in his rooms ; and incidentally, referring to country inn libraries generally, suggests that the ACADEMY should ask its readers to name the best books for an inn to keep. The idea is a good one, and we offer a prize of a guinea to the best list of twenty books to stand on the shelves of a country inn. In this case we shall ourselves decide as to the winner, abandoning judgment by consensus of opinion.

## RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, The ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, October 17. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found in the third column of p. 440 or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon ; otherwise the first only will be considered. We wish to impress on competitors that the task of examining replies is much facilitated when one side only of the paper is written upon. It is also important that names and addresses should always be given : we cannot consider anonymous answers.

\* Our contributor includes this with biography. But the work of biography proper which receives most votes is *The Life of Sir John Millais*.

## Books Received.

## Week ending Thursday, October 12.

## THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

Garrod (Rev. G. W.), First Epistle to the Thessalonians: Analysis and Notes.....	(Macmillan) net	2/6
Selborne (Earl of), The Catholic and Apostolic Church.....	(Macmillan)	6/0
Godet (F.), Introduction to the New Testament.....	(T. & T. Clark) net	7/6
Church and Faith. By Dr. Wace, Dean Farrar, and eleven others.....	(Blackwood) net	

## POETRY, &amp;c.

Comte (Jules), La Revue de l'Art, Ancien et Moderne. Vol. VI., No. 31.....	(Paris)	
Glencairn (Robert J.), Poems and Songs of Degrees.....	(Arnold) net	5/0
Segunde Parte Del Ingenioso Caballero Don Quixote de la Mancha.....	(Nutt)	

## HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Grey (Earl), Hubert Hervey: a Memoir.....	(Arnold)	7/6
Long (W. H.), Naval Yarns.....	(Gibbings)	6/0
Nys (Ernest), Researches in the History of Economics.....	(Black)	6/0
Fitzpatrick (J. P.), The Transvaal from Within.....	(Heinemann)	
Powell (Edgar) and Trevelyan (G. M.), The Peasants' Rising and the Lollards.....	(Longmans) net	6/0
Graham (H. Grey), Social Life of Scotland in the Eighteenth Century (2 vols.).....	(Black)	24/0
Gibbs (Philip), Founders of the Empire.....	(Cassell)	1/8
Oman (C. W.), England in the Nineteenth Century.....		3/6
Laurence (Perceval M.), Collectanea: Essays, Addresses, and Reviews.....	(Macmillan) net	10/0
Stevenson (F. S.), Robert Grosseteste.....	(Macmillan) net	10/0

## TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

Grey (Henry M.), In Moorish Captivity.....	(Arnold)	16/0
Bullen (Frank T.), A Log of a Sea-Waif.....	(Smith, Elder)	8/6
Penfold (F. C.), Present-Day Egypt.....	(Macmillan) net	10/0
The Guide to South Africa, 1899-1900.....	(Sampson Low)	2/6

## EDUCATIONAL.

Carpenter (G. R.), Elements of Rhetoric and English Composition.....	(The Macmillan Co.)	3/6
Collignon (Maxime), Manual of Mythology.....	(Grevel)	7/6
Faust (Albert B.), Heine's Prose.....	(The Macmillan Co.)	3/6

## JUVENILE.

Elmalie (Theodora), The Little Lady of Lavender. Third Edition.....	(Griffith, Farran & Co.)	3/6
Elmalie (Theodora), Black Puppy.....	(Griffith, Farran & Co.)	3/6
Ogden (Ruth), His Little Royal Highness.....	(Griffith, Farran & Co.)	3/6
Molesworth (Mrs.), The Old Pincushion.....	(Griffith, Farran & Co.)	3/6
Henty (G. A.), In Times of Peril.....	(Griffith, Farran & Co.)	3/6
Marshall (Emma), Cross Purposes.....	(Griffith, Farran & Co.)	6/0
Henty (G. A.), Out on the Pampas.....	(Griffith, Farran & Co.)	3/4
Kingston (W. H. G.), Our Soldiers.....	(Griffith, Farran & Co.)	2/6
Collingwood (Harry), The Castaways.....	(Griffith, Farran & Co.)	5/0
St. Leger (Hugh), Shipmates.....	(Griffith, Farran & Co.)	5/0
Prince (Val E.), Baby's Biography.....	(Simpkin, Marshall & Co.)	
Detmold (M. and E.), Pictures from Birdland.....	(Dent)	5/0
Cox (Palmer), The Brownies Abroad.....	(Unwin)	6/0
Moore (F.), Paddy.....	(Church of England Temperance Society)	
Hagen (M. S.), Blot or Blessing? (Church of England Temperance Society)		
Wallace-Dunlop (M.), Fairies, Elves, and Flower-Babies.....	(Duckworth)	3/4
Charlesworth (M. L.), Ministering Children.....	(Ward, Lock)	1/0
Pedley (Ethel C.), Dot and the Kangaroo.....	(Burleigh) net	3/8
Fox (S. M.), Verses for Granmie.....	(Burleigh) net	3/8
Cook (Jane E.), The Sculptor Caught Napping.....		2/8
Fairy Tales from Hans Christian Andersen. Translated by Mrs. E. Lucas.....	(Dent)	

## S.P.C.K. PUBLICATIONS.

Lampin (C. Dudley), Mirango the Man-Eater.—Stacey (W. S.), Isaac Letterman's Daughter.—Macorley (C. Mary), The Children's Plan.—Lyster (Annette), Nancy's Portion.—Jackson (Alice F.), A Brave Girl.—Macorley (C. Mary), Rosie's Friend.—Hollis (Nellie), Blind Robbie.—Carlson (Hope), For Church and King.—Herbert (M. J.), Rainy Days.—E. S. B., Jack Webster.—Shipton (Helen), A Masterful Man.—Wood (F. H.), Talitha's Weird Vision, and other Tales for Mothers' Meetings.—Clare (Austine), Out of the Net.—Weigall (C. E. C.), An Angel Unaware.—Mallandaine (C. E.), Grandfather's Secret.—Hunt (Violet B.), Egerton's Brother. And many other stories.		
Trotter (Captain L. J.), History of India. Revised Edition.....	(S.P.C.K.)	6/0
Gent (Geo. W.), Papers and Essays.....	(S.P.C.K.)	
Frankland (Percy Faraday), Our Secret Friends and Foes. Fourth Edition.....	(S.P.C.K.)	3/0
Rowell (Rev. T. N.), Historic Canterbury.....	(S.P.C.K.)	
Conchman (Mary), Homely Words for Young Servants.....	(S.P.C.K.)	0/6
Whitaker (G. H.), Confirmation and Communion.....	(S.P.C.K.)	1/0
Davids (T. W. Rhys), Buddhism. Eighteenth Thousand.....	(S.P.C.K.)	
Gregg (Rev. John A. F.), The Epistle of St. Clement.....	(S.P.C.K.)	1/0

## MISCELLANEOUS.

Cope (Cyprion), Arabesques.....	(Smithers) net	14/0
Morten (Honor), From a Nurse's Note-Book.....	(Scientific Press)	
Dennis (John), Realms of Gold: A Book for Youthful Students of English Literature.....	(Richards)	3/8
Hand (Rev. J. E.) and Gore (Rev. Charles), Good Citizenship.....	(Allen)	
Stall (S.), What a Young Husband Ought to Know.....	(Briggs) net	6/0
Lefebvre (Ernest), Embroidery and Lace.....	(Grevel)	7/6
Lily (W. S.), First Principles in Politics.....	(Murray)	14/0
London University Guide, 1899-1900.....	(Univ. Corr. Coll. Press)	

## NEW EDITIONS.

Christie (R. C.), Etienne Dolet: The Martyr of the Renaissance (1508-1546).....	(Macmillan) net	10/0
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\* \* \* New Novels are acknowledged elsewhere.



## The Autumn Lists.

THE following Lists of Autumn Announcements were unavoidably omitted from our Supplement last week.

### Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Lowell (J. R.), Impressions of Spain .....	5/0
Andrews (S. J.), God's Revelation of Himself to Men .....	7/6
Bascom (John), Growth of Nationality in the United States .....	
Farrington (M. V.), Tales of King Arthur and His Knights .....	3/6
Hubbard (E.), Little Journeys to the Homes of Eminent Painters .....	6/0
Reed (Myrtle), Love-Letters of a Musician .....	
Schwartz (Julia A.), Vassar Studies .....	3/6
Barnes (J.), A Life of Paul Jones .....	
Butler (C. H.), History of the Territorial Expansion of the United States .....	
Blok (Prof. P. J.), History of the People of the Netherlands. Vol. II. ....	12/6
Davis (L. D.), Ornamental Shrubs .....	15/0
Woolf (M. A.), Sketches of Lowly Life in a Great City ..	
Hamp (S. F.), The Treasure of Mushroom Rock .....	5/0
Dalton (Capt. Davis), How to Swim .....	3/6
Tyler (Moses C.), A Century of American Statesmen. 4 vols. ....	
Wheeler (C. G.), Wood-Working for Beginners .....	
Harland (Marion), Literary Hearthstones. Vols. I. & II: Charlotte Brontë and William Cowper. Vols. III. & IV: Hannah More and John Knox .....	5/0
Ragozin (Z. A.), Frithjof the Viking and Roland the Paladin .....	3/6
Budde (Karl), The Religion of the Hebrews in Pre-Exile Days .....	6/0
Brooks (Noah), General Henry Knox .....	6/0
Livingston (W. F.), Israel Putnam .....	6/0
Dana (J. M.), The Wider View: a Search for Truth .....	
Lee (Guy C.), Principles of Public Speaking .....	
Savage (Minot J.), Life Beyond Death .....	
Wilson (T.), The True History of Bluebeard: a Contribution to Folk-Lore .....	
<i>Heroes of the Nations: Bismarck and the New German Empire, by J. W. Headlam. — Charlemagne, by H. W. C. Davis. — Alexander the Great, by B. I. Wheeler .....</i>	<i>5/0</i>
Smith (Justin), The Troubadours at Home .....	25/0
<i>Heroes of the Reformation: Desiderius Erasmus, by Ephraim Emerson. — Theodore Beza, by H. M. Baird .....</i>	<i>6/0</i>
Champney (E. W.), Romance of the Feudal Chateaux .....	
Powell (Lyman P.), Historic Towns of the Middle States ..	15/0
Hunt (G.), The Writings of James Madison .....	21/0
Harland (Marion), More Colonial Homesteads and Their Stories .....	12/6
Hitchcock (Mary E.), Two Women in the Klondike .....	12/6
Benjamin (Park), The U.S. Naval Academy .....	
Raymond (George L.), Proportion and Harmony in Life and Colour .....	
Cragin (Belle S.), Our Insect Friends and Foes .....	7/6
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## The Literary Week.

THERE is, of course, pessimistic talk about the effect of the Transvaal War on the reading of new books. We believe that the fears expressed in some quarters are artificial. Hardly had the Boer ultimatum been delivered than there were rumours that important books were to be held over indefinitely. Such withdrawals must have their effect. The public naturally acquiesces in the notion that they do not want to read books in war-time. To proclaim a panic is to cause it. But, meanwhile, we hear of books being sent out to the Transvaal in large quantities for British officers to read in camp. The moral is obvious. True readers are constant to their books. We do not go so far as to suggest that they are like the bibliophile, who, when he met a man who had just returned from the battlefield of Sedan in 1870, said: "That's very interesting; the first edition of *Nonnius Marcellus* was published at Sedan"; but we do hold that reading should not be at the mercy of public events.

WRITING in the new *North American Review* on the present literary situation in France, Mr. Henry James refers thus to M. Zola, whose *Fécondité* is already in its forty-seventh thousand: "The great historians are dead—the last of them went with Rénan; the great critics are dead—the last of them went with Taine; the great dramatists are dead—the last of them went with Dumas; and of the novelists of the striking group originally fathered by the Second Empire, Emile Zola is the only one still happily erect. . . . To arrive—as he has arrived—at the goal he began with fixing, M. Zola had to make art his special economy—see it steadily and see it whole. He has seen, moreover, many things besides; not the individual soul, the individual life, perhaps, with any great intimacy—never, indeed, with an inspired penetration; but always, vividly, its happy mean, or general average, of sense; its associated, confounded, scarce discriminate state." *Fécondité* is about to be published in England under the title *Fruitfulness*.

THE project, hinted at in Sir Michael Foster's presidential address at the British Association meeting in September, of an International Science Congress at the Paris Exhibition has been taken up by a committee which numbers some of the most able men of science in this country. Already it has got so far that general and special expository lectures, with expert guidance through the various departments of the Exhibition, are being arranged—these both in French and English—together with excursions, &c., broadly corresponding to the well-known features of a British Association programme. The acting secretaries are Profs. Mavor and Geddes, 5, Old Queen-street, S.W., and 95, Boulevard St. Michel, Paris.

THE fifteenth edition of *Men of the Time* will be published this year. We are reminded that whereas the original *Men of the Time*, in 1852, was a little book of four hundred pages, it will run, in its new form, to thirteen hundred pages, and contain three thousand three hundred

and ninety-three biographies. This does not necessarily mean that there are more celebrated people to-day than there were in 1852. It might equally well mean that the standard of efficiency has lowered, or that more people are inquisitive about their fellows.

MR. DUNNE's forthcoming work, *Mr. Dooley in the Hearts of His Countrymen*, will be found to have a piquant dedication. Mr. Dunne is an Irishman, and Irishmen have a way of hitting back. If certain gentlemen, including a baronet of the realm, who pirated the first Dooley book find themselves mentioned there, they need not be surprised. Mr. Dooley's articles on the Dreyfus Court Martial will be found in the book. "I don't believe," said Mr. Dooley in Monday's *Westminster Gazette*, "that Cap Dhryfuss wrote the bordereau. I believe he was the only man in France who didn't"—a statement in which the philosopher's extravagant humour is crystallised.

A NEFARIOUS project for taking advantage of the absence of international copyright has just been exposed by the chairman of the Society of Authors. It seems that there exists in New York a concern, known as the Associated International Press, for trafficking in the early writings of Mr. Kipling. The Associated International Press, presuming on Mr. Kipling's popularity and want of protection, has collected together eighty-one of his effusions, some of them dating back to his boyhood, others belonging to his journalistic career in India, and all being such as he would not reprint himself, and, without a word to the author on the matter, is offering them for serial publication in American papers.

"ROMANCE brought up the 8.15"; and there is more than a touch of romance about the *Daily Mail's* announcement of its War Train, which at a speed of eighty miles an hour carries the *Daily Mail* from London to the North every morning *via* Leicester, Nottingham, Sheffield, and Manchester. The line chosen is the Great Central. This passage in Messrs. Harmsworth's circular we particularly like: "The train will be known as the *Daily Mail* War Express, and will consist of the fastest railway engine in the United Kingdom, and four newspaper vans. The most famous living engine-driver will be in charge." The "most famous living driver," the "War Express," and a speed of eighty miles an hour—there's romance for you. The enterprise is noble, although it is not as if Manchester and the other towns have not papers of their own, fed plentifully by Reuter and the other agencies. In the old war days, when news went by coach, it was news indeed.

MEANWHILE, we may remark that for a long time the *Manchester Courier*—itself an excellent paper, also having its own correspondent in the Transvaal—has been reaching us by express train. It may easily be conceived that a moment will arrive when London's zeal to inform Manchester and Manchester's to inform London will synchronise. Two War Expresses will approach each other at a combined rate of 160 miles an hour and, under pressure of journalistic and patriotic fervour, on the same set of rails. On the following morning, what peace!



MR. WILLIAM WATSON'S letter to the *Daily Chronicle*, on war poetry in general, and Mr. Swinburne's sonnet in particular, contains sound criticism. "Let us remember," he says, "that the existence of a great theme, not less certainly than of a great poet, is one of the indispensable antecedent conditions of great poetry. The assassination of a State, and the strangling of a people, are not heroic themes, and never while this world endures shall they evoke one note of noble song. Moreover, in all combats between a giant and a stripling the Muse must of necessity be at a certain moral disadvantage in the somewhat ludicrous task of enheartening the giant. It is the valour of David with his sling, and not the arrogant bulk of Goliath, that kindles the imagination of poets, and captures for ever the sympathies of man."

THE Tivoli, and not the *Times*, it has been remarked, is the place for patriotic verse. On occasion, however, a poet may supply both publics. Mr. Swinburne's sonnet is now being recited night by night at one of the halls of variety.

WITHIN the last few days a memorial monument to Helen Faucit (Lady Martin) has been placed in Llantysilio Church, in the Vale of Llangollen, where Lady Martin died on October 31 of last year. The monument consists



ALTO-RELIEVO PORTRAIT FROM THE MEMORIAL TO HELEN FAUCIT (LADY MARTIN).

of an alto-relievo, designed by the late J. H. Foley, and reproduced in white marble by Mr. J. Hughes, of Dublin. On the pedestal on which the alto-relievo rests is the following inscription:

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Helena Faucit (Lady Martin),  
who died at Llantysilio  
31st October, 1898.

"Her gracious genius belonged to the world. The charm of her goodness was for her home and for those who loved her."

This passage is by Mrs. Richmond Ritchie, and is taken from one of her introductions to the biographical edition of Thackeray.

In the *Autobiography of Dean Merivale*, with selections from his correspondence, which his daughter has just edited for public circulation, the letter in which the historian of Rome alleged that Louis Napoleon's *coup*

*d'état* was borrowed from the *History of the Romans* is again given. This is the letter:

CHARLES MERIVALE TO HIS SISTER LOUISA.

Lawford: December 6, 1851.

I have come, no matter how, into possession of a piece of secret history, which will be curious hereafter. It seems that when Louis Napoleon saw the first advertisement of my vol. iii., he caused one of Spottiswoode's printers to be bribed, and got the sheets read off to him by submarine telegraph as fast as they were printed here. As soon as he came to the passage in Chapter 4, where Octavius claims the consulship by means of his army, he formed his plans with secrecy and decision. He saw that Cavaignac was just such another pedant as Brutus, and Changarnier a blusterer like Cassius. Thiers he remarked was just such a liar and spouter as Cicero. And so, with the help of his Agrippa, Arnaud, he arranged his *coup d'état* and issued his lists of proscription. I hope the *Times* comes to you regularly now; but if not you have only to read my book, where the events of the next ten years are compendiously related. I expect the young Octavius to buy a thousand copies for his regimental libraries, and I hope he will send me the Cross of the Legion of Honour for saying that in the circumstances of his position I should have done what he has done myself.

Some people have assumed that the Dean was in earnest, but he was of course only joking, as his daughter now shows. The joke was too good a one to lead to serious misapprehension; but no joke is safe.

BROTHER JOE.

[Mr. Kipling has recently joined an Edinburgh Masonic Lodge. His style there is Brother Joseph Rudyard Kipling.—*Daily Papers*.]

I CHANCED to be at Rottingdean upon a little trip;  
I met a fellow Mason there and gave the man the grip;  
"What ho," I said, "my Rudyard!" But his look was  
cold as snow:  
"My name, you ought to understand," he said, "is Brother Joe."

O it's Rudyard this, and Kipling that, with poems,  
tales, and such,  
And Rudyard Kipling is a name that can't be  
known too much.  
O it's Rudyard this, and Kipling that, with any  
writing dodge,  
But it's Brother Joseph Kipling when he joins a  
blooming Lodge.

I went into a library to get a book to read,  
The man behind the counter asked: "What is it, sir, you  
need?"  
"I want," I said, "the latest thing that Joseph Kipling's  
done."  
"Go on," he said, "you're having me. Joe Kip? there  
isn't one!"

O it's Brother Joe, and Joseph, when insignias are  
out  
And knives and forks are busy and the bottle goes  
about.  
It's "Brother Joe from India" where'er the Masons  
throng,  
But it's Rudyard Kipling only, when he writes a  
blooming song.

(This poem is not copyright.)

A good little inexpensive monograph on William Morris, which ought to be on sale in the Arts and Crafts Exhibition, has just been published from the office of the Peterhead *Sentinel* and the Twentieth Century Press, in London. It is entitled *William Morris, Master of Many Crafts*, and

is from the pen of Mr. James Leatham. We quote a passage touching Morris's appearance :

He has been compared to one of his own Berserkers ; but I am not sure that any of us has a very clear idea of what a Berserker was like. The massive, shaggy head, the face strong and well-coloured, and the sailor-like roll of the body suggested a skipper ashore while his cargo was being discharged ; but then no skipper ever wore an Inverness cloak, or broad-brimmed felt hat, or carried a thick stick, or slung a brown canvas bag over his head containing among much else an armoury of pipes, which he would lend to any member of the company who had left his pipe at home. He had somewhat the look of those patriarchal shepherds who come down from the Highlands, driving their flocks before them to the cities of the plain, and uttering marvels of articulation to their dogs. But shepherds do not wear blue serge, nor have they the air and gait of this man. In short, it was as difficult to match Morris outwardly as it was to find the exact peer of him intellectually and morally.

A SLIM sixpenny edition of Rossetti's ballad, "The White Ship," has just been issued by Messrs. Ellis & Elvey primarily for use in schools. The idea is good. Our only criticism is, that the price might as well have been a penny.

AUTHORS can be too modest. Two books by Mr. F. T. Bullen have appeared this week—*The Log of a Sea Waif* and *The Way they Have in the Navy*—and both are disfigured by prefaces which carry the art of self-depreciation to a point which causes the reader positive discomfort. "And now, as I know that there are a great many people who do not read prefaces," says Mr. Bullen, "I will close mine by humbly commending this 'autobiography of a nobody' to that tremendous tribunal, with whom lies the verdict of success or failure, and from whose fiat there is no appeal—the Public." If Mr. Bullen could not write we should not mind such preambles, but the stuff that follows is so good that to find the author on his stomach at the outset is particularly annoying. "Who, then, are you," Mr. Bullen elsewhere conceives his readers asking, "that presumes to compete with these master magicians?" The master magicians are "writers like Kipling, Cutcliffe Hyne, Joseph Conrad, and Clark Russell."

THE lapse of certain Tennyson copyrights has projected a number of new editions on the market. Among these are two volumes in the "Canterbury Poets" series. The text, of course, cannot be printed with the author's final corrections. "In Memoriam," for example, cannot be given absolutely complete ; but these defects will probably hinder few purchasers.

TENNYSON is to inaugurate the new series of English classics which Messrs. Methuen & Co. are preparing under the title "The Little Library." *The Princess*, edited by Miss Elizabeth Wordsworth, is to be the first volume. *In Memoriam*, edited by the Rev. H. C. Beeching, will follow, and *Vanity Fair*, edited by Mr. Stephen Gwynn. Each volume will have a photogravure frontispiece.

THOSE who missed "Man and His Makers," the play at the Lyceum (and by no means a bad play) which has just given place to "The Sign of the Cross," missed hearing Mr. Wilson Barrett declaim a specimen of "Occ. verse." The piece of Occ. verse in question, which was referred to in the play as having appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, helped the heroine to discover the hero after he had "gone under." She read it and thrilled. It begins :

Through the night and the murk the tramp of sorrowful feet,  
Heavy and dull on the stones of the pitiless street ;  
And some are old and some are broken and all are weak.  
"Whither, O millions? Who are you? Say—what do you seek?"

"We are the children of shame, our name is a name of scorn,

Blighted before we had being, and damned before born ;  
Nothing we seek, nowhither we wend, no goal in sight,  
We have no hope, no help, we drift from night into night.  
Cover your smiling faces, veil your arrogant bliss,  
We are the stream that flows to a bottomless abyss."

Other information concerning "Occ. verse" is to be found in the *Speaker*, where a kindly critic gives rules for manufacturing any quantity.

THE *Wilson Barrett Birthday Book*, try as we will to keep pace with all the best literature, has eluded us. It is advertised in the Lyceum programme as handsomely illustrated, to be had of the attendants. And cheap, too, only seven shillings!

BOOKS written in collaboration are sufficiently common, and there are several instances of a book which, begun by one hand, has been finished by another. But the cases of books which, begun by one hand and continued by another, are finally completed by a third, are in real life rare. Dickens resorted to the plan in the Christmas number of *All the Year Round*, but the best specimens are to be met with in the regions of burlesque. A serious example, however, lies before us in the shape of *Cross Purposes*, by the late Emma Marshall. Mrs. Marshall, it seems, began the story, and had progressed as far as Chapter X., when she was attacked by the illness which proved fatal. Her daughter supplied the next three chapters, and then was unable, through illness and grief, to continue, and Miss Evelyn Everett-Green then took up the narrative and completed it. The book is now published by Messrs. Griffith & Farran.

CONCERNING the late Edward Noyes Westcott, the author of *David Harum*, some stories are told in the New York *Bookman*. One day he was asked which he liked best, men or women. "I rather prefer men," he said. "They get on together better, and on the whole they're honest." Asked why they are honest, he replied : "Because, for about six thousand years—that is about the age of the world, isn't it?—man has been oppressing her, and mild deceit is her only means of gaining a point." Another of Westcott's beliefs was that champagne was "the only true blender of all the warring traits of a roomful of people." "Never mind what the food is like," he seems to have said ; "so long as the wine is right, the dinner will succeed." Teetotallers must have enjoyed dining there.

MARK TWAIN becomes more and more of a sceptical social inquirer. In the current *Cosmopolitan* he subjects Christian Science to a caustic examination. There is a touch of the true Mark in the opening :

This last summer, when I was on my way back to Vienna from the Appetite Cure in the mountains, I fell over a cliff in the twilight and broke some arms and legs and one thing or another, and by good luck was found by some peasants who had lost an ass, and they carried me to the nearest habitation, which was one of those large, low, thatch-roofed farmhouses, with apartments in the garret for the family, and a cunning little porch under the deep gable decorated with boxes of bright-coloured flowers and cats ; on the ground floor a large and light sitting-room, separated from the milch-cattle apartment by a partition ; and in the front yard rose stately and fine the wealth and pride of the house—the manure-pile. That sentence is Germanic, and shows that I am acquiring that sort of mastery of the art and spirit of the language which enables a man to travel all day in one sentence without changing cars.

A Christian Scientist staying near by then visits him and they talk. Wishing, however, to recover, he calls in the

local farrier and is cured. This is the conclusion of the matter:

The horse doctor charged me thirty kreutzers, and I paid him—in fact, I doubled it and gave him a shilling. Mrs. Fuller brought in an itemised bill for a crate of broken bones mended in two hundred and thirty-four places—one dollar per fracture.

"Nothing exists but Mind?"

"Nothing," she answered. "All else is substanceless, all else is imaginary."

I gave her an imaginary cheque, and now she is suing me for substantial dollars. It looks inconsistent.

THE artists' studies of the symbolic designs for the *Daily Chronicle* "Address to Madame Dreyfus" have been prepared by the Guild of Women-Binders, and are on view at 61, Charing Cross-road. The designs are by Miss Jessie Wilson, the colouring and illuminating by Mrs. Frank Karalake, and the binding designed and executed by Mrs. Macdonald.

## Bibliographical.

EVERYONE hopes that the requisite money will come in for the lectureship which is designed to do honour to Mr. Stopford Brooke. With the literature of our day Mr. Brooke's name will always be honourably associated. His books on our early literature and on Tennyson will live, though the latter is rather too bulky for the subject, and it will be long, too, before his little *Primer* (both in the revised and in the enlarged versions) ceases to interest the student. His *Poems*, it is to be feared, have not made a very deep impression upon the general public. It is curious to think what might have been the lot of Mr. Brooke if it had not fallen to him to write the *Life of Frederick William Robertson*. It was that work—which came out so long ago as 1865—that brought Mr. Brooke to the fore. It led the way to the *Theology in the English Poets* (1874) and the *Christ in Modern Life* (1881), which, with the *Primer* (1878), established their author's reputation both as a thinker and as a critic.

Excellent is the notion of bringing together into a single volume a selection from the sarcasms aimed at the fair sex by brutal man. *Woman and the Wits* should be a readable book. At the same time, I fear it will but illustrate and emphasise the fact that the wit directed against women has always been a little conventional in subject and phrase. The wags have been inclined to repeat themselves. I have myself made a collection of epigrams on the feminine character, and I find them running on few lines. Woman's levity of mind, her fondness for money, her talkativeness, her shrewishness, her desire to repair artificially the ravages of time—these are the main topics of reproach. Among woman's satirists (in England) have been Herrick, Donne, Rochester, Swift, Pope, Prior, Congreve, Allan Ramsay, Tom Moore, and so forth; but it is rather a significant fact that a great majority of the epigrams aimed at the weaker sex are of anonymous authorship. Let it not be forgotten, too, that man's epigrammatic wit has not always been employed against woman; it has very often been devoted to her praise—from the days of Ben Jonson and Lady Pembroke to those of Sydney Smith and Mrs. Airey.

I presume that the "Mr. H. S. Edwards" who is about to make public *Memories of My Time* is Mr. H. Sutherland Edwards, best known, perhaps, to the younger generation as a musical critic of acknowledged authority. Of the history of music and musicians Mr. Edwards is, in truth, a master, as witness his books on *Rossini* and *The Lyrical Drama* (dating from 1881) and on *The Prima Donna* (now rather more than ten years old). We have to thank him, too, for volumes on *Idols of the French Stage* (1889)

and *Famous First Representations* (1886). In all these cases Mr. Edwards has built up very readable works on the basis of a very genuine erudition. He is one of the few specialists who know how to make their speciality appetising. He has written on *The Romanoffs* (1890) and *Old and New Paris* (1893), and is the author of some short stories; but I should imagine that his *Memories* would prove to have reference chiefly to people and things musical and theatrical.

In *Some Famous Hamlets*, Mr. Clement Scott will dis-course, it appears, of the more important Hamlets of recent times—Sir Henry Irving's, Mr. Wilson Barrett's, Mr. Tree's, Mr. Forbes Robertson's. It so happens that, just fifteen years ago, Mr. Austin Brereton published a little work in which he reviewed *Some Famous Hamlets* (thus anticipating Mr. Scott's title) from Burbage to Fechter. The two books together will make a fairly complete record, but a fuller narrative would have been more acceptable. Mr. Scott, I note, is to discuss Mme. Bernhardt's Hamlet; why ignore the Hamlets of Salvini, Booth, and others, all within living memory?

In the pages of a weekly contemporary a correspondent has been asking for information about Mr. Bliss Carman, the Canadian verse-writer. To the particulars vouchsafed him I may add one or two. Thus, Mr. Carman's *Low Tide on Grand Pré* seems to have been first circulated in England in 1893. Three years later that volume was re-issued by Mr. Elkin Mathews with two others—*Behind the Arras* and *Songs of Vagabondia*. Another of Mr. Carman's publications is *A Sea Mark: a Threnody for Robert Louis Stevenson*, which was obtainable over here in July, 1895.

I see there is to be a new edition, with additions, of the little book of verse in which "Hugh Haliburton" set forth *Horace in Homespun*. That was a bold experiment, but not unsuccessful, though anyone less approximate to a Scot than Q. H. F. it is difficult to conceive. Very Scottish, indeed, is "Hugh Haliburton," whose publications have all been Caledonian in subject—*For Puir Auld Scotland's Sake* (in 1888), *In Scottish Fields* (in 1890), *Ochill Idylls, and Other Poems* (in 1892), and *Furth in Field* (in 1894).

Rather notable is the persistent popularity of Tom Moore's prose romance, *The Epicurean*. Very few people, apparently, read his poems nowadays; but for *The Epicurean* there has always been a demand. If I remember rightly, a sixpenny edition of it was brought out a year or two ago; and before that there was an edition at two shillings. The reprint which is to be issued shortly is, I see, to be illustrated—an excellent excuse for its existence.

The announcement of a forthcoming volume of poems which is to be entitled *Rue* recalls, by the association of ideas, the *Rosemary for Remembrance* of Mrs. Brotherton. In the same way the promise of a book of *Bachelor Ballads, and Other Lazy Lyrics*, brings to mind again the *Lazy Minstrel* of Mr. Ashby Sterry, and makes one wonder why that rhymester did not dub himself *The Lazy Lyrist*.

Mr. Herbert Morrah, the new editor of *The Literary Year Book*, first came before the reading world as the author of a book of 'Varsity verse called *In College Groves*. This was in 1893. Then in 1896 came the tale called *A Serious Comedy*, followed in 1897 by *The Faithful City*, and in 1898 by *The Optimist*. A new story was due from Mr. Morrah this year. Why break the record?

I have seen it "paragraphed" somewhere that Mr. Henry Grey is about to publish a new book containing synopses of the plots of certain old English plays. Is this really a new book, or is it only a new edition, enlarged perhaps, of the little work Mr. Grey issued some ten years ago under the title of *Plots of Some of the Most Famous of Old English Plays*?

THE BOOKWORM.

## Reviews.

## The Husk of a Novelist.

*The Life of William Makepeace Thackeray.* By Lewis Melville. In 2 vols. (Hutchinson. 32s.)

THACKERAY, for reasons satisfactory to himself, requested that no formal biography of him might be written. Mrs. Richmond Ritchie, for reasons satisfactory to herself and to everyone else, respected her father's wish. Mr. Lewis Melville, for reasons satisfactory to himself, has attempted to write a biography. Into the ethics of the question we have no desire further to go; but it is obvious that a work written in such circumstances labours under grave disadvantages. Mr. Melville has naturally had no access to confidential documents; he has had to make the best use he can of such scraps of information as are public property, and to sift the available truth out of a mass of gossip and tittle-tattle. To this task he has brought enthusiasm and an unwearied industry. Nevertheless, one remains unpleasantly conscious throughout that it is but the husk and shell of Thackeray that is put before one. The man remains an inscrutable mask: the oneness of inner personality, which should inform with life the somewhat enigmatic phenomena of the world's Thackeray, is unrevealed. And of Thackeray, more than of most men, this intimate revelation is a thing to be desired. He struck his fellows in curiously different ways. There were those who loved him; those whom, like Matthew Arnold, by no means insensitive to his genius, he repelled. Was he at heart a sentimentalist or a cynic? Did he look upon literature as an ideal or as a lucrative profession? Who with authority shall say?

It was Thackeray's misfortune or fault, throughout his life, to come in for more than his share of those somewhat squalid personal controversies which dog the steps of the literary man. He had more than a touch of the fighter's blood in him. Mr. Melville painfully gathers the details. He tells us how Thackeray, like Tennyson, advised Mr. Bulwer Lytton to "leave off scents for his handkerchief and oil for his hair," and how, like Tennyson, he afterwards became anxious to cancel the lampoon. He reprints from the *Bookworm* Thackeray's letter of protest, written in 1843, against the libels of a Mr. Deady Keane in *Fraser's Magazine*. He sets forth the whole history of the Yates-Thackeray affair, and the consequent estrangement between Thackeray and Dickens, who took Mr. Yates's part, and the ultimate reconciliation of the novelists on the steps of a club. He discusses the *Times* review of *The Kickleburys on the Rhine*, and Thackeray's reply in "An Essay on Thunder and Small Beer," and suggests that the rankle of this retort must account for the Thunderer's "slating" of *Esmond*, and for the brevity of the obituary notices accorded to Thackeray in the columns of the paper. Well, in themselves these trivialities have lost such significance as they may have ever possessed. We all think now of Bulwer Lytton as Thackeray and Tennyson did then; the *Times* has had to weather greater storms than that of *The Kickleburys on the Rhine*. Mr. Deady Keane, whoever he was, is more "Deady" than ever; and the feelings of a society journalist have ceased to be a matter of public concern. But what we should care to know is, how Thackeray felt and thought about such things at the time: whether they really meant anything to him—touched his soul, moulded his character. This is just what intimate letters or a private diary might reveal, and what Mr. Melville, owing to the conditions under which he writes, is precluded from giving us. Heaven defend us, of course, from supposing that we are defrauded because Thackeray chose to withhold it.

Obviously there is another way of getting at the inner man besides that of documents. A great writer's soul

must lie in his books somewhere; and one day will come along the man who will treat Thackeray delicately, and, by the subtle alchemy of creative criticism, will reconstruct him for us as he was. A critical biography—in the absence of an autobiography or an intimate biography—that is what is wanted. Does Mr. Melville give us this? Frankly, he does not. There is a good deal of what passes for criticism in the book. The second volume is largely composed of chapters headed: "Thackeray, the Man," "Thackeray as Artist," "Thackeray, the Philosopher," and the like; but it is of a merit infinitely small. Mr. Melville's criticism is anything but of the creative order; there is no glimmer of interpretative genius, of inspired portrait-painting, about it. Not to put too fine a point upon the judgment, Mr. Melville twaddles. A very small sample will suffice:

It is a painful subject to dwell upon—even for those who never knew, or even saw, Thackeray; a picture of fearful sadness to conjure up, this dreadful domestic affliction. His fortune lost, his talents unrecognised (except in a very small circle), his second child dead, his beloved wife taken from him, is it marvellous that Thackeray was able to see the existence of evil as well as of good in the world? The wonder is that he did not become a second Swift, lashing the world and himself with a savage satire, blaspheming at God, cursing at men, sneering at good and evil alike, in some new *Gulliver's Travels*. Instead, however, the great sorrow chastened his soul, and made his later writings more sympathetic than his earlier; and the only use he made of his great power of sarcasm was to chide, nearly always with gentle hand, the follies of his fellow-men in the endeavour to show to them the path of honour, virtue, goodness, and mercy which he himself endeavoured to follow.

We do not wish to confound Mr. Melville's work in a wholesale condemnation. There are things which he could not do, because he had not the opportunity. And there are things which he has failed to do, because he has not the imagination and literary sense. But the book has positive merits all the same. It is a storehouse of data for the critic of the future. Mr. Melville appears to have read and ransacked everything that has been written about Thackeray: and he has taken especial pains, both in the text and in a full bibliography, over the somewhat tedious task of establishing the sequence and the locality of the novelist's minor writings.

We have entertained ourselves by putting together some of the physical portraits of Thackeray scattered through these volumes. This is Carlyle, about the time of the appearance of *The French Revolution* in 1837:

I understand there have been many reviews of a mixed character. I got one in the *Times* last week. The writer is one Thackeray, a half-monstrous Cornish giant, kind of painter, Cambridge man, and Paris newspaper correspondent, who is now writing for his life in London. . . . His article is rather like him, and, I suppose, calculated to do the book good.

This is Motley, in 1858:

I believe you have never seen Thackeray. He has the appearance of a colossal infant—smooth, white, shiny, ringletty hair, flaxen, alas! with advancing years; a roundish face, with a little dab of a nose, upon which it is a perpetual wonder how he keeps his spectacles; a sweet, but rather piping voice, with something of the childish treble about it; and a very tall, slightly stooping figure—such are the characteristics of the great snob of England. His manner is like that of everyone else in England, nothing original, all planed down into perfect uniformity with that of his fellow creatures. There was not much more distinction in his talk than in his white choker or black coat and waistcoat.

This is Mr. Vizetelly in 1843:

A tall, slim individual between thirty and thirty-five years of age, with a pleasant, smiling countenance and a bridgeless nose, and clad in a dressing-gown of decided Parisian cut.

And this is Mr. Lester Wallack, the American actor, in 1856:

I thought him, with his great height, his spectacles, which gave him a very pedantic air, and his chin carried in the air, the most pompous, supercilious person I had ever met; but I lived to alter that opinion, and in a very short time.

Naturally there are some good stories in the book, for Thackeray, whatever else he was, was a fellow of infinite jest; but, naturally also, they are mostly "chestnuts." An amusing account is quoted of the first meeting of Thackeray and Charlotte Brontë. She had formed an ideal, and expected him to live up to it. "Behold, a lion cometh out of the north!" she whispered, as he entered the room. "O Lord!" said Thackeray, when this was repeated to him, "and I'm nothing but a poor devil of an Englishman, ravenous for my dinner!" She sat opposite to him at table:

"I had," he says, "the miserable humiliation of seeing her ideal of me disappearing down my own throat, as everything went into my mouth and nothing came out of it, until, at last, as I took my fifth potato, she leaned across, with clasped hands and tears in her eyes, and breathed imploringly, 'Oh! Mr. Thackeray! Don't!'"

Another story comes from a letter of Thackeray's to the *Morning Chronicle*, disinterred by Mr. Melville, and printed in an appendix. It is of

an Irish officer, who, having stated that he had seen anchovies growing in profusion upon the rocks of Malta, called out and shot an Englishman who doubted his statement. As the unhappy Saxon fell, writhing with his wound, the Irishman's second remarked: "Look, Sir Lucius, you have made him cut capers." "Bedad, it's capers I mane," the gallant and impetuous O'Trigger responded.

### Garden, Kitchen, and Farm.

*More Pot-Pourri from a Surrey Garden.* By Mrs. Earle. (Smith, Elder. 7s. 6d.)

*A Farmer's Year.* By H. Rider Haggard. (Longmans. 7s. 6d.)

MRS. EARLE'S new book is an attempt to repeat the success of her first, the *Pot-Pourri from a Surrey Garden*. The circumstance that she dedicates the sequel to the readers of its forerunner is almost an assurance of this success; it is as much as to say: "You can never get on without them both." But it must be stated at once that the new work is not the equal of the other. The original *Pot-Pourri* was a deliberate, well-arranged, carefully thought-out and carefully written work of good counsel. It contained its author's best, selected from ripe experience. We have a suspicion that much that is in the second *Pot-Pourri* was rejected from its predecessor. And the sequel is padded to excess, too. A little padding will do, but too much is an evil—and a discomfort as well, for it has made this book unwieldy. Moreover, Mrs. Earle, though her domestic and horticultural counsels are admirable, on such matters as literature and travel is no better than a host of other writers and is inferior to many.

We must not be misunderstood. Mrs. Earle's new book is full of agreeable desultory reading, and it has many pages of great value. Our objection is, that it is very much of a scrap-book, flung together with insufficient thought; and we regret to see a lady of such exceptional good sense falling in with a fashion which commands that a success in literature must be, if possible, immediately repeated. Novelists, who are in danger of being left stranded if they do not keep with the tide, may be excused; but the makers of such books as *Pot-Pourri from a Surrey Garden* can hardly be too leisurely. The breathless desire to produce rapidly another four hundred pages of counsel

and reflection, because the first has "caught on," should be beneath them.

As an example of the usefulness of *More Pot-Pourri* we may mention that, before we had looked through it for ten minutes, two questions which had long needed a reply had been answered—one referring to the varnishing of plaster casts, and the other to a certain balsam-bearing tree, the name of which has long puzzled its owner. One has but to open the Index at random in order that some idea of Mrs. Earle's variety may be gathered. Here are entries under the letter "B":

Beef, Boiled, 99.  
Begonias, 161, 180.  
Berenson, on Modern Art, 354, 355.  
Bealer, Basil, 93.  
Bible, The Tissot, 162.  
Birds, Feeding in Winter, 144, 145; Eating Buds, 204;  
The Harm and the Good They Do, 282.  
Blackbeetles, To Destroy, 215.  
Blackie, Prof., on Squandered Lives, 367.  
Blake, William, Allusion to, 422.  
Bleeding, for Fever, 223.  
Blight on Carnations, &c., Mixture for Destroying, 353.  
Blinds, Substitutes for, 397.  
Blunt, Mr. Wilfrid, Sonnets on Love by, 414-416.

Mrs. Earle somewhere states that this is the last book of the kind that she intends to write. We suggest, then, that when it has had the best of its run, the two series of *Pot-Pourri* should be subjected to analysis, and from them two new books should be formed, one confined to the garden and the other to the kitchen. Thereby their value as manuals would be greatly increased. This would mean the loss of such buffer states between the author's counsels as occasional poems from the *P. M. G.* and funny stories gathered in a Surrey chestnut grove; but the reader intent upon good recipes or horticultural advice would not grumble, and the rest hardly matter.

Mr. Haggard is less of a counsellor than Mrs. Earle. His book is described in its sub-title as a farmer's commonplace book for 1898. That is to say, he does not say, Do this, or, Do that; he says, I did this, or, I did that, or, I shall not do this again. The reader who also farms must draw his own conclusions, towards which Mr. Haggard helps him by printing at the end of the book the balance-sheets of his two farms. Mr. Haggard has altogether about 365 acres of land, of which 261 are at Ditchingham, where he lives, and 104 at Bedingham, five miles away. Part of the land is his own and part he rents at the rate of about a pound an acre. During 1898 the Ditchingham farm showed a profit of £333 5s. 2d., and that at Bedingham of £89 10s. 2d. These sums are, however, subject to various charges for interest, rent, &c., which bring the actual profit down to £80. And taken in connexion with the losses of previous years, the profit is nothing at all. None the less, Mr. Haggard believes, in spite of present scarcity of labour, foreign competition, and all the rest of it, "with plenty of capital, inexhaustible patience, a real love of the thing, and the exercise of about as much general intelligence as would be necessary to move an army corps up the Nile," it is still possible to extract from land in the Eastern Counties (Mr. Haggard's farms are in Norfolk), provided that labour and other conditions are fairly favourable and no great calamity befalls, a moderate rent, an interest on the money invested, and a small living profit. This is the deliberate opinion of one who has tried, and who, we should imagine, is as well fitted to make the experiment wisely as anyone need be.

For the description of Mr. Haggard's own style of farming, and his reasons for it, we must refer readers interested in such matters to the book. Personally, we value the work less for such information than for the healthy open-air feeling that pervades it; the quiet, yet living, description of natural things; and the sane English personality at the back of all. Mr. Haggard is the cultured country gentleman incarnate, although a shade



more catholic, perhaps, than most (as when he commends the symbolic drawings of Mr. Horton, and Mr. Sime's audacious forecasts of Hades), and perhaps wielding an abler pen. His book has the best English soundness, good sense, and solidity. It is not another *Natural History of Selborne*: it lacks the simple charm of that imperishable work; and yet we fancy that long life is in store for it. Truth is mighty and will prevail: Mr. Haggard pins his faith to Truth, and he and that lady may, hand-in-hand, walk far into time.

What the book needs is pruning. Practical and descriptive writing together swell it into nearly five hundred pages, with about 350 words to the page. This is terrific. Perhaps some day Mr. Haggard will extract all that bears strictly on the farm, add to it in the light of later experience, and make one book of that. This would leave for the non-agricultural reader the non-agricultural parts, such, for example, as this:

I suppose that there are not very many people living who have known a person who knew Lady Hamilton, but as it chances I am one of them. In or about the year 1804, Mrs. Bolton, who was Nelson's sister, and her husband hired Bradenham, my brother's house, where I was born, and here Lady Hamilton used to visit them. Indeed, there is a large cupboard in the Red Room that was dedicated to her dresses, whereof the exceeding splendours are still recorded in the traditions of the village. At that time a man of the name of Canham, whom I knew well in his age, was page boy at the Hall, and more than once has he talked to me of Horatio and Lady Hamilton, the former of whom he described as a "white little slip of a thing." I asked him also what Lady Hamilton was like. "Oh," he replied, in the vigorous Norfolk vernacular, "she wör a rare fine opstanding . . . she wör." The missing word is scarcely suited to this page polite, but may easily be guessed. In effect it is a curious piece of contemporary criticism from a source likely to be unprejudiced if outspoken.

And this description of tree-felling:

When the cutting has gone so deep that the shape of the bole approaches to that of a peg-top, the woodmen go to the end of the rope and pull upon it. Probably the tree makes no sign, but, with the exception of an occasional slight quiver as though of fear, which causes the twigs to tremble to their tips, stands as proud and upright as it has stood for the last century or more. Thereupon one of the men remarks to his mate that "she wants a chip or two off the hinder side," and then comes another five minutes of quiet and scientific chopping, followed by a return to the end of the rope. At about the third tug the observer will notice the topmost twigs of the timber bend themselves with a sudden curve, not unlike that of the top joint of a rod when a trout first takes the fly. At the next pull the curve is more sudden, and deeper. Now the great tree begins to groan and rock, and its boughs, rushing to and fro, to flog the air in wide sweeps, but still with a desperate tenacity the thin neck of wood and the remaining rope of root keep it from falling.

"She's a-coming," says the head woodman; "now, together, lad, together." Two more pulls and the doomed tree swings so far that it cannot recover its upright position. For a moment it hangs trembling, as though making obeisance to its murderers; then—a swift rush, a sound of wood rending and of tough roots flying apart with a noise like that of pistol shots, and down it tumbles to the earth with a thunderous rattling crash that echoes through the wood and dies far away upon the breast of the quiet river.

It is done, and a change has come over the landscape; the space that for generations has been filled with leafy branches is now white and empty air. I know of no more melancholy sight—indeed, to this day I detest seeing a tree felled; it always reminds me of the sudden and violent death of a man. I fancy it must be the age of timbers that inspires us with this respect and sympathy, which we do not feel for a sapling or a flower.

That is good and true writing, for which there will always be readers. Mr. Haggard's passages in this vein are excellently illustrated by agreeably poetical drawings by

Mr. Léon Little, which add sensibly to the charm of the book.

One little point of criticism. Mr. Haggard, in an interesting account of his visit to the island of Coll, is in danger of giving a false impression of the walking powers of the gamekeeper there. From ten in the morning, he tells us, until seven at night this man strides without tiring; and then, after leaving the game at the Castle, strolls to his house "a league or so away, has his tea, and starts out for a spot several miles in another direction." Now, Coll is only thirteen miles long and from one to three wide, and the shooting on it is, we believe, divided. This is, however, an absurdly minor matter.

### Ways They Had in the Navy.

*Naval Yarns, 1661-1831.* Collected and edited by W. H. Long. (Gibbings & Co. 6s.)

THIS is a book of sailors' and midshipmen's letters—real documents—written from our old wooden warships when the smoke of battle had cleared off. England must have many such narratives, fading into illegibility. The sailor's account of a battle is the true complement of the historian's. One might burrow long among formal records of Anson's fights and find nothing half so illuminating as the letter written by a young tar on board the *Centurion* to his brother at Winchester. "Dear Brother," he begins,

"here comes joy enuff, we have the grate fortune to meet the French fleet with 35 sail of Marchant-Men a going to Canedee, with 10 Sail of Men of Warr, all ships of the Line. Our captane being the Devile of a man run in amongst the hole fleet . . . such a Battell never was known in the hole World; Shot and Ball flew like hail from the Heavens. . . . In one of the Ships was found thre Milyon of Money, in the other about 16 Milyon. If wee have Justice done us, we shall have a thousand pound a man. . . . Brother, as for the priveteers we have taken a dozen; Damm the French: Drink, dear brother, for we dress mutton in Clarett."

In almost every letter and journal in this collection we are on the lower deck; we haul at the ropes, smell the powder as it comes up, and hear the talk of the men at the guns. If we encounter much that is brutal, and some things that cannot be quoted, there is the stamp of truth on all. A sailor who fought on the *Goliath* in the battles of the Nile and St. Vincent tells us that the "disagreeable part" of the work begins after the fight, when for days the crews "have no remission of their toil, repairing the rigging and other parts injured in the action." He gives us pictures too. Here is a Turner rudely sketched:

The *Goliath* led the van. There was a French frigate right in our way. Captain Foley cried: "Sink that brute; what does he there?" In a moment she went to the bottom, and her crew were seen running into her rigging. The sun was just setting as we went into the bay, and a red and fiery sun it was.

A letter written from Trafalgar Bay by a sailor who fought on the *Royal Sovereign* has some excellent touches:

HONOURED FATHER,—This comes to tell you I am alive and hearty except three fingers; but that's not much; it might have been my head. I told brother Tom I should like to see a greadly battle, and I have seen one, and we have peppered the Combined rarely; and for matter of that, they fought us pretty tightish for French and Spanish. Three of our men are killed, and four more of us are winged. . . . We have taken a rare parcel of ships, but the wind is so rough we cannot bring them home, else I should roll in money. So we are busy smashing 'em, and blowing 'em up wholesale. . . . Our dear Admiral Nelson is killed! so we have paid pretty sharply for licking 'em. I never sat eyes on him, for which I am both sorry and glad; for, to be sure, I should like to have seen him—but then all the men in our ship who have seen him are such

soft toads, they have done nothing but blast their eyes, and cry, ever since he was killed. God bless you! chaps that fought like the devil sit down and cry like a wench.

This is splendid. Excellent, too, is the "Journal of a Naval Surgeon, 1758-1763." Mr. Long has wisely printed it exactly as it reads in the MS. A surgeon's eye is a keen eye, and a surgeon's humour is commonly a healthy humour, and this surgeon had both. His journal is a little gallery of naval portraits and interiors. He compares his ship, the *Coventry*, to a court or a palace that is full of petty rivalries and hypocrisies. A newly-appointed captain, who had been "hoisted over the bellies of better men," soon produced envy, hatred, and malice in the gun-room. The surgeon was rather pleased than otherwise to see this popinjay turn coward when a French frigate hove in view. The captain's intention was to run ashore to avoid the enemy, but this was opposed with many oaths by Mr. Dalrymple, the second lieutenant, a "plain rough-hewn seaman," who modelled himself on Commodore Trunnion, and was so ardent a Scotchman that he would yield nothing to other countries, not even that the silver mines of Mexico exceeded those of Argyleshire if properly worked. The fact that this fine, rugged fellow, who had "never bowed at a levée," deliberately copied Commodore Trunnion, is an interesting tribute to the power of the pen—of Smollett's pen in particular: it suggests a whole series of inquiries into cases in which life is true to literature. In the surgeon's gallery we find one Governor Johnson, who had a sloop of sixteen guns, and, being a literary man, had his cabin filled with books. He had even brought out with him a "literary companion and tutor"—to wit, Mr. Campbell, whom the surgeon vaguely describes as "the celebrated author of Lexiphanes and some other works." This man had been toiling for the London booksellers thirty years when he went to sea with this bookish captain of a man-o'-war. But he soon longed for the flesh-pots of Grub-street, and hurried back from the Lisbon station in the *Bellona*. On the way three French men-o'-war were encountered, and the unhappy bibliophile was bidden to stand on the quarter-deck as the captain's *aide-de-camp*. In the height of the action his knees tottered, and he craved permission to go and assist the doctors, whereupon the captain—who had no sympathy with authors afloat—told him he might go to a place much lower than the cockpit. In the same action a young English lady could hardly be restrained from joining in the fray: "she was one of the true Amazonian breed."

Of the general life on board a modern man-o'-war this eighteenth century surgeon gives us several glimpses. It is evident that the naval drawings of Rowlandson do not exaggerate the chaos of dissipation which prevailed between the decks of a war-ship in the Thames or other populous port when a George was on the throne. Once when the *Magnanime* was to be repaired at Plymouth her whole crew, consisting of 750 men, was put on board the *Canterbury* and no shore leave given. But the men's wives were allowed to come on board, and they came in such force that the purser soon complained of

a very extraordinary expenditure of beer, more than the king's allowance, which is a gallon a day to each man, owing to the great number of females on board, who, being mustered by the admiral's order, amounted to 492, who all declared themselves married women, and were acknowledged by the sailors as their wives; where or when they were married was never inquired, the simple declaration was considered as sufficient to constitute a nautical and temporary union, and which was authorised by long established custom as practised time immemorial in His Majesty's Navy.

"Time immemorial" has passed, taking the old mad, bad customs with it. No longer do Her Majesty's sailors, when paid off, scheme to revenge themselves on any officer whose tyranny or strictness they have resented. In the old days unpopular lieutenants knew what to do when

their ship was berthed and unrigged: they vanished. When the *Coventry* paid off, the tyrannical first lieutenant travelled post-haste to London; but the gunner's mate and a party of men came up with him in Cheapside, gave him a sound drubbing, and rolled him in the kennel.

Not all the contents of this naval portfolio are as good as the Surgeon's Journal; but the book is a little mine of raw material for novelists who deal in frigates and "second-rates."

### Sidelights on Paul Kruger.

*The Transvaal from Within.* By J. P. Fitzpatrick. (Heinemann. 10s. net)

THIS is a book that comes just in the nick of time for those who wish to know the truth about the Transvaal. Its author is South African born, has lived for fifteen years among the Boers, and was for a considerable time secretary to the Johannesburg Reform Committee. He proves on every page that he has a fulness of knowledge out of which to compile his chronicle, and yet he is not unconscious of the disadvantages under which he labours as a writer of history that is still in the making. He frankly poses as a champion of the Outlanders, for everyone else, he says, has been both heard and judged, while the Outlanders have been judged without being heard. Had it not been for the prohibition of the Boer Government, the book, most of which was written three years ago and has since been extensively circulated in private, would have been made public in 1896. The reader knows, therefore, what to expect. He will find in Mr. Fitzpatrick an able and a moderate advocate of the Outlander cause. He will also find that much of the contents of the *Transvaal from Within* is of local rather than general interest—as the author straightforwardly confesses.

In such a narrative there are, of course, many lights thrown on the complex character of that curious survival Paulus Stephanus Johannes Kruger. "L'État c'est moi" is almost as true of the Dopper President as it was of its originator, for in matters of external policy and in matters which concern the Boers as a party the President has his way as surely and as completely as any anointed autocrat. That Mr. Kruger has fine stuff in him is shown by his answer to an English nobleman, who, in the course of an interview, remarked: "My father was a Minister of England, and twice Viceroy of Ireland." The old Dutchman answered: "And my father was a shepherd." Mr. Fitzpatrick, while unflinchingly and of necessity exposing the misdeeds of the "old Dutchman," is by no means unsympathetic in his estimate of him, as is proved by the following passage:

In the history of South Africa the figure of the grim old President will loom large and striking—picturesque, as the figure of one who by his character and will made and held his people; magnificent, as one who in the face of the blackest fortune never wavered from his aim or faltered in his effort; who with a courage that seemed, and still seems, fatuous, but which may well be called heroic, stood up against the might of the greatest empire in the world. And, it may be pathetic too, as one whose limitations were great, one whose training and associations—whose very successes—had narrowed, and embittered and hardened him; as one who, when the greatness of success was his to take and to hold, turned his back on the supreme opportunity, and used his strength and qualities to fight against the spirit of progress, and all that the enlightenment of the age pronounces to be fitting and necessary to good government and a healthy state.

This surely is appreciative enough. Yet it is hard not to dilute one's admiration for the rugged virtues of the peasant despot when one reads only a few pages further on that Mr. Kruger (in 1877) retained his office for some time after he had concerned himself in the Repeal agita-

tion, but finally resigned his post on being refused an increased remuneration for which he had repeatedly applied. There can be little doubt that had this inducement been forthcoming, he would have remained a loyal British subject. No doubt he would have done better to imitate the honest consistency of Mr. Joubert, who alone of the officials who protested against the annexation refused to take office under the British Government. But no doubt Oom Paul was wise in his generation, for between 1886 and 1899 the salary list of the Transvaal officials has risen from £51,831 to £1,216,394. And here is another historical fact given by Mr. Fitzpatrick. It relates to the year 1884 when a Boer deputation of two visited Europe to raise money and try to get the Convention of 1881 modified:

Messrs. Kruger and Smit were staying at the Albemarle Hotel, where they found themselves, after some weeks' delay, in the uncomfortable position of being unable to pay their hotel bill. In their extremity they applied to one Baron Grant (recently deceased), at that time a bright particular star in the Stock Exchange firmament. Baron Grant was largely interested in the gold concessions of Lydenburg, and he was willing to assist, but on terms. And the *quid pro quo* which he asked was some public assurance of goodwill, protection, and encouragement to British settlers in the Transvaal. Mr. Kruger responded on behalf of the Republic by publishing in the London Press a cordial invitation and welcome and the promise of rights and protection to all who would come.

His hotel bill settled for him, Mr. Kruger went home, and how he has since treated those he publicly promised protection is long since a matter of history. "Burghers, friends, thieves, murderers, newcomers, and others!" is the elegant opening of an address he delivered not many years ago in a mining district. "Their rights. Yes, they'll get them over my dead body," was his kindly comment on a manifesto published by the National Union in 1895. And few will be found to differ from the verdict of the old Boer two years earlier, when the Raad, under the pressure put on them by the President, rejected the petition of 13,000 aliens for an extension of the franchise. "Now," he said, "our country is gone. Nothing can settle this but fighting, and there is only one end to the fight. Kruger and his Hollanders have taken our independence more surely than ever Shepstone did." Surely the Boer patriots of the Transvaal have memories so short as only to be equalled by those of their brethren in the Free State, otherwise they would not have forgotten that it is written in the records of the Free State:

That on a certain day the President stated in open Raad that proof had been obtained of a proposed combined attack on the Free State by the Transvaal Boers led by Pretorius and Kruger on the one side, and the Basutos under Mosheesh on the other—a horrible and unnatural alliance which was not effected only because Mosheesh could not trust his professed allies. The Raad thereupon publicly gave thanks to the Almighty, who had revealed and frustrated this "hideous complot."

That was in 1857; but the Boers are a conservative race.

There are many pleasanter pages in Mr. Fitzpatrick's book than those on which Mr. Kruger has to be mentioned. He has handled with skill the mass of complications which have attended the Outlanders' struggles to be free; and all who desire to know what has led up to the extraordinary birth-card the Transvaal President sent us on October 10 should read the *Transvaal from Within*.

### To Apollo.

PHOEBUS, to thee the swan sings shrill to the beating of his wings, as he lights on the bank of the whirling pools of the river Peneus; and to thee with his shrill lyre does the sweet-voiced minstrel sing ever, both first and last. Even so hail thou, Prince, I beseech thee in my song.

From Mr. Lang's "*The Homeric Hymns: A New Translation*."

### Catullus of Verona.

*Poems of Catullus.* Selected and Edited by H. V. Macnaghten and A. B. Ramsay. (Duckworth. 2s. 6d.)

*The Story of Catullus.* By Hugh Macnaghten. (Duckworth. 2s. 6d.)

THE Latin poets have many and diverse qualities, but with one exception the note of individuality, the "lyric cry," which we moderns look for before and beyond everything in poetry, is lacking. The one exception is, of course, Catullus of Verona. Yet another proof of the grip which Catullus has upon the hearts of his readers is to be found in the two little volumes now before us. They are labours of love, not mere exercises in book-making. One is a scholarly little edition of "the single Roman poet whom no boy has ever wholly failed to appreciate," in his original Latin. This is the work of two Eton masters, Mr. H. V. Macnaghten and Mr. A. B. Ramsay. For the other Mr. Macnaghten is alone responsible. It is an English narrative or, let us say, reconstruction of the life of Catullus, which serves as a thread on which to string verse translations of a large number of the poems. Mr. Macnaghten hopes that it may be read by

perhaps even an Eton boy who has read Catullus at school and is a little ashamed at having cared so much for any part of his work; or the sister of an Eton boy, if I may speak out all my dreams, who has read in Tennyson of the "tenderest of Roman poets," and would learn something which her brother refuses to tell of that Catullus "whose dead songster never dies."

Catullus, alas! is untranslatable, but "English" readers may gather from his book a very tolerable idea of what manner of man Catullus was and what his song.

The themes of Catullus are almost entirely personal. His own fierce hates and passionate loves are his inspiration. He knew no reticence, and the tragedy of his brief life can easily be traced from its reflection in his verse. The central figure in that drama is the beautiful and base Lesbia, identified plausibly enough with the Clodia whose subsequent infamies are revealed to us in one of Cicero's most celebrated speeches. Catullus was a Veronese by birth, of good municipal lineage and fortune, the son of a friend of Cæsar—Cæsar whom he afterwards so wholeheartedly lampooned. Coming to Rome as a lad, he fell under the fascination of Clodia, a married woman, ten years older than himself. They loved, and with Catullus love became lyric.

You ask how many kisses can fulfil  
Your kisses, Lesbia, or exceed my will.  
As many grains as are of Libyan sand  
By rich Cyrene in the silphium land  
Between Jove's sultry oracle and where  
Stands ancient Battus' sacred sepulchre;  
Or many as the stars whose light discovers,  
When night is hushed, the stealthy tryst of lovers:  
So many of your kisses can fulfil  
Love-rapt Catullus or exceed his will,  
Beyond the count of jealous tongues to tell  
Or prying eyes to blight with envious spell.

For two short years Catullus' pen was golden, and then a shadow fell upon the sun. Clodia proved faithless to him, and he learnt by bitter experience the lightness of a wanton's word.

None else but me, my lady vows 'tis true,  
None else for her though Jove himself should sue;  
She vows, a woman to her lover: grave  
Such words upon the wind and fleeting wave.

At first he struggled to disguise the truth to himself. There were lovers' quarrels and redintegrations of love. A beautiful poem celebrates a momentary return of Clodia to her allegiance:

If that which is the heart's desire be told  
Unhoped for, it is joy beyond the rest,  
Therefore I count it joy more dear than gold,  
That, love, you turn again and make me blest;

You turn, my heart's desire so long denied,  
Unasked, unhopèd for. Oh! the white, bright day!  
What happiness in all the world beside  
Is like to mine? The rapture who shall say?

But at last truth could no longer be hidden, and the lover's idealising fervour turned to a fury of revolt. Clodia broke from him, only to betray another, and then another, until her name became a scandal even in Rome. The taunting epigrams of the forsaken Catullus pursued her almost literally down the streets of the city. Mr. Macnaghten takes pains to point out the parallel between the tragedy of Catullus and the tragedy of Shakespeare, shadowed out so obscurely in the Sonnets. Like Shakespeare, Catullus lost his mistress through his friend. At an early date he appears to have suspected one Quintius of plotting to wreck his happiness, and addressed to him a pathetic quatrain:

If you would have Catullus be your debtor for the light,  
The light of eyes, or if there be a dearer thing than sight,  
Ah! Quintius, spare to rob your friend of one far dearer prize

Than light of eyes, or if there be a dearer light than eyes.

But the actual traitor was a more intimate friend still. Marcus Caelius Rufus, known as the best dancer in Rome. Rufus had but little joy of his prize, for when Clodia had in her turn left him, she inspired a rival to bring against him a charge of poisoning, and it needed all the eloquence of Cicero to secure his acquittal.

At the moment Catullus lost Clodia through infidelity he lost a beloved brother through death. His "Ave atque Vale" is one of the greatest of threnodies. He turned for consolation from the double shock to foreign travel. He went with the proctor Memmius to Bithynia, and came back in spring refreshed of soul and ready to celebrate the beauties of Sirmio, on the Lago di Garda, in one of the few Latin poems which show real feeling for nature. Then he took to politics, in a literary dilettante sort of way, and pursued Cæsar, rapidly becoming the master of Rome, with merciless epigrams. This is, perhaps, the only decent one among them:

Not overmuch I care,  
Cæsar, your friend to be;  
You may be dark or fair,  
I never looked to see.

Cæsar had the magnanimity and the wisdom to overlook the epigrams, and to ask the epigrammatist to dinner; and, in one of his latest poems, Catullus was in turn generous enough to call Cæsar "great." This poem mentioned the conquest of Britain, which took place in 54 B.C., and probably it was in the same year that the poet died. He was just thirty, an "inheritor of unfulfilled renown."

As has been seen, most of his work was intensely lyric and personal, but there are two or three pieces of wider scope and extreme beauty. There is the famous "Attis"; there is an exquisite Ode to Diana, to be sung by alternating choruses of boys and girls; and there is the great Epithalamium, model of so many Epithalamia of the Renaissance, written for the wedding of Manlius Torquatus and Vinia Aurunculeia. Thus it opens, in the graceful lilt of Mr. Macnaghten's rendering:

God, of Urania son,  
Haunter of Helicon,  
Who, to the husband's side  
Snatching a tender bride,  
Hear'st Hymen, Hymen, cried;

Thy flowery brows around  
Marjoram sweet be bound,  
Come with the joy aglow,  
Come with the veil we know,  
Yellow shoes, feet of snow.

Come, on this happy day,  
Singing the marriage lay,  
Raise the song shrill and sweet,  
Wave the pine torch and beat  
Earth with thy frolic feet.

## The Plain Man's Commentary.

*Texts Explained; or, Helps to Understand the New Testament.*  
By F. W. Farrar, Dean of Canterbury. (Longmans. 6s.)

THIS volume is neither a treatise nor a history; it is not a running commentary either; but a series of occasional notes calling attention to "a large number of verses or passages, of which—in matters of varying importance—the force, the beauty, the correct reading, the exact rendering, or the deep special [spiritual?] significance has often been mistaken, overlooked, or altogether obliterated."

Incidentally he does much to justify, in the eyes of the public which resented them, the minute—and at first sight arbitrary—changes introduced by the Revisers. To take an instance, in the narrative of the herd of swine (that gave so much offence to Huxley) there is a slight change from the indefinite to the definite article. "The whole herd rushed," we read in the Authorised Version, "violently down a steep place into the sea. . . ." "Down the steep place" is the correct rendering of the Revisers; and this coincidence reveals itself:

Near the modern Wady Kherza (a corruption of Gergosa) is "the steep"—the only spot on the eastern side of the lake where the swine could have perished in this way; for everywhere else along the coast there is a broad margin of level land between the hills and the shore.

Again, the famous parable of the Sower is introduced by the verse: "Great multitudes were gathered together unto him, so that he went into a ship and sat; and the whole multitude stood on the shore." When "shore" became "beach," the multitude of the English gnashed its teeth with irritation. Yet

the word is one of many instances in which exactness restores the evidence that we are dealing with the personal observation of eye-witnesses; for *aigialos* means properly a beach of *shingle*, and is here the accurate word for this very spot on the shore of the lake.

An opportunity is missed by both versions in the rendering of the verse which Dean Farrar accurately translates: "On the last day, the great day of the feast, Jesus *was standing* and cried, saying, If any man thirst. . ." Why this abrupt metaphor? The accurate rendering of the imperfect tense readily suggests that he was watching the doings of the officiants, and here is found the key:

During the Feast of Tabernacles took place the daily ceremony which was known as the Drawing of the Water. . . . One of the Levites went each day with a golden ewer to the pool of Siloam, filled it with water, and brought it in solemn procession to the priest who was sacrificing on the great altar, who emptied it over the altar. The ceremony primarily symbolised the gift of water from the rock in the wilderness. No such ceremony was enjoined in the Law, yet more importance was attached to it in the Pharisaic ritual than to any other, and the Rabbis said that "he who had not witnessed the joy at the drawing of the water knew not what joy was." . . . Jesus had doubtless been standing and watching the water procession when He suddenly cried out to the throng in the Temple: "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me, as said the Scripture, and out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water."

Where questions of opinion or doctrine are concerned, Dean Farrar is another man; and inasmuch as the scope of the work is too narrow to allow of anything like an adequate presentment of more than one side of any question, his comments are apt to irritate a reader who recognises that to most matters of controversy there are at least two. His manner of treating the famous "Thou art Peter" is an example; the passages relating to the Lord's Supper supply many. But for such as are in general of his mind, for a section of the Church of which he is a pillar and for the evangelical sects akin to it, his latest volume will be a prized addition to the destroyed shelf.

## Other New Books.

LOCHS AND LOCH FISHING. BY H. STUART, M.A., LL.B.

WE liked the appearance of Mr. Stuart's book when we unfolded it from the wrapper. The subject was attractive, and, viewed from the outside, the volume was worthy of the theme. Judge, then, of our surprise when the first sentence of the preface hit us in the eye. Here is the first sentence :

Mystery, romance, the freedom of the larger heaven, these are the possessions of the lake, so long as a tarn gleams like a blue jewel set in the swart hills, so long as a legend runs, so long as the commoner of air has a heritage.

Had Mr. Ruskin broken out under a pen-name? That was our first thought. We are modest men; and when a writing is too steep for us we begin by assuming that it must be very grand. On we went, therefore, in much deference, and came upon the following :

Of the mystery the Kelpie is not alone the overlord; he shares the kingdom with many creations of the fancy born of the grey silence under ghostly hills, of the crested wave, white-gleaming above the dark depths, of the ominous calm of the amber-surface fading into the blackness of the inner places, home of the demon trout, that haunts every lake, retaining its legacy of the Wilderness, as an heir of the unknown that may be terrible.

Let us cite another sentence :

Their habits, however, diverge with the estuary, while their environment, keeping in view the retroactive influence of life conditions on habits and of habits as qualifying through heredity the relative and not the absolute conditions of existence necessary, postulates certain requirements for the sea-trout with which the salmon can afford to dispense.

These passages are not exceptional. The whole book is written in the same strain. The present writer has often fished in the region with which Mr. Stuart deals, and would have been glad to find the book worthy of a long review and high praise. Mr. Stuart, we daresay, may have much knowledge; but his method of expression is neither intelligent nor intelligible. (Chapman & Hall.)

GOOD CITIZENSHIP. EDITED BY THE REV. J. E. HAND.

The preface to this book of twenty-three essays is by the Rev. Charles Gore, and is an admirably clear piece of writing, containing the whole spirit of the essays which follow. The book is a plea for a more conscious, a more general, and a more thoughtful citizenship—something between the "extreme individualism of Mr. Herbert Spencer" and State Socialism in any form. The average Englishman is so practical, says Mr. Gore, that he is very apt not to think. "An Englishman often knows hardly anything and thinks about hardly anything except his own home, his own business, his own pleasure, and his own place of worship." He does not bother his head about politics; he even makes a virtue of his abstention. Whereas his abstention is the vice of politics, and the strength of narrow and unworthy factions and soulless financial interests.

The intentions of this book are excellent, and its themes, Old Age Pensions, Re-Housing, Cottage Homes, Ladies' Settlements, &c., are well chosen. Our only fear is that it lacks the attractiveness which such an appeal should have. We handle the book gravely, survey it with reverence, but—our thoughts travel to the level plains of Brixton, the hill country of Islington and Upper Holloway, the marshy flats of Lambeth, and the virgin building sites of Ilford and Hither Green, and we wonder what chances this book has of turning little apathetic householders into social zealots. We are sure that a single novel called *The Citizen*, written by a fine—a not too fine—hand, embodying the same teaching, would be the right weapon. In these days one novelist shall chase a thousand, but twenty-three

essayists, led by a High Churchman, will appeal mainly to those who are already in the vineyard. Unfortunately the novel is not written and the Essays are. We wish the book well, and we would our faith were stronger. (Allen. 6s.)

BY WAY OF CAPE HORN. BY PAUL EVE STEVENSON.

Strictly speaking, this record of four months in a Yankee clipper is not a book at all: it is the material from which a book might be made. Mr. Stevenson's capacity for taking careful notes and using his eyes and ears is adequate; but that is, of course, not enough: the real work comes later. At a loose computation there are some 136,000 words in this volume, of which 68,000 are superfluous. We should advise Mr. Stevenson to read Mr. Bullen's *Cruise of the "Cachalot,"* and, when next he takes a voyage, to endeavour to keep to relevance as well as that narrative does. This is the best kind of thing we get in *By Way of Cape Horn* :

But if this fellow is well read, what can be said of old Kelly, in the mate's watch. We pumped together yesterday afternoon and had much conversation, during which he said that he hailed from Charleston, but that his family had moved north to Troy when the war broke out, and that his parents had brought him up strictly and decently. He volunteered no reason for having turned sailor, but branched off into literature, beginning with a pertinent quotation from Burns and another from Moore. These led him on, and he expressed great admiration for ancient history, concluding with a well-turned eulogy on Gibbon's *Rome*, with illustrations for preferring it to any other account of that great empire. At first it seems extraordinary to find so intelligent a man before the mast, living a beast's life, and surrounded by men with whom he has but little in common. Yet such fellows are by no means uncommon on sea, for one often happens upon a man in a Cape Horner's fore-castle whom Nature did not intend should be there.

How different is old Kelly's conversation from that of the mate, especially at dinner and supper, when he shouts out his witless jokes! To-day he burst in with the following silly story, and it was totally irrelevant to what we were talking about: "There was a hold feller I knew once that lived in the country, and when 'e saw the telegraph wires put hup past 'is farm, 'e 'ung a pair 'o boots on 'em to send 'em to 'is son." At the conclusion of such pleasantries his sense of humour is so agitated that he seems upon the brink of spasms, and his temporal arteries swell out as big as lead-pencils, while he chortles and wheezes and gasps like an old tattered bellows.

The book is homely, veracious stuff, rough and pertinent; but it is too little compressed and separated by too much weather. However, for readers with infinite diligence it may be something of a treasure. (Lippincott.)

HUBERT HERVEY.

BY EARL GREY.

This is the record of a career moulded by the new Imperialistic trend of British foreign policy. "It is a grand thing to die for the expansion of the Empire," wrote Hervey in one of his letters, and he did it. His early life and occupations were quiet. On leaving Cambridge he settled with his mother in London, and acted as assistant secretary to the Health, Inventions, and Colonial Exhibitions held at South Kensington. Society, fishing, and travel sped his generous leisure; but Hervey's heart was in a life of adventure. "Instead of which I shall probably end my days having never accomplished anything greater than directing envelopes in a temporary iron office built by Messrs. Humphreys & Co., the great contractors at Albert Gate." However, he was permitted to spend two years checking transfers in the offices of the British South Africa Company, years in which his eyes were fastened on South Africa. The death of his mother releasing him from filial obligations, Hervey went to South Africa, and was given a post in the Law Department at Salisbury. The Matabele rising of 1893-1894 suddenly gave him opportunities for action. He joined



Dr. Jameson's force, and fought at Shangani and Bembesi, returning to a better civil post at Salisbury. His letters describe African life in a plain, clear way. From Devil's Pass, near Umtali, he writes:

The whole scene here is very characteristic: wagons, oxen, Kaffirs, bush and mountains, donkeys, and a tent. . . . I have taken a few books with me, three plays of Shakespeare, a Virgil, and some selections from Burke. You see, all this will bear reading and re-reading, and space is a consideration in the veldt.

In 1896 came the further attempt to dislodge the Matabele from the Matoppos Hills, and in leading his men to occupy a ridge Hervey was fatally wounded. His career was regulated by high motives, and one wishes that the "expansion of the Empire" were being effected by more men of his stamp. (Arnold. 7s. 6d.)

#### PRESENT-DAY EGYPT.

BY FREDERIC COURTLAND PENFIELD.

Mr. Penfield is the United States Diplomatic Agent and Consul-General to Egypt. This book is what he says it is, a "discursive budget of information and comment." Its illustrations are familiar and inevitable. There are temples, and palms, and water-carriers, and dahabiyehs. We turn to the chapter on "Britain's Position in Egypt." It is, on the whole, complimentary. Egypt has been rehabilitated by a body of officials not exceeding one hundred in number, and:

England possesses a capacity for conducting colonies and rehabilitating run-down countries which amounts almost to genius. Overbearing and arrogant as the British functionary out of England often appears to be, he must be scrupulously honest and generally capable to find a place in the perfectly organised machinery guided from London. Frenchmen say that Egypt's restoration to prosperity could have been better accomplished by them, and some allege that this prosperity is more apparent than real, charging that much is neglected in the desire to make a favourable showing in the yearly balance-sheet. But a frank investigation of what France does with her own dependencies, nearly every one of which is run at a loss, gives support to the belief that Egypt is better off under British guidance than she could be under that of France. No alien power could have done better in Egypt than Great Britain has. But her critics claim to recognise scant justification for Britain's absorption of the country of the Khedive merely because of her ability to do good work there, and point to the glaring flaw in her title.

Mr. Penfield is enthusiastic on the advantages of Egypt as a health resort. (Macmillan & Co. 10s. net.)

#### THE EVOLUTION OF THE ENGLISH HOUSE.

BY SIDNEY OLDALL ADDY.

Each volume of the "Social England" series of handbooks, now appearing under the able editorship of Mr. Kenelm Cotes, is written by a specialist, and traces in detail the history of one or other of the various phases of native life in this country. *The Evolution of the English House*, an important branch of the subject, is treated by Mr. Addy in a manner at once interesting and erudite. The writer traces the development, then, not of the lordly mansion, but of the labourer's humble dwelling, from its earliest beginnings. The bay, which, to judge from deeds, leases, and other documents, was the unit of measurement, was no accidental nor arbitrary standard, but such that originated simply in practical convenience. It was determined by the average space occupied in stalling two yokes of oxen abreast. The pair of "crutches" leaning together make the pointed outline of the roof; and from these "forks"—in German *gabel*—is derived our word "gable." The connexion between the word "threshold" and the threshing-floor is less obvious, until it is realised that, in days when the ground floor was, for the most part, neither paved nor boarded, the stone doorstep had to do service also for threshing purposes. How low a standard

of comfort prevailed, and for how long a period, is indeed astounding. The comparative lateness of the use of window-glass is a case in point. Mr. Addy instances Hardwick Hall as evidence of the sudden cheapening of glass in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Had such enormous windows been more general at that time, one would be forced to accept the writer's conclusions, but as Hardwick is altogether exceptional, its peculiarity must be attributed rather to the caprice and ostentation of the lady builder than to economic causes. Another statement of the writer's must, in the absence of dates to support it, be called in question. He declares that the building of houses with overhanging upper storeys was a fashion imported subsequently into the country from the town where, clearly, the object was to provide the utmost amount of room within the house, and at the same time to avoid encroaching on the roadway without. But surely there is a utilitarian motive for this mode of construction both in town and country—namely, that, in the absence of gutters and pipes, it was highly desirable to carry the rain at such a distance away as not to soak down the walls nor sap the foundations of the building.

#### THE INTERNATIONAL GEOGRAPHY. ED. BY H. R. MILL, D.Sc.

Geography has taken on so many attractions of late that those of us who were nurtured on the dry bones of the science barely twenty or thirty years ago can scarcely recognise the text-books of to-day as the descendants of the compilations of mouldy facts and dreary figures to which our youth was doomed. But it has been reserved for the seventy authors whom Dr. H. R. Mill has gathered round him to produce a volume that surpasses in combined interest and usefulness any of its predecessors of which we are aware. Someone had the bright idea of inviting an acknowledged pundit on each of the chief divisions of the world's surface, and wherever possible a native of the country described, to write in the language most easy to him a continuous account of his own land. Statistics are barred in the body of each narrative, and, instead of catching the eye and delaying the mind in mid career, they are banished for leisurely reference to the end of the chapter. All the contributions have, of course, been translated into English under the superintendence of the editor. It is a most admirable idea most admirably worked out. Rarely has such a bulk of the latest scientific research been so attractively decked out. The book is equally enjoyable and useful according to the student's desire for a well-written description or for a thoroughly up-to-date work of reference. A few of the names will illustrate the high standard aimed at and achieved. Mr. Bryce tells the tale of the Free State, the Transvaal, and Natal. Prof. Grenville Cole, of Dublin, has Ireland entrusted to his charge. Prof. Erodí, President of the Hungarian Geographical Society, surveys the kingdom of the Magyars. Sir Harry Johnston brings our knowledge of British West Africa, British Central Africa, and Tunisia up to the latest attainable point; and there is a good illustration of the book's thoroughness in the note on the change in management of Nigeria, which only happened some ten weeks ago. Prof. Nansen appropriately breaks the ice of our ignorance of the Arctic regions; Mr. Selous writes of Southern Rhodesia; Prof. Aitof describes Russia; Prof. Bertrand, of Santiago, discourses of Chili; Sir George Robertson, of Afghanistan; and Prof. Thoroddsen, of Reykjavik, of Iceland. Prof. Davis, of Harvard University, gives the historical and political geography of the United States at a length and with a clearness specially worthy of note. The book is most conscientiously indexed, and illustrated by maps that are unusually clear and handy in size. It should be in every public library and many private collections. Cannot Sir George Newnes (whose pet Antarctic is not forgotten) give us a companion volume on history on a similar plan? (George Newnes, Ltd.)

## Fiction.

*On Trial.* By "Zack."  
(William Blackwood & Sons. 6s.)

It seems impossible that this simple story of Devonshire folk should fail to arouse enthusiasm among students of good fiction. Its inspiration is so ample, vigorous, and fresh, and its execution so masterfully free, that one is much tempted to hail it with those superlatives of praise which, alas! may not be employed because they are soiled by glib and ignoble use. If "Zack" is not yet a master, she is on the way to become such. She has the magic, inexplicable gifts of vision and song, and she has them in full. As you read her pages you feel, beneath the surface of expression, the strong, easy, leisurely pulse of an imagination calmly exulting in its own power. There is no question here of "making the most" of a talent—of piecing it out with ingenuities and painstaking and heavy labours. Clearly, "Zack" has much to give, and she gives it easily. She is exempt from the cares of imaginative poverty. She sees, she feels, she writes, and doesn't count the cost. She can afford to be generous.

*On Trial* is the history of a coward, a mean and despicable coward. Dan Pigott was in the army, but when the call came to active service he bought himself out with fifteen pounds sent to him by Phoebe, his sweetheart. Then he returned to his native village to find Phoebe in disgrace. She was in the domestic employ of Dan's uncle, and Mr. Pigott had dismissed her for stealing. She had stolen the fifteen pounds, and, though she had escaped prosecution, she was ruined for life. Dan had excellent intentions, but he had no self-confidence. He knew that he was a coward. Asked by his uncle how he obtained the money for his discharge, he said that he won it on a horse. He was guilty of the infamy of blaming Phoebe to himself. Time and again he swore to speak the truth out, but he never did. He added idiotic carelessness to his cowardice, and lost a letter of Phoebe's which bore his incrimination on the face of it. If his uncle should see that letter he would lose the heritage of the farm. The letter fell into the hands of one Silas Trustgore, an ostler and a hoary, superstitious knave, and Trustgore consistently blackmailed Dan thenceforth. Dan told Phoebe, and Phoebe entreated Trustgore's old sweetheart Anne to get the letter. Anne was dying. Trustgore went to see her, and she told him that she could not die in peace because she heard "a mort of voices," and above the rest Dan Pigott's, "the wail of a damned soul . . . and it witnesses continually afore God agin me and agin you."

"Speak for me, Anne; speak for me!" he pleaded, sinking on his knees beside the bed. "Tull Him I be reckoning to ha' done wi' evil ways and repent. Tull Him I have put by a tidy bit o' money, and sha'n't be uncharitable to them that goes in need o' it."

"'Tis dark . . . dark . . ." she repeated; "I can't find the gert white throne, and what wud it profit if I flung mezelf face down 'pon tap the steps . . . the Almighty wudn't heed while that voice testifies on . . ."

"But I'll be easier wi' the lad; I'll no' ruin him," Silas cried in a terror stricken voice. "Zee," he continued, fumbling with trembling fingers in the lining of his cap, "zee, here be the letter. I ain't never showed it to Varmer Pigott, though I've had a mort o' temptation. Take it, Anne, lay it afore the Almighty—the lad can't witness agin me then."

He pressed the letter into her hand and her fingers closed upon it with the stiff grip of death. Her eyes turned back in their sockets, leaving only the white exposed: she opened her lips—a curious sound, half gurgle, half rattle, forced itself between them, and she fell forward on her face—dead.

He bent over and shook the prostrate form. "Testify, testify!" he shrieked.

She paid no heed to him.

Then he tried to take the letter from her; but she would neither give it up nor witness for him.

The uncanny and terrible adventures of the letter do not end there, for the "layer-out," Sarah Emmett, gets it, and, because Phoebe once laughed at her, takes it to Farmer Pigott. The episode is closed with a tragedy.

The coward's character is seized and drawn with a perfection which is at once relentless and exquisite. You have here realism of the sternest and most delicate. But we do not know that the coward is better done than the other inhabitants of the village. Phoebe, with her essential purity and her passionate clinging to this shabby figure of a man, is a memorable and beautiful creation. Trustgore and Sarah Emmett are two of the gauntest, most sinister and forbidding persons that we remember. The author has, indeed, brought out with singular force and effect the superstitious and graveyard side of the Devonshire peasantry. In particular, the prophetic conversations of Sarah Emmett are to be noticed for their dark and suggestive terrors. The whole book is dark, overcast, with gleams shooting through it.

In a novel where style and matter have an equal distinction, we have only one fault to find. Call it a quasi-fault. To our mind, *On Trial* is scarcely a novel. It is a short story elongated, and elongated a trifle too much. Towards the middle of it, one might urge that an inevitable climax was not being approached with sufficient directness. The incidents cease for a time to be indispensable. Smollett (who was a great man) once wrote: "A novel is a large and diffused picture, comprehending the characters of life, disposed in groups . . ." &c. We think much of the importance of that phrase "large and diffused." It seems to us to touch the essence of the matter. *On Trial* is neither large nor diffused. It is an episode. Dan loses a letter, and tries to keep it back from a certain destination; but it reaches the destination. That is all. The mere letter is too continuously prominent. You can't write a novel about the adventures of a letter. It is a short story.

Yet there is enough stuff in this short story for half-a-dozen six-shilling novels. Only reviewers know how excessively rare is this quality of plenteous inspiration, and how delightful the sense of security which it induces in those who spend their lives in watching fountains trying not to run dry.

## Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

## THE SLAVE.

By R. S. HICHENS.

An experiment in *diablerie* by the author of *An Imaginative Man*. The central figure is a beautiful girl whose absorbing passion is for jewels, and about her flit a diamond merchant, a musician, and other persons of latter-day London. In effect the book has something of the fantastic weirdness of the Arabian Nights. One of the most gruesome burglaries and struggles that we remember is to be found in Chapter XXXII. (Heinemann. 6s.)

## THE BARRYS.

By SHAN F. BULLOCK.

A brisk, genial story of young people in Ireland, by the author of *Ring o' Rushes*. In the first chapter we meet a charming ferry girl. "Her shoulders were broad, her head well-poised, and she ran with the freedom and grace of a deer. She wore a brown linsey skirt, . . . an old, discoloured jacket, . . . and over her hair, which was gathered behind into a coarse, black knot, a man's tweed cap." She rowed like a man and had the brogue of an angel. (Harper. 6s.)

## PABO THE PRIEST.

BY S. BARING-GOULD.

Mr. Baring-Gould's last book, published a month ago, was a collection of short stories of modern Devonshire. His new one is an historical tale of Wales in the reign of Henry I. It tells of Henry's attempt to subjugate the Welsh clergy, of whom Pabo was one of the mightiest. The last chapter deals with the loss of the White Ship. (Methuen. 6s.)

## WINE ON THE LEES.

BY J. A. STEUART.

Mr. Steuart, leaving such subjects as he dealt with in his *Minister of State*, here presents us with a polemic against drink. "I infer," says one character, "it's no longer true good wine needs no bush." "And you infer rightly," said Mr. MacTor with emphasis, "God bless my soul! it needs a whole forest of bushes—most seductively arranged." Mr. Steuart's purpose is serious. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

## THE VIZIER OF THE TWO-HORNED ALEXANDER.

BY F. R. STOCKTON.

The new fantastic serio-comic story by the author of *The Lady or the Tiger?* The Vizier, who had the gift of everlasting life, eventually became Mr. Crowder, a modern American, and meeting Mr. Stockton, told his strange story. "Have you had many wives?" Mr. Stockton asked him. "That is a subject," he replied, "of which I think as little as I can." (Cassell. 6s.)

## RESOLVED TO BE RICH.

BY EDWARD H. COOPER.

This novel by the author of *Mr. Blake of Newmarket* is well described by its title. And the moral of the story is unobtrusively patent on every page—if we may put it so. Thus: "Their love of money becomes gradually absorbed into a passion for money-getting, which is not only the most unhappy disease upon earth, but nearly always brings its victims into difficulties, and thence occasionally into gaol, for the simple reason that *there is a limit to the amount of money which you can get honestly.*" At the end of the story there is a liberal distribution of sentences of penal servitude. (Duckworth & Co. 6s.)

## SIGNORS OF THE NIGHT.

BY MAX PEMBERTON.

A collection of eight exciting stories "of Fra Giovanni, the Soldier-Monk of Venice, and of others in the 'Silent City.'" The frontispiece represents one gentleman on a table, another boring into his chest with an auger, and three more standing by. The author's name is sufficient guarantee that the work is sensational. (Pearson. 6s.)

## COMETHUP.

BY TOM GALLON.

Comethup is the name of the hero. He received the name from a somewhat Dickensian protector when left an orphan in the first chapter. At the mother's grave the words "He cometh up . . . like a flower" occurred and recurred to him; and wishing that the baby's name should have a memory of the mother in it, he decided on "Comethup." A pretty, sentimental book. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

## THE TREASURE SEEKERS.

BY E. NESBIT.

A lady, who is best known for her poetry, here enters the lists of historians of child life, and gives us the adventures of the Bastable children in search of a fortune. Incidentally we meet with a juvenile paper containing this anxious request: "*Legal answer wanted.* A quantity of excellent string is offered if you know whether there really is a law passed about not buying gunpowder under thirteen." (Unwin. 6s.)

## THE EMPEROR'S CANDLESTICKS.

BY BARONESS E. ORCZY.

An exciting story of plots and plotters in Vienna, culminating in the sale of the candlesticks in a London auction-room. Candlesticks, it seems, can be used not only for their original purpose, but as receptacles for secret papers; hence this book. The emperor was Franz Joseph I. (Pearson. 3s. 6d.)

## THE SCARLET WOMAN.

BY JOSEPH HOOKING.

A book for Dissenters according to pattern. Ladies who pass the collection box and mothers who "meet" will buzz around it with Protestant tremors. The illustrations are also quite the thing. Under one we read: "Nothing seemed impossible to Lancaster." He is merely carrying a live nun down a ladder in the dead of night. (Bowden. 6s.)

## PATHS OF THE DEAD.

BY HUME NISBET.

"She belongs to the tribe of whom the experienced Solomon has truly written: 'Whose ways are crooked and froward is their paths. Her house inclineth unto death, and her paths unto the dead.'" Her name is Mrs. Hyacinthine Hart-Beachcomber. The writer says: "I may tell you candidly I never wrote a more interesting romance. It has kept me up perfectly engrossed many a night when I ought to have been in bed." (John Long. 6s.)

## A HONEYMOON'S ECLIPSE.

BY SARAH TYTLER.

The honeymooners were the Rev. Allan Farquharson and Tina, his wife, and the eclipse was the result of insufficient knowledge of each other. It began in a small way, and led to a separation, but at the end of the book they are united again. The work has a pleasant undercurrent of quiet humour. (Chatto & Windus. 3s. 6d.)

## JENETHA'S VENTURE.

BY COLONEL HARCOURT.

A tale of the Indian Mutiny by an Indian soldier. The scene is Delhi at the time of the siege, and the heroine is one of the Englishwomen in the beleaguered city. A number of the heroes of the Mutiny are introduced, and the story rings with the prowess of British arms. (Cassell & Co. 6s.)

## AS OTHERS SEE US.

BY WATSON DYKE.

The first sentence—"Ask the doctor if he is coming in to tea"—is about as exciting as any other in this story of small comings and goings, small scandal and tittle-tattle, and local fuss in a seaside place in Lancashire. But the chief characters—who are connected with a grammar school—are carefully studied. The interest belongs a good deal to the musical world. (Unwin. 6s.)

## EUREKA.

BY OWEN HALL.

Another fanciful romance of ancient and new. A band of officers travelling in Ceylon come upon a document setting forth the adventures of Anaxagoras, a captain under Alexander the Great, in India. By its guidance they reach a spot still inhabited by the descendants of Anaxagoras and his companions, a little tract of ancient Greece flourishing in the middle of the nineteenth century. Love follows. (Chatto & Windus. 3s. 6d.)

## THE FINAL GOAL.

BY BESSIE DILL.

A moral-pathetic story. An old Scottish laird has defrauded his wife and son and wasted his opportunities, and there are great wrongs to be righted. They are righted amid a crash of marriage bells. A pleasant, safe story, in which the ordinary unexact novel-reader will immediately become interested. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

## ELUCIDATION.

BY A. QUARRY.

There are few things more embarrassing than to find a novel described, like this one, as "A Matter-of-fact and True Tale." The game is over then; even the mystery of a family grave is dull and ancient as a last year's newspaper. (Unwin. 3s. 6d.)

## GLEN INSCH.

BY MRS. CORBALIS.

A Highland love story laid in a salmon-river glen owned by Sir Andrew MacInsch, a miser, who counts his gold by the light of one candle and stints his children. (Moran & Co. 1s. 6d.)

## THE ACADEMY.

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## "Boy, only Boy."

"It's not brutality," murmured little Hartopp, as though answering a question no one had asked. "It's boy; only boy."—STALKY & CO.

QUITE possibly "boy" is about to be widely exploited in fiction. He seems to be in the air. Through the literary press there runs that obscure rumour of him which to the initiated may presage a boom. At any moment we might receive the announcement that he is formally "discovered"—using the term in the special literary slang sense. The only outward and obvious sign of this probable movement is the almost simultaneous appearance of two "boy" books, by two leading novelists who have not hitherto been over and above addicted to the study of schools. We refer, of course, to Mr. Kipling's *Stalky & Co.* and Mr. Eden Phillpotts's *The Human Boy*. But the actual publication of a book is often only the last of a series of symptoms. Never forget the magazines. For ourselves, we are inclined to go back three years in order to find the beginning of "boy." It was in October, 1896, that a story by Mr. Phillpotts, called "The Piebald Rat," appeared in the *Idler*. If a "boy" movement does set in, that particular tale must be deemed the inception of it. Perhaps it gained little attention. Nevertheless, it was remarkable, for it was a realistic study of "boy," and of a very curious side of "boy," the superstitious side of him. Broadly speaking, it may be said with confidence that "boy" is not superstitious—he would not understand what the word meant—but superstition may occasionally seize him unawares, with the strangest results, and Mr. Phillpotts has found a case equally convincing and (in a subtle sort of way) uncanny. We regard "The Piebald Rat" as one of the few essentially serious examinations of schoolboyish idiosyncrasy yet attempted. Here let us not be suspected of imagining that Messrs. Kipling and Phillpotts invented the schoolboy. We know our *Lord Ormont*, and though boys are not of the essence of it, we put the first chapter—that fine fragment—among the sparse masterpieces of "boy." And we do not forget *Tom Brown*, nor *Vice Versa*, nor *The Kindness of the Celestial*. Least of all do we forget *Tom Sawyer* and *Huck Finn*. But of these (the Meredith excepted) every one has been written either for the taste of boys, or with a facetious intention. We are not aware of a single book chiefly about boys previous to 1899 which is soberly aimed at adults. There are men who, not having read it in youth, can enjoy *Tom Brown*, but they enjoy it by virtue of the boy which is in them; it is not serious fiction. We admit that Mr. Phillpotts's recent book is not, on the whole, serious fiction either. Its intention is plainly humorous, and truth is stretched to that end. Still, it contains "The Piebald Rat," and it contains other lapses into the sternness of genuine realism. It is a sign.

Now *Stalky & Co.*, we are convinced, is put forward entirely as genuine realism. It may be humorous, but that is an accident. It is meant with exactly as much sincerity as *The Man Who would be King* is meant. It is Mr. Kipling's idea of "boy." Of that we feel sure: just as sure as we feel that Mr. Kipling's idea of "boy" is

magnificently wrong, superbly and glitteringly untrue. The fact is, that in *Stalky & Co.* Mr. Kipling has yielded up his secret. And his secret is, that he has never ceased to be a boy. When he sat down to write *Stalky & Co.* he had not to divest himself of manhood. That strange alchemy of the imagination which metamorphoses the artist at the artist's will was not necessary. His extraordinary memory had merely to seize the proud visions of the past. The boy had remained, and the mature writer was happy to serve the boy by unscrupulously glorifying the boy's ideals. To the devil with truth, probability, possibility, justice! To the devil with everything that might mar the ancient ideals, constructed when the world was not too much with us! And so you get the *Stalky* trio: monsters of ingenuity, resource, retort, learning, invincibility, and determination; angels of light in that they never once fell away from the rectitude of their own codes! They are great, they may arouse enthusiasm; but they are not boys. And though they have the realism which of right belongs to whatever the artist has passionately seen, they have no other realism.

The case of Mr. Phillpotts is diametrically opposed. In him the writer desiring to write is uppermost. Accustomed to regard the universe as "copy," he comes across "boy," and instinctively says: "Here is material." He approaches "boy," and observes it. But he observes from the outside. To him "boy" is not, as with Mr. Kipling, something special. It ranges side by side with other matters of interest to the novelist—such as the bucolic, the marine, the criminal, the senile, the various feminines. He holds no brief for a particular sort of boy, nor for any boy. He is impartial, aloof, calm. He wants the material—only for humour, as it happens—and he gets it. He gets it partly from his observation of character, but more from his surprising faculty for the invention of illustrative incident. In this detail he differs sharply from Mr. Kipling, who does not care to invent; witness the hackneyed poison-sucking episode which disfigures "A Little Prep." Mr. Kipling, having his incident, will embroider it to dazzle; Mr. Phillpotts, having his incident, will give it you plain, relying on its freshness and his ability to continue inventing. Mr. Phillpotts, though he is less forceful, because less interested, is certainly nearer to life than Mr. Kipling. You can recognise his boys, despite the fact that he frequently exaggerates in order to provide fun—fun being avowedly his first aim. We wish that he would one day allow the author of *Children of the Mist* to write a book about boys. The result might be quite notable, if tales like "The Piebald Rat" and "Corkey Minimus" (as to parts of it) may be taken as an indication of what that author would do if Mr. Phillpotts the humorist would let him.

"The more I know of boys," said Prooshian Bates, "the less do I profess myself capable of following their moods." And indeed the first novelist who studies them dispassionately and scientifically, as Flaubert studied the provincial middle-class woman, may as well, while he is about it, devote his whole life to the affair. He will have his reward of astonishing discovery in an almost virgin field. It will be his part to cast away every theory of "boy," and begin by collecting and collating facts. That many of these facts will appear beyond belief is certain, seeing that such meagre, obvious "boy"-lore as is already ascertained borders on the incredible. Consider the boy's amazing capacity for chopping up his existence into moments—each, as it were, a watertight compartment. You may safely work a boy to the verge of death with "extra-tu," sure that the minute he enters the playground he will have forgotten what a book looks like. The quality is most precious, but it has its defect, since it renders him incapable of "carrying on" by his own unaided impulse. He would seldom see a thing through. This is where *Stalky & Co.* disclose their unusualness. With them, to undertake is to finish, and in the meantime

never to forget. Another strange point is, that there is nothing hurts a schoolboy's feelings more than articulate adult sympathy. He loathes all "jaw," but most of all he loathes the "jaw" of the well-intentioned, sympathetic master—such as Mr. Prout. Under continued "jaw" the schoolboy gets uneasy, and he will end by "chaffing." The relations between Prout and his house constitute, perhaps, the truest portion of *Stalky & Co.* On the other hand, he likes discipline if it be stiff. But (another curiosity) the disciplinarian should be genial. The boy loves a discreet geniality. When you cane or give lines you mustn't laugh, you mustn't exhibit the most trifling excitement; you must be calmly and coldly genial. Yet a third mysterious trait of "boy" is his unerring instinct for divining all the complicated secret difficulties of those who rule him, and taking his advantage therefrom. He has never been told, but he knows precisely why an under-master won't appeal to the Head, and precisely at what moment the under-master, choosing the lesser of two evils, may be relied on to do violence to his inclination in that respect. With what accuracy he will estimate a new master, and balancing the new master against the Head, and the Head against that Parental Interference which has grown so much of late, will create a policy to meet the situation! "Boy" is always a great statesman. It is his statesmanship, coupled with the plethora of unemployed teachers, that resolves many schools into a battlefield of diplomacy, in which the boys and the Head are pitted against the under-masters. Compare *Stalky & Co.* To our mind a characteristic stranger than any we have mentioned is the attitude of "boy" towards ill-health. He can understand sickness in a woman, and he can understand it in himself. You may sit by his bedside and tell tales (if you are fool enough), and he would be grateful were it not that "boy" never is grateful. But fall "seedy" yourself, and insist on your seediness, and he will drop you as a hopeless puzzle. He is psychically incapable of believing that a grown man can be unwell. Even your death would only baffle him. Then there are the relations between boys and girls, and between boys' schools and girls' schools. It is certain that even small boys can "spoon" with and get passionately fond of small girls. Look at Tom Sawyer. More than one critic has said that Tom's love affairs are a mawkish blot on a masterpiece. We think not. We have known affairs quite as serious and impassioned in real life; but in love there is "boy" and "boy." Schools may be divided under three heads: the small private school, where girls are usually scorned, and the mere presence of a girl causes discomfort; the larger private school, where the number of bigger boys induces a more tolerant mind and a great deal of innocent flirting, accomplished with pride and pleasure at every opportunity; the public school, where, to put the thing briefly, the boys are men.

Yes, it is clearly apparent that the serious novelist of "boy" will have a task of terrifying difficulty. But sooner or later the courageous, enthusiastic man will come along. Perhaps, despite the indications of a "boom," his veritable hour is not yet. Perhaps, nay certainly, the public is not quite ready to hear the exact truth about its beloved schoolboys. The author who published it, say, next week, would have a reception compared to which the original reception of Ibsen was an ecstatic welcome. But time passes, and freedom broadens down, and we arrive ultimately at the most distant horizons. Meanwhile, "boy" will not change; "boy" is changeless.

I AM hungry. I am cold. So much the better. I suffer what the people are suffering. Decidedly horse is not good for me. Yet I ate some. It gives me the gripes. I avenged myself at dessert with the following distich:

Mon diner m'inquiète et même me harcèle,  
J'ai mangé du cheval et je songe à la selle.

Victor Hugo's *Memoirs: The Siege of Paris.*

## Over-Writing.

THE Worshipful Company of Phrase-Makers has become a prosperous guild since its formation, some ten years ago, under the tuition of a strong and dominant personality. Writing ill was proscribed, a nucleus was formed, and a weekly journal became the Bible of the new school. In many respects it was a good school, though like all good things it has been overdone. If most of our young authors have nothing to say, they are agreed as one man to say it curiously. What is needed is matter as distinct from manner, brains as distinct from taste. And as the deficiency of matter is made up one would wish to see the excess of manner toned down. This does not mean that when great themes arrive style will deteriorate; it means that when great themes arrive, style will become sturdy and direct. It was ever so. There is an eternal see-saw relation between matter and style. Too little matter, too much style, and *vice versa*. But just as a see-saw may come to a stop twixt *see* and *saw* (boys know the awkward poise that baulks enjoyment when the weights are too equal), so in literature you may find a baffling (but not unhelpful) inertia caused by a want of relation between style and matter. The matter may be excellent, but the style may hold it in dreary thrall.

To drop metaphors, I find this curious, unprofitable poise in a novel I have just laid down; and the fact and the details seem worth noting. Mr. Bernard Capes's story, *Our Lady of Darkness*, is so good in substance that one could weep for its sins of style. Mr. Capes gives, and takes away. The story is concerned with secondary effects of the French Revolution. We see those effects in Paris, in London, and in a small village near Liège. The human material on which the fitful lightnings play is varied and interesting. There is a palsied, be-rugged, amorous English peer that Thackeray could not have drawn with surer touches: "At no period of his life had he so realised his ideal of existence as when, upon his seventy-seventh year, he found himself false—inside and out—from top to toe." There is St. Denys, a fatuous Flemish squire—political hypocrite and hypocritical lover; Théroigne Lambertine—full-blooded village belle and Parisian she-devil; the fragile Nicette—village saint and murderess; and for hero, Edward Murk perfecting himself in hardy English graces of character under our eyes. What, then, is wrong with *Our Lady of Darkness*?

Just this: it is over-written. It is fretted and fogged by a style that must give the average reader as much pause as Gothic lettering. That Mr. Capes is enrolled of the Phrase-Makers we knew, but he has run ahead of the craft, and is weaving strange fabrics in the wilderness. He is nobly infatuated with rare words and exotic similes. He justifies Costard's satire: "Remuneration! Oh, that's the Latin word for three-farthings. . . . Remuneration, why, it is a fairer name than French crown. I will never buy and sell out of this word." However, I hope to see Mr. Capes sell out of his present style and buy literary tact. That is all he needs to be a very fine novelist. As it is, he forgets his reader in his subject, and is so intent on collecting that he forgets to convey. He deposits jewels in your sight and walks off. He does not so much write for you as he permits you to see him write. This is magnificent, but it is not literature.

Liège at noon. Edward Murk, aristocrat and strolling artist, has surveyed the town from the hills, and is descending a hill into the market-place:

At its foot . . . he seemed to come upon the actual furnace floor of noon—a broad *Place* that bickered, as it were, throughout its length with iridescent embers. These were figured in crates of Russian cranberries glowing like braziers, in pomegranates' bleeding fire, in burning globes of oranges, in apricots pearly-pink as balls of white-hot glass; and over all, the long looped awnings of olive and stone-blue and cinnamon served to the emphasising of



such a galaxy of hot dyes as made a core of flame in the heart of the blazing city. The close air prickled with a multitudinous patter of voices like blisters of fat breaking on a grill.

This is over-written. The intentions are excellent, and so are the materials, but there is a want of tact toward the reader. The bickering of iridescent embers is a phrase that stops and confuses him at the outset. We should have been inducted more gently, more gradually, into the description, which, however, is still terribly overloaded with "pearly pink balls of white-hot glass" (objects which not one reader in ten thousand can visualise), "hot dyes" "core of flame," and the amazing simile that recalls a kitchen in Gower-street. We are not told in what exact expression Edward vented his impatience with these meteorological conditions. Probably he followed a celebrated preacher and muttered, "It's damned hot"; all we are told is that, "exhaling some little of the breath that remained to him in an appropriately volcanic interjection, Ned mounted the steps of the church . . . and dived into the sequestered obscurity of amber-scented aisles," where (wonderful city!) "the immediate fall of temperature took him by the throat like a shower bath."

In this church is a girl, kneeling before a shrine. The effect of the light upon her form is described :

She was very pure and colourless, apart from an accidentalism of tinted rays; for over her soft brown hair, from which a folded chaperon of white linen had slipped backwards, wings of parti-coloured light, entering through a stained window, played like butterflies. Lower down, the violet haze that slept upon her cheek gave her something of a phantasmal character; but her fingers were steeped in crimson as if they were bloody.

The description of this girl's fingers, "as if they were bloody," merely shocks the reader, who must turn two hundred pages to find that this phrase is symbolical and prophetic of Nicette's crime. But he need turn only thirty pages to find Nicette's fingers treated in another vein :

She was skimming cream from a broad pan with her fingers. The tips of these budded through the white, like nibs of rhubarb through melting snow.

This simile is absolutely bad. It is like producing a rabbit from a hat. It is no office of a simile to startle, or to exhibit a writer's cleverness, but graciously to interpret one idea by another. And mere resemblance between two remote things is no test of the aptness of the simile in which these things may be suddenly allied by a literary athlete. In fact, the simile which springs from unusual information in the author, and presumes it in the reader, should be charily used. It would be quite wrong to say that it must be *never* used. To forbid a writer to trawl the deeps of speech for new locutions would be absurd. Only—he must use tact. When Edward Murk leaves the social kitchen of the Landlust Inn at Mericourt and retires to his bed we are told :

In the distance the voices of his late companions droned like hornets in a bottle.

Now this simile is better. Its unexpectedness is not too acute, its call on the reader's knowledge is not exorbitant, and to the imagination it is distinctly apt and satisfactory. Again, one accepts a simile on page 84. The girls, Théroigne Lambertine and Nicette, are talking, each with a hot heart, about the Englishman. When Théroigne tells Nicette that Murk has left the village for Paris and will not return until the spring, the poor girl comes round to her "with a face like hard ivory." This simile does its work without fuss; it is brief, natural, effective. It is the antithesis of one in which Mr. Capes describes the attitude of a waitress who is rebuked by Mark for her pertness :

The girl stood as solid on end as a pocket of hops.

Here we are back to parlour magic. We are also—by implication—twitted with never having been inside an oast.

The truth is, that Mr. Capes cannot—at present—be trusted to write quietly about quiet things. He reminds me of a player who is excellent in speech and action, but retains the amateur's vice of restlessness when it is his turn for silence. It is a fatal thing for one of Mr. Capes's characters to pause or wait in any little act or process. If he does so for a moment, Mr. Capes goes into contortions of by-play and description where such entertainments are not wanted, or are wanted only in moderation. An example occurs on page 131, where Murk has returned from Paris and again approaches the chateau.

He stood a minute before passing through the gates. The warmth of a windless night still slept in the velvety eyes of the roadside flowers. Morning was heaping off its bed-linen of glistening clouds. From a chestnut-tree came the drowsy drawl of a yellow-hammer. A robin—small, fashionable idler of birds—abandoned the problem of a fibrous seed and, flickering to a stump, discussed the stranger impertinently and with infinite society relish. Only the swifts were alert and busy, flashing, poisoning, diving under the eaves; thridding Ned's brain as they passed with a receding sound like that made by pebbles hopping over ice; seeming, in their flight of warp and woof, to be mending the pace set by the loitering day. Feeling their activity a rebuke, the visitor passed through the open gate.

There is really nothing in the context to justify this descriptive passage. I say nothing of the allusions to velvety eyes and bed-linen, and the simile of pebbles on ice to describe the sound of receding swifts on a hot day.

Again, it is reasonable that when Murk is put to wait for his first meal in the "show-kitchen" of the "Landlust," he should look round on its Flemish interior, and that Mr. Capes should tell to us what Murk—an artist—saw. The likening of the kitchen to a bright toy is good, and we welcome the "polished, dark dresser vessels" and the "lidded flagons, and the narrow-necked, wood-stoppered, resonant jugs"; but I rise in some alarm when I am told that the fireless stove was "a shining, cold example of continence." Next morning Murk has to wash in a basin of pie-dish dimensions, so he "fretted out an ablution that was a mere aggravation of drought." This is otiose, as is the sentence :

He worked out the sum of argument very coolly and carefully; and the result, condensed from many germinant postulates, showed itself arithmetically inevitable.

To do Mr. Capes justice, the last two examples of his style are hardly typical. There is usually method in his madness. His anxiety to do everything well is beyond praise, but it leads him astray. Take even this description of a cottage :

It was sunk in a bosket of evergreens; built of luffer-boards that gaped in many places; and its roof of flaking tiles was all sown with buttons of moss.

Now this is an accurate description. If Mr. Capes had spared his readers the unfamiliar word "bosket"—which is not at all essential—and had called the roof simply a tiled roof, then he (the reader) would have had leisure to find in the "luffer-boards" and the "buttons of moss" the rightness and inevitability which these words really harbour. Mr. Capes is in all things too zealous. He has knowledge, and he has words, and he can use both, but he forgets that a reader's receptivity is a pint pot. If he will only remember this, he will do. This is a good novel spoiled by phrase-making.

Z.

January 17.—The bombardment has been going on for three nights and three days without cessation. Little Jeanne was cross with me because I would not let her play with the works of my watch. All the newspapers publish my verses, "Dans le Cirque." They may be useful.

Victor Hugo's *Memoirs: Siege of Paris*.

## Dreyfus and the Old Testament Hokhmah.

IN a recent number of the ACADEMY we asked for mottoes to be printed on the title-page of a history of the Dreyfus Case. In that marvellous monument of Hebrew poetry and religious philosophy, the Book of Job, there are at least two good mottoes for a Dreyfus book.

With every desire to be both just and generous to Captain Dreyfus, one is bound to deny that he is, in any reasonable sense of the words, either martyr or confessor—he was not called on to die for his faith, or made to suffer for the maintenance of any lofty principle. He was a victim, a sufferer unjustly at the hands, as appears, of wicked and unscrupulous men. If a parallel is to be sought from history or literature, the comparison should be neither with Admiral Byng nor with Jesus Christ. Dreyfus is a (happily living) incarnation of the problem that perplexed so many generations of his pious forefathers, the problem of the *Hokhmah*—why God, their God, a just God, should so often let the wicked prosper and cause or allow the innocent to suffer. The Book of Job is the most impressive presentment of the problem, and, if it does not solve it, gives us the last word the Old Testament has to say to troubled Jews and Christians.

One verse (chap. xxxi., ver. 35) has a quite startling relevancy, not at first apparent, to the case of Dreyfus, the sentence which in the Authorised Version runs: "Oh that . . . mine adversary had written a book!"—a clause too often cited as if it might really be the prayer of a malignant literary critic seeking a chance of vengeance on an enemy who thus gave hostages to fortune. We all know that this is one of the many unlucky renderings of the A.V.; but do not always remember that in the Revised Version it reads: "O that . . . I had the indictment mine adversary hath written!" Might not Dreyfus speak so of the Secret Dossier, the real indictment?

The parallel between Job and Dreyfus is, of course, not exact: Dreyfus, for example, seems to have been much more fortunate in his wife and friends. Job's wife may or may not have believed him to be an innocent sufferer, but her advice was far from encouraging. "Curse God and die" some commentators think meant "Renounce this God, and end your misery by suicide"—the very thing his wife's love kept Dreyfus from attempting. The Adversary, the Satan, had leave to afflict Job beyond endurance first in his property, then in his person, but failed to tempt him from duty: even after his wife's evil counsel Job sinned not, neither charged God foolishly. But when his three friends, convinced without a scrap of evidence that Job must be guilty, exasperated him with the pious platitudes he rejected so unceremoniously, the patriarch, heretofore really patient, lost temper and charged God very vehemently, if not foolishly, upbraiding Him with injustice. He not merely insisted, in general terms and repeatedly, on his own absolute innocence, his perfect life and stainless character (assertions so unlike the confessions of a succession of psalmists), but, after reciting all the iniquities he had *not* committed, iniquities such as, had he been guilty of them, would have rendered him justly liable to some measure of punishment and suffering, he confidently demanded to be told what was the crime or guilt with which he was charged.

Verses 35, 36, 37 of chapter xxxi. are thus translated in the Revised Version:

Oh that I had one to hear me!  
(Lo, here is my signature, let the Almighty answer me;)  
And that I had the indictment which mine adversary hath written!  
Surely I would carry it upon my shoulder;  
I would bind it unto me as a crown.  
I would declare unto him the number of my steps;  
As a prince would I go near unto him.

Mr. Montefiore, in the recently published second volume of his most admirable *Bible for Home Reading*, gives, like Prof. A. B. Davidson, whom he often follows, a substantially similar rendering (the critical clause being with him "Oh that . . . I had the charge which mine adversary hath written!"); and he thus interprets, long before the trial at Rennes, the purport of Job's contention:

Job abruptly implores God to hear him. He has now, as it were, handed in his plea and signed it. Let God reply. He does not fear God's charge. Let the indictment be produced. He wants to know it. He would even welcome it. In the pride and certainty of his innocence he would bind God's indictment upon his brow, and, crowned and garlanded like a prince, he would draw near to God in the full confidence of victory. He would seek to conceal no incident of his past, not a single one of all his steps in the path of life. Thus Job's last words sound a note of triumph.

Job had sounded a note of triumph in an earlier chapter of the book (xix. 25-27), which again admirably expresses Captain Dreyfus' attitude—although again, oddly enough, it requires a more accurate translation than that of the Jacobean translators to bring out the sense. We shall take, first, that of Mr. Montefiore himself, who, thus cautiously following Prof. Budde, renders a famous, but admittedly difficult and probably corrupt, passage in the Hebrew text:

But I know that my Vindicator liveth;  
And at the last (?) he shall appear upon the ground; (?)  
And . . .  
And from out my flesh (?) I shall see God,  
Whom I shall see to mine own good,  
And mine eyes shall see him and not as one estranged. (??)

The dots and queries are Mr. Montefiore's, and indicate his unwillingness to force a meaning. But by some little emendation of the Hebrew, Prof. Cheyne gets a sense which suits the present case almost as well as Job's:

But I know that my Avenger lives,  
And that at last he will appear above (my) grave;  
My witness will bring to pass my desire,  
And a curse will take hold of my foes.  
My inner man is consumed with longing,  
For ye say, How (keenly) we will persecute him!  
Have terror because of the sword,  
For (God's) anger falls on the unjust.

This is, of course, the famous and debated passage about the *Goël*, which, in the Authorised Version, begins, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," and gets a tolerably complete but wholly unauthorised sense by the interpolation of the words *worms, body, &c.* The Revised Version keeps "redeemer" (with a small "r"), but gives "vindicator" as alternative. There seems little doubt that vindicator, or avenger, is the true sense; and it is surely interesting to be able, with a good conscience, to envisage M. Zola as, for this time at least, fulfilling the function of the Old Testament *Goël*.

Let us hope that Captain Dreyfus' ultimate fate, long before his death, may justify the fullest confidence he can cherish or the Book of Job convey; but that if he should not succeed in making his innocence clear as the day to all Europe, and secure the complete restoration of his honour as soldier and citizen, he may at least enjoy peace, health, a good conscience, and such temporal well-being as the Epilogue gave to the Man of Uz.

Silas Marner, too, had to face and endure a baseless and shameful charge, an unfair trial, and a cruel and monstrous conviction, and, after all, to live it down, how successfully and tranquilly, in patient, gentle, loving work for others, we must all remember. But even at the end the best his kindest neighbours could say to him was: "It's the will o' Them above as a many things should remain dark to us. . . . You were hard done by that once, Master Marner, and it seems as you'll never know the rights of it; but that doesn't hinder there *being* a rights, Master Marner, for all it's dark to you and me."

## Studies in Contemporary Style.

## II.—Split Phrases.

As "J. W. K." notes in his letter published last week, the infinitive is not the only phrase which is split occasionally. Frequently the indicative is treated with similar familiarity. It is so this week in a letter by the Poet Laureate published in the *Times*. Here is the sentence:

*Though I cannot in the least agree with you in what you much too partially say in your letter of October 6, I feel I ought not to neglect the opportunity, however slight it may be, of inducing your countrymen to pronounce a fairer verdict on the conduct of the English Government, and to form a more just estimate of the policy of the English people.*

In that sentence the Poet Laureate splits two phrases: *in the least* splits the first; *much too partially* splits the second. Thus, "J. W. K." has a considerable authority for his theory that he is at liberty to split the indicative when the sense of euphony tempts him to do so. Authority, however, is one of the elements in judgment about style of which it behoves the student to be suspicious. Addison is reputed to be a master of English style; but it is possible to show that he errs in grammar almost in every page. Addison has charm; but charm is one thing, and grammar is another. The Poet Laureate has force and eloquence; but those are qualities about which the grammarian has something to say only when they intoxicate a writer's sense of syntax. The intoxication is noticeable in the sentence which has been quoted: *in the least* splits the indicative without adding either to the meaning or to the force of the sentence; *much too partially*, which splits the other phrase, denotes an idea which is misplaced. The sentence should have begun thus:

*Though I cannot agree with you in what you say, too generously, in your letter of October 6,*

Mr. Austin's rhetoric would not have lost anything if it had been put with grammatical propriety. Similarly, "J. W. K.'s" diction would not lose either in grace or in appeal if, instead of saying *I heartily thank my Heavenly Father*, he said *I thank my Heavenly Father heartily*.

Here let it be noted that the temptation to split the indicative by an adverb usually arises from lack of perception that the idea which the adverb expresses is useless. If "J. W. K." did not thank his Heavenly Father heartily, he would not thank Him at all. Frequently students of style will discover, on careful analysis, that when they have written a sentence in which there is a split indicative they have done so, with the Poet Laureate and "J. W. K.," because they were encumbered by a superfluous idea.

A danger which besets the pen of a writer who splits the indicative is exemplified, opportunely, by a note in the *Pall Mall Gazette*:

*We were aware that Her Majesty's Government would, in no circumstances, accept the help of native allies.*

As *in no circumstances* is parenthetical, one is entitled, in studying style, to read the sentence with the words left out; and then the sentence expresses the opposite of what the writer means.

The split indicative can be justified in poetry; but it is not necessary in prose. In prose, however, it is much less offensive than the split infinitive. Neither the split indicative nor the split infinitive can be called ungrammatical; but each is a violence to the sense of style. Sometimes, being unnoticed, the split indicative is less outrageous than the other vulgarity, which is as great an outrage in all cases as would be the bearing of a man who should wear a red necktie at a lady's evening party.

E. H.

## Things Seen.

## Ingratitude.

It was in a crowded tramcar in Berlin, about half-past five on a winter's afternoon. Opposite me sat a stout woman in a white apron, and next her a thinnish girl struggling to keep some eels in a net.

Suddenly the thinnish girl raised her voice:

"What about your daughter, Frau Schmidt?"

The stout woman turned and looked at her curiously.

"Are you asking after my daughter?" she asked.

"Yes; how is she?"

The other one shrugged her shoulders. "You know how ill she was, don't you?" The thin girl nodded. Her companion seemed not to have noticed the nod and repeated the question: "You know how ill she was?"

"Yes, certainly."

"Well, we had the doctor"—she sat with her hands spread upon her ample knees, her round black eyes fixed unseeingly upon the window. "He said: 'Nourishing food.' I said: 'You mean——?' He said: 'Fresh meat every day, soup made of meat, eggs, milk.'" She ticked off the different articles of food with her left hand on her right, beginning with the little finger. She paused.

"And——?" drawing out the one word till it sounded like a whole sentence.

"When she got no better I said to the doctor: 'She don't seem to relish her food much.' 'He said——?' she broke off and gazed slowly and comprehensively at an over-dressed Jewess who entered at that moment, rustling in silken skirts and flashing light from her earrings as she seated herself. The stout woman nudged her neighbour, and they both stared fixedly at the newcomer, leaning forward to obtain a better view of her.

"And the doctor said——, Frau Schmidt?" queried the thin girl.

"The doctor said: 'Give your daughter anything she likes: chicken, rice, fish, fruit, veal, red wine. And she had them *all*, whatever she liked: chicken, rice, fish, veal, fruit, red wine, and——champagne.'" Her voice grew louder, more emphatic, and at last almost reproachful. "And what does my daughter do?" she asked, turning square round and facing her neighbour, her hands still aloft after again ticking off the viands, the thinnish girl agape with expectation. "What does she do?" the stout woman reiterated, answering her own question with a resounding slap of her thigh. "She dies."

## The Elixir of Youth.

THE innkeeper at Yvoir ushered us, with fatherly solicitude, into a long room stifled with the heat of stove and lamp. He was an old man, but in his narrow eyes, in the infinity of his wrinkles, in all his gestures, there was such a quicksilver animation that every bit of him seemed a-twinkle. He served the dishes of pallid meat and glowing omelette himself, aided by his son, a heavy, stupid-looking young man, with smooth face polished a dull brown melting imperceptibly into the shaven hair. An open piano stood at one end of the long table, and whenever the young man passed the instrument he struck a few discords on the notes. My friend was amazed at this aggressive display of boorishness, and regarded the young man with undisguised indignation. Thereby he was prompted on the next occasion to strike with his free hand a harsher clatter on the piano. The father, happening to be in the room at the same time, stooped over to my friend, and beaming with pride and kindness, whispered "*Il joue: il est eune.*"

## The Amateur Critic.

[FROM time to time we receive letters from correspondents in praise or disapproval of books new and old. In future, for awhile, we propose to put a page of the ACADEMY at the service of the unprofessional critic. To this page we also invite our readers to contribute remarks on striking or curious passages which they may meet with in their ordinary reading. No communication, we would point out, must exceed 300 words.]

### "Melibœus in London."

The announcement of a new volume of essays by the late Mr. James Payn reminds me of a little collection of brightly written sketches of his which was issued as far back as 1862, under the title of *Melibœus in London*. This book is not without an autobiographical interest, for the wide and peculiar knowledge it displays of London could only have been gained at first hand. Yet it has never been reprinted, and Mr. Payn used to say that its want of success was to be attributed to the fact that most of the people who would have read it were uncertain as to the correct pronunciation of Melibœus, and consequently afraid to ask for it at the libraries. *Melibœus*—which was always a favourite of its author—is one of his most characteristic writings; it is a veritable example of his high spirits, and is full of excellent stories which are told in Mr. Payn's own inimitable manner. The account of a country gentleman's visit to see the sights of London in the sixties does not in itself suggest any great fund of entertainment, yet Mr. Payn handles his subject so adroitly that in reading the book one lives for the time with tolerable pleasure in that impossible period of history of "bird's-nest" whiskers and the crinoline. What better testimony of its merit can be needed! Another interesting feature is that the book is a very worthy tribute of regard to the author's master—Charles Dickens. It is in no sense an imitation, for Payn's individuality was sufficiently strong to save him from playing the "sedulous ape," but he was not deterred from showing who taught the 'prentice hand its cunning.

J. R.

### Mr. Watson's Poems Again.

I have already indicated in what Mr. Watson's chief claim to greatness consists; but such poems as the "Ode in May" represent only one aspect of his many-sided genius. The poet has thought much and thought deeply on life's problems, especially man's origin and destiny, and the source of all things. In many of his poems these themes are alluded to; but the two most important are "The Hope of the World" and "The Unknown God." Though there is much that many will disagree with in the latter poem, all must be struck with its thoughtfulness, earnestness, and wonderful melody.

With what sympathy and insight does he write of his brother poets, of whom he claims to be the humble follower and remote kinsman:

But it was mine endeavour so to sing  
As if these lofty ones a moment stooped  
From their still spheres, and undisdainful graced  
My note with audience, nor incurious heard  
Whether, degenerate irredeemably,  
The faltering minstrel shamed his starry kin.

The reader will call to mind "Wordsworth's Grave," "Shelley's Centenary," "Lachrymæ Musarum," and "The Tomb of Burns"—poems alike worthy of their author and their themes. I cannot bring my brief remarks on Mr. Watson's poetry to a close without referring to and quoting one of his beautiful short lyrics. I feel sure that no lover of poetry who has read the following exquisite little "song"

will ever forget it. It is a flawless gem, which ought to be printed in every anthology of nineteenth century poetry:

April, April,  
Laugh thy girlish laughter;  
Then, the moment after,  
Weep thy girlish tears!  
April, that mine ears  
Like a lover greetest,  
If I tell thee, sweetest,  
All my hopes and fears.  
April, April,  
Laugh thy golden laughter,  
But, the moment after,  
Weep thy golden tears!

H. P. WRIGHT.

### London in October.

The misty beauty of autumn has descended once more on London. The past week has given us day after day of veiled brightness, tenderest distances in the Strand, and golden tracts of space on Holborn Viaduct. The leaves are dropping at last in Lincoln's Inn, not torn by bandit winds, but falling gently on the grass. How well it is all described in Mrs. Marriott Watson's little poem:

Here, as the green leaves fade, the gold leaves fall,  
A still enchantment widens over all,  
Painting the streets with vague autumnal dyes  
Like ancient tapestries;  
Touching to fantasy unfelt before  
The motley hoardings' many-coloured lore;  
With every floating leaf, each sound that sighs,  
Seizing the sense with something subtler yet—  
The deep exhilaration of regret  
For this sweet hour that flies.

The long, barge-laden stream  
Bears on the roseate haze, the golden gleam;  
The leaves go hurrying at the light wind's call  
As to some festival.  
While we, half sorrowful, half exultant, too,  
Blown by the old year's breath to meet the new,  
Stretch forth our hands to greet we know not what  
So fair forever is the unknown lot!  
So strong the glamour of the London street,  
With dim expectancies

Holding the heart in bondage stormy and sweet,  
Here though the dead leaves flit,  
Doubt shall not hold dominion over it,  
Nor age, nor sorrow, but sensuous sheer delight  
In the blue, lamp-hung night.

Thine are our hearts, beloved City of Mist,  
Wrapped in thy veils of opal and amethyst,  
Set in thy shrine of lapis-lazuli,  
Dowered with the very language of the sea,  
Lit with a million gems of living fire—  
London, the goal of many a soul's desire!  
Goddess and sphinx, thou hold'st us safe in thrall  
Here while the dead leaves fall.

I need not remind ACADEMY readers how well Mr. Henley has written of October in London.

SIGMA.

### Improvement by Elision.

But for your direct invitation I would not have unburdened myself of an elision I have always wanted to see made in a very fine poem—Scott's "Ballad of Rosabelle." Two or three times he repeats "lovely Rosabelle," in my judgment making such a blot on a delicate piece of work that I wonder he did not himself see his bathos. "Lovely Rosabelle" is a very feeble collocation of words in itself, the more so as the "belle" contains the lovely, and is not so amalgamated with the English as to have lost its significance. When occasionally reading the ballad, I cannot help omitting the "lovely" (even to myself), and

in the last line it is to my ear and sense perfectly unendurable, especially as you have a fascinating line without it. Scott very seldom does a very striking thing in verse: here he has done it and spoiled it by one word.

C. S. OAKLEY.

### Rudyard Kipling.

Although standing almost alone among the critics, the writer in the ACADEMY seems to me to have pronounced a true and sound verdict upon *Stalky & Co.* One hopes that it is an illusion, and yet the thought comes again and again that Mr. Kipling's later productions are by no means equal to the earlier work which made him famous. With the gain of vitality has he not lost in a serious degree his admirable art of self-restraint? Compare, for instance, these rough, ragged, almost formless sketches of boy life, with their wearying waste of dialogue leading practically nowhere, and the crisp, artistic reticence which made *Plain Tales from the Hills* almost perfect models of short stories.

Is it a fancy, too, that Mr. Kipling's humanity has waned? Where is now the kindly heart-power which one found so moving in *The Light that Failed*? Despite the brilliant technical knowledge displayed in *The Day's Work*, one sighed for a little human nature—something more spiritually satisfying than the superficial mention of things. [Mr. Jamieson forgets "William the Conqueror."] And *Stalky*, *M'Turk*, and *Beetle* strike one as too clever to be real, far too heartless to be convincing. Surely no boys' brains ever scintillated like theirs, and no boys' tongues ever framed such unceasing reams of slang!

HERBERT JAMIESON.

### D'Annunzio and Mr. Whiteing.

OF Mr. Richard Whiteing's delicate satire, *The Island*, in its original form, we have already recorded our opinion. But the author has recently taken it again in hand and added two chapters, and Mr. Grant Richards has just published the revised edition. The two chapters show how the hero and narrator of the story, the Person of Quality, attends a *soirée* of nations, for the especial purpose of meeting the Light of the Age, who is, we fear, no one but Gabriele D'Annunzio, the Italian novelist. The chief of the Symbolists was there, the chief of the Mystics, the chief of the Decadents, and so forth. But the Light of the Age tarried, and, while awaiting him, the author reflects thus:

Each group had held the public ear for but a moment, baffled by the shortness of the lobe; each saw in the other a beaten competitor, or a threatened rival. Yet, from their ecstatic allusions to the coming man, it was easy to see that each found his account in that representative figure. He stood for the union of all their dogmas; and, for each struggling conventicle, his present vogue was victory confirmed or renewed. Each had at least a sixteenth of a thirty-second part in him, so his personality might have served to illustrate the indivisibility of matter as effectually as a New River share. To the Impassive he was precious in its flower. To the Symbolists, he stood for the furthest conceivable range of vision through a brick wall. To the Mystics, he was moonshine in purest ray serene. To the Decadents he was scorn and loathing for the state of life to which it had pleased God to call the majority of his fellow-creatures. To the Devil-worshippers he was the epigram of mockery in a new setting.

At last the Light of the Age comes. This is the passage:

Alarums and excursions in the antechamber, a gentle tumult at the door, a sound of the friction of silk on silk, as the women press forward to form an alley of skirts for his advance. The Light of the Age is here.

A dandy of the dandies. Youth, or its perfect counterfeit, slimness, and in his make-up a glory of all those industrial lords of the bedchamber who furnish the broadcloth and the fine linen, or whose business it is to keep a moustache for ever curled in Mephistophelian scorn, towards skies which its wearer disdains. For the rest a bold eye, a full and sensuous lip, features passably regular, and, in the whole air, an ineffable self-complacency only to be matched by the plastic abstractions of Eastern worship.

"*Chère Marquise*" (bending low over her hand), "have I offended? The shadow of your eyelids touches the bottom of my heart."

"From his last play," whispered the Bostonian. "What a genius for compliment!"

*The Marquise*.—"Cher maitre!" (pardoned for a phrase).

His French was of the trans-Alpine variety. But so was Buonaparte's, yet he led a whole nation to whom his talk was as that of an organ-grinder.

*The Marquise*.—"Must we congratulate you on your election to the Italian Chamber, dear Poet? But why soil your winged feet in that mud of politics?"

"Yes, because I appealed to them as a poet, not as a politician. It was a new candidature, *Marquise*. I had my rustics all to myself, and never a word did I say to them on the contemptible questions of the hour. Nothing about the bread-tax, believe me. I spoke to them in a hall decorated with banners bearing the names of my works. I told them of the joys of being, as exemplified in those works. Listen: 'Men of my own land, in the solemn stillness of the Sabbath afternoon I would place in the hands—the gnarled and sunburnt hands of the peasant, sitting beneath the oak-tree's shade, instead of a text of Scripture, one of my books.' Did I say well?"

"Magnificent!"

"Then—forgive me if I quote myself—'his cottage of clay, his bread and water, the reaping-songs of his daughters, all these would appear more sacred in his eyes than before.'"

"Sublime!"

"I claimed before them the absolute superiority of the poet."

"Ah!"

"I taught them that, in the existence of a people, a grand manifestation of art is worth more than a treaty of alliance or a tributary law."

"Oh!"

*The Marquise*.—"Dear Master, we understand you. But, are you sure that they do? What if they felt in their degraded souls that you were condescending to the cant of our time—altruism, pity for the herd?"

*The Light*.—"Heaven forbid! Never for one single moment. Read my prefaces. What have I ever taught them but that power and craft are laws to themselves! A patrician order of soul has no more duties to its inferiors than it has to the beasts. A religion of love! an ethic of pity for the weak which is nothing but a system of insurance for imbeciles—what have we to do with these? Be strong, be strong!"

Mr. Whiteing's *Island*, in its new form, will, we trust, find many readers. The popularity of *No. 5, John Street* must have stimulated curiosity in the author's other work to a very considerable extent on both sides of the Atlantic.

### Australia on the War.

COME my hearties—work will stand—

Here's yer Mother calling;

Wants us all to lend a hand,

And go out Uncle-Pauling.

Catch yer nags and saddle slick!

Quick to join the banners!

Folks that treat the fam'ly thick

Must be taught their manners.

—From "*A Fam'ly Matter*," by Arthur Macquarie, quoted in the "*Times*."



## Memoirs of the Moment.

THE Bishop of Bloemfontein has died at the wrong moment. The representative of the Anglican Church in a diocese that covered the Orange Free State (a name that you shall find no more upon the map of South Africa), and that included Bechuanaland also and Basutoland to boot, he had a territory twice the size of England and Wales under his spiritual rule, and his capital in a city now in arms against England. Bishop John Wale Hicks had encountered difficulties in the past only to overcome them, and his words and acts would have been regarded with singular interest by the large number of friends he left behind him in England, old fellow students of science at London University, of theology at Cambridge, members of the Savile Club and the Athenæum, old parishioners of his during his twenty or so years of service at Little St. Marie's, Cambridge—a church beloved of Crashaw—and fellow-members of the English Church Union.

It was not so much in the later and ecclesiastical half of his life that the Bishop (who has died while still in the fifties) made an amazing record. He was known as a man of many degrees, and somebody said when he went to his South African diocese that, enormous as it was, the letters he was entitled to write after his name would almost reach across it. As others dread examinations, so did he love them. It hardly mattered what the subject might be, if he was a possible candidate he was a certain one; and never was he known to fail. At the age of twenty-one he took his B.A. at London University, gaining the prize for chemistry and animal physiology, with honours in vegetable physiology and structural botany. When he was twenty-two he was also gold medallist in anatomy and physiology, and he took the B.Sc. degree with honours in chemistry, logic, geology, and paleontology. A year later and he had his M.D. degree with a first-class, and gold medal in obstetric medicine. His M.D. degree and his membership of the Royal College of Physicians followed. Then he won a foundation scholarship of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, where in one year he was a Senior Optime in the Mathematical and head of the Natural Science Tripos, following this up with a second-class in the Theological Tripos. A demonstrator of chemistry in the University, he then became a Fellow of Trinity, and, at the age of thirty, a candidate—successful, of course—for holy orders. Then his great interest and occupation in life was, in a manner, gone: he had no more examinations to pass. True, he was one of the examiners for the Natural Science Tripos in 1873 and 1874, and again in 1879 and 1880; and he was examining chaplain to the Bishop of Lincoln from 1885 to 1892; but that was sport—mere umpireship in a contest that did not allow him to compete. A last examination before President Steyn might have been his fate had he lived; but his luck had exhausted itself, and the telegram that told of his death came almost simultaneously with that which announced the war as really begun.

THE Lord Chief Justice of England, lately a stranger to his own bench, paid a brief visit on Tuesday to his rooms at the Law Courts—the first since the sittings of the Venezuelan Boundary Commission began in Paris. With the finding of that Commission Lord Russell is entirely satisfied. It gives to Great Britain, if not so much territory as she formally claims, yet more than she had more than once officially declared her willingness to accept in the interests of peace. Lord Russell therefore regards the finding of the Commission as another triumph, not for arbitration only, but for England also. The opening of the Law Courts in a few weeks will find Lord Russell back again in his familiar place; but for how long? The

place left vacant by the death of Lord Herschell in the Alaskan Boundary business has still to be filled. For the moment a working boundary has been decided upon, but for the moment only. Between the United States and Canada and Great Britain a final settlement will have to be made without much longer delay; and it is almost equally a certainty that Lord Russell of Killowen will have to be withdrawn once more from his court to promote our international cause in Washington.

MISS SKENE, whose equestrianism on the Plains of Athens was the admiration of Greeks more than fifty years ago, has died in old age at Oxford, after a very brief illness, which was not only the last, but also nearly the first, of her long life. In her presence Prof. Jowett forgot to be cynical; she knew Landor well; also Sir Richard Church, under whom Byron sought to serve in the Greek war of Independence; but the memory she most cherished was that of her friendship with Sir Walter Scott, who dedicated to her father a canto of "Marmion," and came to his house for consolation when he found himself a ruined man. Taking "his dearie" upon his knee, and telling her fairy stories, he forgot his gloom and laughed out aloud—an experience very similar to that which a living poet has recorded in monumental verse.

LORD FARRER lived long enough to be disillusioned about many things, including the policy of the Progressives on the London County Council, whose chairman he once was. Such modifications of earlier enthusiasm are perhaps proper to age, nor are they hindered by the processes that turned Mr. Farrer of the Board of Trade into Sir Thomas, and Sir Thomas into a peer. In one British institution he never lost his pride—that was the *Times* newspaper. Admirer as he was of Cobden, he could not share Cobden's reprobation of that paper, a renouncement of it and of its works that had almost the solemnity of a rite of religion. When Mr. Ruskin said that the certain course of personal deterioration was to be found in living in London and reading the *Times*, Lord Farrer laughed that those were the only two things he really cared to do, and bold would be the man who should accuse him of deterioration. He belonged to a world in which that word had no meaning—he and his Board of Trade, which was his in fact, and only in name the Ministers' at its head. True, the *Times* was always kind to Lord Farrer; it disagreed, never with him, but only with his opinions. Even to these its large type was always at service during his life; and to his praises after his death. At Balliol, Farrer was the contemporary of the late Mr. Walter and Sir George Dasent, a happy conjunction to which he always attributed one of the happiest phases of his after life.

SIR REDVERS BULLER is a general in favour with War Correspondents, still uneasy in some quarters, under the frowns of General Kitchener at Khartoum. More correspondents altogether have gone out to South Africa than have ever been placed in the field by English editors before: and of these an increased proportion are themselves military men. Mr. Winston Churchill's work in the *Morning Post*, if it is equal to his Soudan letters, will probably establish his fame in this department of special reporting; and Lord de la Warr, who has gone out for the *Globe*, has at any rate a name in keeping with his new adventures.

MANY persons will remember a work on Charles Dickens written by his secretary on his American tour, Mr. Dolby. It was, if we are not mistaken, entitled *With Charles Dickens in America*. We regret to say that Mr. Dolby is now lying ill in a London hospital.

## Correspondence.

## "Travestying Herbert Spencer."

SIR,—In the article entitled "Travestying Herbert Spencer," which appears in your last issue, the reviewer complains that by quoting a portion of a letter from Darwin to John Fiske, referring to Mr. Herbert Spencer, I have left the readers of *Naturalism and Agnosticism* "to infer that this was Darwin's first and last verdict about Spencer." The reviewer further urges that I might have appealed "from Darwin knowing little to Darwin knowing a great deal more." So doing, he says, I should have come across the "memorable letter in which, addressing Spencer, Darwin states: 'Everyone . . . ought to bow the knee to you, and I for one do.'" On looking up the letters I find that this, which is supposed to emanate from "Darwin knowing much," is the earlier of the two, bearing the date June 10, 1872. Moreover, the immediate cause of the "unbounded admiration" here expressed was merely an article by Mr. Spencer in the *Contemporary Review* replying to certain strictures of Dr. Martineau on Evolution, a case in which Darwin and Mr. Spencer had common ground. The letter I quoted, and which your reviewer seems to imply came from "Darwin knowing little," is dated December 8, 1874, and seems, as a matter of fact, to have been his "last verdict about Spencer." Also, this verdict was given apropos of Fiske's *Outlines of Cosmic Philosophy*, which is substantially a presentment of Mr. Spencer's system as a whole.—I am, &c., JAMES WARD.

Trin. Coll., Camb.: October 17, 1899.

## The Split Infinitive.

SIR,—If the contents of this letter have not been anticipated by anyone else, may I point out in your columns that the reason why it is grammatically inadmissible to split an infinitive is twofold: (1) because an infinitive, though expressed in our language by two or, in the passive mood and past tense, by more than two words, is one in principle and intent, as is demonstrated by analogy of the Latin—e.g., *vivere* = "to live," and *vixisse* = "to have lived"; and (2) because the infinitive is practically substantive, and as such is moreover capable of being governed by a preposition, a fact which is instilled into every public school boy who, Greek verb card in hand, has to commit to memory the quotation:

For not to have been dipped in Lethe's stream  
Could save the son of Thetis from to die.

Here "to have been dipped" is but one idea, identical with the substantive "immersion," in the nominative case; while "from to die" is equivalent to "from death," a substantive governed by a preposition.

To gather together from standard writers any amount of instances of a split infinitive does not prove that wrong is right, but only that the greatest and best of mortals are not exempt from occasional mistakes.—I am, &c.,

October 16, 1899.

AYMER VALLANCE.

## "David Harum."

SIR,—An American is often amused to see the laboured attempts recently made in England and America to account for the immense popularity of the story called *David Harum*.

*David Harum* may not be a very great work—nor do I myself so consider it—but it is one of the distressingly few books which of late years have managed to hold up a true American mirror to true American nature.

The original "David" I did not know in the flesh. But his twin brother (in Northern New Jersey) has been my trusty and intimate friend for many long moons.

I am a country Catholic priest, and, like most men of my kind, have urgent need of a first-class road-horse. My

roadsters old David's twin brother does me the honour to buy for me. And you may wager your last dollar that the horses so bought are entirely sound in wind and in limb. Nor are they, I can assure you, given to the fatal habit of stopping before time has been called.

I have read *David Harum* with infinite delight. With others it may have been otherwise.—I am, &c.,

JOHN BAXTER.

St. Mary's Hospital, Passaic, New Jersey:

October 10, 1899.

## Misconceptions.

SIR,—May I add another to your store of "misconceptions"? I can remember how my young brain used to be troubled with the problem: Why could not the rich man dip his own finger into the great gulf fixed between him and Lazarus?—I am, &c.,

October 16, 1899.

C. E. H.

SIR,—I see that none of your correspondents has so far touched on the Shorter Catechism as a field with an abundant harvest of childish misconceptions. They begin with the first question: "What is man's chifend?"—*chief end* would take too much time to say in the system of cram-by-rote which has misrepresented education for so long. And how a "chifend," which most of us took for a piece of furniture (modelled on *chiffonier*), could "glorify God and enjoy Him for ever" caused us many a sleepless night. "Reasonsannexed" to the different Commandments had a vague existence in the form of some wild beast of a striped kind—the *x* probably linking it to the *z* of zebra.

Apart from the humorous, there is a really tragic side to this matter. Why stuff a child's memory with parrot-phrases only to be unlearned later with tears over time wasted which might have gone to the training of observation? Was it Aristotle who said: "In a multitude of facts is the rout of thought"?—I am, &c.,

Westminster: October 16, 1899.

J. L. PATERSON.

## Our Prize Competitions.

## Result of No. 4.

WE asked last week for lists of twenty books suitable to stand on the shelves of a country inn. The response has been heavy. For the most part our contributors have made lists of well-known works of some length, a specimen or so of which will be found below; but it seems to us an inn library is much better furnished with books whose interest is fragmentary. One does not want, at an inn, to embark upon long stories, although to dip here and there in such stories as one must already have read—*Pickwick*, for example—is agreeable enough. We have decided to award the prize to Mr. E. Bond, The Rookery, Eye, Suffolk, for the following list:

## BOOKS SUITABLE FOR AN INN.

Bible.  
Dictionary, English. Annandale.  
Bradshaw's Guide.  
Pickwick Papers.  
Hotels of the World.  
County Directory.  
Local Guide Book (if available).  
Contour Road Book of England. (Gall & Inglis.)  
Fishing and Shooting. (Badminton Library.)  
Atlas of the World.  
Hazlitt's Essays.  
Homes and Haunts of British Poets. Howitt.  
Tennyson's Poems.  
Whitaker's Almanack.  
The Golden Treasury. Palgrave.  
Hazell's Annual.  
Boswell's Johnson.  
Diary of a Pilgrimage. Jerome.  
An Inland Voyage. R. L. Stevenson.  
Selections from English Prose Writers.

The list is not perfect, but it is appropriate.

Among other suggestions are these:

The Encyclopedia Britannica. 20 vols. [E. H., Ledbury.]

The World's Library of Famous Literature. 20 vols.  
[J. D. A., Ealing.]

Walton's Compleat Angler.  
Scott's Antiquary.  
Boswell's Life of Johnson.  
Johnson's Dictionary.  
Gilbert White's Selborne.  
Shakespeare.  
Sir Thomas Brown's Urn Burial.  
Meredith's Shaving of Shagpat.  
Matthew Arnold's Selections from Wordsworth.  
Stephen's Hours in a Library.  
Kipling's Jungle Books. (Either.)  
Carlyle's Sartor Resartus.  
Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics.  
Thoreau's Walden.  
Green's Short History of England.  
Letters of Junius.  
Essays of Elia.  
A Volume of Spurgeon's Sermons.  
Wallace's Travels on the Amazon and Rio Negro.  
Swinburne's Songs before Sunrise.

[G. S. B., Chelsea, S.W.]

Shakespeare.  
Tennyson.  
The Golden Treasury.  
Goldsmith's Works.  
Essays of Elia.  
Leach's Punch Sketches.  
Pickwick Papers.  
David Copperfield.  
The Tramp Abroad.  
Deeds that Won the Empire.  
Collections and Recollections.  
"W. G.'s" Recollections.  
The Badminton Football.  
Half-hours with the Best Authors.  
Baring Gould's An Old English Home.  
Murray's (or some good) Guide to the District.  
Kelly's Directory for the County.  
The Times (or some good) Atlas.  
Who's Who.  
Whitaker's Almanack.

[A. E. L., Stafford.]

Replies received also from: G. E. B., Ascot; M. B. C., Egham; N. S., Stratford-on-Avon; H. F., London; J. B. N., York; A. G., Reigate; F. W. P., Liverpool; G. S. T., London; R. H., Carlisle; C. M. W., Huddersfield; J. W., Aberdeen; G. C. P., London; M. A. C., Cambridge; E. C. M. D., Crediton; G. A. F., Harlesden; W. M., Newport; J. A. B., Birmingham; Mrs. F., Richmond; E. H., Didsbury; W. M.-M., Glasgow; C. D. T., Liverpool; G. W., Macclesfield; D. S., Glasgow; N. D., London; E. W., London; K. E. M., Bristol; A. G. I., Bury Port; T. C., Buxted; S. B., Great Malvern; C. B., London; E. S. H., Bradford; E. G. B., Liverpool; G. T. S., London; A. G., London; M. C., London; R. F. McC., Whitby; Miss P., Walkden; F. H. P., Maidencombe; G. E. M., London; E. M. E., London; D. S., London; H. T. F., Cambridge; A. S., London; Miss S., Cotham; E. V. T., Hull; W. A. T., Disley; M. A., Barnes; G. E. B., London; R. B. J., London; A. E. T., London; G. R., Aberdeen; S. R. J., Merthyr; Miss C., London; S. C., Brighton; R. B., Chester.

### Competition No. 5. (New Series.)

We offer a prize of one guinea to the best translation, following the original metre and rhyme scheme, of the following poem by Heine:

ES STEHEN UNBEWEGLICH.

Es stehen unbeweglich  
Die Sterne in der Höh'  
Viel tausend Jahr', und schauen  
Sich an mit Liebesweh.

Sie sprechen eine Sprache,  
Die ist so reich, so schön;  
Doch keiner der Philologen  
Kann diese Sprache verstehn.

Ich aber hab' sie gelernt,  
Und ich vergesse sie nicht;  
Mir diene als Grammatik  
Der Herzzallerliebsten Gesicht.

#### RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, The ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, October 24. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found in the first column of p. 468 or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one

attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. We wish to impress on competitors that the task of examining replies is much facilitated when one side only of the paper is written upon. It is also important that names and addresses should always be given: we cannot consider anonymous answers.

## Books Received.

Week ending Thursday, October 19.

#### THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

Bruce (A. Balmain), The Moral Order of the World in Ancient and Modern Thought..... (Hodder & Stoughton) 7/0

#### TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

British Empire Series: India.—British Africa ..... (Kegan Paul) each 6/0  
Lees (J. A.), Peaks and Pines ..... (Longmans) 6/0  
Muirhead (J. F.), The Land of Contrasts ..... (Lane) net 6/0  
Bell (C. Napier), Tangweera ..... (Arnold) 16/0  
Admir (Capt. F. E. S.), A Summer in High Asia ..... (Thacker & Co.) net 12/6  
Hunsen (Marie Von), A Winter in Berlin. Trans. by Mrs. Dugdale. (Arnold) 3/0

#### HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Douglas (W. S.), Cromwell's Scotch Campaigns..... (Stock) 16/0  
White (A. Silva), The Expansion of Egypt ..... (Methuen) net 2/8  
Lane-Poole (Stanley), Rulers of India ..... (Clarendon Press) 2/8  
Heckethorn (C. W.), London Souvenirs ..... (Chatto & Windus) 7/8  
Kent (C. B. R.), The English Radical ..... (Longmans) 3/6  
Stevenson (F. Seymour), Robert Grosseteste..... (Macmillan) 1/6  
Thomsett (B. G.), With the Peshawar Column..... (Digby, Long & Co.) 1/6  
Renan (Ernest), Antichrist ..... (Scott) 1/6  
Smith (George), Life of Alexander Duff, D.D..... (Hodder & Stoughton) 6/0  
Mathew (John), Eaglehawk and Crow: a Study of the Australian Aborigines ..... (Nutt) net 18/0  
Thompson (Rev. R.) and Johnson (Rev. A. N.), British Foreign Missions (Blackie) 2/6

#### POETRY, &c.

Chester (Norley), Songs and Sonnets ..... (Stock) 5/0  
Lenane (J. H.), The Hill of Visions ..... (Kegan Paul) net 5/0  
Bell (Maria), Songs of Two Homes ..... (Oliphant) 2/6  
Lang (Andrew), The Homeric Hymns..... (Allen) 7/6  
Elton (Oliver), The Augustan Ages ..... (Blackwood) net 5/0  
Wager (C. H. A.), The Siege of Troye ..... (Macmillan) net 5/0

#### ART.

Dilke (Lady), French Painters ..... (Bell & Sons) 1/6  
Bell (Malcolm), Rembrandt Van Rijn..... (Bell & Sons)

#### EDUCATIONAL.

Percival (A. S.), Optics: A Manual for Students ..... (Macmillan & Co.) net 10/0  
Reynolds (Joan B.), The Teaching of Geography in Switzerland and North Italy ..... (Camb. Univ. Press) 2/6  
Sidgwick (A.), The Æneid of Vergil. Book VI. .... (Camb. Univ. Press) 2/6  
Coppée (François), Contes Choisis ..... (Macmillan) 2/6  
Carson (Hiram), Introduction to the Prose and Poetical Works of John Milton ..... (Macmillan) net 5/0  
Flather (J. H.), John Milton: An Essay by Lord Macaulay ..... (Camb. Univ. Press) 3/0  
Spencer (F.), A Primer of French Verse ..... (Camb. Univ. Press) 3/0

#### JUVENILE.

Reitz (Fane), Fairy Folk from Far and Near..... (Griffith, Farran) 6/0  
Marshall (Emma), Cross Purposes ..... (Griffith, Farran) 6/0  
Stockton (Frank), The Vizier of the Two-Horned Alexander..... (Cassell) 6/0  
Stacpoole (Henry de Vere), Pierrette ..... (Lane) 0/0  
Meade (L. T.), The Odds and the Evens ..... (Chambers) 3/6  
Stockton (Frank R.), The Young Master of Hyson Hall ..... (Chatto) 5/0  
Farrow (G. E.), The Little Panjandrum's Dodo ..... (Skeffington) 5/0  
Henty (G. A.), and Others. Peril and Prowess ..... (Chambers) 5/0  
A Hundred Fables of La Fontaine. Illustrated by J. Billinghurst (Lane) 6/0

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

Hemming (G. W.), Billiards Mathematically Treated..... (Macmillan) net 3/6  
Praga (Mrs. A.), Starting Housekeeping ..... (Chapman & Hall) 2/6  
Morrow (W. C.), Bohemian Paris of To-day ..... (Chatto) 6/0  
Johnston (J.), Popular Handbook of the British Constitution ..... (Burleigh) 8/6  
St. Nicholas. Vol. XXVI. .... (Century Co.) 7/6  
Century Illustrated Magazine. Vol. LVIII. .... (Century Co.) 7/6  
The Cambridge University Calendar, 1899-1900. (Deighton, Bell & Co., net 7/6  
Calendar, University College of North Wales. 1899-1900 ..... (Cornish)

#### NEW EDITIONS.

Bunyan (John), Pilgrim's Progress ..... (Arnold) net 30/0  
Marriott (E.), Bacon or Shakespeare ..... (Stock) net 1/8  
Walton (Isaac), Lines of Dr. John Donne, &c. .... (Scott) 1/8  
Whyte-Melville (G. J.), The Brookes of Bridlemere ..... (Ward, Lock & Co.) 6/0  
Holland (Bernard), The Poems of George Crabbe ..... (Arnold) 2/0  
Tennyson (Alfred, Lord), English Idylls. Lyrics and Poems. (Scott) each 2/0  
The Sonnets of William Shakespeare

\* \* \* New Novels are acknowledged elsewhere.

Special cloth cases for binding the half-yearly volume of the ACADEMY can be supplied for 1s. each. The price of the bound half-yearly volume is 8s. 9d. Communications should be addressed to the Publisher, 43, Chancery-lane.

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NEW NOVEL BY THE AUTHOR OF  
"DIANA TEMPEST."

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By MARY CHOLMONDELEY.

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BOOKSELLERS.

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"A SON OF EMPIRE."

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# The Academy

A Weekly Review of Literature and Life.

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## The Literary Week.

ELSEWHERE we speak of the late Mr. Grant Allen, but we may here quote the short poem which he printed three or four years ago in his *Lower Slopes*. Among the poetry of Agnosticism it takes a high place:

A crowned Caprice is god of this world;  
On his stony breast are his white wings furred.  
No ear to listen, no eye to see,  
No heart to feel for a man hath he.

But his pitiless arm is swift to smite;  
And his mute lips utter one word of might;  
'Mid the clash of gentler souls and rougher,  
"Wrong must thou do, or wrong must suffer."

Then grant, oh dumb blind god, at least that we  
Rather the sufferers than the doers be.

One who knew Mr. Grant Allen as well as any writes to us: "The one note of his life I can swear to was his absolute sincerity and honesty in all those opinions that people have suggested he adopted for the sake of attracting attention."

THOSE persons who read two very entertaining and vivacious stories *The Typewriter Girl* and *Rosalba*, published by Messrs. Pearson, and written nominally by Olive Pratt Rayner, will have further idea of Mr. Grant Allen's fecundity of invention, for Olive Pratt Rayner and Mr. Grant Allen were one and the same. Even professional critics were taken in by the pseudonym. One of them even went so far as to urge upon Mr. Grant Richards, his regular publisher (who was in the secret, but did not show any signs of it) the value of getting Miss Rayner, if possible, to write a story for him. *Rosalba*, the history of a very engaging young Italian variety artiste, is one of Mr. Grant Allen's most brilliant efforts in fiction.

MR. JOHN LANE's appeal against Mr. Justice North's decision in the *Walter (The Times) v. Lane* case will be heard on Monday. Mr. Lane will be represented by Mr. Augustine Birrell and Mr. Scrutton, the counsel chosen by the Publishers' Association, who have taken up the matter. Mr. Birrell's studies for his recent work on the law of copyright have caused him to take the strongest interest in the case.

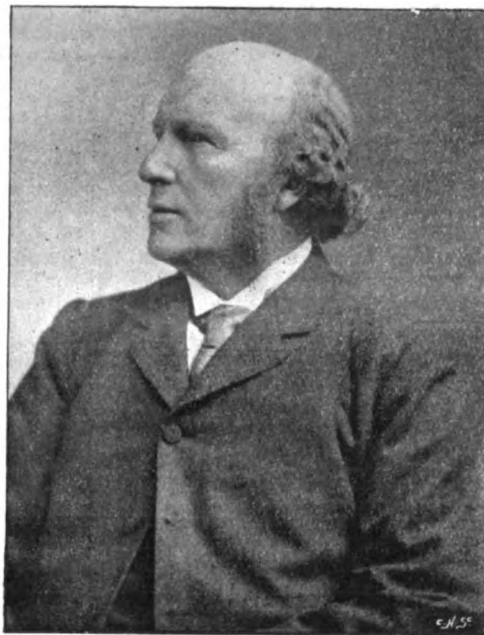
OWING to a breakdown of health Mr. Pett Ridge has been compelled, by doctors' orders, to give up the work in the City which he has hitherto carried on concurrently with the production of his stories and sketches. Henceforward he will give to writing alone such energy as he is permitted to exert.

MR. W. D. HOWELLS, after refusing for many years to mount the lecture platform, has at last consented, and is now beginning a course of fifty lectures in various towns in the States. Mr. Howells's subjects are "Novels and Novel-writing" and "Heroes and Heroines of Fiction,"

and he will occasionally interpolate readings from his own works. The demand for seats is said to be very great. Mr. Cable has also prepared two lectures for the season which is now starting, but his subjects are more serious and less literary than Mr. Howells's. One is "My Vote and my Conscience," and the other "How to Study the Bible."

THE war has been accused of exercising a prejudicial influence on publishers' activities. The fact that we have received this week no fewer than thirty-six new novels proves that, so far as stories go, at any rate, the allegation is groundless.

WITH the issue of the seventh and eighth volumes of his great work, *Italy and Her Invaders*, Dr. Thomas Hodgkin sees the completion of a task which has occupied his leisure for twenty-five years. Dr. Hodgkin, like Sir John Lubbock and the poet Rogers, is a banker. He is



DR. THOMAS HODGKIN.

From a Photograph by Elliot & Fry.

a member of the firm of Hodgkin, Barnett, Spence, Pease & Co., of Newcastle-on-Tyne, and is also a leading member of the Society of Friends. His long study of ancient warfare thus goes hand-in-hand with a love of "peace in our time." Dr. Hodgkin has for some years been the tenant, under Lord Armstrong, of Bamborough Castle, that magnificent Saxon fortress on the iron coast of Northumberland, and here, we believe, many pages of his great work have been written. Concurrently with this history, Dr. Hodgkin has written many papers on theological and archaeological subjects.



IN the new *North American Review*, Ian Maclaren writes of the restless energy of the American people, and incidentally mentions an American friend who spoke to him thus concerning the Holy Land: "They may say what they like about Jerusalem, but it's a back number. As I am a white man, there's not a trolley-car nor a daily newspaper in the whole place. What Jerusalem wants is a few hustlers from the West. I guess they would show the old place a razzle-dazzle." We have here another instance of fact following fiction, for some years before, in *The Naulakha*, Mr. Kipling (or Mr. Wolcott Balestier) had made a Colorado American remark of India: "They've got resources enough. It isn't as if they had the excuse that the country's poor. It's a good country. Move the population of a lively Colorado town to Rhatore, set up a good local paper, organise a board of trade, and let the world know what is here, and we'd have a boom in six months that would shake the empire. But what's the use? They're dead. They're mummies. They're wooden images. There isn't enough real, old-fashioned, downright rustle and razzle-dazzle, and 'git up and git' in Gokral Seetaram to run a milk-cart."

IN the same periodical is an article by M. de Blowitz on the French Press and the Dreyfus case, set up from cablegram. Therein the correspondent of the *Times* vividly describes the extraordinary license of free speech and false speech which is permitted to the Paris journalist. This is a ghastly picture of the fate in store for any man who takes his case into a court of law:

But what is certain is that the Press now has absolute impunity, and that nothing can henceforth deprive it of this impunity. Whoever endeavours to escape from it, in the tempest it raises, is sure to perish, body and soul. It is before the assizes that a person defamed is obliged to cite the journal that attacks him. Nearly always, those who have no profession obliging them to undertake the struggle, hesitate at the idea of appearing at the assizes. Several days before the trial begins, the journal that is prosecuted publishes the list of jurymen; and when its adversary, already terrified by the solemn surroundings, appears in court, it terrifies the jury that is to pronounce the verdict. It is very rare for a private person to undertake such a combat, still more rare to see a judge who dares brave a journal to protect a citizen, so that the latter, condemned by the acquittal of the journal, leaves the court room slandered and insulted, first of all by the journalist, and secondly, dishonoured by the verdict of the jury.

M. DE BLOWITZ' description of the various papers is extremely interesting and informing. He delivers his judgments unsparingly, reserving the worst condemnation of all for *La Croix*. Thus:

I have left, by repugnance rather than by oversight, for the end of this study the most abominable, not of French journals, but of all the journals published in the French language—I mean that poisoned vaseline which is called *La Croix*, and which softly slips under the skin and there deposits the virus of hypocrisy, deadly insinuations and denunciations. *La Croix* has at the top of its first page the image of Christ crucified; and in each number, in fact, it crucifies anew, on its very threshold, by its abominable prose, the gentle Saviour who chased the money-changers from the Temple. Each day it stirred up hatred against the unfortunate prisoner at Devil's Island, and rendered suspicious even the pity which it preached in his favour, when the revolt of all hearts had shown the horror of the new condemnation. It is an abominable journal, trying to supplant all other popular publications, and to dry up the pure blood of the French nation. It is an abominable journal, and the Catholic Church must be powerfully rooted in French hearts to resist such an ally.

*La Croix*, however, has just met with a satisfactory reverse, for Monsignor Turinaz has not only denounced it for certain scurrilous irreverence, but has even appealed to Rome on the matter.

AN American correspondent informs us that the Poe Memorial Association of the University of Virginia, Charlottesville, on October 7, unveiled Zolnay's bust of the poet. This ceremony occurred in the library on the fiftieth anniversary of Poe's death. Two meetings were devoted to the occasion. In the morning, Dr. C. W. Kent, president of the Association, presented the bust, and it was officially received by the university. Letters were read from fully one hundred literary men and women all over the country, and the gathering was a notable one.

WE stated last week that a translation of M. Zola's *Fécondité* was about to be published under the title "Fruitfulness." But a hitch has occurred, and possibly not for a long time will there be any such book. Mr. E. A. Vizetelly, who is M. Zola's authorised translator, has withdrawn from the task of giving the book an English form. We quote from the *Athenaeum* a portion of Mr. Vizetelly's letter on the subject:

I have not translated *Fécondité* because, in my humble opinion, an adequate translation of the book is an impossibility. I have studied the French text with great care, and hold that, in the present state of English opinion—prejudice, hypocrisy, call it what you will—no English publisher of repute would care to issue anything approaching a verbatim rendering of the book. Such issue, in my estimation, would be inevitably followed by controversy of the most unpleasant kind, and a prosecution might well ensue. So far as I am concerned, there are peremptory private reasons why I should do nothing to revive scandal such as followed the publication by my father of certain of M. Zola's former works, notably *La Terre*. I admired *La Terre*, and I admire *Fécondité*, which deals, to my thinking, in a masterly fashion with a crying evil. But although some may argue that English fiction has "moved" since the days of *La Terre*, and that certain outspokenness, then so universally censured, has now largely become permissible, I consider such a degree of outspokenness as distinguishes *Fécondité* to be still far in advance of us. At all events, whether that be the case or not, I cannot in my position—having given hostages to fortune, having been involved in the ruin which overtook my father, and having then had to begin my life afresh—I cannot undertake, even in the more than doubtful case of publishers being willing, to fight, or help to fight, the battle which the publication of a faithful English rendering of *Fécondité* would, in my estimation, entail.

Mr. Vizetelly wishes it to be clearly understood that there has been no quarrel whatever between either M. Zola or Messrs. Chatto & Windus and himself.

THE Laureate of the *Times*' advertisement columns, Mrs. Oakley, who is also an honorary Vice-President of the Navy League, contributed to Saturday's *Times* some verses for Trafalgar Day. Mrs. Oakley has not mastered the technique of poesy, but her sentiments are admirable, and she deserves public thanks for a patriotism which must be a source of considerable expense to her. It was held admirable in Mr. Kipling to take no money for his national rallies and to mark them non-copyright, but to pay for the publication of patriotic verse is a step farther.

WE have been handed the following letter addressed by a working novelist to a private friend: "I shall feel greatly obliged if, on receiving this, you will at once call together an assembly of the most suitable and skilled Englishmen and direct them to supply at once certain dangerous deficiencies of the English language. I require myself—within the next fortnight—a word to be coined like unto the French 'on.' The word 'one' I reject. I also require a concrete opposite for the words 'friendship' and 'friendships.'" Perhaps some of our readers will offer suggestions.

In her introduction to *Jane Eyre*, which we notice elsewhere, Mrs. Humphry Ward quotes Mr. Rochester's remark, "Young lady, I am disposed to be gregarious and communicative to-night," as an absurdity. "Not even Mr. Rawchester," she says, "could exceed this. Parody has nothing to add." The misprint is unfortunate, for the hero of "Miss Mix," in Mr. Bret Harte's *Sensation Novels*, is not Rawchester, but Rawjester—a name of subtle meaning. It will be remembered that, just as Miss Mix was beginning her eighth cup of tea, a man leaped through the window into the room:

The crash startled me from my self-control. The house-keeper bent toward me and whispered:

"Don't be excited. It's Mr. Rawjester—he prefers to come in sometimes in this way. It's his playfulness, ha! ha! ha!"

"I perceive," I said calmly. "It's the unfettered impulse of a lofty soul breaking the tyrannising bonds of custom," and I turned toward him.

He had never once looked at me. He stood with his back to the fire, which set off the herculean breadth of his shoulders. His face was dark and expressive; his under-jaw squarely formed, and remarkably heavy. I was struck with his remarkable likeness to a Gorilla.

As he absently tied the poker into hard knots with his nervous fingers, I watched him with some interest. Suddenly he turned toward me:

"Do you think I'm handsome, young woman?"

"Not classically beautiful," I returned calmly; "but you have, if I may so express myself, an abstract manliness—a sincere and wholesome barbarity which, involving as it does the naturalness"—but I stopped, for he yawned at that moment—an action which singularly developed the immense breadth of his lower jaw—and I saw he had forgotten me. Presently he turned to the housekeeper:

"Leave us."

The old woman withdrew with a courtesy.

Mr. Rawjester deliberately turned his back upon me and remained silent for twenty minutes. I drew my shawl the more closely around my shoulders and closed my eyes.

"You are the governess?" at length he said.

"I am, sir."

"A creature who teaches geography, arithmetic, and the use of the globes—ha!—a wretched remnant of femininity—a skimp pattern of girlhood with a premature flavour of tea-leaves and morality. Ugh!"

I bowed my head silently.

TURNING over the pages of Mr. Bret Harte's perfect travesties, we come again upon Victor Hugo. Readers of the *Memoirs of Victor Hugo*, which are noticed on another page of this number, will know how excellent is this passage from the American humorist's "Fantine":

Love is a mystery.

A little friend of mine down in the country, at Auvergne, said to me one day: "Victor, Love is the world—it contains everything."

She was only sixteen, this sharp-witted little girl, and a beautiful blonde. She thought everything of me.

Fantine was one of those women who do wrong in the most virtuous and touching manner. This is a peculiarity of French grisettes.

You are an Englishman, and you don't understand. Learn, my friend, learn. Come to Paris and improve your morals.

Fantine was the soul of modesty. She always wore high-neck dresses. High-neck dresses are a sign of modesty.

Fantine loved Thomolyes. Why? My God! What are you to do? It was the fault of her parents, and she hadn't any. How shall you teach her? You must teach the parent if you wish to educate the child. How would you become virtuous?

Teach your grandmother!

Mr. Bret Harte's *jeu d'esprit* wears wonderfully.

MR. LANG's new volume for children, *The Red Book of Animal Stories*, is dedicated very prettily to Miss Sybil

Corbet, the little lady whose *Animal Land* and *Sybil's Garden of Pleasant Delights* are already known to curious readers. These are Mr. Lang's verses:

Sybil, the Beasts we bring to you  
Are not so friendly, not so odd,  
As those that all amazed we view.  
The brutes created by your nod—  
The Wuss, the Azorkon, and the Pod;  
But then *our* tales are true!

Fauna of fancy, one and all  
Obey your happy voice, we know;  
A garden zoological  
Is all around, where'er you go.  
Mellys and Kanks walk to and fro,  
And Dids attend your call.

We have but common wolves and bears,  
Lion and leopard, hawk and hind,  
Tigers and crocodiles and hares:  
But yet they hope you will be kind,  
And mark with sympathetic mind  
These moving tales of theirs.

Mr. Lang's preface to his new volume closes thus:

If this book has any moral at all, it is to be kind to all sorts and conditions of animals—that will let you. Most girls are ready to do this, but boys used to be apt to be unkind to Cats when I was a boy. There is no reason why an exception should be made as to Cats, and a boy ought to think of this before he throws stones or sets dogs at a cat. Now, in London, we often see the little street boys making friends with every cat they meet, but this is not so common in the country. If anything in this book amuses a boy, let him be kind to poor puss, and protect her, for the sake of his obedient friend,

ANDREW LANG.

MR. QUILLER-COUCH, to whom, by the way, Mr. Shan F. Bullock's new novel is dedicated, has inscribed his latest romance, *The Ship of Stars*, to Mr. Leonard Courtney, M.P., in the following letter:

It is with a peculiar pleasure and, I dare to hope, with some appropriateness that I dedicate to you this story of the West Country, which claims you with pride. To be sure, the places here written of will be found in no map of your own or any neighbouring constituency. A visitor may discover Nannizabuloe, but only to wonder what has become of the lighthouse, or seek along the sand-hills without hitting on Tredinnis. Yet much of the tale is true in a fashion, even to fact. One or two things which happen to Sir Harry Vyell did actually happen to a better man, who lived and hunted foxes not a hundred miles from the "model borough" of Liskeard, and are told of him in my friend Mr. W. F. Collier's memoir of Harry Terrell, a bygone Dartmoor hero: a true account of what followed the wreck of the *Samaritan* will be found in a chapter of Remembrances by that true poet and large-hearted man, Robert Stephen Hawker.

But a novel ought to be true to more than fact: and if this one come near its aim, no one will need to be told why I dedicate it to you. If it do not (and I wish the chance could be despised!), its author will yet hold that among the names of living Englishmen he could have chosen none fitter to be inscribed above a story which in the telling has insensibly come to rest upon the two texts, "Lord, make men as towers!" and "All towers carry a light." Although for you Heaven has seen fit to darken the light, believe me it shines outwards over the waters and is a help to men: a guiding light tended by brave hands. We pray, sir—we who sail in little boats—for long life to the tower and the unfaltering lamp.

The allusion to the darkening of the light in Mr. Courtney's case is a reference to the unhappy weakness of sight from which that gentleman has been suffering.

THE new volume of Adventures of Captain Kettle, the *Further Adventures of Captain Kettle*, to which we shall return another week, contains a delightful letter from

Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne's fascinating hero to the German Emperor. Circumstances led the Kaiser to present the captain with his portrait and a watch. The Captain returned the watch and with it sent this missive:

To His Majesty the German Emperor.  
Berlin, SS. *Flamingo*,  
Germany. Liverpool.

SIR,

I am in receipt of watch sent by your agent, the German ambassador in London, which I return herewith. It is not my custom to accept presents from people I don't know, especially if I have talked about them. I have talked about you, not liking several things you've done, especially telegraphing about Dr. Jameson. Sir, you should remember that man was down when you sent your wire and couldn't hit back. Some of the things I have said about German deck hands you needn't take too much notice about. They aren't so bad as they might be if properly handled. But they want handling. Likewise learning English.

My wife wants to keep your photo, so I send you one of hers in return, so there shall be no robbery. She has written her name over it, same as yours.

Yours truly,  
O. Kettle (Master).

New humorists are always acceptable, and we are therefore glad to learn that Messrs. Ward, Lock & Co. have secured one. He comes—we almost said, of course—from America, his name is Mr. George Horton, and his book is called *A Fair Brigand*. Before publication, however, in volume form, it will run through the *Gentlewoman*.

CONCERNING a recent review in our columns of the *Art of Thinking*, a book by Mr. Sharper Knowlson, the author writes that we erred in stating that his purpose was to "teach the art of thought to anyone." His aim, on the contrary, he informs us, is merely to instruct beginners.

ANOTHER objection to a review comes from Mr. Hamish Stuart, the author of *Lochs and Loch-Fishing*, which was noticed last week. Mr. Stuart complains wholly of our attitude to his work. We can only say that we know our reviewer to be a good fisherman and a practised man of letters; and if he had difficulty in catching Mr. Stuart's meaning, there must be something wrong in Mr. Stuart's style, our examples from which were quite typical.

## Bibliographical.

THE possessors of Mr. Swinburne's later volumes will, I fear, take it as rather unkind of Messrs. Chatto & Windus that *Rosamund* is sent out in a yellow binding with bevelled edges. Why was it not allowed to range with its immediate predecessors? There are already signs that the reviewers have been dipping into Davenant's *Albiovine* (published in 1629), in which the writer dealt, though in a very different way, with the subject taken up by Mr. Swinburne. Genest, by a curious slip, describes *Albiovine* as a tragedy in prose; it is, of course, in verse. There is no record of it ever having been acted.

The gentleman who, greatly daring, wrote recently the biography of Mr. Kipling is, it seems, to undertake the same thing, for the same series of books, in regard to Mr. Swinburne. One does not envy him the task. No living writer has more persistently hid himself from the biographer than Mr. Swinburne, who has never willingly been interviewed, and certainly has never permitted himself to be photographed at his desk, after the fashion of more accommodating men of letters. No doubt an industrious reader of contemporary memoirs, autobiographies, and so forth, could piece together an account of Mr. Swinburne which might have attractions for the consumers of unconsidered trifles. There are glimpses of the poet in

many works of this sort, but they would go to the making of a very fragmentary narrative.

In the series to which I refer Mr. T. Edgar Pemberton is to supply the biography of Mr. Bret Harte. To Mr. Pemberton we already owe a memoir of Mr. John Hare, the actor, and he is said to have written, or to be writing, the lives of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal. The monograph on Mr. Pinero will be from the pen of Mr. Hamilton Fyffe, who has on more than one occasion shown himself specially interested in things theatrical. But surely the biography, if it was to be done at all, would have been particularly safe in the hands of Mr. Malcolm Salaman, who has edited and "introduced" so many of Mr. Pinero's plays, and quite lately published a sketch of him in his habit as he lives at home.

The announcement that Miss Braddon is to publish through Messrs. Downey & Co. reminds one that of late years the lady has practically been her own publisher. For a long period her books were issued by the firm of W. & R. Maxwell, of which her husband was the head. In 1887 Mr. Stephen Blackett published her *Like and Dislike*, but from that date till last year her stories bore the imprimatur of Simpkin, Marshall & Co., the great distributors. Last year Messrs. Hutchinson were the publishers of her *In High Places*, but with her new book, *His Darling Sin*, there is a return to Messrs. Simpkin.

A new translation of the *Black Tulip* of Dumas has been undertaken by Mr. Adair Fitzgerald, in spite of the fact that a version was put on the market by Messrs. Dent only a few years ago. Mr. Fitzgerald's translation has, however, the merit of being the cheaper. It should always be remembered to the advantage of the stage that it often adds to the vogue of literary works. To that extent (and to that extent only) the dramatising of novels may be defended by the lovers of literature.

I agree with Mr. G. F. Engelbach: no published book should be without a "gilt top"—that is to say, no book for which permanency is hoped. There are very many publications—such as the average six-shilling novel—on which gilt tops would obviously be wasted. But when publishers do not endow their books with gilt tops they imply, practically, that those works are not intended for preservation. It would be a good thing, perhaps, to make this one of the standards, or assumptions, in book-reviewing.

There should be a field for the forthcoming illustrated edition of Le Sage's *Asmodeus*. It would seem that we have not had an "illuminated" translation of the work since Mr. Nimmo brought out, in 1881, the version with etchings by De Los Rios.

In giving us an English *Life* of Benvenuto Cellini, the author of *The Life of Kenelm Digby* (who still elects to remain anonymous) will at least be presenting us with something which (if I remember aright) we do not possess already. There have been, of course, several translations of Cellini's autobiography, the latest and best of which—that by J. Addington Symonds—first published in 1888, has run through several editions. Those of Nugent (1771) and Roscoe (1822) have been quite superseded by Symonds'. But a handy and adequate biography of Cellini in English is yet to seek, and we can only hope that it will be supplied in the forthcoming volume.

The account of Robert Browning which Mr. Waugh is to contribute to the "Westminster" series of biographies will be welcome, notwithstanding the existence of the monograph by Mr. Sharp in the "Great Writers" series. Since Mr. Sharp wrote, we have had the biography (by no means satisfactory) of Mrs. Orr, and, above all, the letters of Mr. and Mrs. Browning. Of all these Mr. Waugh may be trusted to make good use. We all remember how successful he was in his *Life* of Tennyson, hampered though he was by the absence of help from the poet or his family.

THE BOOKWORM.

## Reviews.

## The Anatomy of Scotland.

*The Social Life of Scotland in the Eighteenth Century.* By Henry Grey Graham. 2 vols. (Black. 24s.)

THE social life of England in the eighteenth century is one of the most open, legible, and amusing books in the history of man. But Scotland? The change of name is a change from light to darkness. What does the average Englishman know of this subject? Almost nothing. Whereas the London of Queen Anne's day is warm, bright, and minutely visible, peopled by men whose very wigs and snuff-boxes we know, Edinburgh and Glasgow are still waiting in outer gloom. How can it be otherwise, since the Londoners of that day thought more of a journey to Edinburgh than now we do of a run to Omdurman. The few who had crossed the Border were eloquent of nothing but the hardships they had suffered in a land of bleak moors and execrable inns. The Scottish hills were terrible to travellers who, with Pope, could shudder at the "sable wastes" that diversified Windsor Park. The Dumfriesshire hills were described as "hideous," and the colour of the Highland mountains was "dismal brown" or "dirty purple." Goldsmith said that, in Scotland, "hills and rocks intercept every prospect"; which was like Goldsmith. Blind to Scotland's beauty, Englishmen were not blind to her defects: her lack of culture and her poverty. No wonder they stayed in England. The Union was a loveless marriage, the husband vowing to cherish a wife whom he had never wooed.

Still, one thinks of three Englishmen whose visits to Scotland in the eighteenth century were embassies of love. First, there was Defoe, who went to Edinburgh, as the agent of Harley, to promote the nuptials of 1708. Defoe had the Union at heart; he was its pamphleteer, diplomatist, and historian. Second came Gray, who opened blind eyes to the grandeur of the Highlands. "The mountains," he wrote in 1765, "were ecstatic, and ought to be visited once a year. None but these monstrous children of God know how to join so much beauty with so much horror." The third pioneer was the burly Doctor, who in 1773 carried the pageant of his learning to Iona, and jeered at most things on the way; yet was he sure that he would not have lost the memory of his journey for five hundred pounds. It is not irrelevant to add that whereas Defoe rode to Edinburgh on horseback, Johnson travelled by swift post-chaises.

On the Scotland thus gingerly trodden and slenderly known to Englishmen of the last century Mr. Graham lifts the curtain. At once we must pay our tribute to the skilful industry with which he has surveyed, collected, and sifted a vast amount of material. We must then add that the finished product of his pen is a clear, graceful, and deeply interesting work. Opinions will differ, perhaps, as to the proportion of space allotted to various sections of the subject. We fancy that the sketch of the "Progress of Industry and Trade" might have been lengthened with advantage. It is a little curious that in detailing the rise of the Scottish linen manufacturers Mr. Graham gives no credit to Defoe, who claimed to have preached the profitableness of the trade to his Edinburgh friends, and to have set over a hundred families to work. He also introduced new ideas and methods into the Coal and Salt trades. Moreover, his advocacy of the Union was largely based on his conviction that this drawing together of the two nations would immensely benefit Scottish trade. But we mention this lightly, and by the way. Mr. Graham's book is a difficult one to criticise; it is a delightful one to explore. Even exploration is not easy where the paths are so many.

Our first glimpses are directed to the country life of Scotland in the early days of the Union, when a poor and

proud gentry were just beginning to drink tea and adorn their rooms with wall-paper, and wear linen next the skin. Nothing in this portion of Mr. Graham's work is more fascinating than his sketches of an indigent aristocracy. Ladies of rank wore homespun or bought country-woven material, and ordered stuff gowns from Musselburgh, ready made, at the cost of eight shillings each. Their husbands went about in homespun, and wore woollen shirts, infrequently washed. Drummond of Blair complained that his son had learned little in his travels abroad but "to cast a sark every day." And Mrs. Calderwood, of Poynton, wittily remarked that the way to make a young man despise all things in the spirit of the old philosophies was to send him abroad to despise the Continent and bring him back to despise his native land. It was about the year 1730 that young Scots bloods and scholiasts, fresh from Leyden and Utrecht, began to display Holland shirts, red stockings, and velvet cloaks. Nevertheless, the flow of fashions remained sluggish in the extreme, and young ladies had but one silk gown, which lasted years. In 1720 there was but one milliner in Edinburgh. Within-doors girls were brought up under iron discipline. The first duty of parents was to disseminate their love to their children. Said Lady Strange—making an ordinary tea-table boast—"My children from the youngest to the eldest loves me and fears me as sinners dread death. My look is law." Such Scottish matrons were admirably consistent creatures. They sat bolt upright in straight-backed chairs, took snuff with dignity, swore at their coachmen, and said improper things with propriety. They read the novels of Aphra Behn. But for all this they were unimpeachable, and never threw off the discipline they had received under "the Honourable Mrs. Ogilvie, that sister-in-law of Lord Seafield whose boarding-school was the pink of feminine perfection." Did poverty come? These starched, stomached ladies fought it with equal courage and dignity. Lady Lovat sold stays. Lady Balgarran of Balgarran sold threads at fivepence to six shillings an ounce. Dowager ladies kept up their state with one maid on fourth floors in narrow wynds of Edinburgh. The sons of gentlemen were content to deal in Tay pearls or measure shalloons at the counter. There were innkeepers who quoted Horace, and gentlemen of pedigree who bargained away their black cattle to English graziers at Crieff Trysts.

Even in Edinburgh the best families lived in a kind of genteel squalor in their high, cramped flats. A high-class mansion would have six rooms, including the kitchen and the indispensable praying-closet. One servant, or two at the most, served a family on 15s. a year and a gown. On the long, dirty stairs, countesses, judges, barbers, dancing masters, and fish-wives panted up and down, while the ladies' hoops crackled in the dark. A busy, stewing life! The city awoke at five in the morning. Breakfast—"a substantial meal of mutton, collops, and fowl, with libations of ale, sack, claret, or brandy," tea being used only after 1730—was served at eight o'clock. At half-past eleven St. Giles's bells played hymn tunes, and every tradesman went to his tavern to take his "meridian"—a gill of brandy or a tin of ale. Houses and shops being small, bargains were sealed at tavern tables, and the prospering tradesman grew rich and drunk by one process. The population was packed perpendicularly in the lofty flats, so that the streets always seemed full of people in the busy hours. Mr. Graham describes the noonday scene:

... There were stately old ladies, with their pattens on feet and canes in hand, walking with precision and dignity; judges with their wigs on head and hats under their arm; advocates in their gowns on way to the courts in Parliament House; ministers in their blue or gray coats, bands, wigs, and three-cornered hats. At the Cross (near St. Giles's) the merchants assembled to transact business, and to exchange news and snuff-boxes; while physicians, lawyers, and men about town met them as at

an open-air club, and joined citizens in the gossip of the city. In the town there was a fine *camaraderie*—the friendliness and familiarity of a place where everyone knew everybody.

At night the taverns seethed with ribald festivity, lords and judges taking their "crum o' tripe, twa three peas, and bit lug o' haddock" in the dingiest retreats under, or far back from, the street. At ten o'clock the tattoo of drums in the Canongate warned everyone to go home, but obedience to this rule slackened, and magistrates and *roués* drank into the small hours.

As time went on, and the formal link with England became warm and real, a new set of pleasures came between the church and the tavern. Books and plays and music struggled into popularity. In 1715 Tony Ashton arrived from London and played the comedies of Congreve and Wycherley. Twenty years later Allan Ramsay built a playhouse in Carubber's-close. Ministers met and banned the stage as a seminary of vice, though they had no word against cock-fighting. Concerts and dancing assemblies became more and more frequent, and in the mid-century ladies and gentlemen danced solemn minuets under the eye of Miss Nicky Murray in the Assembly Room in the High-street. Miss Nicky selected partners for every one, and waved her fan on the stroke of eleven, when the gentlemen took their partners to their flats, and returned to an adjacent tavern to toast the sex until they had themselves to be conducted home. At the Cross Keys tavern fashionable "consorts" were given, and lovely ladies listened while lairds fiddled, and "went into raptures as my Lords Colvil and Haddington sat down to the harpsichord or the 'cello."

The songs of the country, too, were not neglected either at these public reunions or tea-parties in the flats, to which the sedan-chairs bore their be-hooped, be-powdered occupants, when they partook of fare as simple as the airs they sang. Without accompaniment, each vocalist in turn sang those songs—now plaintive, now merry, sad, humorous, or lilting—and many a party was moved to tears at charming strains which told of the artificial woes of a Strephon or a Chloe, or the humbler griefs and loves of a Maggie or Jenny, redolent of the lyre. Cards lost their attraction to silk-coated beaux when Scots melodies, old and yet ever fresh, were poured forth. It was to suit this taste that Allan Ramsay published, in 1724, his *Tea-Table Miscellany*, in which the familiar tunes were retained to familiar words, or set to verses which were made more clean to suit a more modest age. But in truth, though he had lengthened the skirts of the "high-kilted muse" to fit her for the drawing-room, he had not done enough; and it shows that the period was one which allowed for expression and allusions, and wanton themes and words, which might well have made the fair singer blush.

Meanwhile trade increased, books multiplied, and the good old Scots vernacular was deemed uncouth in life and inconvenient in literature. Judges, divines, and gentlemen took lessons, in 1761, in English from Sheridan, the actor, who drilled them in accents in Carubber's-wynd. By 1773 Johnson was able to say to Boswell: "Sir, your pronunciation is not often disagreeable."

It is, however, in Mr. Graham's chapters on "Religious and Ecclesiastical Life" that we reach the marrow of Scotland in the last century. The Presbyterian triumph after the landing of William of Orange was complete, and Scotland was soon in the grip of the most tyrannical body of clergy, elders, and deacons that ever tried to drive a nation to heaven through a wicket-gate of doctrine. The rigour of church life in the early part of the century is awful to contemplate. The preaching was stupendous. When Mr. Thomas Boston became minister of Simprin he began by preaching a series of sermons on man's natural depravity: these lasted a year. Then he preached on Christ as the remedy, for another year; then on the application of the remedy, for thirteen months; and, finally, on the Four-fold State, he furnished a five years' course of sermons. He once preached a hundred sermons on one

text, which he said "afforded us many a sweet hour together." Sometimes tired nature refused him words and ideas, whereat he wept bitterly, saying that his "frame was gone." With a renewal of strength he would record: "This day I had a sweet while in confidence in the Lord, grasping the Promise over the belly of felt foolishness." None but fervent preaching was acceptable to the people. At the great open-air "occasions" two kinds of preachers were recognised. There were yuill (ale) ministers whose dry and "legal" sermons dispersed the people to the ale barrels; and there were the "kail-pot" preachers, whose thrilling appeals "kept their audiences in rapt attention till night, all forgetful of the Sabbath kail simmering in the pot at home." Such a preacher was Mr. Willison, minister of the Gospel at Dundee, who would have his hearers incessantly divert their minds with holy things—expelling human nature by door, window, and cranny.

Are you weary of hearing? then recreate yourself with prayer. If of that, recreate yourself with singing God's praises. If of that, recreate yourself with meditating. If you weary of that, recreate yourself with Christian conference, repeating sermons, instructing your families. . . . If you weary of public duties, then go to private; if of these, go to secret duties.

Waxing even more definite and more holily drastic, Mr. Willison would continue in a strain which Mr. Graham summarises as follows:

"How think you to spend a whole eternity in spiritual exercises when you weary so much of one day?" But further than all this, there is not an action during that day—not a moment, from the instant the Christian awakes in the morning, or the birds begin to chirp—when his soul may not find occasion for fruitful meditation. As you put on your clothes, think of the soul's nakedness and need of the robes of imputed righteousness, and reflect that it is God's wool and flax you wear. As you comb your head think of your sins, which are more than the hairs thereon. When you sit at supper, think of the joy of supping with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. In short, there is not a minute when the believer may not meditate, pray, and break into holy ejaculations till the day ends. Then, as you see yourself stripped of clothing, think "Naked came I into the world, and naked shall I return," and let your lying down in bed and covering yourself with blankets put you in mind of your lying in the cold grave and being covered with earth.

Alike in their private prayers and their portentous sermons, the Presbyterian clergy strove after grace, atonement, "sweet peace," and triumphant moods of the soul. Righteousness of life, and the sacredness of daily duties, were hardly touched upon by these wrestlers before the Throne. Righteousness was filthy rags, and to say that a man could be saved by any amount of good works was "horrid blasphemy and the result of damnable ignorance." Morality, said one preacher, is "a desirable thing in its proper place, but soul-ruining when allowed to possess the place of Christ's imputed righteousness." One Presbytery went so far as to refuse, in 1717, to license a student until he stated: "I believe that it is not orthodox to say that we must forsake our sins in order to come to Christ." This was considered a little too startling, but it was only what the people loved to believe. They sinned and wept their way to the Throne with equal gusto. That amazing person, Lord Grange, and his friends "passed their time in alternate scenes of exercises of religion and debauchery, spending their days in prayer and pious meditation and their nights in lewdness and revelling"; and Dr. Carlyle, who tells us this, vouches for their sincerity in both moods: "There is no doubt of their profligacy, and I have frequently seen them drowned in tears during the whole of a sacramental day, when, so far as my observation could reach, they could have no rational object in acting a part." But if the preachers failed to exhort their flocks to practical righteousness, they did not fail to punish sinners. To



whistle, or walk on the roads, or pull up a turnip on a Fast Day was to incur the pillory. "Siezers" and "compurgators" roamed the streets, spying into houses and even into rooms, and terrorising the people into silence and a show of prayer. No substantial meal was allowed on Sundays until the evening. As for grave offences, the punishments were so severe that they encouraged worse crimes than those they were devised to correct. Child-murder became common in an age when the unlawful parents had to stand for fifteen Sundays in sackcloth at the church door, bare-legged, in a tub of water, or to take their stand on the pillory. These exhibitions became something very like a sport.

It was a source of immense interest and pleasure for the congregation to watch the appearance and behaviour of their neighbours in disgrace. Smiles, smirks, and whispers passed from one to another, as well-known faces appeared in the place of ignominy. Young Jacobite lairds came to the kirk to enjoy the entertainment, which rendered the service less dreary and the Sabbath a delight.

It was in religion as it was in manners. The middle of the century saw the break-up of unnatural austerities, which were never effectual because they were never humane. No longer did ministers spend hours in detailing the torments of hell. No longer was righteousness accounted too filthy a rag to be mentioned in the pulpit. Dogmas were allowed to sleep and emotion was given a rest. The Rev. John Horne wrote a tragedy, and Dr. Jardine enjoyed the friendship of David Hume, and Dr. Webster "could join over a magnum of claret on Monday with gentlemen of not too correct lives whom he had consigned to perdition on Sunday." In a word, Scotland was coming into line with England. Mr. Graham's monumental work is the story of the initial stages of that process. Even now Scotland is Scotland, and is but dimly understood by thousands of thinking Englishmen. The charm of this book is that it portrays Scotland as it was, and explains Scotland as it is.

### English Satirists.

*English Satires.* Edited by Oliphant Smeaton. (Blackie & Son. 3s. 6d.)

THIS volume of the "Warwick Library" is, let it be said frankly, a good idea indifferently executed. It was a good idea to compile a specimen-volume illustrating the main progress of English satire. But the editor has by no means shown the judgment which could be wished. His introduction, indeed, will serve; though in many respects it has a curiously old-fashioned air. We have, for instance, the ancient heresy revived that Pope "improved and polished" the versification of Dryden. Most modern critics have agreed with Leigh Hunt that Pope simply narrowed and mechanised it; and that his metre was (as has been said) "like a rocking-horse—long end up, short end down." What is more, the great modern poets (who ought to know) with Keats at their head, have gone to Dryden as their teacher in rhyming heroics, not to Pope. Mr. Smeaton relies on Prof. Courthope for the statement. The reader can choose between the poets and the Professor. We might produce more examples of what we mean; but Mr. Smeaton becomes exasperating when we follow him into detail. Nor does our quarrel lie with the preface, nor yet with the choice of authors, but with the choice of selections. Marvel is poorly represented by *Nostradamus' Prophecy*, when the far wittier satire on the Dutch, or that on Flecknoe, lay to hand. Dryden again, apart from *MacFlecknoe*, is represented by quite minor work. Pope is adequate; but from Swift only extract is given which shows him at the height of his powers—the dedication of the *Tale of a Tub*. Addison appears in but one piece, and so does Moore, whose brilliant light satire might surely

have been represented. Canning's *Epistle from Lord Boringdon to Earl Granville* and *Reformation of the Knave of Hearts* (but inferior work) might have given place to more specimens from the *Anti-Jacobin*; and of Byron only the excerpt from the *Vision of Judgment* can be considered a satisfactory example. Praed at Praed's best is really not represented; Calverley has but a single piece. And (though this is a lesser matter) should Browning's *Cristina* and *Lost Leader* come under the head of satire proper?

Satire (though Mr. Smeaton seems to think otherwise) in these latter times has fallen on evil days. That it has lost its personal virulence is true; but in doing so it has lost its very character as satire. We do not say the consequence was necessary; but so it is. It is impossible to rank with the literary satire of old the swarms of ephemeral "skits" which fill the daily and periodical press. The increased stringency and severe interpretation of the libel laws has killed personal satire. These laws are administered by men for the most part ignorant of, and indifferent to, the question of literary justification—men who would cast Byron in heavy damages, and comment severely on the scurrility of Pope. And this has tended to encourage a general thinness of skin in society. The old tradition of literary give-and-take is no more. We have lost our robustness. The change is ill for satire, and not good for society. In old days the man who was satirised hit back—publicly or privately. Though the assailant were a Pope, and he the veriest among the aborigines of Grub-street—a Dennis or less than Dennis (who was really a sturdy specimen of what stood for journalism in the eighteenth century)—it mattered not: he drew his quill and wrote back at his redoubtable adversary. And we know that in his own day he often held his ground much more stoutly than appears to posterity. Nowadays Dennis would yelp like a dog under a cart-wheel; call heaven, earth, and the Law Courts to witness his scandalous indignities; vow he would have damages if there was a Libel Act in England, and get them—from a judge who would talk scathingly about the necessity of protecting honest citizens against such unjustifiable allusions as those of this Mr. Pope, who seemed to be a writer of some reputation, and, therefore, all the more necessary to be taught that the good name of private citizens was sacred in the eyes of the law. When you can hardly use the name of Smith in a novel, lest some owner of that exclusive patronymic should object to its employment, things are getting crowded for the luckless satirist. The success of one angry man with a grievance encourages others. When you can make the satirist pay in pocket, only the man of sense will submit to satire without advertising it in an action. And satire does not thrive on men of sense; while all the absurdities are under the protection of the law. It is not good for private manliness that public opinion should encourage this excitable and weak sensibility.

What a forest of flourishing trees would be thinned out from English literature had the Parliamentary Vulcan earlier furnished the Law with its awful libel thunderbolts! Chaucer and Langland might stand; so might Hall (no very biting satirist), and Donne (pungent, clever, with metre like a rope all hanks and knots); but from Butler downwards they are all inveterate libellists. Who has done justice to old Sam Butler, most singular and unpatterned of satirists? Not Charles II., who neglected him, so that no wonder the saturnine wit needed to be wound up by wine and lost its brilliance again after a bottle or two. Not Mr. Smeaton, who contributes little to the criticism of *Hudibras* beyond the observation that it would have been better had it been shorter. Not M. Taine, whose Gallic mind sees only a coarse burlesque—bears and trulls, and boors and bone-thumpings. Not average English opinion, which sees only a curious and now highly unreadable specimen of obsolete satire, containing some

stock-extracts, and, like "Hamlet," very full of quotations. *Hudibras* has paid the penalty for the poor and clumsy scheme which doubtless helped its immediate popularity. As a narrative, no words of M. Taine can be too bad for it. The burlesque incidents are dull and coarse and stupid; the Skimmington and the bear and Trulla and the stocks and the whackings, all are in the most clownish vein of Anglo-Saxon humour. Butler is the dreariest Jack-Pudding that ever grinned at a fair; but when he forgets his framework, halts in the action, candidly confesses—"Story, God bless you! I have none to tell, sir!" and pours forth his personal reflections on men, affairs, and life; then what a difference! Then you have not merely satire, but the quintessence of a quite peculiar wit. Flash follows flash—brief, pregnant, admirably turned; illustrated by imagery the most comically apposite in its sudden juxtaposition of unexpected ideas, pointed by allusions drawn from the widest range of curious reading; and it is always Butler who reflects, whether the passage be put in the mouth of Hudibras, Whackum, Sidrophel, the Widow, or whom you please. Written frankly in the form of satiric monologues, these witty masterpieces would have been better and more enduring. Not all can relish them: they are apt to be too subtle for the average palate; though he mocks at metaphysics, there was much of Donne's metaphysical turn in Butler; his wit, too, almost demands a poet to relish it—it turns so much on analogy which, though comic, is really fanciful. You find the same thing in Congreve. When he describes two angry and breathless fools, "spluttering at one another like two roasting apples," the exquisitely ludicrous image is as much a stroke of fancy as if it had been serious. Once Congreve turns this power to serious use, and the result is charming. "You are a woman," his hero says, "one to whom heaven gave beauty when it grafted roses on a briar. You are the reflection of heaven in a pond, and he that leaps at you is sunk." A most graceful image! So Butler also trips into poetry when he writes of the moon's

Mysterious veil, of brightness made,  
That's both her lustre and her shade.

Yet by the same exertion of fancy he can produce the satiric epigram,

Like the world, men's jobbernoles  
Turn round upon their ears, the poles.

Or he can say:

Some have been cudgelled, till they know  
What wood a cudgel's of by th' blow;  
Some kicked, until they can tell whether  
A shoe be Spanish or neat's leather.

For the lover of phantastic and subtly ingenious wit, *Hudibras* is still a treasury; to be dipped into like an anthology, not to be read through or continuously.

Only less read, if more talked about, is Dryden, Scott's (or Claud Halcro's) "Glorious John," who passed his life in cudgelling others, and was once literally cudgelled himself. Buckingham, who could, and did, revenge himself by a clever satire, might have spared that meaner vengeance. Yet, for the few who still love unfashionable letters, what a writer! What a careless bravery of strength, what a dexterity of touch, like the swashing brush of a Rubens! He just pats a verse, and leaves on it the dent of his leonine paw. Material seems immaterial to this wonderful gift of technique. He could have made a decent poem of *Bradshaw's Guide*; and what a satire he would have made of Kruger, on whom modern writers are puffing in the effort to be "smart"! Pope we know: his epigram is more akin to modern methods. But who reads Swift? It is the strangest irony of fate, more sardonic than Swift's own, that the grimmest satire of this gloomy and terrible master of irony should be chiefly known as a fairy tale for children! He had every gift of satire save mirth; he was an amazing master of English: but modern man finds life too sad that he should add to it

the reading of Swift. You must take him with antidotes, as his own age did: the delightful archness of Addison's finished raillery, the sweet-tempered laughter of Steele.

Must not one take Byron also with some antidote? A magnificent satirist, who wasted an unfortunate amount of time in writing poetry, with him the great line ends. Nowise inferior, at his strongest, to the powerful satirists of the eighteenth century, he added a peculiarly personal quality of reckless dash and mordant mockery. "The Vision of Judgment" is well-nigh Satanic in the scathing and blasting force of its derision. There is something in it, perhaps, caught from Voltaire. It is this heartless quality which asks an antidote. He was the first to take a delight in persistently satirising the school-girl, the "bread-and-butter miss." Only Byron would have broken this butterfly on so cruel a wheel. You may find his antidote in Moore, whose serious verse has suffered more eclipse than Byron's own. But his light satiric pieces are brilliantly deft in workmanship, with the adroitness natural air of artifice; gay and stinging as dragon-flies. Why should not satire find a possibility of resurrection in the method of these? Formal satire, in all its plenitude of rhetorical art, is grown impossible. We will scarce give attention to an ode, much less to a lengthy piece of didactic ridicule. Nor will modern conditions permit Moore's personality. But surely the field of social and political satire is still open? And such glittering arrow-flights of polished, easy, daintily-edged and finished banter as his were the very thing to take modern taste. Any way, for a first-rate light satirist the age waits—with more cutting-power, more weight behind the fine edge, than is in Præd, or his many successors.

### A Mushroom Metropolis.

*Alaska and the Klondike.* By Angelo Heilprin. (Pearsons. 7s. 6d.)

THE literature of the Klondike grows steadily. A Bret Harte the brumal goldfields still await; but novelists and poets have already dwelt in their midst, among them Mr. Hamlin Garland and Mr. Joaquin Miller (who was frost-bitten in the service of the Tenth Muse), and geographers, experts, and descriptive journalists have spent much ink on accounts of their experiences. No better book, however, has yet been written on the subject than Mr. Angelo Heilprin's. He has come to his task with a fuller idea of what the distant stay-at-home reader wants; a more curious and catholic pair of eyes; and, what is quite as much to the point, a more intelligent or more fortunate camera. Hence this book gives us a more comprehensive idea of the Klondike, socially and physically, than we have obtained from any other source. Mr. Heilprin, who is an American geographer and geologist of considerable reputation, visited Alaska and the Klondike in the summer of 1898, from July to October; so that his information is but a year old. Since the completion of his MS., it is true, the greater part of the business portion of Dawson City has been destroyed by fire; but his picture of that mushroom metropolis holds good none the less. Fire only makes smoke and ashes, it does not alter a town's character. Mr. Heilprin's Dawson chapters are so informing and interesting that we are tempted to confine our account of his book to that section of it, remarking merely that he offers also valuable hints to intending miners, including the laws governing placer mining in the Yukon district, and that his photographs are of exceptional beauty and are exceptionally well reproduced.

On Mr. Heilprin's arrival at Dawson in August, 1898, he found most of the sixteen thousand inhabitants in the streets. "This is not strange, for it must have been difficult to resist that soft, warm atmosphere. . . . Never

had I experienced anything comparable." Picking his way from plank to plank, laid along the sidewalk to keep one free of the pervading and appalling mud, Mr. Heilprin sought the Fair View Hotel, the best in the place, offering "all the modern improvements." There he was shown to a room "elegantly furnished" with a bed, a washstand table of rough wood, a metal basin, and, where the window-panes ought to be, a stretch of canvas. Glass, it seems, was forgotten by Dawson builders, and may not yet have been remembered. The room had no chair and no hooks or nails. On inquiring the price, Mr. Heilprin was informed that it was thirty-five dollars a week or six dollars and a half a night. Board was twenty-five dollars a week, rising to thirty-five before the traveller left, not because his appetite was excessive, but because the standard rose everywhere. In August, for example, cow's milk was sixty dollars the gallon.

The leaves of my note-book [says Mr. Heilprin] furnish some interesting data relative to the condition of a part of the Dawson "market" during the time of my visit: Oranges and lemons, 75 cents apiece (later in the season, two or three for 50 cents); apples, 25 cents, or, in some places, two for a quarter; potatoes and onions, 75 cents the pound; butter, \$1 the pound; eggs, presumably fresh, but ordinarily with a stale inheritance, \$2.50 a dozen; radishes, 75 cents a bunch of five pieces; cabbages, \$1 the pound; bread, as has before been stated, four to six loaves for a dollar; ordinary beer, a dollar a bottle; Bass's ale, \$2.50 a pint; sugar, 30 cents a pound; canned tomatoes and meats, 75 cents a can; flour, \$10 a sack of fifty pounds. . . . Among what might with a certain flavour be properly classed as luxuries were a few water-melons, which were disposed of for \$25 apiece—the last one at a dollar the slice—and a number of cucumbers, which the vendor, with a regretful remembrance of the low sale, told me he had sold for \$5 apiece. He felt certain that he could just as well have levied to the extent of \$6 or \$7. Pine-apples brought but little more than cucumbers, and cocoanuts tumbled to \$1 the nut. Chickens, which earlier in the season had sold for \$100 for three, were obtainable at \$10 apiece.

These are high rates. Clothes, however, are not so excessively dear—with the exception of millinery. A Dawson milliner told Mr. Heilprin that she had sold a hat trimmed with two ostrich feathers for two hundred and eighty dollars.

A better view of the abnormal standard of value is perhaps to be gained from the price of the newspapers. Dawson has three, all weekly—the *Nugget*, the *Midnight Sun*, and the *Dawson Miner*. The first two are fifty cents, or two shillings, each, the other a shilling. American papers and magazines, no matter how belated, always command a ready sale; while the scenic books of the transcontinental railways, which are gratuitously circulated in ordinary places, find ready buyers at fifty cents. Mr. Heilprin facsimiles a portion of the *Yukon Midnight Sun*, among the "Personals" being this pretty paragraph:

D. H. Hansen, assistant postmaster, has put in a busy week. A batch of mails, consisting of 65 bags of papers and 35 sacks of letters, came in Wednesday, and with the facilities at hand Mr. Hansen is all but swamped. Among the matter received was a package of bread, butter, and Limburger cheese addressed to "Hungry Joe." The clerks have buried it in a cellar, and it will be dug up whenever "Hungry Joe" asks for his mail.

Dawson City has its humours no less than Red Gulch and Sandy Bar. Its Bret Harte, when he comes, will find much matter ready to his hand.

But the reading matter most sedulously desired comes, of course, through the post; and yet so constant is the migration from city to the fields that hundreds of letters are not claimed for months and months. Says Mr. Heilprin:

One of the most interesting sights was to see the large number of letters awaiting ownership, which were

tacked up to the fronts and sides of different buildings, in the most public way petitioning for rapid delivery. My first letter in Dawson was obtained by stripping it from a door-jamb, but it was three weeks before my attention had been directed to it by a friendly discoverer. To obtain anything from the post-office was a most exhaustive process, and usually required a long wait, sometimes of a day, or even of two days, before entry could be obtained into the small room where the sorting, distribution, and dispensation of mail matter were being effected. Even when finally issued, this matter was usually of several weeks' antiquity of arrival, the sorting of tons of substance being much beyond the capacity of the few official hands that were engaged in the work.

Yet there are favoured persons who do not need to wait:

Woman is a privileged character in Dawson. She has immediate *entrée* into the depositories of mails, of records, and of claims. Others may sit or stand waiting their turn for days or more in a row; she walks in by the side door with an air of superiority which is as impressive as it is refreshing. She files her claim in the Recorder's office with dignity, while her trousered rival, who may have staked five days earlier, is still studying the entrance from the outside. She reads her mail with smiles and satisfaction, while others are informed that the sorting will not be a *fait accompli* for still a week or more, or that they have already inquired once during the same fortnight.

Mr. Heilprin here refers to the wives and mothers in the community. To his remarks on the bona roba, an influential person, we must refer the reader to the book.

As to amusements: Dawson has four theatres or opera houses, and many drinking, gambling and dancing saloons. The taste of the playgoers is for highly spiced entertainment, but during Mr. Heilprin's stay a Sunday sacred concert was successfully carried through in one of the worst dancing halls. It has been stated that the Klondike miner, when pleased with a performer, pelts him with nuggets. Mr. Heilprin saw it done only once, and the fortunate person on that occasion was an infant phenomenon much more in need, thinks the author, of a good smacking. Masked balls are held weekly when the dark evenings begin. Gambling goes on all day with no attempt at concealment. The bars are crowded, but Mr. Heilprin saw little drunkenness. Swindlers are, he says, surprisingly few. Everyone seems to enjoy a feeling of security. Concerning Dawson society he has some interesting passages, one only of which we have room to quote:

Much of the better element that might be thought to make up society is found, not in Dawson itself, but in the outskirts which constitute the gold regions. Many a pleasant hour can there be spent discoursing from the summits of "dumps," from the cutting edges of flumes and sluice-boxes, or by the babbling brookside, with its banks of leaves and flowers. And the conversation need not turn, either, on gold, and on "right" and "left limits," upon "bench claims" or "creek claims," upon "bed-rock" or "rim-rock," or upon the woes of the Edmonton and Stickeen routes; but if you have been astute enough to discover in your neighbour or "pardner" the gamut of his or her knowledge, it will not be amiss at times to direct the conversation in the lines of New Zealand terraces, the aims and prospects of Polar exploration, of Austrian politics, or the virtues of *Quo Vadis*.

Here we must stop. Mr. Heilprin's pages, it will be seen, bring Dawson very near. His photographs fill one with a desire to visit this wonderful country.

In condemning the vanity of women, men complain of the fire they themselves have kindled.—LINGRÉE.

A timorous woman often drops into her grave before she is done deliberating.—ADDISON.

Some men are different; all women are alike.—DELVAU.

From "*Woman and the Wits*," Edited by G. F. Monkshood.

## Miss Lucas's Poems.

*Fugitives.* By Winifred Lucas. (Lane. 5s.)

THE defect in Miss Lucas's previous volume of poems, *Units*, was a rare defect in feminine verse—an overplus of intellect and too little emotional power. At the same time, the best pieces of that volume stamped her a poet of uncommon and distinctive quality. On opening the present book, *Fugitives*, we looked naturally to see whether there was increase in the defective quality. It hardly appeared likely, almost seemed to demand a change of nature; and yet it does appear to us that Miss Lucas has gained in emotional power, to the advantage of her poetry as a whole. At least, there are a larger proportion of pieces which have the "lift" of feeling. If emotion without intellect makes poetry of a low order, intellect without emotion will not make poetry at all, therefore we trust that this gain may stay and increase with Miss Lucas, for even in this book the intellect would often bear more suppling.

It is a very striking little volume, full of interior beauty. The poems are brief—often not above a quatrain—but each has a thought behind it, and the thought is rarely other than original. For the most part, it is extremely subtle, and not always does the author escape the difficulties of condensed expression to which it gives rise. But the reader who is not afraid to grapple with thought will find here a rich reward. The feeling, too, wherever it manifests itself, is of a rare delicacy and fragrance. Few will deny the loveliness of "The Balance":

Must I endure with nothing to forgive,  
Who did a shade wrong thee?  
Oh, love! an instant less than perfect live,  
A little injure me.

Wound me at last. For once a word of mine  
Thy service did forsake.  
Deal harshly now, lest all of me that's thine  
Be but the amends I make.

"Love Heroic" shows the subtlety of Miss Lucas's thought. Here it is:

Companioned on the path you chose,  
You go the way  
A hero goes.  
His words you say,  
Your deeds he does.  
Though in your love to heaven he rose,  
The way he knows  
Immortal in your life to stay.

Or take, finally, the beautiful blending of keen intellect and tender feeling which Miss Lucas calls "Approach":

Into my heart you come a thousand ways;  
In multitude you come;  
New selves born freely of the changing days—  
Old selves that seek me confident of home.  
My arms are opening for—I know not whom.  
Oh, life beloved! that many a mood must share,  
Is one too new,  
Or wise to trust me as the old ones do?  
They come! they come!—the strange, familiar, dear;  
Unquestioning all—innumerable you.

From these examples the reader may gather some idea of Miss Lucas. A poet of one aspect, grave, intellectual (the word *will* be repeated in any description of Miss Lucas), with the rare sweetness of grave natures slanting across her poetry, she has a remarkable power of making concrete all but abstract conceptions, which sets her by herself. Perhaps she has derivations from Mrs. Meynell—one catches a reminiscent phrase or cadence here and there—but of no other poet does she remind us. As regards expression, a want of careful attention to grammatical precision, leaving her meaning open to doubt, and an occasional involution of structure (the result of effort at compression) are the chief faults we complain of in this respect. *Fugitives* is a treasurable little volume, and the work of a writer of very unique gift.

## Morocco.

*The Moorish Empire.* By Budgett Meakin. (Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 15s.)

MOROCCO, in spite of a good many literary exploring expeditions, is still a land full of secret places and hidden treasures. Its very atmosphere of mystery is, in fact, its chief attraction, even as was noted by Lancelot Addison, father of the famous essayist, in his account of Western Barbary, written towards the end of the eighteenth century. Of late years there has been an increase in the number of the pioneers in this half-worked field, and of them Mr. Meakin may fairly claim to be as well equipped as any. He has spent many years among the Moors, as his father did before him. He has expounded their language. He has described their land. He has portrayed their life. And now, to round off his record, he has compiled their history. Here is a sample of Mr. Meakin's historical style from his chapter on "The Salli Rovers," those friends of our Robinson Crusoe days:

Beyond a doubt the Moors originally owed nearly all they knew of sea warfare to Europeans, from whom at a later period they almost exclusively obtained not only their arms but also their vessels. Indeed, foreigners were often caused to serve as officers on board the pirate vessels against their will, as in the case of John Dunton, who, when master and pilot of a Salli man-of-war, ran her to the Isle of Wight. He was appointed to the *Leopard*, one of the English fleet sent to bombard Salli. It has even been asserted by a most competent contemporaneous authority—Captain John Smith, the president and planter of Virginia, who was as intimate as anyone with that class of sailors—that the Moorish pirates were taught their trade by the pirates of our own land.

There is much of interest about these sea-robbers, and many a harrowing tale is told of the sufferings and torture of European captives. In fact, the Moorish chronicles are freely sprinkled with gore from beginning to end.

But to the general reader the more interesting chapters are to be found in the second half of the book, where foreign diplomatic relations, Moorish diplomatic usages, foreign rights and privileges, commercial intercourse and foreign protection, and the future of the empire are discussed. There is encouragement for intending visitors in the following:

At present, although there is always the usual procrastination and shuffling, assaults on Europeans, by whomsoever committed, are invariably atoned for, the neighbourhood of the occurrence usually being heavily fined as well. Consequently the lives and property of Europeans are as safe in Morocco, wherever the authority of the Sultan is complete, as in any other semi-civilised land, although to have a valid claim for damages, foreign travellers are supposed to be accompanied by two native policemen or *makhúzins* as guards. Every village at which a halt is made provides a guard for the night in its own interests, and throughout the lowlands journeys are undertaken without fear. Something of this state of things is doubtless due to the moral quality recognised by 'Abd er-Rahmán II., who wrote that the Christians at least kept their word, but that the Moors had neither word nor faith. And it is the proudest boast of English sojourners in Morocco that they have become known as "the people of one word."

For those curious in such matters there is a series of short reviews of previous works on Morocco. Her place in fiction is also considered, and Mr. Hall Caine's *Scapegoat* is described as the only published Moroccan novel worth reading, though it presents far too sombre a picture. There is a sketch of the newspaper press of the country, in which special mention is made of the *Times of Morocco*. It was on the latter journal founded in 1884 that Mr. Meakin served the apprenticeship which has expanded into authorship, as to the value of which he has no need to be unduly diffident. As a chronicler of a little known land he proves himself clear in style, critical in the selection of his authorities, and withal distinctly readable.





From "TWO YEARS IN PALESTINE."

*Published by Mr. JOHN C. TIMMO.*



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## Other New Books.

LONDON SOUVENIRS.

BY C. W. HECKETHORN.

Mr. Heckethorn's book wants the two qualities which would make it acceptable: an attractive personal tone and a graceful style. As to its tone: Mr. Heckethorn is always expressing violent opinions about matters which do not fall within his proper view. Thus in writing of the Tabard Inn he encloses a large issue within a sentence of mere statement:

An inn which has been rendered famous by Chaucer's rhymed tales—we cannot honestly call them poetry—of the Canterbury Pilgrims is the Tabard, in the Borough.

We do not discuss Mr. Heckethorn's judgment in this matter, we merely point out that it is intrusive and disconcerting. In "Curious Stories of the Stock Exchange," Mr. Heckethorn is not content to tell his curious stories; he must describe the Stock Exchange as "a desolation—spreading upas-tree planted in the mephitic morass of the national debt." In another essay we have a sneer at the "jerky platitudes of a Tennyson, and the jejune prose, cut up into measured lines, of a Browning." Now, Tennyson's poetry is as little jerky as Browning's "prose" is jejune; such by-way criticism is an impertinence. But Mr. Heckethorn does not hesitate to trample on our most cherished feelings. Thus, in an essay on "The Sublime Beefsteakers," he interpolates a diatribe on chops and steaks as a "relic of barbarism."

Steaks done on a gridiron are antediluvian enough, but mutton chops diffusing, when undergoing this process, throughout the room the stench of a tallow candle just blown out, are enough to turn the stomach, not of the refined *gourmet* only, but of the untutored savage.

If Mr. Heckethorn fails as a critic, he simply does not exist as a stylist. His sentences are the most awkward in the world. In an essay on Hampton Court Palace, he describes Cardinal Wolsey as

a most unmitigated villain, on a par with that other villain, Henry VIII., whose master, through being his pimp, he was for a time, till, in perfect accordance with his character, he became his abject slave.

Again:

As the bar of the inn frequently was in the yard, the noises made by its visitors, and the quarrels they occasionally indulged in, and which often would be settled by a fight in the yard, were not calculated to promote sound sleep.

Top-heavy sentences like the following abound:

Indulging in all the superstitious tendencies of gamblers, he [Beau Brummel] at one time attributed his luck to the finding of a crooked sixpence in the kennel, as he was walking with Mr. Raikes, who tells the story, through Berkeley-square.

London is not too well served by authors. Ungainly information and stale vivacity have had their innings. We demand something new and better. (Chatto & Windus.)

A PICTURESQUE HISTORY OF

YORKSHIRE. PART VII.

BY J. S. FLETCHER.

Mr. Fletcher's history now enters on its second volume. The principal neighbourhoods treated in this part are those of Wakefield, Huddersfield, and Halifax. Mr. Fletcher gives us an interesting account of the Halifax Gibbet Law, under which any theft of goods to the value of thirteenpence-halfpenny committed within the liberty of the forest of Hardwick was summarily punished by death—death, moreover, by decapitation. This drastic law was made in the interests of the local cloth merchants, and the executions were of a very formal character. The "gibbet," apparently, was neither more nor less than a guillotine. The beggars' saying, "From Hell, Hull, and Halifax deliver us," is probably connected with these executions. Mr. Fletcher quotes an interesting account of Halifax from Defoe's *Tour Through England*. But the

year of Defoe's visit is incorrectly stated as 1727. Defoe's three months' residence in Halifax occurred in 1712. In July of that year he had completed his *Review* with a rather bitter farewell to his readers: "I sometime ago summed up the scenes of my life in this distich:

No man has tasted differing fortunes more,  
And thirteen times I have been rich and poor."

Temporarily disgusted with political life, and harassed, it may be, by his creditors, who always turned up in his evil hours, Defoe may have gone to Halifax for quiet and to escape some inappeasable bailiff. He was soon absorbed in the study of local trade and customs. As a bankrupt merchant he could exult in the prosperity of the cloth-makers, who were turning out 100,000 pieces of shalloon a year; and as the son of a butcher he could note with satisfaction the fine autumn trade in black cattle done in Halifax market. He tells us that at this season people bought a whole year's supply of beef for their families—buying the live bullocks, which they killed, cut up, and salted or smoked. The illustrations to this Part strike us as better—as being more informing—than some which Mr. Fletcher has admitted. (J. M. Dent & Co. 1s. net.)

TANGWEERA.

BY C. NAPIER BELL.

This book gives a very interesting account of peaceful life among the gentle savages of Central America. Though written in the author's old age, it is a record of his youth. As a boy Mr. Bell grew up among the Indians and negroes of the Mosquito Coast, and frankly enjoyed the wild life of rivers, lagoons, and primeval forests. The Mosquito Indians are the one race of Central America which is essentially maritime. They have few of the bush instincts, but they love ships and the sea. Mr. Bell describes them as bold, adventurous, and outspoken. Of course they are dying out. The diseases and ailments of civilised races, combined with a low birth-rate, are surely diminishing their numbers. Moreover, since 1856 the English protection, under which the five fine tribes of Mosquito Indians had thriven, was withdrawn, and although a "reserve" was established in the country, and the rights of the Indians otherwise protected, yet under the Spaniards of Honduras and Nicaragua the race has declined. Mr. Bell concludes his book with the mournful statement that the Mosquito Indians "are worried to death by proselytising monks and priests; and every pretext is sought to infringe upon their liberty, to bring them under taxation, and force them to live in industrial communities; and we know that such radical change of habits is fatal to all free people, just as it would be fatal to a stag to yoke it to a cart."

Mr. Bell's descriptions of the Indian life are graphic and interesting. We quote from his account of the return of the Indians from the turtle fisheries in May. By the end of that month (the fishing begins in January) "they begin to languish for their wives and children, and turn their canoes homeward":

The Indians are not acquainted with the art of kissing, but they sniff or smell the skin of the cheeks, which answers the same purpose. The little child is lifted in the father's arms, and he buries his nose in its stomach. Hand-shaking is as common as with us, but I have noticed that there is always a tinge of melancholy in the character of the Indians, which breaks out where we should expect hilarity. Thus, after a long absence, sisters and mothers sit down, and throwing a cloth over their heads, with their hands clasped on the head of the person who has returned, cry over him with their dirge-like song. On the part of the wives, it is supposed to be improper to show any emotion, consequently they take little notice of the husband on his return, but confine their attention to others and to their duties in the meantime.

One other touch, and we must leave this interesting book to its predestined readers who, we hope, will be many. The Mosquito Indian invokes his mother on every occasion when we should invoke God. "Their invocation of their



mother is quite as comforting and consoling to them as it is to us to invoke God. I never saw anything so touching as a young Indian, who died from a wound in the stomach, crying with his last breath, 'Oh, mother, mother!' His mother had been dead several years." (Arnold. 16s.)

### Our Coloured Supplement.

We publish this week, by arrangement with Mr. John C. Nimmo and Mr. Carl Hentschel, two pictures in colour which show the application of an improved process of colour printing to book illustration. Three colours only are used, and the process, elaborated during many years by Mr. Hentschel, is necessarily a secret one in its details.

The name "Colortype" is applied to this newly-adapted process. The engraver's general procedure is this: The object to be illustrated is engraved in sections by mechanical process on metal plates, each representing a stage in the finished scheme of colour. By limiting the plates to the three essential colours, and producing variations and shades by printing one over the other, as many effects are obtained in three printings, at letterpress speed, as can be got in eight or ten slow workings on stone; and by duplicating the blocks for long runs, the speed may be indefinitely increased. It may be confidently predicted that coloured illustrations have a more or less immediate "future" before them.

The pictures we reproduce are two of many illustrations in Miss Margaret Thomas's new book, *Two Years in Palestine and Syria*. Miss Thomas's book on Spain and Tangier is prized by many readers for its vivid descriptions. In her new work she brings the same pictorial gift to bear on the Holy Land, again telling us particularly those things which we are interested in knowing, and illustrating her pages with her own clever brush. The chapter on religious ceremonies in Jerusalem contains a circumstantial account of the Greek Miracle of the Holy Fire at Easter in the Church of the Sepulchre, the wonderful scene which formed the subject of Mr. Holman Hunt's last picture. Here is a passage:

At last a number of priests carrying banners issued from the Greek Church amid the applause of the multitude, and with a rush some men, headed by a priest, took possession of a space opposite the hole [whence the fire was to come], which had hitherto been kept vacant. These were pilgrims from Damascus, who had given the largest sum of money to be the first to light their candles at the Holy Fire. At this point sticks and whips were freely used. Then a procession of priests joined those carrying the banners, and the Greek patriarch himself, in lavishly decorated robes and crown, and looking like a mass of silver and gold, appeared; all walked round the Sepulchre three times, headed by three gorgeous Kowasses, and soldiers carrying whips. The crowd shouted and sang, and a free fight occurred in front of the hole, in which many persons were injured. The priests became very nervous, and hurried on the procession. When the Patriarch arrived opposite the door of the Sepulchre for the last time, they hastily unrobed him of his gorgeous vestments, and ran off with them, while he himself rushed quickly into the Sepulchre. In a minute or so the bells burst forth with a triumphant clang, the priest nearest the hole thrust a candle into it, drew it forth alight, and ran off with it; the crowd rushed towards it amid inexpressible confusion; those whose candles were burning first handed the light to their friends, and passed it on from one to another; strings were let down from the balconies with candles to be lighted, priests set fire to the whole of the lamps and candles about the Sepulchre, and in an incredibly short space of time the huge place was filled with blaze and smoke.

Miss Thomas calls the spectacle a disgrace to the Church which allows it. Her book is to be cordially recommended, both for its interest and its illustrations. (Nimmo. 12s. 6d.)

### Fiction.

*Gilian the Dreamer: his Fancy, his Love, his Adventure.* By Neil Munro. (Isbister & Co. 6s.)

WHILE recognising with pleasure that Mr. Munro has lavished upon this book the loving care of an artist, and that he has a due and rare enough sense of the dignity of fiction, we shall permit ourselves to say, with neither hesitation nor reservation, that *Gilian the Dreamer* has disappointed us. It is tedious. No worse charge than this can be brought against any honestly wrought book; nevertheless we bring it—in sorrow. The story is of the Highlands, and is largely made up of minute descriptions of Highland scenery and manners and peculiarities. These matters, to a Highlander—and especially to a Highlander exiled—may have their charm, set down as they are by Mr. Munro with the very opulence of detail. But to the "Sassenach" (Mr. Munro's own word—often employed) they lack interest. We do not assert that they cannot be interesting; we think they might be; we say merely that Mr. Munro has not made them interesting:

"I daresay, sir, I daresay," said Mr. Spencer gravely. "You are a most interesting and sensitive people, and I find myself often making the most unhappy blunders."

"Interesting is not the word, I think, Mr. Spencer," said General Turner coldly; "we refuse to be interesting to any simple Sassenach." Then he saw the confusion in the innkeeper's face and laughed.

The Highlanders are a haughty and exclusive people, excessively and proudly provincial, and throughout the novel the Sassenach has a feeling that he is only allowed to peep on sufferance and as a great favour. Else why should the pages be peppered with words which Mr. Munro well knows not one reader in a hundred will understand—even with veritable Gaelic?

But no implied disdain of the general public would prevent the general public from enjoying *Gilian the Dreamer* if it contained the elements of enjoyment. It does not contain those elements. It fails as a work of art. And it fails because, first, Mr. Munro's theme is exiguous and inadequate; second, he is consistently unfortunate in the invention of apposite incident; third, he observes too much and observes without distinction; fourth (and most fatal) there is no sufficient vitalising force of imagination at the back of the book. Hidden amid vast hills of description and secondary matter, the rivulet of a theme moves sluggishly and vaguely to nowhere in particular. What is the *idée-mère*? We have read the tale carefully, but we do not know. Is Gilian an idiot, or is he only a mild, wistful, pathetic ass? He is one of the two, and it may be that Mr. Munro meant him to be the former, and to convey to us the strange pathos of his love for Nan and his love for nature. We are far from sure of this. That any single definite tangible thing except death happens in the whole story we deny. We also deny that any character except the Paymaster's sister has genuine fascination or genuine strength; and that any description of natural beauties sticks in the memory.

*The Patten Experiment.* By Mary E. Mann. (T. Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

MRS. MANN is a serious worker in fiction, a conscientious and well-endowed artist making continuous progress book by book. *The Patten Experiment* is excellent, and shows that the rate of Mrs. Mann's improvement is increasing. It is not a novel to get enthusiastic about; rather, it quietly and thoroughly satisfies. Having read it, you will say: "Here is an author who has observation, humour, wide sympathy, a steady view, and some philosophy. I have enjoyed her book, and it has taught me something." And is not this distinguished praise? Mrs. Mann deals with the lot of the agricultural labourer. He exists, smokes, drinks, marries, and brings up five or six children

on a total income of eleven shillings a week. Or he is said to do this thing. Can he do it? Does he do it? If so, how? Such questions were often asked by the charitable Mrs. Boyan, wife of a wealthy landowner and gentleman-farmer who accepted the current *bourgeois* opinion that eleven shillings a week, *with management*, was sufficient for the labourer in his station. The Boyans had daughters, big and little, one of whom was just married to a very earnest curate, Eustace Patten. Eustace decided to put himself in the position of the labourer for one week. He got together a party consisting of himself, his brother, his wife, her nearly adult sister Rosamond, and her two tiny sisters. They took a cottage (rent, a shilling), and with eleven shillings essayed to live for a week.

*The Patten Experiment* is the history of that attempt—a history full not only of delightful humour but of pathos. The affair was almost a tragedy, but it did succeed—in a way. Within the first forty-eight hours the household was brought almost to despair, and took into its confidence its kindly next-door neighbour.

So Mrs. Chaney sniffed at the cheese, weighed the pound of butter in her fingers, appraised the other contents of Rica's basket.

"Of course, miss," she said, "you've got your ma to fall back on." But Rica explained that this was by no means the case.

"Look here," Rosamond said, "if we die of starvation, we've got to live on eleven shillings a week, and you've got to tell us how to do it. Now, how much a meal do you reckon to allow each person?"

Mrs. Chaney shook her head. "If you're goin' to parcel it out so," she said, "you'll never do it. Try to plan the money and you'll go downright crazy a-findin' out it can't be done. There ain't no rules, and there can't be. Sometimes you go without this, and sometimes without that. Sometimes you pinch tight here, and sometimes 'tis there. Times you get into debt when you can't help yourself, till the day comes round when you don't want so much coal, nor yet no candles, and then you pay up—"

"Debt," said Rosamond, pausing in the process of wiping the Britannia-metal teaspoons, and with a sudden lighting of her face. "Ah!"

However—though they hungered, though they had headaches, though they quarrelled, though they were agonised by indigestion—they kept out of debt. The lesson of pity which they learnt was cheap at the trifling price paid. Moreover, Mrs. Patten's sister got engaged to Mr. Patten's brother. (The strange courting is admirably done.) Mrs. Mann is conspicuously successful in character-drawing, and in portraying the intimate comedy of domestic life. But in *The Patten Experiment* there is something of deeper import beneath the surface of events. It is a book which will make the most thoughtless think.

### Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

#### THE CROWN OF LIFE.

BY GEORGE GISSING.

This time it is love, and this is probably the most optimistic book Mr. Gissing has written. Through crowds of characters, and pages of analysis and description, he leads his hero, an idealist, after much tribulation, to his heart's desire. In the love scenes, the rough as well as the smooth, Mr. Gissing is at his best. (Methuen. 6s.)

#### THE SHIP OF STARS.

BY A. T. QUILLER-COUCH.

Mr. Quiller-Couch's new story is a West Country romance, in which we follow the hero from his dreamful boyish days to the adventures of his manhood. The story is full of tender sentiment and fine action, and we refer elsewhere to the author's dedicatory letter. (Cassell & Co. 6s.)

#### RED POTTAGE.

BY MARY CHOLMONDELEY.

This is the story, by a novelist whose books come slowly, of two women and a man. The women are the closest friends, closer than women are usually able to be, and much closer than youths allow to be possible. One, Hester, is a novelist, the other, Rachel, an heiress. The man is worthless, and Rachel discovers it in time. That is the main story, but the incidentals are many and interesting, and worthy the author of *Diana Tempest*. A book to be read as carefully as it was written. (Arnold. 6s.)

#### MCTEAGUE.

BY FRANK NORRIS.

By the author of that powerful and interesting story *Shanghaied*. Mr. Norris has strength, and he has spared us nothing in *McTeague*, which is a naturalistic story of a low stratum of San Franciscan life. It is a grim yarn, but there is no denying its power. The chief character, McTeague, is a quack dentist, who dies horribly in the end. (Richards. 6s.)

#### NO SOUL ABOVE MONEY.

BY WALTER RAYMOND

This is a sombre West Country tragedy by the author of *Two Men o' Mendip*. The central incident is an attack on the miser of the book by his daughter's lover, made at her instigation. Money caused the crime. The last chapter forms a gloss on Tennyson's ballad "Rizpah." The rural background to Mr. Raymond's drama mitigates its grimness. (Longmans. 6s.)

#### HIS DARLING SIN.

BY M. E. BRADDON.

Miss Braddon's sixty-second novel introduces us at once to a young widow of twenty-one who is left with an income "described by her friends and the gossiping Press at anything you like between twenty and fifty thousand a year." As she has been brought up "to do without things," the reader's interest is at once awakened. Later we spy murder. (Simpkin, Marshall. 6s.)

#### THE COLOSSUS.

BY MORLEY ROBERTS.

In this book Mr. Roberts departs for a while from yarns of adventure to give us a study of Mr. Cecil Rhodes. At least, when a man is called the Colossus, and is said to be the strongest force in Africa, and is found meditating a railway from Cape Town to Cairo, we are fain to call him Cecil Rhodes even if his name in the book is Eustace Loder. Mr. Rhodes's independence of feminine influence is fairly well known, but Mr. Roberts leaves him at the end of this work perilously near marriage. (Arnold. 6s.)

#### MR. JACK HAMLIN'S MEDIATION, AND OTHER STORIES.

BY BRET HARTE.

Eight Californian stories in the author's characteristic vein. "When the Waters were Up at Jules," "An Esmeralda of Rocky Cañon," and "The Boom in the 'Calaveras Clarion'" are, perhaps, the three most attractive of the sub-titles. (Pearson, Ltd. 6s.)

#### A SPLICED YARN.

BY GEORGE CUPPLES.

Those who have read that capital sea story, *The Green Hand*, will welcome this aftermath from the pen of George Cupples. The present story is full of delightful touches of description, and deeper appeals to the sailor that is in every Englishman. (Gibbings & Co. 5s.)

#### ONE HOUR AND THE NEXT.

BY MILLICENT SUTHERLAND.

This is the first appearance of the Duchess of Sutherland as a novelist. A principal character wishes to see "the gospel of discontent preached from the house-tops to the slaves of England," and the story is largely concerned with Socialism and the Labour troubles. (Methuen. 6s.)

## A BITTER VENGEANCE.

By K. DOUGLAS KING.

A tragic novel by the author of *Father Hilarion* and *The Scripture-Reader of St. Mark's*. The principal characters are members of a troop of strolling players. A touching and picturesque story. (Pearson Ltd. 6s.)

## YOUNG APRIL.

By EGERTON CASTLE.

A romance, reprinted from *Temple Bar*, by the author of *The Pride of Jennico*. Mr. Castle has an urbane, genial way with him. His new hero is the Young Duke of Rochester—a nineteenth century peer—and the matter of the book is his adventures with the fair. (Macmillan. 6s.)

## THE HAUNTS OF MEN.

By R. W. CHAMBERS.

A collection of short stories by one of the most brilliant of the younger American novelists. Mr. Chambers, who is perhaps best known by his *King in Yellow*, finds his tales in battle and in peace, in America and in the Quartier Latin. (Bowden. 6s.)

## THE RED RAT'S DAUGHTER.

By GUY BOOTHBY.

"Why, my dear fellow, it's all as plain as daylight now that we've got the key to the puzzle." This is on page 378, and the Red Rat is a convict "who once defied the united police of Europe," and was sent to Saghalien. (Ward, Lock & Co. 5s.)

## THE LORD OF THE HARVEST.

By M. BETHAM-EDWARDS.

The title of this novel is founded on an old custom, much honoured by Suffolk harvestmen, of electing one of their number to be Lord of the Harvest. The lord in this case is Elisha Sage, a typical farm labourer, who had carried off kettle after kettle at the yearly ploughing match. A story of tender and serious interest, with a delightful rural background. (Hurst & Blackett. 6s.)

## THE FOLLY OF ALISON.

By FLORENCE MARRYAT.

A Society story. "My creed, Alison, has always been this: that, since we are none of us perfection, we have no right to expect perfection in others; and that, for every fault man and wife commit, the best plea we can have here (as it will be the only plea hereafter) is that we are sorry and repent of it." (F. V. White. 6s.)

## VALDA HÂNEM.

By DAISY HUGH PRYCE.

The "Romance of a Turkish Harem" which has been running anonymously through *Macmillan's Magazine*. The scene is laid in Cairo, and the story is of the passion of Captain Fitzroy for the heroine and of its unhappy issue. The pictures of Oriental life are vivid and full of colour. (Macmillan. 6s.)

## VRONI.

By BLANCHE WILLIS HOWARD.

A posthumous story by the author of *One Summer* and *Guenn*. Vroni was a charming girl from the village of Hexenfels, between the Danube and the Neckar, and the book is a pleasant romance, dashed with humour here and sadness there. "There's awful foolishness in God's brave world" says one of the characters. (Warne. 6s.)

## THE BREAD OF TEARS.

By G. B. BURGIN.

The story is laid in Armenia, among missionaries and bandits and muleteers and effendis. Diamonds are stolen, and converts are "purchased." Part of the action takes place in Constantinople. The story is lively and uncommon, and is not wanting in serious interest. Mr. Burgin knows the East. (Long. 6s.)

## THE GOLD STAR LINE.

By L. T. MEADE AND R. EUSTACE.

These are six stories told by the purser of a Gold Star Line vessel: stories of the kind to be found now in all the cheap magazines—"The Jewelled Cobra," "The Cypher with the Human Key," "The Sacred Chank," and so

forth. "'And how long,' he continued, 'do you suppose it had been in the possession of the dead Malay?'" A dead Malay is part of the formula of all books of this character. (Ward, Lock & Co.)

## NINETY NORTH.

By ERNEST WESTERN.

Ninety North is not a man's name: it means ninety degrees north, the arctic situation where the romance is laid. In that region the narrator lights upon a friendly leviathan named Mota, and a new race of beings who dwell in the Valley of Life, near the Mountain of the Dead, and sacrifice seals to the Great One, or Thunderer. The book is illustrated with views of Mota, who is something between an elephant and a walrus. (Burlleigh. 6s.)

## CHATEL OR WIFE?

By CLAUD BRAY.

The question is asked of Maud Ashley, who, though loved by two Englishmen, married a Baboo named Mowlah Bux, and sank into her grave a broken woman. (Sands & Co. 6s.)

## A LOST IDENTITY.

By J. D. HENNESSEY.

A story for those who like psychological mysteries. "Whether a large portion of his story was the raving of a madman, or whether . . . it was a glimpse into an hitherto unexplored avenue of the mysterious tripartite nature of man, time will reveal." (Warne & Co. 3s. 6d.)

## A ROMAN MYSTERY.

By RICHARD BAGOT.

"There was the slightest possible inflexion of sarcasm in the Cardinal's voice as he spoke which Helen pretended not to perceive." Modern Rome, intrigue, titled people, and Italian tags. (Digby & Long. 6s.)

## THE LOST EMERALDS OF ZARINTHIA.

By H. BEAUCHAMP.

"Was I really Harry Holdsworth, who had left London on a mission to the Grand Duke of Schleswig-Bohmerhausen? If so, where was my bag containing the precious jewels?" (Sands & Co. 3s. 6d.)

## A LEGACY OF HATE.

By THEO. DOUGLAS.

A love-story that moves through tragedy to a satisfactory ending, if the marriage of a hero to the daughter of his own boyhood's sweetheart can be called satisfactory. (Pearson, Ltd. 6s.)

## GONE TO GROUND.

By G. F. UNDERHILL.

This is described as a hunting novel, but it tells also of love and burglary. (Sands & Co. 3s. 6d.)

## AN AFRICAN TREASURE.

By J. MACLAREN COBBAN.

Nothing of sensation or picturesqueness is wanting to this story of treasure hunting in the Great Sahara. (John Long. 6s.)

## GREEK PEASANT STORIES.

By NEIL WYNN WILLIAMS.

Otherwise, "Gleams and Glooms of Grecian Colour." These stories are well conceived and written. (Digby, Long & Co. 6s.)

## THE KING OF CLADDACH.

By THOMAS FITZPATRICK.

A story of the Cromwellian occupation of Galway in 1652. Mr. Fitzpatrick mingles extracts from serious histories with his romance. (Sands & Co. 6s.)

In addition to the above we have received *The Laird's Wooing*, by J. Gordon Phillips (Unwin, 6s.); *The Pilly-pingle Pastorals*, by Druid Grayl (Greening, 3s. 6d.); *The Tower of Dago*, by Maurus Jókai (Sands, 3s. 6d.); *A Mother's Holiday*, by John Strange Winter (Ward, Lock, 3s. 6d.); *Henry Worthington, Idealist*, by Margaret Sherwood (The Macmillan Co., 6s.); *A Broken Promise*, by Violet Whyte (Pearson, Ltd., 3s. 6d.).



## THE ACADEMY.

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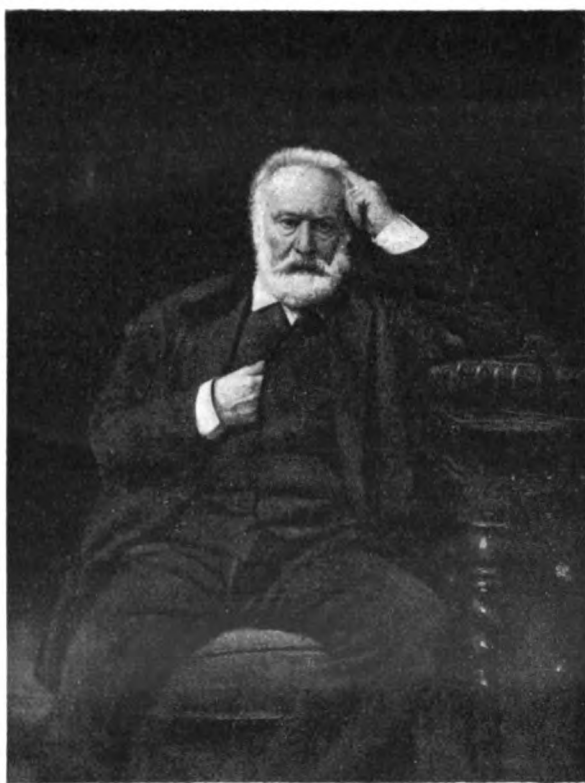
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## Hugo on Hugo.

To over-entitling one may object not less than to over-writing. In the work which Mr. Heinemann has just published, entitled *The Memoirs of Victor Hugo*, we have an example. From *The Memoirs of Victor Hugo*



VICTOR HUGO.

*From a Painting by L. Bonnat.*

one expects more than an odd assortment of scraps from his note-book, jotted down from time to time as the mood took him, jumping from period to period with enormous gaps between. Reminiscences here, moralisings there, a *choss vue*, a conversation with Louis Philippe, a mordant anecdote of an actress, a diary kept during the siege of Paris—these are not enough to be styled “The Memoirs” of the most picturesque and restlessly vigorous intellectual force that this century produced, of a life lasting from 1802 until 1885. Over-entitling is perhaps among the lesser faults, but it is a fault.

When the book opens Hugo is twenty-three, already the author of *Odes et Ballades* and *Hans d'Islande*, and now a spectator, in company with Nodier, of the coronation of Charles X. at Rheims in 1825. We take leave of him in 1871 when he has still fourteen years of life. Throughout he is the same, always self-conscious, always in the front, always dramatic, always superbly Hugoesque.

Having said that, we have said practically all that is necessary. The scrap-book can then speak for itself. It is entertaining almost without cessation through all its four hundred pages; but it does not call for “review.”

Here is Hugo's elaborate ironical manner, from the note-book at Rheims in 1825. He practised it to the end, and to the end was ready on occasion to forget it too. He is writing of the cathedral:

One day I gazed down from the top of the tower through an embrasure. The entire façade sheered straight below me. I perceived in the depth, on top of a long stone support that extended down the wall directly beneath me to the escarpment, so that its form was lost, a sort of round basin. Rain-water had collected there and formed a narrow mirror at the bottom; there were also a tuft of grass with flowers in it, and a swallow's nest. Thus in a space only two feet in diameter were a lake, a garden, and a habitation—a bird's paradise. As I gazed the swallow was giving water to her brood. Round the upper edge of the basin were what looked like crenelles, and between these the swallow had built her nest. I examined these crenelles. They had the form of fleurs-de-lys. The support was a statue. This happy little world was the stone crown of an old king. And if God were asked: “Of what use was this Lothario, this Philip, this Charles, this Louis, this emperor, this king?” God peradventure would reply: “He had this statue made and lodged a swallow.”

The mood reappears later, but without its republicanism, when, one day in 1841, Hugo observed through the palisade fencing off the site of the old Vaudeville Theatre in the Rue de Chartres, which had been destroyed by fire, a little daisy growing among the blackened ruins. What a chance for the supreme sentimentalist! He rose to it with all his batteries in full action. And this is the conclusion of the reverie:

What a labyrinth is destiny, and what mysterious combinations there were that led up to the advent of this enchanting little yellow sun with its white rays. It required a theatre and a conflagration, which are the gaiety and the terror of a city, one of the most joyous inventions of man, and one of the most terrible visitations of God, bursts of laughter for thirty years and whirlwinds of flame for thirty hours to produce this Easter daisy, the delight of a gnat.

A session of the Academy in 1850 furnishes this pleasant scrap:

To-day, September 12, the Academy worked at the dictionary. Apropos of the word “increase,” this example, taken from the works of Mme. de Staël, was proposed:

“Poverty increases ignorance, and ignorance poverty.”

Three objections were immediately raised:

1. Antithesis.
2. Contemporary writer.
3. Dangerous thing to say.

The Academy rejected the example.

We might ally to this the description of Chateaubriand's wife from a later chapter:

When his wife died he attended the funeral service and returned laughing heartily—which, said Pilorge, was a proof that he was of weak mind. “A proof that he was in his right mind!” affirmed Edouard Bertin.

Mme. de Chateaubriand's benevolence was official, which did not prevent her from being a shrew at home. She founded a hospice—the Marie Thérèse Infirmary—visited the poor, succoured the sick, superintended crèches, gave alms, and prayed: at the same time she was harsh towards her husband, her relatives, her friends, and her servants, and was sour-tempered, stern, prudish, and a back-biter. God on high will take these things into account.

She was ugly, pitted with small-pox, had an enormous mouth, little eyes, was insignificant in appearance, and acted the *grande dame*, although she was rather the wife of a great man than of a great lord. By birth she was only the daughter of a ship-owner of Saint Malo. M. de Chateaubriand feared, detested, and cajoled her.

It was Chateaubriand who, one might say, invented Hugo; although Hugo was quick to register the patent himself, and exploit it to the full. Of Chateaubriand and Mme. Récamier Hugo writes:

M. de Chateaubriand, at the beginning of 1847, was a paralytic; Mme. Récamier was blind. Every day at three o'clock M. de Chateaubriand was carried to Mme. Récamier's beside. It was touching and sad. The woman who could no longer see stretched forth her hands gropingly towards the man who could no longer feel; their hands met, God be praised! Life was dying, but love still lived.

But these are minor matters. Hugo, the friend of kings and patron of princes, is the kernel of the book. Thus, in 1884, the note-book thus places Louis Philippe on record:

September 5, 1844.

The King rose, paced to and fro for a few moments, as though violently agitated, then came and sat beside me and said:

"Look here, you made a remark to Villemain that he reported to me. You said to him:

"The trouble between France and England apropos of Tahiti and Pritchard reminds me of a quarrel in a café between a couple of sub-lieutenants, one of whom has looked at the other in a way the latter does not like. A duel to the death is the result. But two great nations ought not to act like a couple of musketeers. Besides, in a duel to the death between two nations like England and France, it is civilisation that would be slain."

"This is really what you said, is it not?"

"Yes, Sire."

"I was greatly struck by your observation, and this very evening I reproduced it in a letter to a crowned head, for I frequently write all night long. I pass many a night doing over again what others have undone. I do not say anything about it. So far from being grateful to me they would only abuse me for it. Oh! yes, mine is hard work indeed. At my age, with my seventy-one years, I do not get an instant of real repose either by day or by night. I am always unquiet, and how can it be otherwise when I feel that I am the pivot upon which Europe revolves!"

Four years later we find this:

There entered my drawing-room in the Place Royale one morning in March, 1848, a man of medium height, about sixty-five or sixty-six years of age, dressed in black, a red and blue ribbon in his button-hole, and wearing patent-leather boots and white gloves. He was Jerome Napoleon, King of Westphalia.

He had a very gentle voice, a charming though somewhat timid smile, straight hair turning grey, and something of the profile of the Emperor.

He came to thank me for the permission that had been accorded to him to return to France, which he attributed to me, and begged me to get him appointed Governor of the Invalides. He told me that M. Crémieux, one of the members of the Provisional Government, had said to him the previous day:

"If Victor Hugo asks Lamartine to do it, it will be done. Formerly everything depended upon an interview between two emperors; now everything depends upon an interview between two poets."

"Tell M. Crémieux that it is he who is the poet," I replied to King Jerome with a smile.

Between 1850 and the Siege of Paris there is nothing. Not a word of Hugo's exile. But in 1870 he appears again on his way from Brussels to Paris. "*En route* I saw in the woods a camp of French soldiers, men and horses mingled. I shouted to them: 'Long live the Army'; and I wept." Paris is reached. "An immense crowd awaited me. It was an indescribable welcome. I spoke four times. . . . I said to the people: 'In one hour you repay me for twenty years of exile.'" Thenceforward all is triumph. Paris is besieged, but Hugo is in Paris: all is well. Yet he had opponents: "September 8.—I am warned that it is proposed to assassinate me. I shrug my shoulders." . . . "September 9.—The generals are asking me for commands. . . . September

20.—Nadar came to see me this evening to ask me for some letters to put in a balloon which he will send up the day after to-morrow. It will carry with it my three addresses: *To the Germans, To Frenchmen, To Parisians.*" And so the game goes on. Hugo is thoroughly happy. His *Châtiments* are being sold in thousands and recited in the theatres; cannon and balloons are named after him; he weeps and exults. On October 9 five delegates from the Ninth Arrondissement call in the name of the Arrondissement to forbid him to get himself killed. On the day after he grants the Minister of Finance "an audience." On October 21 there is a rumour of the death of Dumas—"a large-hearted man of great talent." Incidentally we learn to what straits the Parisians were reduced for food. But Hugo does not suffer: the Directors of the *Jardin des Plantes* kill elephants and antelopes for him. He drops in also little remarks about his grand-daughter Jeanne: "Little Jeanne has imagined a way of puffing out her cheeks and raising her arms in the air that is adorable." In November Frédéric Lemaître calls, kisses Hugo's hands, and weeps.

Finally, let us quote this:

I copy the following from a newspaper:

"M. Victor Hugo had manifested the intention to leave Paris unarmed, with the artillery battery of the National Guard to which his two sons belong.

"The 144th Battalion of the National Guard went in a body to the poet's residence in the Avenue Frochot. Two delegates waited upon him.

"These honourable citizens went to forbid Victor Hugo to carry out his plan, which he had announced some time ago in his *Address to the Germans.*

"'Everybody can fight,' the deputation told him. 'But everybody cannot write *Les Châtiments*. Stay at home, therefore, and take care of a life that is so precious to France.'"

I do not remember the number of the battalion. It was not the 144th. Here are the terms of the address which was read to me by the major of the battalion:

"The National Guard of Paris forbids Victor Hugo to go to the front, inasmuch as everybody can go to the front, whereas Victor Hugo alone can do what Victor Hugo does."

"Forbids" is touching and charming.

The book, it will be seen, is very readable, very good fun, but it is not "the" memoirs of Victor Hugo.

## Things Seen.

At the Free Library on Monday.

THE news-room was very full. Workpeople curtailed their dinner hour, and even children going home from school looked in to see the latest telegrams. Presently in came a small boy in sailor suit and muffin cap set well back on his head—so small was he that any attempt to read the newspapers on the high wooden stands was out of the question. He paused in the centre of the room, eagerly scanning the faces of the many readers as though trying to solve a difficult problem. Presently he trotted up to a tall man absorbed in the war telegrams. The child pulled him by the coat; then in a high whisper—"Will you lift me up? I want to see the list for mother!"

Every head was turned. The concentrated gaze of all the readers focussed upon the tall man as he lifted the little lad in his arms.

The child evidently could read, for his quick light eyes followed his stubby little forefinger as it travelled line by line down the long broken column of names. We all watched him breathlessly. The finger was lifted, he gave a little wriggle in the tall man's arms, exclaiming joyfully, "No! 'e ain't there"—and we felt that "'e" belonged to every one of us. "Mother won't never buy no paper till I bin and looked, for fear 'er should see it suddint-like. Thank you, sir!"

The tall man put the child down very gently.

## Mr. Grant Allen.

MR. GRANT ALLEN died on Wednesday, after a long and very painful illness, at the age of fifty-one, thus closing one of the most interesting careers in modern literature. For Mr. Grant Allen was not one author but an epitome of authors: his works ranged from *An American Millionaire* to *The Evolution of the Idea of God*; from *The Typewriter Girl* (as we explain elsewhere) to *Physiological Aesthetics*; from *The Woman Who Did* to *The Encyclopædia Britannica*; from *Strange Stories* to *The European Tour*. He was a busy reviewer; he was for four years Professor of Logic at Queen's College, Jamaica; he did more to bring Darwin's discoveries to the popular understanding than anyone has

them all under the prudent pseudonym of J. Arbuthnot Wilson. I do not know that I should have got much further on the downward path which leads to fiction, had it not been for the intervention of my good friend the late Mr. James Payn. When he undertook the editorship of the *Cornhill*, he determined at first to turn it into a magazine of stories only, and began to look about him for fresh blood to press into the service. Among the writers he then secured (I seem to recollect) were Dr. Conan Doyle and Mr. Stanley Weyman. Now, under Mr. Leslie Stephen's editorship, I had been accustomed to contribute to the *Cornhill* occasional papers on scientific subjects: and one morning, by an odd coincidence, I received two notes simultaneously from the new editor. The first of them was addressed to me by my real name; in it, Mr. Payn courteously but briefly informed me that he returned one such scientific article which I had sent for his



THE LATE MR. GRANT ALLEN.

done; he wrote charmingly, and always informingly, of the open air; he made the fame of Mr. William Watson; he was an uncompromising critic of social anomalies; he wrote good poetry; he was a tower of strength to the *Strand Magazine*, and he said that if he had his choice he would rather sweep a crossing than earn his living by the pen.

Within the past few days his edition of White's *Selborne*, a work on European travel, and a newly-arranged collection of his best stories have been published. The last-named book, *Twelve Tales, with a Headpiece, a Tailpiece, and an Intermezzo*, has an interesting account of Mr. Allen's story-telling career, from which we quote this passage:

I did not regard these my tentative tales in any serious light: and, fearing that they might stand in the way of such little scientific reputation as I possessed, I published

consideration, as he had determined in future to exclude everything but fiction from the magazine—a decision which he afterwards saw reason to rescind. The second letter, forwarded through Messrs. Chatto & Windus, was addressed to me under my assumed name of J. Arbuthnot Wilson, and begged that unknown person to submit to Mr. Payn a few stories “like your admirable ‘Mr. Chung.’” . . . When a novelist like Mr. James Payn spoke well of my work—nay, more, desired to secure it for his practically new magazine—I began to think there might really be something in my stories worth following up by a more serious effort.

“The Reverend John Creedy,” which many judges consider Mr. Allen's masterpiece, occupies a prominent place in *Twelve Tales*.

We shall return next week to the more intimate and less-known side of Mr. Grant Allen's varied career.

## Mrs. Humphry Ward on Charlotte Brontë.

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD has written an interesting, if rather severe, introduction to *Jane Eyre* in Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co.'s new edition of Charlotte Brontë's works. It is interesting to see what one novelist has to say about



ROCHESTER AND JANE EYRE.  
From the Picture by F. Walker, A.R.A.

another novelist, especially when both are women. Mrs. Ward puts the faults of *Jane Eyre* forward first. Thus:

There never was a plot, which pretended to be a plot, of looser texture than that of *Jane Eyre*. It abounds with absurdities and inconsistencies. The critics of Charlotte Brontë's time had no difficulty in pointing them out; they lie, indeed, on the surface for all to see. That such incidents should have happened to Jane Eyre in Mr. Rochester's house as did happen, without awakening her suspicions; that the existence of a lunatic should have been commonly known to all the servants of the house, yet wholly concealed from the governess; that Mr. Rochester should have been a man of honour and generosity, a man with whom not only Jane Eyre, but clearly the writer herself, is in love, and yet capable of deliberately betraying and deceiving a girl of twenty placed in a singularly helpless position—these are the fundamental puzzles of the story. Mrs. Fairfax is a mystery throughout. How, knowing what she did, did she not inevitably know more?—what was her real relation to Rochester?—to Jane Eyre? These are questions that no one can answer—out of the four corners of the book. The country-house party is a tissue of extravagance throughout; the sarcasms and brutalities of the beautiful Miss Ingram are no more credible than the manners assumed by the aristocratic Rochester from the beginning towards his ward's governess, or the amazing freedom with which he pours into the ears of the same governess—a virtuous girl of twenty, who has been no more than a few weeks under his roof—the story of his relations with Adèle's mother. . . . The country-house party is equally far from anything known, either to realistic or romantic truth, even to the truth as it existed in the days of *Jane Eyre's* Quarterly Reviewer and the Cowan Bridge School. . . . The whole scene from beginning to end is a piece of heavy grotesque, without either the truth or the fun of good satire. It was these pages, of course, and certain others like them in the book, that set George Henry Lewes preaching the "mild eyes," the "truth," and "finish" of Miss Austen to the new and stormy genius which had produced *Jane Eyre*. And one may see, perhaps, in Charlotte's soreness, in the

very vehemence that she shows under this particular criticism, that, secretly, the shaft has gone home. . . . As to the other weaknesses of plot and conception, they are very obvious and very simple. The "arrangements" by which Jane Eyre is led to find a home in the Rivers household, and becomes at once her uncle's heiress and the good angel of her newly discovered cousins; the device of the phantom voice that recalls her to Rochester's side; the fire that destroys the mad wife, and delivers into Jane's hands a subdued and helpless Rochester—all these belong to that more mechanical and external sort of plot-making which the modern novelist of feeling and passion, as distinguished from the novelist of adventure, prides himself on renouncing. . . . In fact, to return to our *advocatus diaboli*, "*Jane Eyre* is, on the one side, a rather poor novel of incident, planned on the conventional pattern, and full of clumsy execution; on another side, it is a picture of passion and of ideas, for which, in truth, the writer had no sufficient equipment; she moves imprisoned, to quote Mr. Leslie Stephen, in 'a narrow circle of thoughts'; if you press it, the psychology of the book is really childish; Rochester is absurd; Jane Eyre, in spite of the stir that she makes, only half-realised and half-conscious."

Having almost endangered the new reader's appetite for *Jane Eyre*, Mrs. Ward proceeds to tell him how he may enjoy the novel:

The main secret of the charm that clings to Charlotte Brontë's books is, and will always be, the contact which they give us with her own fresh, indomitable, surprising personality—surprising, above all. In spite of its conventionalities of scheme, *Jane Eyre* has, in detail, in conversation, in the painting of character, that perpetual magic of the unexpected which overrides a thousand faults, and keeps the mood of the reader happy and alert. The expedients of the plot may irritate or chill the artistic sense; the voice of the story-teller, in its inflections of passion, or feeling, or reverie, charms and holds the ear almost from first to last. The general plan may be commonplace, the ideas even of no great profundity; but the book is original. How often in the early scenes of childhood or school-life does one instinctively expect the conventional solution, the conventional softening, the conventional prettiness or quaintness, that so many other story-tellers of undoubted talent could not have resisted! And it never comes. Hammer-like, the blows of a passionate realism descend. Jane Eyre, the little helpless child, is never comforted; Mrs. Reid, the cruel aunt, is never sorry for her cruelties; Bessie, the kind nurse, is not very kind, she does not break the impression, she satisfies no instinct of poetic compensation, she only just makes the story credible, the reader's assent possible. So, at Lowood, Helen Burns is not a suffering angel; there is nothing consciously pretty or touching in the wonderful picture of her: reality, with its discords, its infinite novelties, lends word and magic to the passion of Charlotte's memory of her dead sister; all is varied, living, poignant, full of the inexhaustible savour of truth, and warm with the fire of the heart. So that at last, when pure pathos comes, when Helen sleeps herself to death in Jane's arms, when the struggle is over, and room is made for softness, for pity, the mind of the reader yields itself wholly, without reserve, to the working of an artist so masterful, so self-contained, so rightly frugal as to the great words and great emotions of her art. We are in the presence of the same kind of power as that which drew the death of Bazarov in *Fathers and Sons*—a power which, in the regions covered by the experience of the mind behind it, "nothing common does nor mean," which shrinks from the borrowed and the imitated and the insincere as the patriot shrinks from treason.

Mrs. Ward draws some interesting comparisons and contrasts between Charlotte Brontë and George Sand, and maintains, with reason, that George Sand's novels quickened and fertilised the genius of her English sister. It was of a French critic, not of any English critic, that Charlotte Brontë said, referring to *Shirley*: "He follows Currer Bell through every winding, discerns every point, discriminates every shade, proves himself master of the subject, and lord of the aim."

## The Amateur Critic.

[FROM time to time we receive letters from correspondents in praise or disapproval of books new and old. In future, for awhile, we propose to put a page of the ACADEMY at the service of the unprofessional critic. To this page we also invite our readers to contribute remarks on striking or curious passages which they may meet with in their ordinary reading. No communication, we would point out, must exceed 300 words.]

### Good Writing v. Over-writing.

THE article in your last issue on "Over-writing" is much to my taste. I cannot endure these clever young men who think that the way to bring a scene home to the reader is to pile epithet upon epithet—the more extravagant the better. Passages that touch the imagination and live in the memory are always simple. Pater, Ruskin, Matthew Arnold never juggle with words. To make a passage "tell" the writer must have atmosphere, feeling, charm, and the "right" words. My contention may be right or wrong, but I could give you a score of passages in support of it. I will give you three, without comment, from books I have read during the past week. Each, I maintain, conveys an arresting picture, and the effect is gained by simple and legitimate means. My first is from Mr. G. W. Stevens's *In India*:

After that a group of naked fakirs, powdered white with ashes, with long matted hair and mad eyes. Then a door, fast closed and seeming to lead nowhither, with a tiny wreath of marigolds hung on it.

My second is from Mr. Conrad's new story in *Blackwood's* called "Lord Jim":

The old training-ship chained to her moorings quivered all over, bowing gently head to wind, and with her scanty rigging humming in a deep bass the breathless song of her youth at sea.

My third is from Mr. Cutcliffe Hyre's *Further Adventures of Captain Kettle*:

The steamer was outside, leaking steam at an anchorage, and sending out dazzling heliograms every time she rolled her bleached awnings in the sun. The pilot's boat, with her crew of savages, paddled towards her, down channels between the mangrove-planted islands. The water spurned up by the paddle blades was the colour of beer.

These examples may not be great writing, but they do their duty. They describe what the writer saw; and the reader, in his turn, sees the scene.

CHARLES QUARTERMAIN.

### Mr. Chamberlain and Tennyson.

I OBSERVE that Mr. Chamberlain, in a recent letter to a correspondent who had sympathised with him under the attacks upon him which have lately been made, appears in the rôle of a Tennyson commentator. "I am afraid," he writes, "that where I am concerned there will always be people who impute the worst motives in regard to my actions. Tennyson says, 'Every man imputes himself'—that is to say, imputes to others the motives by which he knows he would himself be influenced." Having read this, I began to think about it, and quickly saw that Mr. Chamberlain was wrong, or, at least, not wholly right. I took my own case as an example—and a fair one, for I am not abnormal—and I found that my unhappy tendency is to impute to others precisely the motives by which I am not influenced. Hence it can be argued with equal force that persons are quite as ready to impute to others the faults which they themselves are not likely to commit. Tennyson's large generalisation can be met by Butler's couplet about compounding for sins we are inclined to by damning those we have no mind to.

S.

### 'Eheu Fugaces.'

"G. S." writes: "I venture to send you a translation of the famous 14th Ode of Second Book of Horace, by, I believe, a professor of St. Andrews University, now dead. To the best of my knowledge it has never been published. When Mr. Gladstone was bringing out his metrical translation of the Roman poet I sent him a copy also, and he was pleased to acknowledge the receipt and to say: 'I quite agree in your view of the translation you have sent me, which appears to be highly felicitous.'"

How swift the years are gliding past,  
My friend, be pious as you please,  
Wrinkles and age must come at last,  
And death in spite of bended knees.

Yes, you may slaughter every day  
Three thousand bulls at Pluto's shrine,  
Nor move the heartless king to stay  
Your fate an hour for all your kine.

He holds, remember, in his grasp  
Men, bigger men by far than you;  
The Stygian waters firmly clasp  
Their coils around a stronger crew.

When comes the time all men below  
Must navigate that dismal ditch,  
'Tis not the poor alone who go,  
'Tis also, Postumus, the rich.

In vain you shun the bloody fight,  
In vain avoid the tempest's roar,  
And vainly in September's blight  
Betake you to a healthier shore.

One scene which must be faced remains,  
Of Acheron, the languid waters,  
Of Sisyphus, the ceaseless pains,  
Of Danaus, the damned daughters.

These you must visit, and for these  
Resign your lands, your pleasing wife,  
Your household snug, and growing trees,  
The pride and pleasure of your life.

None but the hated cypress tree  
Will follow then their brief possessor,  
And what a change, alas! shall be  
When things have passed to your successor.

How quickly will that worthy set  
Your hoarded vintages aflowing,  
And make the rosy pavement wet  
With wine beyond the pontiff's growing!

### Catullus.

HAVING read your review of Mr. MacNaughton's *Story of Catullus*—which I had purchased on the day previous—it occurs to me that perhaps the enclosed translation of "Nil nimium studeo," &c., which I made about a year ago, might be of interest. This somewhat cumbersome result of much brain-cudgelling may at least serve to mark for contrast Mr. MacNaughton's beautifully facile and effective rendering of the same epigram. I append also in connexion with it a little opposition poem which the impertinence of Catullus evoked during my labours:

#### CATULLUS AD CÆSAREM.

Nor overmuch to meet demand of thine,  
Cæsar, I aught incline:  
Nor e'en what man thou art to care a jot—  
Coloured, or white, or what!

#### INTERPRES AD EUNDEM.

Joy had been mine to serve thee, let me own,  
Cæsar! Nor mine to lack  
Some loftier inquisition than alone  
Which wert thou, white or black!

E. KNOX-LINTON.



## Memoirs of the Moment.

THE immediate increase of mourning in the dress of people passing along Pall Mall, tells its own tale of the fighting last Friday and Saturday in South Africa. The lists of casualties have differed in their wording about the wounded. The records of some regiments have been made explicit by adding "dangerously," "severely," and "slightly"; while the mere word "wounded," leaving vague terrors as to the worst, has been in the case of other regiments, in sole use. Accordingly, personally-made inquiries of wives, parents, and children of officers have been particularly persistent and painful all this week—a period of intolerable suspense—especially in cases where "wounded" might equally well mean a dislocated leg or the amputation of two limbs. The officials at the War Office have done their best under the trying position, and they have been able to point to the case of General Symons as showing that, at any rate, no attempt has been made at the other end to send flattering bulletins. Meanwhile, we do not need to wait for news of the progress of individuals to know that the officers have on this occasion suffered more than ever before—more than in the last Indian Frontier expedition even—in proportion to their men. That fact is significant. It marks the general social upheaval that has taken place since the days of the Crimean War, in which the men purposely stood in front of their officers to cover them. The order is now reversed, and the officers are on their mettle to set the example of courage to those whom they now lead in deed as well as in name. That, within proper bounds, is as it should be. "The gentlemen of England are the natural leaders of the people of England," as Lord Beaconsfield once observed.

NEPHEWS of the Lake Poets become almost an extinct race with the death of the Rev. Thomas Castle Southey, who left his native Cumberland for Warwickshire, where he held the vicarage of Newbold Pacey for thirty-five years. But he never forgot that he was the nephew of Southey, being the son of that brother of the Poet Laureate who died at sea, a naval captain fighting against the French. Indeed, it was a last tribute to that relationship that set the aged clergyman putting into rhymes, both English and Latin, only this year, his thoughts "In the Near Prospect of Death."

MRS. W. E. FORSTER, whose death took place the other day rather suddenly at her sister's, at Malvern, and not in the Yorkshire village in which she spent the last secluded years of her life, had not any very remarkable immediate history of her own; but she had relative interests of a commanding kind. She was Dr. Arnold's daughter, Matthew Arnold's sister, Forster's wife, and Mrs. Humphry Ward's aunt. The family calls upon her sympathies were, therefore, both large and varied; nor did she fail in her response to them. The gaunt courage of her husband when, as Chief Secretary for Ireland, he was compassed about by men sworn to take his life, had its counterpart in the quietness that was her strength. She began her married life with a certain bravery by wedding a member of the Society of Friends—an experiment, considered from various points of view. The poet who warns the woman to ask what her future husband's religion is, because she "will soon be of the same," did not take due count of feminine forces in matters of feelings, and a matter of feeling religion mostly is. Mrs. Forster made a good Anglican of her husband; but the depleted Society of Friends, while it crossed his name out of its book of life, always maintained a warm feeling, perhaps even a little pride, in the memory of the connexion. Dr. Arnold, too, was a great hero in those days in that sort of circle; and, if the young Bradford manufacturer was not to marry one

of his own fellow-believers, it would rather see him marry Dr. Arnold's daughter than anybody else. There was one man, indeed, who never quite forgave Mr. Forster his defection, and that was Mr. Bright. Even when they sat in political triumph on the same bench, Bright's estimate of Forster in private life was anything but a cordial one; and even the way Forster sat on that bench—a very ungainly way it must be owned—was made a reproach against him by the statesman who, nevertheless, adhered to the Society which exists to protest against outward forms and ceremonies and symbols as signs of inward grace.

MRS. FORSTER lived to see her father's reputation somewhat decline. The High Church Movement, with its amazing sweep of everything before it, sensibly modified the ideals of parents about their children; more spirituality was demanded by religious directors; and Tom Brown has become now nearly as idiosyncratic a personage as Stalky. But there was no waning in the fame of her husband. The deviser as well as the passer of the Elementary Education Act of 1870 left a greater mark upon his century than was made by any of his contemporaries—that is beyond controversy; and his Irish policy, which is not beyond controversy, had its enormous temporary triumph, of which his wife took full share. The fame of her brother Matthew—only separated from her in age by a single year—she saw extend and intensify year by year, so that the cautious praises of him appearing in the Tennyson letters sounded to her a little cold and patronising. Her house in turn was a favourite haunt of her brother, and when they were absent from each other he wrote frequently to "K.," as he familiarly called her from childhood up, addressing to her, as "Fausta," his early verses on "Resignation."

[Sir Penn Symons determined that his first encounter with the Boers should be a British victory.—*Daily Paper.*]

Is Pen more mighty than is Sword?  
Or sword than goose's feather?  
No need for controversial word—  
They're mightiest now together.

## Correspondence.

### Mr. Bullen's Depreciatory Prefaces.

SIR,—Your (on the whole) kindly paragraph tempts me to offer just a word or two by way of apology. It may well be that I am, as you say, too modest; and, as that failing is not common, it is the more noticeable.

May I plead in extenuation that, having for thirty-three years been accustomed to the remarks that I was "no good, never would be good for anything," &c., it is by no means easy for me to grow accustomed to the wonderful stream of kindly words which literary organs of all shades (with the sole exception of the *Athenæum*) have turned upon me since the appearance of the *Cruise of the Cachalot*. I want, of course, to believe all the nice things they say, but I am constantly haunted by a fear that I am being over-rated. And I am in dread also of becoming swell-headed. That is no reason why I should rush into the opposite extreme and grovel. But, strange as it may appear, I really mean what I have said in my preface. I must remember not to say it any more.—I am, &c.,

September 23, 1899.

F. T. BULLEN.

[We did not doubt Mr. Bullen's sincerity. We merely wished to point out to him that the time for apologies was over. It is for readers to find an author good, not for an author to point to his shortcomings.]

## Mr. Henty's Books.

SIR,—I wish to draw attention to a new form of publishing of which my publishers and myself have been the victims. My arrangements with Messrs. Blackie give them a monopoly of my books for boys, but do not include *bona fide* novels. The copyrights of the latter have, for the last twelve years, been sold to Messrs. Tillotson, of Bolton, who, after running them as serials in various British and other newspapers, have sold the book rights to London firms of publishers, who have brought them out either in three-volume or, latterly, in one-volume form, as novels. This season, however, three books that have so appeared have been again brought out, this time in the form and guise of boys' books. Two of these, *Rujub the Juggler* and *Colonel Thorndyke's Secret*, are published by Messrs. Chatto & Windus, and are got up in the closest imitation of those published by Messrs. Blackie. Messrs. Chatto & Windus have, in addition, put them in paper covers of the same tint as those issued by Messrs. Blackie, and with the titles printed in the shade of ink used by that firm, the imitation being so close that, when placed on a shelf together, they are practically identical. They even place them in their catalogue among "New Books for Boys."

The third volume is published by Messrs. S. W. Partridge & Co., who bought my book, *A Woman of the Commune*, from Messrs. F. V. White & Co., after the latter had published it as a novel, and have, in spite of my protest, altered the title to that of *Cuthbert Hartington*, following my name with the author of two boys' books brought out by Messrs. Blackie, thereby conveying the impression that it is a new book for boys. My publishers naturally complain that I have broken my agreement with them, and that the sale of these three books will seriously interfere with that of those they have brought out this season. Moreover, they are likely to injure my reputation as a writer of boys' books, as, being novels, they contain many scenes and episodes which would certainly not have found a place in books intended to be read by boys and girls.

As far as I am advised, I have no legal remedy; but I think that the public should be warned that in purchasing the volumes as presents for young people, they are not buying new books, still less my books for boys.—I am, &c.,

G. A. HENTY.

33, Lavender-gardens, S.W.: October 23, 1899.

## Travestying Herbert Spencer.

SIR,—Prof. Ward's brief rejoinder to my strictures on his *Naturalism and Agnosticism*, which appears in your last issue, is to me pleasant and satisfactory reading, for he takes exception to only one point in my indictment, and leaves it to be inferred that on all the others I have succeeded in palpably hitting the white. Besides, on the point which he singles out for notice, Prof. Ward does not improve his position, but, quite unwittingly no doubt, lends material support to my contention. Permit me in a few sentences to deal with the point at issue.

In my review I found fault with Prof. Ward for quoting a portion of a letter from Darwin to John Fiske, and leaving his readers to infer that that was Darwin's first and last verdict about Spencer. As there are several verdicts about Spencer in Darwin's *Life and Letters*—verdicts of a very different character from the one quoted by the Professor—I was, I think, justified in holding that it was wrong to single out one and say nothing about the rest. But the Professor does not dispute the existence of the other verdicts, as, indeed, he cannot, and thus far there is no difference between us. I, however, added in my review that Prof. Ward ought to have appealed from "Darwin knowing little to Darwin knowing more." This the Professor says he has done, the letter to John Fiske being, in his opinion, a verdict on Mr. Spencer's system as a whole, while the letter I quoted merely referred to an

article by Mr. Spencer on certain strictures by Dr. Martineau on evolution—"a case (to use the Professor's own words) in which Darwin and Mr. Spencer had common ground."

I must candidly confess to having read that statement with raised eyebrows. In the article in question there is only a page or two devoted to rebutting Dr. Martineau's strictures on that particular part of the doctrine of Evolution which Darwin had in common with Mr. Spencer—namely, the origin of species; while all the rest are devoted to a defence of the general doctrine of evolution at large, with which Darwin had nothing whatever to do. So that while writing Mr. Spencer, Darwin was doing a great deal more than merely expressing admiration for a clever defence of common ground, and I am greatly surprised at Prof. Ward trying to represent the matter in a totally different light. Darwin frankly confesses, in the letter which Prof. Ward estimates so highly, that "Spencer's style is too hard for me," but when he did get over difficulties, and fully understood hard points, as he did in the case of the article on Dr. Martineau, he wrote to Mr. Spencer in terms of unbounded admiration. When, however, in his letter to John Fiske, he ventures timidly into wider regions, he would, I think, have been the first to admit that he was in the state I have designated, "Darwin knowing little."

There is not very much in this point, and had it stood alone I should not have deemed it worthy of notice; but it does not stand alone, and, therefore, I could not pass it over. It is, in fact, one out of many instances in which Prof. Ward practises something resembling what Sir Henry Maine calls imperfect generalisation—namely, the dropping out of sight of a certain number of particular facts, and constructing a formula which will embrace the remainder. Too frequently the Professor drops out of sight certain particular facts, and then gets along to his own intense satisfaction with the remainder. He must, therefore, excuse me for having felt obliged to enter a vigorous caveat against such a thoroughly partisan method.—I am, &c.,

WILLIAM C. McBAIN.

Glasgow: October 23, 1899.

## Renan.

SIR,—The accent gratuitously bestowed upon the second *e* of the good Bishop of Cambrai's name is still retained, with occasional exceptions, in English type, in spite of periodical protests in *Notes and Queries* and elsewhere. M. Renan is similarly endowed, his name being commonly pronounced and printed *Rénan*. But while the case of Fénelon seems well-nigh hopeless, it is not yet, perhaps, too late to save M. Renan's name from permanent mutilation. From "The Literary Week" of last Saturday's ACADEMY it appears that Mr. Henry James, in an article in the *North American Review*, speaks of *Rénan* (*sic*) as the last of the great historians. The fault may lie with the printer of the *Review*, or it may be that the ACADEMY is responsible. In the latter case, my criticism—useful, I hope it may prove, although microscopic—will be sure of the space I ask.—I am, &c.,

H. A.

Barnes, S.W.

[Mr. James is blameless.]

## Misconceptions.

SIR,—Reading the recent correspondence on "Misconceptions," one cannot help being struck with the familiarity shown with the idea of a *bear*, a familiarity so marked as to overcome all consideration of grammar and sense, and of the existence of a very common verb employed with the same sound in more than one of its tenses, to say nothing of an equally common adjective.

To the stories of the "depths of ocean bear," the "child she-bear," and the "tom-bears lug" may be added one

told by Sir M. E. Grant-Duff, premising, however, that the reading of Genesis to the old lady of the story must have been from the Revised Version, with which she may have been unacquainted. On hearing the list of children beginning "Uz his first-born, and Buz his brother," and ending "these eight did Milcah bear," she called out: "That can't be right. How could they milk a bear?"

What is the cause of this familiarity? Tradition tells us that the last wild bear in England made his appearance at the battle of Hastings. Tame bears are scarce. Bears are no longer baited. The makers of pomatum have ceased to announce: "Another fine bear slaughtered to-day." Yet only a few days ago *Punch* showed us a foreign member of a shooting party climbing up a tree on receiving the word, "*Bear to your right*"—a joke that would be pointless were the idea too absurd to be entertained by a reasonable foreign visitor.

The cause, I think, is to be found in the second chapter of the Second Book of Kings, where we read of Elisha cursing the little children who came to him with disrespectful language, and of the two she-bears who thereupon tore forty-two of them. This prompt punishment of improper behaviour to a prophet has been the theme of much pulpit eloquence; and the proverbial saying, "There you are again with your bears," is said to have been in the first instance the exclamation of an attendant on sermons who, after being fully instructed on the subject by one preacher, was chagrined to find himself shortly afterwards addressed to the same effect by another one. The story is calculated to make a deep impression on the infant mind, an impression which some guardians of infancy, with small pretension to being prophets, would be careful not to remove.—I am, &c.,

September 23, 1899.

W. R. LL.

SIR,—The Elegy is surely no more difficult for children than is the Church Catechism. What boy ever saw any meaning whatever in "a means whereby we receive the same, and a pledge to assure us thereof"? To me, as a child, the whole line underscored was a long single word. It had a luxurious sound that I liked, but *præterea nihil*. No language, how simple soever, I think, can escape a child's perversion. One said for years, in repeating the "Hail, Mary!" "Blessed art thou, a monk swimming." Another, supposing life was labour, I presume, ended his prayers with "forever endeavour, Amen."

The knowledge of literature will grow with the child; and when he appreciates what he has learned it is none the less welcome for being an old acquaintance.—I am, &c.,

St. Charles' College, JOHN B. TABB.  
Ellicott City, Maryland, U.S.A.,  
September, 1899.

### An Earlier Version.

MISS JANE BARLOW writes: "As you mention in to-day's *ACADEMY* Mr. W. H. Mallock's rendering of part of *Lucretius* into the measure of FitzGerald's *Omar Khayyâm*, some of your readers might possibly be interested by a few quatrains of a version in that metre which I attempted several years ago:

'OMNI SOMNO SECURIUS.'

('De Rerum Natura,' Lib. iii., vv. 894-930.)

'Now must no more thy dear and gentle spouse  
Greet thee returning to thy glad some house,  
Nor pretty children run to snatch a kiss,  
Thrilling thine heart with joy no word avows.

'No more must thou, thy loved one's guard and stay  
In weal abide. Ah, piteous wight,' (they say)  
'In piteous wise of all this sweet life's bliss  
Bereft thou art by one bale-bringing day.'

Nor add thereto: 'Yet now endures in thee  
No yearning after these'; tho' truth it be

That, clearly seen in thought, and shown in speech  
From sore dismay and dread the soul should free.

'Thou, soothly, even as now in sleep of death  
Lulled softly liest, thou shalt even so' (one saith)  
'To furthest bound that lapsing time may reach  
Rest, quit of every pain that anguisheth.

'But we fast by thy pyre's grim funeral bed  
O'er the poor ashes wept uncomfited,  
Nor wept our fill; and never day shall break  
Can soothe our life-long sorrowing for the dead.'

Ask of this mourner then: 'To easeful sleep,  
If mortal doom but lead, rest calm and deep,  
Ah! what so passing bitter thence can wake,  
That one in dateless woe should pine and weep?'

This likewise oft men say from sad hearts' core,  
Wreath-crowned and cup in hand their banquets o'er:  
'Brief is the bliss that weakling mortals taste,  
It is, and is not, and must return no more.'

As if, forsooth, in death our chiefest bane  
Shall be that thirst and parching heat again  
Vex us forlorn, or lingers uneffaced  
Our longing after aught; delusion vain.

Since, mind and body alike in slumber stilled,  
No man to self and life a waking willed,  
Nor reck we tho' that sleep should last for aye,  
By any longing after self unthrilled.

And yet not far from vibrant whirl sense-fraught  
The primal atoms whence our frames be wrought  
Have wandered, when the man casts slumber by,  
And summons back his trance-dispersed thought.

Death, then, much less, if less than nought there were,  
Can harm us, since its sleep doth wider bear  
Our scattered elements, and who once hath known  
That chill surcease of life awakeneth ne'er.

JANE BARLOW."

## Our Prize Competitions.

### Result of No. 5.

We offered a prize last week for the best translation of Heine's lyric:

ES STEHEN UNBEWEGLICH.

Es stehen unbeweglich  
Die Sterne in der Höh'  
Viel tausend Jahr', und schauen  
Sich an mit Liebesweh.

Sie sprechen eine Sprache,  
Die ist so reich, so schön;  
Doch keiner der Philologen  
Kann diese Sprache verstehn.

Ich aber hab' sie gelernt,  
Und ich vergesse sie nicht;  
Mir diente als Grammatik  
Der Herzallerliebsten Gesicht.

The best of the very many versions which we have received is the following by Miss C. Thomson, Solihull, near Birmingham, to whom a cheque for a guinea has been sent:

Throughout the endless ages  
The steadfast stars above  
Gaze each at each with longing  
And eyes of yearning love.

They speak a tender language,  
That is so rich, so fair,  
Yet never a philologist  
This language can declare.

But I have studied and know it,  
And ne'er forget its grace,  
For the grammar whence I learnt it  
Is my beloved's face.

A large number of competitors have gone astray with the last stanza, either inverting Heine's meaning, as in this specimen:

But I have learned that language,  
Nor will forget it all,  
For by its rules I learn to read  
The dearest face of all;

or treating the last line as a figurative statement. Some consider it to mean "Heaven," some "the starry skies," and one translator

applies it to "my wife." These are three of the best of the remaining versions:

Untravell'd and unchanging  
The stars in heaven above  
Through all eternity reflect  
The agony of love.

And though they speak a language  
Of matchless eloquence,  
No dull grammarian may hope  
To learn its accidence.

But I have solved for ever  
The secret of the skies;  
My lexicon the lovelight  
In my beloved's eyes.

[N. P., London.]

All motionless, unchanging,  
They stand, the stars above,  
Through myriad years, each gazing  
On each with aching love.

They speak a solemn language,  
So beautiful, so grand,  
Yet none of the philologists  
That speech can understand.

But I, but I have learned it,  
Each mood and tense and case,  
The grammar that I studied  
Was my beloved's face.

[W. G. F., Southsea.]

Standing for thousand ages,  
Immovable above,  
The stars behold each other  
With painful longing love.

They speak in such a language,  
So noble and so rich,  
That no dry philologist  
May understand their speech.

Yet I full well have learnt it,  
But not from printed books;  
I found its perfect grammar  
In my beloved's looks.

[R. B., Chester.]

Replies received also from: W. H. P., Norwich; A. H. C., London; C. S., Willesden; D. B., London; F. F., Leicester; J. M. J., Tappert; M. E. R., Hertford; J. T., Tunbridge Wells; G. B. F., London; C. M. J., Hexham-on-Tyne; C. R. S., Salisbury; J. D. A., Ealing; D. O., Chislehurst; T. B., Cheltenham; C. C., Newcastle-upon-Tyne; E. W., London; W. M. B., Leicester; N. H., London; E. B., Liverpool; H. L. T., Cheltenham; J. M. M., Ealing; B. G., Barnsley; G. N., Clifton; A. E. T., London; J. D. W., London; E. R., Holland; M. A. C., Cambridge; K. J., Leeds; D. T., London; S. B. N., St. Leonard's-on-Sea; E. S. Stratford-on-Avon; S. M. D., Bexley; J. J. E., London; M. E. T., London; G. H., Didsbury; G. W. S., London; C. L. E., Matlock; E. F. S., Newcastle-on-Tyne; S. G. C., Edinburgh; L. M. L., Stafford; H. Z. S., Aberdeen; R. F. M., Whitby; A. H. B., Ascot; M. A. W., Brough; A. A. G., London; M. B., Macclesfield; E. M. A., Oxford; J. B. W., Brighton; P. R., Manchester.

## Competition No. 6. (New Series.)

On page 491 will be found a letter signed Charles Quartermain, emphasising the power of simplicity rather than studied elaboration, to convey vivid, swift pictures. We ask for further examples of the art, to be drawn from prose writers, offering a prize of a guinea to the best which is sent in. No extract should exceed sixty words.

### RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, The ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, October 31. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found in the first column of p. 496 or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. We wish to impress on competitors that the task of examining replies is much facilitated when one side only of the paper is written upon. It is also important that names and addresses should always be given: we cannot consider anonymous answers.

## Books Received.

Week ending Thursday, October 26.

### THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

Cheyne (Rev. T. K.) and Black (J. Sutherland), <i>Encyclopædia Biblica</i> . Vol. I.: A to D..... (Black) 2/6	
Miles (E. H.), <i>The Teaching of Jesus To-day</i> ..... (Richards) net 5/0	
Anderson (R.), <i>The Buddha of Christendom</i> ..... (Hodder & Stoughton) 5/0	
Robertson (J. N. W. B.), <i>Acts and Decrees of the Synod of Jerusalem</i> . (Baker) net 5/0	
Garnier (T. P.), <i>A First Book on the Bible</i> ..... (S.P.C.K.) 7/6	
Wilson (Rev. S. Law), <i>The Theology of Modern Literature</i> ..... (T. & T. Clark) 9/0	
Garvie (A. E.), <i>The Ritschian Theory: Critical and Constructive</i> . (T. & T. Clark) 7/6	
Bennett (W. H.) and Adeney (W. F.), <i>Biblical Introduction</i> ..... (Methuen) 3/6	
Rodwell (G.), <i>New Testament Greek</i> ..... (Methuen) 3/6	
Benson (Rev. Hugh), <i>Prayers Public and Private</i> ..... (Isbister) 3/6	

### POETRY, &c.

Swinburne (A. C.), <i>Rosamund</i> ..... (Chatto & Windus) 10/6	
Fane (Violet), <i>Between Two Seas</i> ..... (Nimmo) net 3/6	
Spurr (H. A.), <i>Bachelor Ballads</i> ..... (Greening) 5/6	
Gayley (C. M.) and Scott (Fred. N.), <i>Introduction to the Methods and Materials of Literary Criticism</i> ..... (Ginn & Co.) 3/6	
England (H. G.), <i>Shots at Random</i> ..... (Ogilvie Publishing Co.) 5/0	
Dowden (Edward), <i>The Works of Shakespeare: Hamlet</i> ..... (Methuen) 3/6	
Maxwell (Major-Gen. Patrick), <i>Minna von Barnhelm</i> ..... (University Press) 3/6	
Lindsay (Lady), <i>The Apostle of the Ardenne</i> ..... (Kegan Paul) net 1/6	
Gerard (W.), <i>Dolcino: A Tragedy</i> ..... (Kegan Paul) 1/6	
<i>Shakespeare's Plays: The Tempest, Romeo and Juliet</i> . Illustrated by Byam Shaw..... (Bell) each, net 1/6	

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## The Literary Week.

THE *Daily Telegraph* has seen fit to protest, in no measured terms, against a decree which prevents its correspondent at the seat of war from sending home messages of more than a few words at a time. When we contrast the masterly directness, clearness, and conciseness of Sir George White's despatch to the War Office concerning the calamity of the week, with the conflicting and vague reports of some of the numerous special correspondents, we cannot but feel that the interests of Englishmen at home might be better served if only the official telegrams were printed in the papers. We do not want the special correspondent to lose his occupation; we want him to be there, for his keen eye and picturesque pen are of the highest value when the story of the campaign comes to be written. But for that story we can wait. For all practical purposes, such despatches as Sir George White's models of good writing are enough.

SINCE our last number three poems on the war, signed by honoured names, have been made public. Dr. Alexander, the Archbishop of Armagh, contributed to the *Times* a copy of stately verses embodying the argument that "the ascending earthquake dust of battle frames God's pictures in the skies." It is an assurance of which many persons were in need. Mr. Alfred Austin, the Poet Laureate, is less admirable in some heroic couplets of comment upon England's fortitude under her reverse. The sentiments are correct, but they come two days late. An elaboration of a fact of this kind should follow immediately upon the disaster calling it forth. The poem by Mr. Kipling, which, we are delighted to see, is bringing such large sums to the Reservists' Fund, was called "The Absent-Minded Beggar," and is in the poet's Barrack Room manner. It deals with Mr. Thomas Atkins's proneness to leave his wife unprovided for. "The Absent-Minded Beggar" is probably destined to live long.

THE Proprietor of the ACADEMY has offered to the *Daily Mail*, in aid of the wives and children of British soldiers in South Africa, the sum of One Hundred Guineas for the original manuscript of Mr. Kipling's poem, "The Absent-Minded Beggar"; and the sum of Fifty Guineas for the original drawing by Mr. W. Caton Woodville of "Tommy." As everyone knows, the manuscript of Mr. Kipling's poem is offered by the *Daily Mail* to the highest bidder—the proceeds to go to the Lord Mayor's fund.

NOTWITHSTANDING the depression alleged to be perceptible in the publishing business, the date fixed for the appearance of *The Life and Letters of Sir John Millais* is November 7, and *The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson* will be published on the 13th. Both these are books of a kind which, had there been any real depression, would certainly have been held over. Messrs. Methuen are issuing also a special limited edition of the Millais biography, containing twenty-two photogravure plates, printed on India paper, with duplicates of the same.

FROM the concluding instalment of R. L. Stevenson's *Letters in Scribner's*. To a young gentleman of the United States :

Whatever you do, read something else besides novels and newspapers; the first are good enough when they are good; the second, at their best, are worth nothing.

To Mr. Henley, concerning his *Book of Verses* :

I did not guess you were so great a magician; these are new tunes, this is an undertone of the true Apollo; these are not verse, they are poetry—inventions, creations, in language.

To Mr. J. M. Barrie, concerning *A Window in Thrums* :

Jess is beyond my frontier line; I could not touch her skirt; I have no such glamour of twilight on my pen. I am a capable artist; but it begins to look to me as if you were a man of genius. Take care of yourself for my sake. It's a devilish hard thing for a man who writes so many novels as I do, that I should get so few to read. And I can read yours and I love them.

THE fifth season of the Elizabethan Stage Society begins next week with a performance of Shakespeare's "Richard II."

IN his preface to the new edition of *The Playactress* and *Mad Sir Uchtrede of the Hills* Mr. Crockett stands out as one who can tell a good story against himself, and tell it well. Thus :

"Do you know Clashdaan?" said a friend of mine to a Galloway "herd" on the hills above the head of the Glen of Trool.

"Ay, brawly do I ken Clashdaan," was the reply; "it's juist a terrible place for sheep smoorin' amang the snaw, and if there's a storm onywhere amang the hills, the lichtnin' is sure to strike on Clashdaan."

"But," said my friend, thinking of "Sir Uchtrede," "have you read Mr. Crockett's story about it?"

"Na," said the shepherd, turning away, as if the subject were a painful one, "and mair nor that, I'm no gawn to read it either! If it gangs on like this, there will no be an auld runt of moss aik nor a bit rock by the roadside, but the craitur wull hae made up some lee aboot it! If ye ken the man, could ye no gie him a bit hint to try someither pairt o' the world an' gie Minnigaff a rest! I'm fair deeved wi' fowk askin' questions aboot this an' that in his buiks! And the crawlin' blasties never shut a gate ahint them, and think nocht o' knockin' a slap in a march-dyke that they may get through to look at some wee bit dub wi' a wheen sheep's banes intil't that he caa's a Murder Hole!"

A CURIOUS departure in publishing has been made by Mr. Edward Arnold. He sends us two volumes illustrating the flora of Palestine—*Wild Flowers from Palestine* and *Pressed Flowers from the Holy Land*—each of which is illustrated by dried specimens of actual flowers. Turning the pages, we notice two sprigs of mignonette, which the author, the Rev. Harvey B. Greene, ventures to associate with the hyssop of the Bible. "Purge me with mignonette and I shall be clean" has an odd ring. The lily of the field shown here is a rich crimson; but for beauty there is nothing to excel the white Madonna flower.



MR. JOHN MORLEY'S monograph on Oliver Cromwell begins in the November number of the *Century*. From the brief prologue with which the work opens—wherein, incidentally, we learn that Mr. Morley considers Prof. Goldwin Smith one of the most brilliant of living political critics—we quote the concluding sentences :

It is hard to deny that wherever force was useless Cromwell failed; or that his example would often lead in what modern opinion firmly judges to be false directions; or that it is in Milton and Bunyan, rather than in Cromwell, that we seek what was deepest, loftiest, and most abiding in Puritanism: we look to its apostles rather than its soldier. Yet Oliver's largeness of aim, his freedom of spirit, and that energy that comes of a free spirit; the presence of a burning light in his mind, though the light to our later times may have grown dim; his good faith, his valour, his constancy, have stamped his name, in spite of some exasperated acts that it is pure sophistry to justify, upon the imagination of men over all the vast area of the civilised world where the English tongue prevails.

The greatest names in history are those who, in a full career and amid the turbid extremities of political action, have yet touched closest and at most points the wide, ever-standing problems of the world, and the things in which men's interest never dies. Of this rare company Cromwell was surely one.

And here are a few other quotations from the essay :

His [Charles the First's] fault—and no statesman can have a worse—was that he never saw things as they were. He had taste, imagination, logic, but he was a dreamer, an idealist, and a theoriser, in which there might have been good rather than evil, if only his dreams, theories, and ideals had not been out of relation with the hard duties of a day of storm. He was gifted with a fine taste for pictures, and he had an unaffected passion for good literature. When he was a captive he devoted hours daily not only to Bishop Andrewes and the *Ecclesiastical Polity* of Hooker, but to Tasso, Ariosto, the *Faerie Queene*, and, above all, to Shakespeare.

He [Charles I.] had one ardent and constant sentiment, his devotion to the Queen. What a strange irony of the stars it was that threw the fortunes of a great kingdom at a deciding hour into the hands of a pedant of five-and-twenty and a foreign schoolgirl! France saw something like it a century later: Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, the Austrian, were neither of them twenty when they were called to regulate the fire-floods of the volcano.

To impose broad views upon the narrow is one of the things that a party-leader exists for.

THE American Academy of forty immortals which *Literary Life* is electing by public vote has now reached the following state. Historians: John Fiske, John Bach McMaster, Edward Eggleston, and A. T. Mahan. Essayists: T. W. Higginson and John Burroughs. Publicists: Theodore Roosevelt, George Dewey, and President McKinley. Philanthropist: Andrew Carnegie. Educators: Andrew D. White, David Starr Jordan, Benjamin Ide Wheeler, and Charles W. Eliot. Dramatists: Bronson Howard and David Belasco. Humorists: Mark Twain and either Joel Chandler Harris or Frank R. Stockton. Novelists: W. D. Howells, Mary Wilkins, S. Weir Mitchell, and F. Hopkinson Smith. Poets: E. C. Stedman, R. H. Stoddard, Joaquin Miller, and J. W. Riley. Critics: Hamilton W. Mabie and Brandes Matthews. Journalists: E. L. Godkin, Charles Emory Smith, and Whitelaw Reid. Ecclesiastic: Bishop Potter. Lawyers: Joseph H. Choate and William M. Ewerts. Scientists: Thomas A. Edison and Nikola Tesla. Painters: William M. Chase, John W. Alexander and Elihu Vedder. Sculptors: Augustus St. Gaudens and Frederick McMonnies. We cannot commend the discretion of the voters who have produced this Academy. The absence of the names of Charles Eliot Norton, William James, Bret Harte, Henry James, T. B. Aldrich, and John S. Sargent (who gets 2 votes to Mr. Chase's 22) is a sufficient sign of misguidedness. But the final figures have yet to come.

AMONG the grave absurdities in Mr. Stockton's new book, *The Visier of the Two-Horned Alexander*, is a whimsical parallel drawn between Maria Edgeworth and Nebuchadnezzar. The hero of the book, having acquired the secret of immortality during the time of Abraham, saw many famous personages during his protracted career, and happened to attend both the Babylonish king and the Irish novelist in the capacity of gardener. One afternoon, standing by his gardener, Nebuchadnezzar made use of precisely the same words which, twenty-four centuries later, under similar conditions, were made by Maria Edgeworth. They also had the same meditative expression of the eyes. This is amusing fooling, but the book is not altogether worthy of its author.

AN article in the *Quarterly Review* on Anglo-Indian novels reminds us that one of the earliest works of this character was by William Arnold, that brother of Matthew Arnold's whose death was the inspiration of the beautiful poem "A Southern Night." The novel, now forgotten, was entitled *Oakfield*, and was published in 1853. The story, says the *Quarterly* reviewer, was remarkable for the autobiographic description, too austere and censorious, of life in Indian cantonments, or during an Indian campaign, before the great Mutiny swept away the old sepoy army of Bengal. It represents the impression made upon a young Oxonian, of high culture and serious religious feeling, by the unmannerly and sometimes vicious dissipation of the officers' mess in an ill-managed regiment stationed up the country.

Nor long ago *The Political Struwwelpeter* arrived to blend politics with fun, and now comes *The Nonsense Blue-Book*, published from the office of the *London Letter*, the paper in which its contents first appeared. *The Nonsense Blue-Book* applies to current events the poetical and pictorial methods of Edward Lear. The author has caught the trick very cleverly, and some of the drawings and verses are very happy. Others are less so. For instance, in the lines—"There was a Bombastic Old Boer, Who thirsted for somebody's gore; So he said: 'Let us kick Women, children, and sick: That is safer than going to war,'" there is neither truth nor point.

IN the current number of the *Dome* may be found a little paper by Mr. W. B. Yeats, entitled "Dust hath Closed Helen's Eye," which shows that master of musical, wistful prose at his best. Therein he quotes an easy translation of an Irish folk-poem by Raftery, made in praise of the beautiful Mary Hynes, who died some sixty years ago in county Galway. As to how much of Mr. Yeats's story is true and how much exquisite fable we are not in a position to say. Perhaps he imagined it all. This is the end of Raftery's poem :

What is the worth of greatness till you have the light  
Of the flower of the branch that is by your side?  
There is no good to deny it or to try and hide it,  
She is the sun in the heavens who wounded my heart.

There was no part of Ireland I did not travel,  
From the rivers to the tops of the mountains,  
To the edge of Lough Greine, whose mouth is hidden,  
And I saw no beauty but was behind hers.

Her hair was shining and her brows were shining too;  
Her face was like herself, her mouth pleasant and sweet.  
She is the pride, and I give her the branch,  
She is the shining flower of Baile-laoi.

It is Mary Hynes, the calm and easy woman,  
Has beauty in her mind and in her face.  
If a hundred clerks were gathered together,  
They could not write down a half of her ways.

A man on the shore of Kinvara, who is too young to remember Mary Hynes, said: "Everybody says there is

no one at all to be seen now so handsome, it is said she had beautiful hair the colour of gold. She was poor, but her clothes every day were the same as Sunday, she had such neatness. And if she went to any kind of a meeting, they would all be killing one another for a sight of her, and there were a great many in love with her, but she died young. It is said that no one that has a song made about them will ever live long."

WE have already drawn attention to the prosaic idiosyncrasies of the entertaining writer who has taken the pseudonym "Israfel." In the same number of the *Dome* he brings his freakish imagination to bear on Chopin. We make two extracts. This is one: "Through the cool white medium of the piano he produced tone colours of infinite variety and intensity, of a quite jewelled brilliancy—clear, sharp, and delicate. His chaste devotion to the piano kept him of necessity narrow and limited of resource in regard to effect, but he left no recess of the piano's possibilities unexplored; he was the Nansen of the arctic, glittering piano." And this the other: "Chopin's motto is the dreamer's motto: 'Jam yesterday and jam to-morrow, but never jam to-day. And especially jam yesterday!'"

THE late Charles Reade's *Peg Woffington* has now received the treatment hitherto kept for works of far gentler writers, such as Miss Austen and Oliver Goldsmith, Mrs. Gaskell and Sir Richard Steele—that is to say, the story has been illustrated by Mr. Hugh Thomson, supplied with a charming preface by Mr. Austin Dobson, and is served up by Mr. George Allen as a dainty Christmas book. It makes a very pretty one. For the most part Mr. Dobson's preface is concerned with Margaret Woffington, concerning whom he, of course, knows everything. Glancing through the book we come again on the table of Triplet's Facts and Triplet's Fiction. Thus:

## TRIPLET'S FACTS.

A farthing dip is on the table.

It wants snuffing.

He jumped up, and snuffed it with his fingers. Burned his fingers, and swore a little.

## TRIPLET'S FICTION.

A solitary candle cast its pale gleams around.

Its elongated wick betrayed an owner steeped in oblivion.

He rose languidly, and trimmed it with an instrument that he had by his side for that purpose, and muttered a silent ejaculation.

There are still too many novelists of the Triplet school.

MR. GEORGE ALLEN, the publisher of the new edition of *Peg Woffington*, sends us a letter addressed to Charles Reade, c/o Mr. George Allen, Charing Cross-road, which he has just received, asking that a firm of press-cutting agents may have the pleasure of supplying him with notices of his book. Whether such ignorance is real, or is assumed for purposes of advertisement, we cannot make up our mind.

THE *Butterfly*, in its new form, has now reached the substantial condition of a first annual volume. We cannot give it very high praise, for though much cleverness has gone to its making, that cleverness is often misguided. Many of the drawings here are deft and high-spirited, but they should never have left the portfolio. They illustrate, indeed, a modern tendency to hurl before the public eye experiments as well as real works. Once it was left for executors or chiffoniers to make public an artist's or author's tentative efforts. Mr. Sime has a strong individuality and much power of hand, but he has recently done better work, we think, than appears in this volume. The letterpress is only second-rate.

MR. HARDY's novels are now being clad by Messrs. Harper & Brothers in a cheaper dress at half-a-crown,

the first volume being *Far from the Madding Crowd*. The same type and page arrangement as in the handsome six-shilling edition have been adopted, but the paper is slightly inferior, the frontispiece is missing, and the binding is less attractive. The new edition should find many owners.

IN *Cornhill* for November will be found a posthumous paper by the late James Payn which has, although we presume it to be new, a very familiar air. Possibly Mr. Payn, who often had something to say on this subject—"An Editor and Some Contributors"—repeated himself now and then. We quote some general reflections on editors and contributors:

The best editor is he who makes fewest mistakes. After all, though naturally the successful contributors excite greater interest, the less successful ones arouse more sympathy—if, at least, they have any merit in them. A dullard is out of place in literature, and should be courteously but firmly discouraged—here and there they make a hit—an "outer," never a "bull's eye"—and they think fame and fortune are within measurable distance, but they never see either.

Their pleadings would move a heart of adamant, but not an editor's. The reason is—and let all would-be contributors lay it to heart—that his magazine is not his own, but his proprietor's; he must be just before he is generous, because if otherwise he will be giving away other people's money—a very expensive sort of charity.

Mr. Payn's posthumous volume of essays, *The Backwater of Life*, is about to appear, with a preface by Mr. Leslie Stephen.

ONE of the first of the almanacks for 1900 which has reached us is "The *Alice in Wonderland* Calendar," issued by Messrs. Eyre & Spottiswoode. Every month is furnished with one of Sir John Tenniel's drawings printed in colour. In nurseries where they want to know what day of the month it is nothing could be better.

A CURIOUS enterprise now in full working order is the production of the *Twentieth Century New Testament*. This is an attempt to translate the original Greek into vivid, modern English. As the aim is essentially practical, not artistic or literary, we are not disposed to criticise the results obtained in the rendering of the Gospels, which is now complete. It is interesting to learn that the translators, who desire for the present to remain anonymous, are twenty University graduates. They have no pecuniary interest in the undertaking.

SOME years ago, Mr. W. T. Stead, finding that quite a number of people were simultaneously cherishing this idea of a modern New Testament, put them into communication with one another through the *Review of Reviews*. This led to the formation of the present Translation Company, but Mr. Stead himself has now no connexion with the work.

THE *Literary Year Book* for 1900 seems likely to be a better and more representative work than any of its predecessors. Mr. Herbert Morrah, the new editor, has obtained a series of articles dealing with the books of 1899 from well-known critics, including Mr. Henley, Mr. Lang, Mr. Quiller-Couch, Mr. G. W. E. Russell, M.P., and Mr. Joseph Jacobs. The rest of the book will be mainly information concerning the practical side of literature.

ELSEWHERE in this number will be found an article on the Russian novelist Turgenev, wherein Turgenev's opinion of Tolstoy is given. In a very interesting book, *How Count L. N. Tolstoy Lives and Works*, to which we shall

return, a remark of Tolstoy's concerning Turgenev is recorded. Said the philosopher-novelist:

Some people wonder at Socrates who died and did not care to flee from prison. But is it not better to die consciously in fulfilment of one's duty than unexpectedly from some stupid bacteria? And I have always been surprised that so clever a man as Turgeneff should bear himself as he did toward death. He was awfully afraid of death. Is it even incomprehensible that he was not afraid to be afraid of death? And that darkness of reason was really astonishing in him! He and Prince D. D. Urusoff used to discuss religion, and Turgeneff used to dispute and dispute, and all of a sudden he would no longer be able to control himself, and would cover up his ears, and, pretending that he had forgotten Urusoff's name, would shout, "I won't listen any longer to that Prince Trubetzky."

And L. N. Tolstoy mimicked Turgeneff's voice until one would have thought the man was there in person.

## Bibliographical.

NATURALLY a good deal has been said, during the last few days, about the late Miss Florence Marryat and her voluminous output as a novelist. Not so much has been remarked concerning her connexion with the stage, with which she was associated both as writer and as actress. I myself have seen her in Gilbert-Sullivan opera, though when and where I cannot now remember: it was "a-many years ago." The parts, I fancy, were Lady Sangazure in "The Sorcerer" and Lady Jane in "Patience." Miss Marryat had a physical presence which suited both those rôles. Her writing for the theatre was done, I think, mainly in collaboration, and included an adaptation of her own story, *Her World Against a Lie*. It does not seem to be generally known that she had a daughter who inherited some of her ability both as a novelist and as an actress. This lady—Miss Eva Ross-Church—have I also seen upon the "boards," and very promising she seemed. I believe she pre-deceased her mother, who, by the way, wrote a preface to Miss Ross-Church's work called *An Actress's Love-Story*, published in 1888. Miss Marryat utilised her knowledge of the stage in several of her fictions—notably in *My Sister the Actress*, *Facing the Footlights*, and *Peerness and Player*.

Miss Marryat turned out, for a long time past, about three stories a year. Miss Dora Russell, for whom a subscription is being raised, has been a fertile fictionist, though not so fertile, perhaps, as her sister-novelist. I find that in 1894 she published three tales, but they may not have been of the full-blown six-shilling order. I am not well acquainted with her work, but I believe she had, and has, a very large public, not only at the circulating libraries, but among newspaper readers; she has been much in demand as a "serialist." The titles of her stories all suggest matter which would appeal effectively to the fiction-lover. *The Broken Seal*, *The Track of the Storm*, *The Secret of the River*, *A Bitter Birthright*, *The Last Signal*, *A Great Temptation* (recalling, rather, Charles Reade's *Terrible Temptation*), *The Hidden Chain*, *The Drift of Fate*—these are all taking phrases. Her latest volume, apparently, was *The Fatal Past*, brought out three years ago. All writing people will sympathise with Miss Russell in her enforced rest from labour with the pen.

The fact that the Rev. Alfred J. Church is seventy years old sheds light upon the other fact that he is about to give us his autobiography. He has had a busy life in the threefold capacity of teacher, clergyman, and writer, and must have much to say that cannot fail to be interesting. He has been one of the most indefatigable book-makers of our time. Very little has come amiss to him. He is best known, no doubt, as the populariser of ancient history and literature and as a producer of tales for boys—these last

being mainly on classical bases, though Mr. Church did pen a tale of Old English life which he called *With the King at Oxford*. Homer, Virgil, Livy, Herodotus, Lucian, Aristophanes, and many other classics were laid under contribution by him in various ways. But he also produced books on Carthage, the Rome of Cicero, and Early Britain; he showed in *Isis and Ramosis*, *Summer Days on the Thames*, and *The Laureate's Country* a feeling for nature as well as literature; and then we all remember the *Horæ Tennysonianæ*. He called his book of stories from Lucian *The Greek Gulliver*—the very name which Mr. Wynne Wilson, it will be seen, has bestowed upon his forthcoming translation of Lucian's *Vera Historia*.

The popularity of the late Rev. H. C. Adams as a writer of tales for the young was retained practically to the last. So lately as 1895 he published *Fighting His Way* and *School and University*, which were preceded in 1893 by *In the Fifteen*. There were new editions of his *Hairbreadth Escapes* in 1893, and of three of his stories in 1891. It is worth noting at this moment that he wrote a book on *Perils in the Transvaal and Zululand* (1887), and I may add that his *Cyclopædia of Sacred Poetical Quotations* is admittedly a useful work of reference. He was sometimes confused with Mr. H. G. Adams, though the two writers wrought in different fields.

The announcement of *An Introduction [to?] and Commentary on Tennyson's "In Memoriam,"* from the pen of Prof. A. C. Bradley, reminds one of the fascination which the poem has always had for the expounders and the commentators. Was not Robertson of Brighton the first to present us with an *Analysis* of the work? Was that not followed by a *Key* to it, constructed by Dr. Gatty? And was not that, again, followed by a *Companion* to the poem, furnished by Mrs. E. R. Chapman? Lastly—one dare not say "finally"—there was the "study" which Mr. Joseph Jacobs made, and which he published some seven years ago under the title of *Tennyson and "In Memoriam."* One would not have thought that the work required all this wealth of explanation.

I note that Messrs. Macmillan are about to add *Little Dorrit* to their edition, necessarily incomplete, of Dickens's works. This edition is especially endeared to me by its handiness, and by the presence in it of the younger Charles Dickens's biographical and bibliographical introductions, which I cannot but think suggested the introductions written by Mrs. Ritchie for her father's books. In 1892 Messrs. Macmillan reproduced *Barnaby Rudge*, *The Christmas Books*, *Dombey and Son*, *Martin Chuzzlewit*, *Nicholas Nickleby*, *Oliver Twist*, *Pickwick*, and the *Sketches by Boz*, all prefaced by the author's son; and then, under the same auspices, came, in 1893, the *American Notes*, and, last year, *The Old Curiosity Shop* and *Master Humphrey's Clock*.

Yet another anthology! This time it is to consist of naval verse and other rhythmic matter relating to the sea. It is to figure in the "Canterbury Poets" series, from which I deduce that it will not in any way clash with a little volume already existing in that series, *Sea Music: Poems and Passages Descriptive of the Sea*. This came out in 1887; and so did a handsome book called *Sea Song and River Rhyme*, which included a stirring new poem by Mr. Swinburne. In the following year came *Songs of the Waves*. I take it that the forthcoming collection will consist mainly of songs of "life on the ocean wave," not devoting much space (if any) to the mere praise or description of the sea.

Mr. Wilson Barrett is quite distinguishing himself as a producer of prose fiction. He began by turning his play, "The Sign of the Cross," into a romance; then, with the help of Mr. Robert Hichens, he "novelized" another of his dramas, "The Daughters of Babylon." Now he is announced as part author, with Mr. Elwyn Barron, of a story entitled *In Old New York*, which will be published soon.

THE BOOKWORM.

## Reviews.

## Mr. Gosse's Life of Donne.

*Life and Letters of John Donne.* For the First Time Revised and Collected by Edmund Gosse. 2 Vols. (Heinemann. 24s.)

A LIFE of Donne was needed which should (as Mr. Gosse says) be more than a mere tinkering of Izaak Walton; and we are thankful to Mr. Gosse for giving it us. It has become possible by the full collection we possess of



JOHN DONNE.

From a Drawing by G. Clint, A.R.A.

Donne's letters; and already Dr. Jessopp had given us an excellent little study of him as a theologian. The present volumes, indeed, were originally planned in conjunction with Dr. Jessopp; but Dr. Jessopp's distaste for Donne's poetry made collaboration difficult, and ultimately he made over to Mr. Gosse the entire task and all his own materials. So Mr. Gosse tells us in his Preface; and the years of study which he has given to the making of these volumes have been worthily expended. The result is a book written with love and devotion, full of various literary and personal interest, and marked by unfailing appreciation. In particular, his wide range of literary sympathy peculiarly fits him to point out both the derivations and the originality of Donne, most learned yet independent of writers.

A brilliant and unique figure is Donne. A Protestant Bishop, of stubborn Catholic stock; an amatory poet, full of mysticism and scholasticism; a wit, a courtier, a man of the world; to the last shrinking from the ecclesiastical state with the reluctant avoidance of a Thomas à-Becket, yet ultimately the most famous of preachers and a voluminous theological writer; beginning with verse not doubtfully licentious, and ending with a death of ascetic piety. He, like Chaucer and Milton, was among the illustrious London-born. His father was a Catholic, of doubly Catholic lineage; and it was not till after his Oxford days and his mother's death that Donne renounced his ancestral faith. For a time, as Mr. Gosse acutely reasons, he pro-

bably was indifferent to any fixed creed. But at Oxford he had doubtless imbibed his attraction towards mysticism. Mr. Gosse shows that the writings of the Spanish mystics were in the ascendant at the University. They had been introduced there by Luis Vives, tutor to Katharine of Arragon, and Professor of Humanities at Oxford. Francis Meres (well known to students of Shakespeare) had translated Fray Luis de Granada. And it was the age of St. Teresa and St. John of the Cross.

Yet Donne's first poems were the reverse of what such influences might beget—they were satires, and among the very earliest of English satires, in the formal sense of the word. It was 1593, and he was then twenty; yet he was a satirist before Hall, and after the languid attempt of Lodge. Already he was himself, and utterly unlike the Spensers, Daniels, and the rest who furnished models for the young Shakespeare about this date. Mr. Gosse's investigation as to the derivation of the satires therefore becomes of extreme interest. He shows that, probably owing to the authority exerted by the lectures of Casaubon at Geneva, Persius was the special model of the earlier English satirists. Moreover, it was Persius peculiarly understood. Crabbedness both of style and metre were supposed to be leading features of the old Roman poet, and therefore essential features of satire itself. It was accordingly of deliberate endeavour that Donne darkened his language and knotted his versification. The point is valuable, for these characters more or less clung to Donne ever afterwards. If you examine their extreme form in the satires, they depend on two things: violent ellipsis as regards sentence-structure; violent elision and wilful accentuation as regards metre. The unusual accentuation is sometimes found to be highly expressive, when you consider it; sometimes is purely wanton and defiant. The like traits disturb the reader, in less persistent measure, throughout Donne's best work; yet when he is not bent on being too clever, he can show verse as sinewily knit, as harmonious, or as melodious as anything in his great predecessors or contemporaries. Mr. Gosse has done good service in pointing out what (apart from temperament) is probably the source of this mannerism, and that it was deliberately introduced as a protest against "the rosy Elizabethan sweetness." To this he soon added the use of imagery drawn from familiar, technical, or scholastic sources. The result is a style quite personal to himself, which his brilliant vogue at Court was powerless to alter. On the contrary, he became himself the leader of a school destined to overrun the whole field of seventeenth century poetry.

Donne's verse, as Mr. Gosse truly says, differs from most Elizabethan verse in being strongly personal. He anticipated the modern habit of making his poetry a record of his own feelings and experience. We have in it the express image of a lawless, curious, headstrong youth, trying all life, searching all knowledge, experimenting in all pleasure. He was a rake, if you can call a man a rake who is a master of law, a proficient in theology. He was a student, if you can call a man a student when he is a kind of strong and self-contained Sydney Carton who combined hard living and high thinking. You have the forcible turbulent mind in the strongly knit turbid verse, with its restless activity of fancy, its directness of feeling contrasting with the strangeness of expression. But with all its intellectual brilliancy, Donne's poetry was hard, until a legitimate love affair came to inform it with depth and height of feeling.

Of course, he fell in love in a forbidden quarter; and yet more of course he pursued the affair to marriage through every obstacle. It was at once the making and marring of Donne. Morally and poetically it was the best thing which could have happened to him; but it was the ruin of his fortune. At this time the able and ambitious young lawyer was secretary to the Lord Keeper Egerton, with brilliant prospects and a host of debts. The lady with

whom he fell in love was Anne More, niece to Lady Egerton, and daughter of Sir George More of Losely, Chancellor of the Garter and Lieutenant of the Tower. The affair was discovered and prohibited; but after a period of separation the lovers contracted a clandestine marriage. Sir George More was furious. He threw Donne into prison; he procured his dismissal from the Lord Keeper's service, and got a Special Commission appointed to examine the validity of the marriage. By tactful submission, and the intercession of ladies of high rank, who were taken with the young secretary, Sir George More was at last brought round. Donne was set free from prison, and Sir George asked the Keeper to take him back as secretary; but Egerton, who had dismissed Donne very unwillingly, could not chop and change to suit a choleric father-in-law. He replied, with regret for what had been done, that it was not for "his place and credit to discharge and readmit servants at the request of passionate petitioners."

From this time Donne's secular prospects were at an end. Only as an ecclesiastic could he get any advancement under James I.; yet he held out



THE MONUMENT TO DONNE IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

against the necessity as long as possible. When every resource had been tried, and hope exhausted, then alone did he take the irrevocable step which put an end to his lay ambitions, and led to the Deanery of St. Paul's. But once the step was taken, he threw himself into his new duties with characteristic concentration. Thenceforth we have a new Donne. Not only does there arise Donne the great preacher, which might be a merely outward change. His life grows steadily more ascetic; his prose gives curious and brilliant testimony to his new preoccupations; and, above all, his poetry (with Donne ever the sincere index of the soul) becomes surcharged with profound religiousness. The sermons and prose-writings of this later period are little read nowadays; even Mr. Gosse finds their admixture of scholasticism intolerable, and that you must disencumber them from it to enjoy them. But minds which love intellectual subtlety will find them a delightful exercise, and

may even swallow the scholasticism. His mind retained its power to the very last. On his death-bed, emaciated

by wearing sickness, he wrote a poem as strong and characteristic as ever he wrote. Those closing days remind one of the mystics whom he loved, with a touch of fantastic personality which is his own, and not altogether pleasing. The story of his memorial in St. Paul's is well known, but it will bear retelling. When he was asked, in his last illness, to sit for it, he consented, but on condition that it should be done in his own way. Old Walton tells what followed:

Dr. Donne sent for a carver to make for him in wood the figure of an urn . . . and to bring with it a board of the just height of his body. These being got, then without delay a choice painter was got to be in readiness to draw his picture, which was taken as followeth. Several charcoal fires being first made in his large study, he brought with him into the place his winding-sheet in his hand, and having put off all his clothes, had this sheet put on him, and so tied with knots at his head and feet, and his hands so placed as dead bodies are usually fitted, to be shrouded and put into their coffin or grave. Upon this urn he then stood, with his eyes shut, and with so much of the sheet turned aside as might show his lean, pale, and deathlike face, which was purposely turned towards the east, from whence he expected the second coming of his and our Saviour Jesus. In this posture he was drawn at his just height; and when the picture was fully finished, he caused it to be set by his bedside, where it continued and became his hourly object till his death.

So Donne was Donne to the last.

His poetry, long forgotten, has in our days again become an influence with poets and students, if not with general readers. In spite of the faults already noted, in spite of its perverse ingenuities, it has at its best a strength of expression, a close-knit structure, a felicity of balance, a subtle perception of analogy, and a personal sincerity, which appeal irresistibly to strong minds. And now and again he breaks into a directness of powerfully-felt utterance which reminds one of the very greatest Elizabethans. How Shakespearean is this opening of one little poem:

So, go, break off this last lamenting kiss,  
Which sucks two souls, and vapours both away;  
Turn, thou ghost, that way, and let me turn this,  
And let ourselves benight our happiest day.

Once, in the Epithalamium on the marriage of Princess Elizabeth with the Elector Palatine, he has an outburst of such fresh and open song as shows he might have been great in a more natural style than he adopted:

Hail, Bishop Valentine, whose day this is;  
All the air is thy diocese,  
And all the chirping choristers  
And other birds are thy parishioners:  
Thou marriest every year  
The lyric lark, and the grave whispering dove,  
The sparrow that neglects his life for love,  
The household bird with the red stomacher;  
Thou mak'st the blackbird speed as soon  
As doth the goldfinch or the halcyon;  
The husband-cock looks out, and straight is sped,  
And meets his wife, who brings her feather-bed;  
This day more cheerfully than ever shine;  
This day, which might inflame thyself, old Valentine!

That is exquisite, and might have been written yesterday. One can well understand that Browning was attracted by so kindred a mind; though personally we do not see the resemblance in style which Mr. Gosse detects between the two.

Mr. Gosse is to be thanked for a Life which should become classical. The copious correspondence which he prints would alone make the book invaluable: though we do not find Donne a very attractive or stimulating letter-writer. And the background is presented with such skill, events, writings, and comments are so artistically interwoven, with so much charm of manner, as to make these two volumes fascinating reading.



## A Primer on Compromise.

*The Map of Life.* By W. E. H. Lecky. (Longmans & Co. 10s. 6d.)

WE have not found a single page of Mr. Lecky's book tedious; once or twice our pace slackened a little in the chapter on Marriage, but Mr. Lecky's style has so many alluring qualities that we never felt the slightest inclination to abandon the reading when thought gave out, or was trivial. Besides, no one knows better than the historian of the Eighteenth Century how to hold the mean between too much detail and too little, so that he compels and sustains attention with an easy-forcibleness quite apart from the subject-matter or the ideas. But style is not everything, and in a book of this kind the purely literary charm cannot be allowed to weigh with us in our final estimate of its value. Mr. Lecky's style to-day is what it was thirty years ago—his first two books dealing with rationalism and morals were published respectively in 1865 and 1869—only mellowed and not quite so robust. To some, writing becomes by practice a mechanical exercise, and long after mental senescence has set in the power of expression may remain intact; therefore we waive the question of style.

The real worth of *The Map of Life* lies in its giving us briefly—too briefly, we think—the Philosophy of Compromise as understood by Mr. Lecky. We would willingly have spared the moralisings on success, time, and happiness for a fuller treatment of this subject. Instead of being a treatise, it is a primer—a quite admirable primer, it is true, but our desire has been whetted for a more complete survey of the field.

It is remarkable how early in life the historian of the eighteenth century attained his intellectual zenith. This book merely summarises the teaching which is scattered up and down the author's other volumes; what is new is the illustrative matter. We do not say this in depreciation; but it is surely rather unusual that a mind of Mr. Lecky's complexion, which considers each question of conduct or policy on its merits, should not, by the enforced mental activity which this habit necessitates, have strengthened with his years, and culminated late. Mr. Lecky shows himself in all his works so anxious to discover the truth, that he cannot fail to evoke sympathy even from those with whose ideals he has nothing in common. In this review we refer mainly to those parts of his book which have some bearing on compromise.

Let us begin with a very difficult subject—war. It must be confessed that on this topic Mr. Lecky is not very satisfactory, although no one could be more alive than he to the horrors which accompany and follow international conflict:

In modern times the danger lies less in the intrigues of statesmen than in deeply-seated international jealousies and antipathies, in sudden volcanic outbursts of popular passion. After 1,800 years' profession of the creed of peace, Christendom is an armed camp. Never, or hardly ever, in times of peace had the mere preparations of war absorbed so large a proportion of its population and resources; and very seldom has so large an amount of its ability been mainly employed in inventing and in perfecting instruments of destruction. Those who will look on the world without illusion will be compelled to admit that the chief guarantees for its peace are to be found much less in moral than in purely selfish motives. The financial embarrassments of the great nations, their profound distrust of one another, the vast cost of modern war, the gigantic commercial disasters it inevitably entails, the extreme uncertainty of its issue, the utter ruin that may follow defeat—these are the real influences that restrain the tiger passions and the avaricious cravings of mankind.

Again, he writes: "War undertaken without necessity, or at least without serious justification, is according to all sound ethics the gravest of crimes." Now these two

typical passages are sufficient for our purpose. Mr. Lecky, it will be observed, does not tell us when war is justifiable, and what are the principles of "all sound ethics" which show it to be "the gravest of crimes" if entered upon "without necessity." Is it not strange that an author who is the supreme authority on the century in which we went to war with France for the possession, as Mr. Seeley proves in *The Expansion of England*, of the markets of the world should put us off in this way? He might have given us the results of his thinking on the question of arbitration and international law, or he might have investigated the relation between international and individual ethics. And, seeing that the relations between foreign policy and trade are admitted by all to be very close, are we not justified in asking Mr. Lecky to give us guidance?

Let us turn to Mr. Lecky's treatment of purely domestic and economic questions. It is, of course, well known that the author of *Democracy and Liberty* is of the opinion that the tendency of modern legislation is to shift the responsibility from the individual to the State, to confiscate private property, to make light of contracts, to curtail seriously individual liberty, and, generally, to bring about the undermining of all those institutions which are our pride and the earnest of our continuance as a great nation. And in this indictment he does not stand alone. Mr. Herbert Spencer has told us that the triumph of collectivism means the return of a military despotism and the necessary withdrawal of all social rights. Other recent critics, like M. Gustave Le Bon and Mr. Mallock, take up the parable. While admitting that these writers are doing democratic nations good service in pointing out tendencies in national life which are clearly inimical to national well-being, we cannot help observing that it has yet to be proved that the vices of modern States can be directly or indirectly traced to the increased activity of restrictive legislation: and, further, how few realise the power of the minority to make its protests effective. An example will suffice: vaccination is now non-compulsory simply through the efforts made by a very small minority.

Mr. Lecky repeats the hoary fallacy that sanitary science, in saving the weak, who will grow up and propagate, is not an unmixed good. Clearly the answer to this is that the same science which saves the weak from death will save others from a low vitality.

The Land Act of 1880 is anathema to Mr. Lecky because it empowered the Land Commissioners to tear up a valid contract and substitute for it another less favourable to the tenant. Suppose it could be proved that the tenants benefited out of all proportion to the loss incurred by the landlords, would not this be an application of the principle of compromise to which our author is committed? Perhaps this is a case in which compromise under no circumstances is permissible. Well, then, we ask, Why? Mr. Lecky views with alarm the growing tendency of the State to interfere in the relations between employers and employés, although he admits that one of the gravest dangers threatening our political life is the multiplication of fortunes realised by shareholders and others, who have no practical control over or interest in those from whom their fortunes are derived. Are we to infer that Mr. Lecky would be favourable to any legislation which should attempt to increase the responsibilities of the rich?

On Temperance we read that "not many men who have had any practical experience in the management of men would advocate a complete suppression of the drink trade, and still fewer would put it on the basis of complete free trade, altogether exempt from special legislative restrictions." This is very sane, as is also the advice that politicians must put on restrictions, provided that they are supported by a genuine public opinion. This is wise compromise, and we find ourselves in complete agreement with Mr. Lecky in approving of compulsory education and in severely restricting child labour even against the

wishes of the parent. The theory that in the State taking upon itself the responsibility which rightly should rest on the parent it is doing more harm than good may be answered in the words of a well-known economist: "We do not hesitate to apply compulsion whenever we are quite satisfied that a body of persons exists who can pronounce authoritatively as to what is good for humanity at large." We believe that Mr. Lecky would readily subscribe to this principle.

The business of politicians and of citizens is to make themselves acquainted with "expert" evidence in some province of economics and to do their best to create opinion, and to promote, when the time is ripe for it, legislation, in the hope that the unconvinced minority will be brought to see that the majority was right. We continually forget that the law sometimes acts as a schoolmaster leading us to morality. Mr. Lecky's analysis of "party" ethics, and the relation of the individual member to his party and to his constituency, must prove very instructive to those who are just beginning to feel after these things. His opinions with respect to Maynooth College are well known. He concludes a most lucid exposition of the considerations which should weigh with statesmen in words which carry conviction:

Slowly and very reluctantly governments in England have come to recognise the fact that the trend of Catholic opinion in Ireland is as clearly in the direction of denominationalism as the trend of Nonconformist English opinion is in the direction of undenominationalism, and that it is impossible to carry on the education of a priest-ridden Catholic party on the same lines as a Protestant one. Primary education has become almost absolutely denominational, and, directly or indirectly, a crowd of endowments are given to exclusively Catholic institutions. On such grounds many who entertain the strongest antipathy to the priestly control of higher education are prepared to advocate an increased endowment of some university or college which is distinctly sacerdotal, while strenuously upholding side by side with it the undenominational institutions which they believe to be incomparably better, and which are at present resorted to not only by all Protestants, but also by a not inconsiderable body of Irish Catholics.

The fact is, we cannot help supporting institutions the aim of which may be wholly alien to all the principles which we hold very dear; accordingly, a wise people and a wise government will continually watch over the interests of the minority. We have not referred to Mr. Lecky's teaching relative to the Church of England; but we might say that he is much opposed to the Ritualist practices, which if allowed to spread will, he thinks, alter its whole character, and bring about a speedy disestablishment.

The last chapter in the book is a very beautiful essay on Christian stoicism:

Vague notions, however, of a dim, twilight, shadowy world, where the ghosts of the dead lived a faint and joyless existence, and from whence they sometimes returned to haunt the living in their dreams, were widely spread through the popular imaginations, and it was as the extinction of all superstitious fears that the school of Lucretius and Pliny welcomed the belief that all things ended with death: "Post mortem nihil est, ipsaque mors nihil." Nor is it by any means certain that even in the school of Plato the thought of another life had a great and operative influence on minds and characters. Death was chiefly represented as rest; as the close of a banquet; as the universal law of nature which befalls all living beings, though the immense majority encounter it at an earlier period than man. It was thought of simply as sleep—dreamless, undisturbed sleep—the final release from all the sorrows, sufferings, anxieties, and labours and longings of life.

An admirable book, and its closing words are as kindly and placid as a windless autumn night.

## Gentlemen of England.

*The Reminiscences and Recollections of Captain Gronow.*  
1810-1860. New edition. 2 vols. (John C. Nimmo. 12s.)

At a time when English officers are to-day walking Piccadilly, careful of their cravats and nice about their boots, and to-morrow are being buried under the sopping grass of the Veldt, one returns to Captain Gronow's pages with emotion. For this is the book of dandy heroes, and this is the book of elegance and blood. Captain Gronow was himself "one of the prettiest dandy officers of proud Albion, and for years his miniature portrait was secretly carried about by a great princess who was madly in love with him. And sometimes when a fashionable beauty was passing he was observed carelessly opening the red morocco case in which he found again the souvenirs of his youth and his successes; then he sighed and shut it again." He was so given to sucking the top of his gold-headed cane that it was made a wager that he slept in this attitude. Yet Gronow was a soldier to the finger-tips. Not Brummel's ties, not Alvanley's wit, not Byron's talk, not Catalina's songs, not Wattier's dinners could detain him from the wars. When Wellington was at Brussels in 1815, and Gronow found himself left ingloriously in London with the 2nd Battalion of the Guards, his soul rose above parades and discipline. He begged a friend to intercede for him to Sir Thomas Picton, who was going to Brussels with his *aides-de-camp*. Picton said that the "lad" might come with him if he could obtain leave. Gronow had neither leave nor money for his outfit. He went to Cox and Greenwood, the military bankers, and borrowed £200. Then he took this inadequate sum to a gambling-house in St. James's-square and won £600 in an evening. Having purchased two superb horses at Tattersall's and all his paraphernalia, he embarked for Ostend. Even now he had not obtained leave, but he calculated that he could see the great battle and return in time to mount guard at St. James's.

The party sailed from Ramsgate, and arrived at their destination the same evening. The great Picton at once began a flirtation with a pretty waiting-maid in the Ostend hotel. A day or two later they were all breakfasting at Brussels when Picton was summoned by the Duke of Wellington, who was in the park "walking with Fitzroy Somerset and the Duke of Wellington." A little later Gronow, whose position was entirely anomalous, was advised to look up his own regiment. He did so, and the officers received him with shouts of "What the deuce brought you here? Why are you not with your battalion in London? Get off your horse, and explain how you came here!" But it was no time for snubbing a young man. The measured boom of artillery was heard, and the immortal British squares were forming. Napoleon's white horse could be descried through field-glasses. The whole of the British infantry lay down when the French artillery began work—three hundred guns. Gronow, fresh from London and the gambling-table, saw it all. The scenes he describes are familiar; yet this man about town writes thrilling words:

About 4 p.m. the enemy's artillery in front of us ceased firing all of a sudden, and we saw large masses of cavalry advance. Not a man present who survived could have forgotten in after life the awful grandeur of that charge. You perceived at a distance what appeared to be an overwhelming, long, moving line, which, ever advancing, glittered like a stormy wave of the sea when it catches the sunlight. On came the mounted host until they got near enough, while the very earth seemed to vibrate beneath their thundering tramp. One might suppose that nothing could have resisted the shock of this terrible moving mass. They were the famous cuirassiers, almost all old soldiers, who had distinguished themselves on most of the battle-fields of Europe. In an almost incredibly short period they were within twenty yards of us, shouting *Vive l'Empereur!*

No need to tell how the British bayonets received that onset; but in another part of his book Captain Gronow has a touch which startles the reader. He says: "I shall never forget the strange noise our bullets made against the breastplates of Kellermann's and Milhaud's cuirassiers. . . . I can only compare it with a somewhat homely simile, to the noise of a violent hailstorm beating upon panes of glass." How the dandy officers shone and died that day! There was the Earl of March, afterwards Duke of Richmond, who had recovered from a lung wound just in time to be at Waterloo, whence he returned to marry the most beautiful girl of the day; there was Colonel Colquitt, who picked up a live shell and flung it far; there was Chambers, who was killed by a bullet as he was in the act of receiving the sword of a French officer; there was Somerville Burges, who was a Guardsman at seventeen, and when his leg was amputated hopped on the other to the ambulance cart; there was Captain Percival of the 1st Guards, who had his jaws shot away; there was Captain Curzon, son of Lord Scarsdale, who died while Lord March was bringing him a surgeon; there was Sir William Ponsonby, who headed charge after charge, and then sank in a bog and was killed.

The distance between Bond-street and a battlefield was frequently very short in those days. In the Peninsula, especially, the gaieties of the bivouacs adumbrated the gaieties of the West End. Even Wellington kept his pack of hounds and wore the colours of the Hatfield hunt. Dandies like the Hon. W. Dawson spread wondrous banquets in the midst of war's alarms. Gronow gives us a pen picture of this most elegant warrior:

He was surrounded by muleteers, with whom he was bargaining to provide carriage for innumerable hampers of wine, liqueurs, hams, potted meat, and other good things which he had brought from England. He was a particularly gentlemanly and amiable man, much beloved by the regiment; no one was so hospitable or lived so magnificently. His cooks were the best in the army, and he, besides, had a host of servants of all nations—Spaniards, French, Portuguese, Italians—who were employed in scouring the country for provisions. Lord Wellington once honoured him with his company; and, on entering the ensign's tent, found him alone at table, with a dinner fit for a king, his plate and linen in good keeping, and his wines perfect. Lord Wellington was accompanied on this occasion by Sir Edward Pakenham and Colonel du Burgh, afterwards Lord Downes. It fell to my lot to partake of his princely hospitality, and dine with him at his quarters, a farmhouse in a village on the Bidassoa, and I never saw a better dinner put upon the table.

The keen desire of these men of dress and wealth to see white-hot war is shown by a story Gronow tells of the 10th Hussars. This regiment was officered exclusively by men belonging to the first families of Great Britain. At the battle of Orthes these officers implored their colonel (Quinton) to allow them to charge the French cavalry in hand to hand encounter. Quinton, who knew his business, refused. Whereupon all the officers of the regiment signed a round robin by which they bound themselves never again to speak to their colonel. It ended in a court of inquiry, in which the colonel was exonerated of blame, and the too ardent aristocrats were forced to exchange into other regiments. It is characteristic of those days that, after weltering through the blood of Spanish battlefields, the Guards, having entered France, were "all very anxious to taste the Bordeaux wines." It was on the way to Bordeaux, at Bayonne, that the officers of the Grenadier Guards distinguished themselves by going into action holding umbrellas over their heads. Wellington, who saw the extraordinary spectacle, was highly incensed, and sent Arthur Hill at a gallop to say: "Lord Wellington does not approve of the use of umbrellas during the enemy's firing, and will not allow 'the gentlemen's sons' [the name given by the army to the Grenadier Guards] to make themselves

ridiculous in the eyes of the army." This incident lends much point to a remark that Wellington made long after, that he had always found his dandy officers the bravest of the brave. Yet a story follows which neatly distinguishes the luxury of the field from that of London. When the British forces were retiring from Burgos, Colonel Freemantle was sent by Lord Wellington to find quarters for himself and his staff. After galloping over miles of waste, the officers could find nothing but a peasant's hut. A good fire was kindled, and Freemantle hurried back to announce his luck. On



THE EARL OF SEFTON. THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE. "FOODLE" BYNG. LORD MANNERS. THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT.

WELL-KNOWN BOND-STREET LOUNGERS, 1820.

From a Copperplate Aquatint.

his return he found that an officer had usurped the hut and was standing with his back to the fire, whistling in his contentment. He flatly refused to vacate his quarter for the Duke, or for Old Nick himself; but the threat of a court-martial brought him to his senses, and he surrendered the poor accommodation. When Freemantle told this afterwards to Beau Brummel, sitting at White's Club, that worthy replied: "Freemantle, if I had been in your place, I should have rung the bell and desired the servants to kick the fellow downstairs." Yet Gronow, a dandy no less than a soldier, can write very sympathetically of Brummel; indeed, he loves to tell us about the beaux, the gamblers, the opera-dancers, the *flaneurs*, and eccentrics of bygone days. His book is as much a collection of *bric-à-brac* as a display of war trophies. But it is just the ever-recurring boom of cannon in the midst of gaiety, and the blend of luxury and extravagance with the finest qualities of the soldier that makes Gronow's miscellany a veritable book. We could have tossed his pages into a spray of the lightest anecdote, of puns and repartees and cooking receipts and scandals and fashions of dress and equipage. Let our reproduction of one of the fine illustrations represent the best of Gronow's peace pages. Our treatment of his book has been influenced by the events of the moment, and we seal it with an anecdote. Describing the march of the British army from Torres Vedras to the Bidassoa Gronow tells us how Frank Russell, "the pride of Woburn Abbey," behaved in the battle of the Pyrenees. Of the noblest birth, and of the finest courage, Russell surpassed his own colonel in leadership, and, with the colours of the 7th Fusiliers grasped in his hand, he mounted a wall and cheered the British on. Wellington saw him there, and next day, when Russell's conduct was fully described to him, exclaimed: "Ah! there's nothing like blood."

## Children's Books.—I.

ALREADY, although it is but the first week in November, and although the purpose of the children's book is to serve as a Christmas present, our shelves are loaded with this class of literature. We make a first effort this week to cope with this mass, beginning with the volume which was selected from the autumn announcements by our Prize Competitors as that which promised most interest—Mr. Andrew Lang's *Red Book of Animal Stories* (Longmans).

This is Mr. Lang's eleventh Christmas budget, to say nothing of his own fairy tales; and it is one of the best of an excellent series. Of the dedication—to Miss Sybil Corbet—we have spoken elsewhere, and also of the conclusion of the preface. The stories themselves are, of course, the thing. We have but one complaint against them, and that is, that Mr. Lang's own pen is not more evident. He contributes but one anecdote, which tells how one Pincher, of Scotland, believed that he saw the ghost of a dog he had vanquished. Pincher's tail went but once between his legs, and he loved sacred music. The book is a most agreeable medley. Mr. Lang misnames a classic when he speaks of "A Bad Boy's Book of Beasts"; it is "The Bad Child's Book of Beasts." *The Red Book of Animal Stories* has many pictures, and costs six shillings.

To the grown-up reader new translations of Hans Andersen are unpardonable. Only one version will he permit, and that is, of course, the one from which the matchless stories first came to him. For most people Mrs. Paull's edition is the one. It is not perfect: the "Metal Pig," for example, is but a poor way of describing the Bronze Boar of Florence; and yet to anyone who was brought up on Mrs. Paull there is an almost offensive affectation about calling that good creature by any more dignified name. Again, "Big Claus and Little Claus" is to the Paullian the only possible title of one of the best stories ever written: and "Great Claus and Little Claus," as Mrs. E. Lucas has it in her new edition of *Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales*, just published (Dent. 5s.), sounds utterly wrong. None the less, for little readers who are coming to the Danish wizard for the first time this book is excellent. The best stories are here, and the type is large.

Last Christmas a new illustrator made his appearance in the person of Mr. Percy J. Billingham, with an edition of *Aesop's Fables*. This year the same artist gives us *A Hundred Fables of La Fontaine* (Lane. 6s.), and therein repeats his success. To have the two books is perhaps to know too much of Mr. Billingham's limitations; but children are not troubled by these things. What a child likes is a book of pictures of animals, and that is what Mr. Billingham gives him. The donkey, perhaps, is a shade too prominent in the present work; but that is the fault of the fabulist, who without the ass would often have been utterly gravelled for matter. One of Mr. Billingham's best pieces of work is on p. 165; one of his worst on p. 129, where he depicts a shadow that could not possibly have been thrown by the substance in question. But, as we have said, the nursery is careless of technique, and Mr. Billingham's century of lions and monkeys, dogs and asses, rats and cats, should please it immensely.

Mrs. Edith Farmiloe's nursery book for 1899 comes into direct competition with Mr. Phil May's *Gutter Snipes*, save that it is coloured. *Rag, Tag, and Bobtail* (Richards. 6s.) is the title, and the theme thereof is the life of the poor children of London. Mrs. Farmiloe could hardly have had a subject better suited to her quaint impressionistic manner, and a very attractive little company of ragamuffins is the result. The ideal illustrator for children gives us more drama than we find here, but bright colour atones for much and there are many vivid patches in this book. Whether or not it was well for Miss Winifred Parnell, who writes accompanying verses, to drop into the

vernacular of the streets, it is for parents to decide. Personally we are a little doubtful.

It is several years since Mr. Palmer Cox invented his Brownies, but their charm is still fresh and the knowledge that a new Brownie volume is ready will be received with enthusiasm. In *The Brownies Abroad* (Unwin. 6s.) a variant upon *Brownies Around the World* is offered. We see them at Waterloo, at Killarney, on Vesuvius, at the Zoo, at Flodden Field, and at sea. To what extent the descriptive verses are read we do not know, but they strike the critic as being rather stodgy. The pictures are probably the real attraction, and they remain as clever and spirited as ever. The pleasure of identifying Mr. Cox's types never palls.

Not since Mr. Linley Sambourne illustrated *Water Babies* have more winsome naked cherubs been seen than those in *Fairies, Elves, and Flower Babies* (Duckworth. 3s. 6d.), by Miss Wallace-Dunlop. It is a book of charming fancies exquisitely translated into line by an accomplished pencil. A pleasant narrative has been written round the pictures by Mrs. Rivett-Carnac. Another interesting illustrated book is *Pictures from Bird Land* (Dent. 5s. net), by M. and E. Detmold. M. and E. Detmold are the twin brothers, now aged fifteen, of whose artistic precocity people have talked in studios for some years past, and certainly their draughtmanship and sense of colour are very extraordinary. The brothers seem to be equally gifted. In this volume they present some two dozen birds, familiar and unfamiliar, decoratively rather than realistically treated. The colouring is both sombre and rich, and is very restful and satisfying. If children appreciate it less than their parents do, no one need mind. Another new picture-book with some novelty is *The Sculptor Caught Napping* (Dent. 2s. 6d.), a collection of nursery rhymes illustrated in silhouette and in inverted silhouette, or white on black, by Jane E. Cook. There is a freshness about this method, although it is partially a return to an old one, that should commend it to children.

## Other New Books.

THE CLIMBS OF NORMAN-NERUDA.

EDITED BY MAY NORMAN-NERUDA.

This book is the fitting epitaph—for the most part written by himself—of a hardy climber who, it will be remembered, met his death last autumn in the full vigour of early manhood, on a mountain he may be said to have made his own. Mr. Norman-Neruda was fortunate in having a wife who shared all his enthusiasm and a large part of his achievements. She was with him on his last fatal climb, and in the first chapter of her book gives a pathetic account of the accident which closed his career. The other chapters are from her husband's hand, and deal with some of his most notable ascents—chiefly in the Dolomites—and with such general matters as "The Alps out of Season," "Mountaineering without Guides," and "The Technical Difficulties of Rock-Climbing." Much of the book has already appeared in print—in the *Alpine Journal* and elsewhere; the rest has been taken from "journals and note-books without any pretence at literary form." No doubt Mr. Neruda—as he himself says—was "far more at home with the wielding of an ice-axe than with the use of the pen," and yet his more technical chapters will supply valuable material for some future history of mountaineering, while the less technical passages are at times vivid and enthralling. There is an account, for instance, of a night adventure with Mrs. Neruda on the Cimon della Pala that almost recalls another hand. What *Travels* Robert Louis Stevenson might have given us if only the Cevennes had inspired him to try ice and snow. Besides being a dauntless climber, Mr. Neruda had a keen æsthetic sense, and

seems seldom to have come down from his mountains without a goodly store of notes on sun and cloud and other atmospheric effects.

With one exception, the illustrations are poor. And the exception, far from excusing the others, does but condemn them, for it is drawn from a similar source, and owes its superiority entirely to a superior process. If one half of the whole had been sacrificed, and the other half treated like Signor Vittorio Sella's *Antelao*, the book, dealing as it does with a comparatively unfamiliar district, would have been even more acceptable. There are misprints not a few in this otherwise well-printed book, including the persistent spelling of "Oesterreich"—except in the Introduction—with an initial C.

#### SOLDIERS OF THE QUEEN.

BY HORACE WYNDHAM.

We found much excellence in Mr. Wyndham's book *The Queen's Service*. In this volume we have the same sort of information about the British soldier's life, conveyed in a more dramatic form. In a series of sketches we are introduced to the Recruiting Department, the Barracks, the Canteen, the Sergeants' Ball, Kit Inspection, the Draft for India, and many other features of Tommy Atkins's varied lot. We have a spirited account of the *réveille* and the hasty and exiguous ablutions which follow under the eye of the drill-sergeant:

Time presses, and consequently toilets have to be hurriedly performed. The man who objects to making use of the same muddy liquid that has done duty for less than three others is deemed unduly fastidious.

"Now then," sharply exclaims an impatient warrior to a recruit who is endeavouring to procure a fresh supply of water, "don't make a meal of it—this ain't no perishin' swimmin'-bath, you know. Just buck up, and let someone else have a go at the basin if it ain't good enough for you!"

Thus adjured, the bowl is quickly surrendered to a less critically-minded comrade. Plunging his head into the strange composition before him, the new arrival quickly withdraws it, and then hastily rushes back to his barrack-room.

Then comes the parade before breakfast. The drill-corporal is desirous to "shake the beggars up," and this is how he does it:

"Now then, Number Seven," he continues, "we'll make another start—that is, if you've quite finished feelin' if your back hair happens to be on straight this morning. It's you I'm talking to—third man from the left of the front rank. I haven't the pleasure of knowin' your name, but I expect to be writin' it down for an hour's extra duty, pretty soon. Now then—look to your front—squad, 'tchun! left, dress! Turn your eyes to the left—without squinting like Chinese dummies—if you can. Stand up in the ranks, too, like soldiers; not like a measley row of lop-sided, spindle-shanked, Cockney shop-boys! Stick your chests out, and put your stummicks somewhere out of sight altogether. There's 'arf of you with figures like bags of potatoes. Strike me crimson if I ever saw such a mob! Hi! you in the centre—the ginger-headed man, I mean—don't grin like that—this ain't no perishin' beauty competition—not by no manner of means."

This is the roughest side of the life of a well-behaved private in barracks. Mr. Wyndham's pages are full of pleasant things and amusing stories. He tells, for instance, how a certain army chaplain liked to see his soldier congregation behave with as much military precision in church as on parade. He was not satisfied with the way the choir turned to the east at the beginning of the Creed, so he went to the sergeant-major for advice. The sergeant-major said he would assist him, and accompanied him to the chapel, where a choir practice was being conducted. Here he surveyed the choir with a professional eye, and harangued them as follows: "Choir—'shon! When the reverend gent starts on 'Hi believe'—stand steady! Remember, these words is merely a caution. When he

gets on to 'Gord-the-Father,' however, I want to see you draw back the toe of the right foot, place it against the 'ollow of the left 'eel, and turn smartly round in the required direction. Now then—one, two, three—Steady!" An admirable little book for soldiers, ex-soldiers, and would-be soldiers. (Sands & Co.)

#### A SPLICED YARN.

BY GEORGE CUPPLES.

This is a book of the sea—call it novel, narrative, or sketch. Mr. Cupples's story *The Green Hand* was an admirable sea-yarn, and in these "Strands from the Life Cable of Bill Bullen," to quote the sub-title, we have some delightful writing. Bill has returned from his last voyage, and is yarning to his friends. He tells how the old frigate came tumbling home, and how he took his farewell of the sea:

When we were paid off at Spithead, an' I'd got my traps ashore at Plymouth-point, I turns in to snooze out the three watches for once; but three shipmates hauled me out at eight bells of the middle watch, to drink success to the cruise on shore. So the first thing next day, I hired a donkey, and went over to the Reach, in sight of Spithead and the sea, just to give the old brine-tub a parting hail. The spring-tide was coming in full, and a seventy-four and a frigate standing out under all sail, an' everything looked so brisk and fresh in the offing, while the beach behind and the town was so dirty-like and smoky, that a sort of terror came over me at the idee of being wiled out once more. So I gave a long look at the craft and the sea-line, an', thinks I, it doesn't signify, old salt-and-blue, here I am out of your law; mother 'arth shall have my bones yet, an' not need a shot to sink them. It's my last sight of blue water; I'll never more hear the ripple alongside in the hammock, nor hand canvas on a yard. I own it seemed melancholy-like, as if I'd remembered every messmate and shipmate I ever sailed with. The tide had almost floated the beast off ground as he stood, and, when we wore round to make the port again, I could ha' fancied the sea was coming after me, hand-over-hand, it broke with such a splash under the creature's counter. There it was, too, looking through the end of every street in the town, like some great eye watching you; an' I didn't feel easy in my mind till the coach I got aboard of dropped it under the hills, and we bearing right away into the green land.

That is good. And right well does little Bill draw the old man's portrait:

I never knew a man who loved the sea from the bottom of his heart, with all its hardships and stirring perils, as he did; the whole story about his being wearied and longing for the land was, I fancy, a sudden whim he took into his head after a three years' cruise. In a few months he got restless, knocked off his little jobs, and, between his long spells at the pipe, the only thing which seemed to give him any satisfaction was telling stories about the sea to everyone whom he could get hold of, doing anything which could remind him of it, or reading books of old voyages. He and I built a whole fleet of ships of every rig, from a frigate to a cutter, over at the carpenter's; which we floated on the pond when we had cleared it of ducks; and in six months' time I knew every rope, sail, and evolution, almost as well as I do now, and could box the compass like a pilot's boy.

The book is capitably illustrated by Mr. Frank Brangwyn, and it is one to keep as well as to read. (Gibbings & Co. 5s.)

#### THE SIEGE OF TROY.

BY C. H. A. WAGER, PH.D.

This is a study in the *roman* of Troy which the Middle Ages based, not upon Homer, but upon the late Latin writers, Dares Phrygius and Dictys Cretensis. The particular text edited by Prof. Wager is that of a fourteenth century version of no great merit. It has, moreover, been previously printed, and the MS. here used is not the best of the three in existence. But it gives Prof. Wager opportunity for a careful and useful summary of the cycle as a whole, and the importance in it of the *Roman de Troie*



of Benoît de Sainte-More. The subject is not negligible by students of English literature, because from Benoît and the rest are derived, in part directly, in part through the medium of Boccaccio's *Filistrato*, both the *Troilus and Criseyde* of Chaucer, and the *Troilus and Cressida* of Shakespeare. (Macmillan.)

## Fiction.

*Daniel Whyte.* By A. J. Dawson.  
(Methuen & Co. 6s.)

In a somewhat ornamental and self-conscious dedication Mr. Dawson says this book "is the best thing I have made." It is. It is a very good book. We regard it as that one book which, as someone said, every man has it in him to write. We do not mean that Mr. Dawson will not write another book as good or better. But this is *his* book. He calls it a biography; no doubt much of it is autobiography. The life of Daniel Whyte as an apprentice on the sailing-ship *Glenrae*, and many of his subsequent adventures in Australia, must surely have been experienced by Mr. Dawson in person. Despite literary affectations, he can write:

He learned how fine a thing it was to pace at midnight the poop of a four-masted ship under full sail, flying before a steady gale on her quarter, her lee rail no more than a foot above the foam, her water-ways running, her back-stays singing a fierce chant, and her sheets so near to sundering that they could hold no moisture in their many-plaited white strands. Wheel full and bye, and weather leeches throbbing strongly, like the little muscles in a wrestler's loins; every other inch of the sail's acres strained to the immovable hither side of bursting point.

A faint panting shudder thrills the ship, ten ton of green water roars over her weather-bow and races aft and leeward, fighting past scupper-holes; the man at the wheel, teeth on lip, gains half a spoke more in his mastery of the grinding rudder. "Steadee, as she goes!" murmurs the second mate beside him; and the great ship's smooth stride goes on as before, like a horse taking fallen trees in his gallop.

The latter part of the book, dealing with Daniel's sentimental experiences, is the least satisfactory, though his first wife—the amiable, silly, superstitious little Margy—is drawn with direct and convincing skill. It is Mrs. Denton, the *femme de trente ans*, the guardian angel, the sister of mercy, the marvel of insight, delicacy, and love, in whom we cannot believe; she is exquisite but incredible, and at bottom she is merely a very old convention highly elaborated.

But, on the whole, *Daniel Whyte* is a work of which Mr. Dawson, always strenuous and eager, may be proud. We have referred to his literary affectations, and they must not be passed over in silence. Why does he in various ways imitate Mr. Kipling? In verse headings to chapters, for example? His verses are the merest echo, and not in the least illuminative to the story. Mr. Kipling is frequently in the mind of Mr. Dawson, to the great discomfort of the reader. Passages like the following are an irritation:

Now a man does not voluntarily expose himself, nor to his dearest comrade, his mistress, or his wife. Wherefore, when circumstances and a man's state of mind do so combine as to strip him, it is not good that his nakedness should be made public. But its out-working, the upshot of it, in this case belongs to the story of Daniel Whyte. That is why it is shown in this place.

Lastly, Mr. Dawson is addicted to annoying eccentricities of phrase: among these are "adown," "wot of," "on a day," "because that," "put a period upon" (for "put an end to"). He writes at the conclusion of his novel the word "Selah." It is time that Mr. Dawson put away childish things, especially as he is, with emphasis, a man.

*A Lost Lady of Old Years.* By John Buchan.  
(John Lane.)

WE must say at once that this book has many merits. Mr. Buchan writes with a keen appreciation of the value of words; he has a style which is vigorous and invigorating, if a thought too imitative of a greater romancist; and a descriptive power which casts around us the atmosphere—or what we suppose was the atmosphere—of Scotland during the '45 Rebellion. But it is the business of the story-writer to tell a story; and here Mr. Buchan breaks down. His plot, when it is not vague, is inadequate. It is not enough that Mr. Francis Birkenshaw should ride perilously through the Highlands, tumble down precipices, talk on matters of high politics with Lord Lovat, and stand beside that shifty nobleman on Tower Hill; we must know why he did all this, and sympathise with his motive. He does it for the sake of Mrs. Murray, the beautiful wife of Secretary Murray, concerning whose reputation tongues wagged not without reason. Now, until the book is nearing its end we get only a glimpse or two of the lady, and—it is entirely the fault of the author—we do not care two straws about Mrs. Murray. We only wonder at her amazing folly in sending on a delicate and important political mission a young stranger whom she had caught in a mean act and slashed across the face with her riding-whip. Resting on so feeble a foundation, the story is naturally ill-built and ill-balanced. But a story, unlike an egg, may be good in parts. Mr. Buchan gives a quite unforgettable sketch of the rush and turmoil in the narrow streets and the taverns of Edinburgh during the Jacobite rising, and his portrait of Lord Lovat, the vain, shifty, clever, treacherous old nobleman who yet made so good an end on the scaffold, is excellent. On the evening before his execution Francis Birkenshaw finds him carousing with his kin in a chamber of the Tower, "making as merry as if it were an ale-house in Inverness."

Then he fell into a long strain of moralising after his fashion, but the near approach of death gave a flavour to his words which exalted them almost to wisdom. "See, Mr. Birkenshaw," he said simply, "ye are a young man and may take a word of counsel. I have, maybe, made a hash of my life, for I was ower wild and headstrong, and maybe ower given to the sins of the flesh. But after all I have had my sport out o' life. I have had my fingers in every pie that's been making, and, faith, I have created some sort of a steer in the world. And that would ever be my counsel to young blood—to gang forrit, set the world in a bleeze if ye can, and if ye get your hair singit as I've got mine, ye need never care for the sake of the grand spectacle."

He took out his watch and considered. "Twelve hours more in this middenstead of a world," he said, speaking loud to all. "Now mind ye, Shamus Fraser," and he turned to one of his friends, "Ye hear the last injunction of your chief. Ye will have my body buried in the Kirk of Kirk-hill, for there lie all the generations of Lovat, and I've put a note in my will by which I leave bountith to all the pipers frae John o' Groats to Edinburgh to play before my body. Lord, it will be a braw music, and I wish I could be there to hear it. But it's like that the Government will not allow it," he said sadly.

Finally, we would counsel Mr. Buchan, when he is planning out his next novel, to give more pains to the planning and setting of his underlying motives. This is not perhaps the most difficult part of the story-teller's task; but it is a necessary one. It is a pity to build a fair structure on an insecure foundation.

We speak of Mr. Buchan's next novel; but we hope that he will be in no haste to produce it. Mr. Buchan (it is written in *Who's Who*) was born in 1875. He has written history, poetry, criticism, and fiction. Yet a young author must assimilate life as well as portray it. It would be a good rule for young writers not to produce a creative work oftener than once in three years.

## Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final.  
Reviews of a selection will follow.]

## ACTIVE SERVICE.

BY STEPHEN CRANE.

This is a novel with the Turco-Greek war for its pivot. Mr. Crane has already dealt with that campaign, which he witnessed as a special correspondent, in his fine story "Death and the Child." He has here more room to work in. (Heinemann. 6s.)

## THE SPLENDID PORSENNA.

BY MRS. HUGH FRASER.

Mrs. Hugh Fraser has travelled much, and her pen turns from books of travel to travel-fiction with ease. Here we are in Rome among Italian and English characters. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

## THE WATCHERS.

BY A. E. W. MASON.

A new story by the author of *Miranda of the Falcony*, in *Arrowsmith's Bristol Library*, which began with *Called Back*. It opens at the south end of Burleigh-street, Strand, on July 15, 1758. Thereafter is mystery and romance, such as Mr. Mason knows well how to compound. (Arrowsmith. 1s.)

SOME EXPERIENCES OF AN  
IRISH R.M.BY E. CE. SOMERVILLE  
AND MARTIN ROSS.

These stories, by the joint authors of that clever story, *The Silver Fox*, are racy and well-written pictures of Irish life as seen by a resident magistrate. Sport and horse-dealing receive their full share of attention. (Longmans, Green & Co. 6s.)

## CALLED BACK TO TSAR-LAND.

BY FRED. WHISHAW.

Tsar-land, of course, is Russia, a country which Mr. Whishaw explores often in his fiction. "I was, I remember, playing in a cricket match at Lord's when the telegram arrived—the telegram which came near transforming my existence, and which was, indeed, the *raison d'être* of the narrative now about to be made public." This narrative is the usual thing—politics, strategy, plot, counter-plot, and Borofsky. (Jarrold. 6s.)

## SWORD AND ASSEGAI.

BY ANNA HOWARTH.

In the preface, dated Cape Colony, August, 1899, we are told that almost every incident in this book is true, down to the smallest details. The title, perhaps, gives too sanguinary a notion of the work, which is descriptive of Cape life in peace as well as in unrest. *Jan: an Afrikaner*, by the same author, will be remembered. (Smith, Elder. 6s.)

## A MAN ADRIFT.

BY BART KENNEDY.

The rough-and-ready, unvarnished, straightforward, narrative of a rover about the world, living from hand to mouth, getting down on his luck, running strange risks, meeting picturesque wastrels. "They talk of the cloven hoof of wickedness, but I tell you it is as nothing compared with the iron heel of organised charity." (Greening. 6s.)

THE DON AND THE  
UNDERGRADUATE.

BY W. E. W. COLLINS.

A pleasant love-story, flavoured with the usual Oxford ingredients. (Blackwood. 6s.)

## CHARMING MISS KYRLE.

BY MINA SANDEMAN.

Miss Kyrle and her widow mother are both young, and they advise each other about their love affairs. How

typical of a vast class of novels is a passage like this: "I ought to be thoroughly ashamed of myself, but the imp of mischief was at my heels, prodding me on to play you a trick, dear Lady Kyrle! I came up softly behind you on the grass—I confess it was exceedingly 'low form.' The worthy Straker told me I should find you in the grounds, and I was shrewd enough to guess the direction in which you had wended your steps. I am aware of your partiality to the setting sun." Thus spake man to woman never. And yet this is a readable society novel. (John Long. 6s.)

## A PASSING FANCY.

BY MRS. LOVETT CAMERON.

Another widow heroine. "The love of power is the rock upon which hundreds of women make shipwreck of their lives." Two such shipwrecks are accounted for in this story, which deals with an antagonism between a widow and a young girl in the contest for a man's love. Our sympathies are with the widow. A distinctly readable story. (John Long. 6s.)

## BEYOND THESE DREAMS.

BY G. BERESFORD FITZGERALD.

A third widow! Old Weller's advice to Sam is thrown away on novelists this week. The Baroness Steinitz is the rather indigent widow of a millionaire, whose will had proved disappointing. The Baroness is only twenty-six, and handsome. Her fortunes and those of her daughter Sara make the story, which contains some smartly-drawn pictures of village society. (Digby, Long & Co. 6s.)

## AN OBSCURE APOSTLE.

BY MME. ORZESZKO.

A translation, by C. S. de Soissons, of a novel by the Polish Georges Sand. "Eliza Orzeszko," said Henryk Sienkiewicz, "still holds the sceptre as a novelist." This story, which has the passionate seriousness and length common to Polish fiction, deals with Polish Jewry. (Greening. 6s.)

## THE WHITE QUEEN.

BY RUSSELL GARNIER.

Another story of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, the hero of *When Knighthood was in Flower*. The tale opens in 1514, and the White Queen is Mary Tudor. (Harper. 6s.)

## ROXANE.

BY LOUIS CRESWICKE.

A busy romance of East and West. "Seatoun hurried off, hired a caique, and was rowed alongside the *Sea Star* in time to find Geoffrey Wykeham in the act of returning from his dinner at the Embassy." Politics and love blend in the book, which has the saddest of endings. (Cassell. 6s.)

## MRS. DUNBAR'S SECRET.

BY ALAN ST. AUBYN.

Mr. St. Aubyn's fourteenth novel deals with family troubles and mysteries, through which we see Mrs Dunbar and her lovely daughter rise from poverty to affluence. The *Times'* Agony Column sets things in motion, and the reader's interest is held. (Chatto & Windus. 6s.)

## MR. BOYTON.

BY W. D. HAYES.

Mr. Boyton agonises the world by making a corner in pork. His pig-fortresses in Chicago are stormed by the people, who fall when they touch the walls, every inch of which is a death-dealing electric battery. With his profits Mr. Boyton buys Poland, and fights the armies of Germany with electric volts. Some people like this sort of thing. (Simpkin, Marshall.)

## THE GOLDEN DAY.

BY WILLIAM KIRBY.

A very long romance of Canada at the time of the decline of French power and the capture of Quebec by the English. The author has spared no pains, and his local colour and historical detail are good. (Jarrold. 6s.)

## THE ACADEMY.

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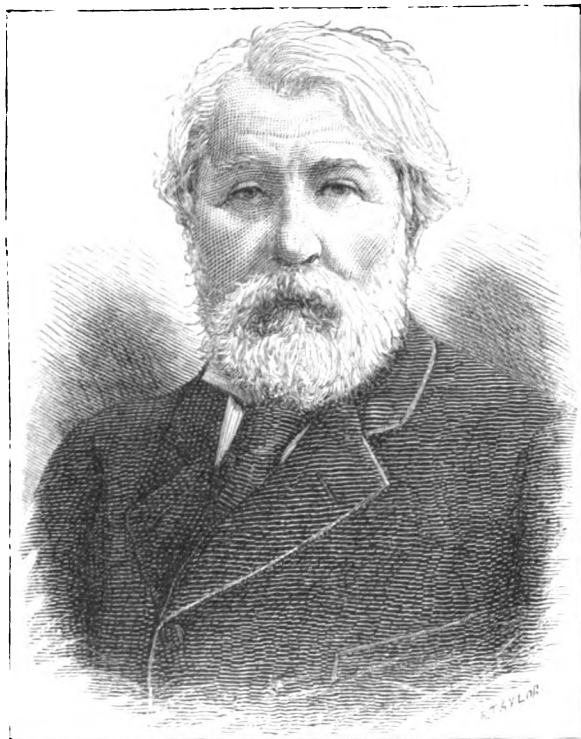
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## Ivan Turgenev.

## An Enquiry.

## I.

THE approaching completion of an English version, in fifteen volumes, of the "Works" of Ivan Turgenev, translated by Mrs. Constance Garnett, introduced by Mr. Edward Garnett, and published by Mr. William Heinemann, deserves more than that passing and per-



IVAN TURGENEV.

functory notice which is usually accorded to such achievements. The decade now drawing to a close has been rather remarkable for newly translated and worthily produced editions of great foreign novelists. We have had Dumas, Balzac, Victor Hugo, Björnson, and d'Annunzio. And we have had Turgenev. But the case of the author of *Virgin Soil* differs from the rest. Dumas, Balzac, Hugo—these are names which have a very definite meaning to the public. Björnson, too, is renowned among us, and already the youthful d'Annunzio has raised a general curiosity. Translations of any of these men could be sure in advance of at least a moderate acceptance; in some instances the acceptance has amounted to enthusiasm. The late Sergius Stepniak, in his introduction to the English translation of *Smoke* (1894), said that Turgenev, "during the last fifteen years of his life, won for himself the reading public, first in France, then in Germany and America, and finally in England." The statement is certainly not correct as regards England and America,

and it is only true in a very limited sense of France and Germany. Except in Russia, Turgenev has not even to-day captured the "reading public." He has everywhere captured the men of letters; but these constitute only a fraction of "the reading public." Men of letters who happen to have genius do not write for men of letters. They write, as Wagner was proud to say he composed, for the ordinary person. From the Russian magazines Turgenev used to receive £24 a "leaf" for serial rights. Stevenson never got as much, and Mr. Kipling has not greatly surpassed the figure. When genius commands such a price, it is fame; it is to "capture the reading public." Compare this vogue with the condition of affairs in England, and in France, the ultimate home of Turgenev's adoption. It is extremely improbable that any of his novels has reached a sale of ten thousand copies even in France. As for England, I do not hesitate to say that half-a-dozen years ago Turgenev was barely a name to our "reading public." It was Tolstoi who had made the capture. The more honour, and a very special esteem, therefore, to Mrs. Garnett and her colleagues in this undertaking of an approximately complete Turgenev in English. They have worthily laboured, they have courageously accepted risks, with a single eye to the cause of art. And, whatever the immediate result, they are to be vehemently congratulated upon their work. The *format* is admirable; considering the price, it is wonderful. Mr. Garnett's introductory essays contain much subtle and just appreciation. A complete ignorance of the Russian language prevents me from measuring the excellence of the translation. But decidedly it has the air of being faithful; it is good English, and quite apart and aloof from the ruck of translations. Stepniak, who should be an authority, said it was "as near an approach to the elegance and poetry of the original" as any he had encountered. Certainly, the same scholarship and the same enormous pains have not before been brought to an English rendering of Turgenev. It would be unfair to match it with the French translation, in fourteen volumes, published by Hetzel, Charpentier, and Hachette. The most eminent of his contemporaries were glad to help Turgenev in that translation; parts of it he did with his own hand, and every volume had the incomparable advantage of his minute revision. No other novelist was ever translated with such literary pomp. But, circumstance for circumstance, our English edition will hold its own. We have the right to boast of it. Possibly, as volume of it succeeded volume, with but scant expression of gratitude from either Press or public, those who had it in hand may have been a little discouraged and set back. They may have imagined that their efforts were thankless; in part wasted. Not so. What they have done they have done; and it was always good in the sight of the few whose unspoken applause is above the sound of trumpets.

## II.

Any attempt to examine the relations between Turgenev and his Western publics must suffer at its very inception by the fact that in neither French nor English is there a proper biography of the man; a full account of his life, his opinions, and his methods. The Vicomte E. M. de Vogüé's essay prefixed to the *Œuvres Dernières* is masterly, but it is only an essay. Renan's funeral oration, included in the same volume, is a majestic and lovely tribute, but it is only a discourse. For the rest, there are Deligne's *Tourgueneff Inconnu*, fragmentary and mediocre; Pavlonsky's *Souvenirs sur Tourgueneff*, said to be very unreliable; the volume of letters, useful as far as it goes, edited by Halperine-Kaminsky under the title *Tourgueneff and his French Circle*; and critical studies by Paul Bourget and Ernest Dupuy. Strangely enough, Turgenev's own *Souvenirs Littéraires* are not obtainable in French. At some future date Mrs. Garnett might well crown her work by adding to it a translation of these *Souvenirs*. Such

extracts therefrom as may be found here and there are of the highest interest and value.

The most important event in Turgenev's career was, of course, his self-exile from Russia. He was born in 1818. Russia is a place of sorrow for artists and thinkers to-day; it was more sorrowful then. You will get many glimpses of it in *A Sportsman's Sketches*, *First Love*, and other tales. If his mother had been sympathetic, it is conceivable that he might have stayed at home. But Turgenev's mother is already notorious. The Vicomte de Vogüé points out that in Turgenev's novels all the mothers are either wicked or grotesque. We learn from the Journal of Mme. Turgenev's adopted daughter that when Ivan took home his first book—*Parasha* (1841)—“the tiny blue-covered volume lay about mamma's room; it was never mentioned.” A little incident touching this adopted daughter shows at once what manner of woman Mme. Turgenev was, and what the times were. The girl had fallen ill, and a serf-physician was ordered to attend her. “Remember,” said the terrible mistress, “if you don't cure her—Siberia.” Then there was the mighty censor, whose antics, performed apparently out of pure love of the ridiculous, are almost incredible. Turgenev wrote: “The young girl was a flower.” In the interests of law and order, the censor altered this to: “The young lady resembled a splendid rose.” One can sympathise with an author's desire to put a thousand miles between himself and the mere physical presence of that official. But indeed authors have never been recognised of the powers in Russia. Turgenev told Edmond de Goncourt that at a dinner given by Count Orloff to celebrate the emancipation of the serfs, he was placed forty-seventh, after the despised priest. To catch the full beauty of this anecdote it is necessary to remember that Turgenev was then of European renown; that he was an intimate friend of the host, and that his books had helped to bring about the emancipation. It was from such a land that Turgenev fled. He explains the flight thus:

For myself, I can say that I felt very keenly the disadvantages of this wrenching-away from my native soil, of this violent rupture of all the bonds which held me to the land of my youth; but there was nothing else to be done. That existence, that environment, and in particular that sphere to which I belonged—the sphere of country landowners and of serfdom—offered me no inducement to stay. On the contrary, nearly everything I saw around me awoke in me a feeling of disquiet, of revolt—to be frank, of disgust. I could not hesitate long. Either I must wholly submit, and follow the common groove, the beaten path, or I must deracinate myself at a single stroke, and get away from everyone and everything, even at the risk of losing many things dear to my heart. I chose the latter course. I plunged head first into the “German Ocean”; it purified and regenerated me; and when at length I emerged from its waters, I found myself an Occidental, and an Occidental I have always remained.

(“Voilà le gros mot lâché,” comments de Vogüé—“Occidental.”)

It seems convincing—yet I am conscious of a desire to cry for more light upon the temperamental causes of Turgenev's exile. Other great Russian authors suffered infinitely more than he; but they stayed. And they stayed because, in spite of all, Russia was still Russia to them. Did Turgenev unconsciously anticipate Ibsen, and was it the artist in him demanding equanimity in order to create that drove him out of his own country? Or was his departure due simply to a revolt of outraged sentiments? In the latter case our estimate of the man would be somewhat lowered. Whatever the truth of the matter, it appears to me quite possible that the disadvantages of his exile outweighed the advantages. This voluntary banishment certainly intensified that pervading melancholy and that inflexible reserve which have operated against the popularity of his novels among Western readers. To some extent it even interfered with his productiveness. Of Paris he once said: “It is impossible for me to work

here.” During the whole of his maturity he was a wanderer, without a hearth. He led a life of restaurants. He had acquaintances with whom he was on very familiar terms, and who liked and admired him immensely—the Viardots, Flaubert, de Goncourt, Daudet, and doubtless others in Germany and England—but had this pseudo-Occidental a single veritable friend outside Russia? Did he ever, in spite of his marvellous conversational powers, so freely exercised, ever fully reveal himself to his “French circle”? For myself, I suspect not. He was lonely, this man to whom all the most exalted doors in western Europe were open. He continually regretted his original sacrifice. For ever haunted by obscure racial longings, he retired within himself and became a mystery. As with many talkative men, his secret thoughts were his own.

What, other than Russia, were the things that lay next his heart? There was sport, we know. At the age of fifty-five he speaks, in a letter to Flaubert, of “my boundless passion for sport, the only pleasure which is left to me.” He had made a definite appointment to meet Flaubert at Croisset; but “a very pleasant fellow, called Bullock” (who “possessed the finest partridge shooting in the whole of England”), had invited him to go and “kill mountains of partridges”; and though he would probably not be able to accept the invitation, there was a possibility of his doing so; therefore Flaubert must kindly postpone the appointment, on the chance. “There is something shocking,” he observes, “in an old greybeard like myself crossing the sea twice in order to pour a lot of lead into a lot of partridges.” As a sportsman Turgenev certainly had the large grandiose manner of Dumas père. He must have been the sort of sportsman to whom keepers, so prone to scoff, pay the homage of their sincere respect. He resembled Dumas, too, though one might easily not have suspected it, on another point: an intense predilection for the feminine. This man who was never married remarked at Flaubert's dinner-table, when Flaubert and de Goncourt were contesting the importance of love to an author, that his existence was “saturated with femininity”:

With me, neither books nor anything whatever in the world could take the place of woman. How can I make that plain to you? I find it is only love which produces a certain expansion of the being, that nothing else gives . . . eh? Listen! When quite a young man I once had a mistress, a miller's girl in the neighbourhood of St. Petersburg, whom I used to see when out hunting. She was charming, very fair, with a flash of the eye rather common among us. She would accept nothing from me. But one day she said to me: “You must give me a present.”

“What is it you want?”

“Bring me some scented soap from St. Petersburg.”

I brought her the soap. She took it, disappeared, came back blushing, and murmured, offering me her hands, delicately scented:

“Kiss my hands—like you kiss the hands of ladies in drawing rooms at St. Petersburg.”

I threw myself on my knees—and, you know, that was the finest moment of my life.

We owe this *histoire* to the de Goncourt *Journal*, which from 1872 to 1883 is full of references to Turgenev. Some of the best things in that famous but untranslatable collection of curios were gathered from Turgenev. But even the all-embracing *Journal*, to which nothing came amiss, is silent or nearly so on the supreme question: Turgenev's methods of work and the origin and growth of that consummate skill which places him in one respect above all other novelists. Guns and women: he would discuss these. What of writing, and those intimate details about actual *pen-work* which, as in the case of Stevenson, must always fascinate the admirers of a great literary artist? In eleven years Turgenev seems to have mentioned this matter to de Goncourt only once. Here is the passage:

“In order to work I must have winter, a frost such as we have in Russia, an *astringent* cold, the trees all covered

with crystals, then. . . . But I work still better in autumn, you know; on days when there is no wind, no wind at all, and the ground is elastic and the air has a taste of wine. My place—it is a little wooden house with a garden full of yellow acacias—we have no white acacia. In the autumn the earth is covered with pods, which crackle when you tread on them, and the air is filled with mocking-birds . . . yes, shrikes. In there, all alone. . . .”

Turgeneff did not finish, but a contraction of the hands closed over his chest told us of the joy and intoxication of the brain which he experienced in that little corner of old Russia.

There is not much substance in this. A solitary passage in Pavlonsky's *Souvenirs* is rather better:

I have various plans in my head [said Turgenev], but I can do nothing; and the saddest part of it is that work is no longer a joy to me. Once I liked to work as one likes to caress a woman. I experienced a veritable pleasure in dreaming over a work or correcting it. When I was writing I wanted no society. I isolated myself on my estates. There I had a little room in the outbuildings, something like a peasant's cabin, furnished only with a deal table and a chair; and there I used to work fairly well for months at a time. Often I would carry on literary make-believes with great zest. When I was writing *Fathers and Children* I kept Bazarov's diary. If I read a new book, if I met an interesting man, if there occurred any important political or social event, I always described the thing in the diary from Bazarov's point of view. The result was a large and very curious volume. Unfortunately, I have lost it. Someone borrowed it to read and never returned it.

This is interesting, but it is like a crumb to the ravenous. The man must inevitably have had a passion for technique and all the thousand and one niceties of form. He must have spent years in the sedulous cultivation of the craftsman in himself. The author of a miracle like *On the Eve* may be born, but he is also made. In the matter of condensation alone Turgenev was unique among the great literary artificers. He could say more in a chapter of two thousand words than any other novelist that ever lived. What he accomplishes again and again in a book of sixty thousand words, Tolstoi could not have accomplished under a quarter of a million. His genius for choosing the essential and discarding everything else, was simply unparalleled. What Ibsen did for European drama, Turgenev did for European fiction: he uttered the last word of pure artistry. And it is precisely of his life as a practical working novelist that we know nothing, or next to nothing.

Our information about his literary opinions is scarcely less meagre, and may be set out in a few lines. It is strange that Turgenev, whose work marks him as a hater of exaggeration in any form, was an enthusiastic admirer of Dickens. He put Dickens above Balzac, and was never tired in his praise. He did not care for the author of *Eugénie Grandet*. “Balzac,” he is stated to have remarked, “is an ethnographer, not an artist.” It is absurd, but there is criticism in it. Turgenev's reported adverse *dicta* about his contemporaries—Flaubert, Daudet, de Goncourt—are probably in the main apocryphal. That his critical ideals remained fluid to the end is proved by his appreciation of de Maupassant. *La Maison Tellier* enchanted him. Among his own books he preferred *First Love*, of which he said his father was the hero. He considered that *A Sportsman's Sketches*, with certain exceptions, showed him at his weakest. There is a diversity of view as to the order of excellence in his novels. Mr. Edward Garnett would possibly put *On the Eve* first, and I could not disagree with him. The Vicomte de Vogüé unhesitatingly gives the palm to *A House of Gentlefolk*. Certainly the epilogue to that book and the love scene in Chapter XXXIV. are unforgettable art. Yet, when I reflect upon the mass of Turgenev's work, not these, but the sketch entitled “Byezhin Prairie,” in *A Sportsman's Sketches*, stands out most prominent. The picture of the pony-boys

by their watch-fire discussing ghosts—their artless talk, the effect and mystery of night, the ultimate dawn and sunrise . . . . when a thing is supreme there is nothing to be said.

### III.

It seems to me that there are three reasons why Turgenev, despite the unaffected and zealous support everywhere extended to him by men of letters, should have failed to grip the public as Tolstoi and even Dostoevsky have gripped it. The first is, that as an artist he has hardly a fault; in particular, he never showed the least inclination to either flamboyance or vulgarity. He was always restrained and refined. Now the public may, and generally does, admire a great artist. But it begins (and sometimes ends) by admiring him for the wrong things. Shakespeare is more highly regarded for his philosophy than for his poetry, as the applause at any performance of “Hamlet” will prove. Balzac conquers by that untamed exuberance and those crude effects of melodrama which are the least valuable parts of him. And it is natural that people who concern themselves with art only in their leisure moments, demanding from it nothing but a temporary distraction, should prefer the obvious to the recondite, and should walk regardless of beauty unless it forces itself upon their attention by means of exaggerations and advertisement. The public wants to be struck, hit squarely in the face; then it will take notice. Most of the great artists, by chance or design, have performed that feat. But Turgenev happens not to have done so. Look through all his work, and I doubt if you will find a scene which in the theatrical sense could be called “powerful.” There is no appeal by force to the soul; no straining, no grandiloquence, no distortion; nothing but the flawless chastity of perfect art. His best books are like an antique statue, and their beauty, instead of delivering a blow, steals towards you and mildly penetrates the frame. As well expect the public to admire the Venus de Milo as to admire *On the Eve*. Refinement is mistaken for coldness, and restraint for mediocrity. And so it will ever be.

Yet Turgenev, it may be said, is popular in Russia—why not also in the West? This brings me to the second point. A work of art will sometimes triumph for reasons neither artistic nor inartistic, but by means of the moral ideas upon which it happens to be founded. Every work of art must have a moral basis, and Turgenev's novels have a moral basis beyond the ordinary. They are the muffled but supreme utterance of a nation's secret desire. But what is that to the West? The West cannot feel what Russia feels—cannot even intellectually comprehend the profound surge of emotion which barely agitates the surface of that giant's life. It is nothing to the West, for instance, that “the chief figure of *On the Eve*, Elena, foreshadows and stands for the rise of young Russia in the sixties”; but it is everything to Russia, with her ears sensitive to catch the least echo of her own scarce-whispered aspirations. The proportion of readers who appreciate the artistic significance of Turgenev is as small in Russia as in France and England; but every literate east of the Baltic can, and does, grasp his moral significance. Here lies the difference between Turgenev and Tolstoi. Apart from his fiery vehemence, which compels attention, Tolstoi has the advantage over Turgenev in the race for popularity, because the moral basis of his work is less exclusively Russian, and nearer the universal. The inner meaning of *Anna Karenina* is plain to every country. The lessons of *War and Peace* need no searching. *The Kreutzer Sonata* would apply itself as well to Salt Lake City as to Moscow. Tolstoi speaks to humanity, Turgenev to Russia. But for all that Tolstoi is the lesser artist.

The third reason against Turgenev's general acceptance in the West is that Russia has something about her of the Orient, and that Turgenev had the Oriental melancholy and other attributes intensified to a special degree. Far



from being completely occidentalised, as he imagined, the tinge and texture of his mind never abated their original quality. Oriental he was born, and (unlike Tolstoi, again) Oriental he remained. Though he preached an evangel, it was not an evangel of revolt and attack; rather an evangel of vague and quiescent hope, with dreamy eyes upon the furthest future. "Russian writers," says the Vicomte de Vogüé, "by reason as much of the circumstances in which they are placed as by the particular turn of their genius, do not openly attack; they neither argue nor declaim; they depict without arriving at a conclusion, and appeal more to pity than to anger." It is just the qualities of melancholy, inconclusiveness, and patient inactive faith which do not commend themselves to the Western mind, comparatively so strenuous, eager, and restive under abuses. We can neither understand nor sympathise with this policy of waiting and meditation. With us, to think is to act, and to act is to fight. When Uvar Ivanovitch answers the question: "Will there be men among us?" by "flourishing his fingers and fixing his enigmatical stare into the far distance," we chafe, we get angry. We feel the need of a watchword and a battle-cry. The true Russian does not.

From such deep-seated causes Turgenev's novels fail—at any rate, partially—in their moral suasion over the Western mind. Absolute resignation we could comprehend, and open rebellion we could approve; but a sad, uneasy something between the two leaves us cold and puzzled. Turgenev, I fancy, was aware of the racial defect, and aware also that Tolstoi had it not. Perhaps it was this knowledge which caused him to send across Europe to Tolstoi that pathetic and moving document.

"Very dear Léon Nikolaievitch," the missive ran,—"It is a long time since I wrote to you. I was then, and I am now, on my deathbed. I cannot recover; there is no longer the least chance of it. I am writing to you expressly to tell you how happy I have been to be your contemporary, and to make you a last urgent prayer. My friend, return to literary work. This gift has come to you from there whence everything comes to us. Ah! how happy I should be if I could know that you would listen to my prayer! . . . My friend, great writer of our Russian land, hear my prayer. Let me know if this letter reaches you. I clasp you for the last time to my heart—you and all yours. . . . I can write no more. . . . I am tired."

E. A. B.

## Things Seen.

1.30, October 31st, 1899.

At half-past one, when I stepped out into the street, the calamity met me. It was sudden as lightning. Something terrible had happened. The air was charged with awe. Anxiety, grief, horror, anger, stood plain on every face, and there facing me was the big, black-lettered placard: "Great Disaster—British Column Captured by Boers." The staring announcement provoked no comment, no interchange of views. Men struggled for the papers, read the news, then stood rigid, aghast, gazing at the placard: "British Column Captured by the Boers." It was inconceivable. But there, in the autumn sunshine, flared the placards, a dozen of them, varying in wording, but all crying the calamity: "Two Thousand Shot or Taken Prisoners." Everywhere the same sight met me. Everybody held a paper. Some read as they walked, others stopped in doorways; but on every face was the same amazement, as if to say—"The incredible has happened." We kept the thing to ourselves, that was the strange part of it. Talk would come later; but the first shock, like all great shocks, was individual, personal, incommunicable. I went into a restaurant to lunch. Outside stood a group of a dozen men—silent, tight-lipped, gazing at the

placards. Within, the customary babble of talk was hushed. The place was thronged, but every man was silent, reading a paper propped before him, food neglected. I read, too—read this:

A MAN OF ROYAL IRISH FUSILIERS EMPLOYED AS HOSPITAL ORDERLY CAME IN UNDER FLAG OF TRUCE WITH A LETTER FROM THE SURVIVORS OF THE COLUMN AND ASKED FOR ASSISTANCE TO BURY THE DEAD.

Flag of truce—letter—survivors—to bury the dead. The words stabbed. They swam before the eyes. For a moment I felt the futility of going on with the minor affairs of life. Before this calamity all else seemed trivial. . . . Then somebody said to the waiter: "Baked apple-dumpling, please"; and in another column of the paper my eye caught the announcements of new books: *Shall I Slay My Brother Boer?* and *Christian Mysticism: being the Bampton Lecture for 1899.* Demy 8vo. . . .

## The Note of Love.

A MOMENT ago, as I sat at my window watching the cheerless darkness fill the cold, eerie square, a little child—a ragged, pinched mite—went by, wailing with a thin, most lamentable cry, and by a strange freak my mind sped from the city and its chill to a scene in the far Highlands.

I had worked with the shepherds separating the ewes from their lambs, and now sat upon a knoll close by watching and listening. The bereaved ewes straggled over the heather—a spectacle pitiable and forlorn. Not a head went down to nibble, and the sad brown eyes of the beasts sought vacantly for the stolen lambs that were penned in the fank. The solemn immensity of the Highland scene was vibrant with innumerable sorrows—an untiring, tearless, poignant lamentation; it was like human despair past thought, pain past all assuaging. At the edge individual "meh-mehing" was distinguishable in long pathetic quavers, but from the heart of the flock the sound was as an organ's, resonant and loftily passionate.

At last the shepherds were driving home their flocks of stricken mothers, and, past where I stood, went to their accustomed ground—a doleful lot of blackfaced. The stolid shepherd stalked behind; the collies yelped, galloped "oot bye wide" and "backed in ahint"; and, despite the menace of the dogs, the ewes made reluctant progress. Ever they turned their sad, speckled faces to the fank, and "mehed" a dismal mourning with mouths gauntly open. Thus, with persistent looking back, and wailing from dry, sore hearts, they stood till the barking collies at their noses forced them on again.

I watched the flock till it passed from view, and, ere the sound of it had died away, a mincing, eager crunching on the bridle-path beside me called my attention. It was a weak, sickly-like, black-faced lammie trotting on the gravel. Its mouth gaped with panting, and every few yards it stopped to cry a long, thin, trembling cry.

I suppose it was the likeness of the baby's and the lammie's cries, the unerring note of love, that associated in my mind just now the city and the hillside.

## A Scripture Lesson.

THE first question asked was, "What was the Bible originally written in?"

"Ink," was the prompt reply.

We then listened for some moments to a catalogue of our follies, the idiocy of boyhood, and so forth. At last we resumed.

"Tell them," the master said to the head boy of the class, "what the Bible was written in."

"Blood," sounded forth through the room.

Our Scripture lesson ended there for the time, and with a magnificent injustice the whole class was made to suffer for those two answers.

## The Amateur Critic.

[FROM time to time we receive letters from correspondents in praise or disapproval of books new and old. In future, for awhile, we propose to put a page of the ACADEMY at the service of the unprofessional critic. To this page we also invite our readers to contribute remarks on striking or curious passages which they may meet with in their ordinary reading. No communication, we would point out, must exceed 300 words.]

### Defoe on the Boer War.

PROBABLY very few readers of the ACADEMY know Defoe's poem "The Spanish Descent," published when the nation was agitated by the failure of Sir George Rooke to bombard Cadiz. Therein Defoe gently ridiculed the undue expectations of victory that had been formed, and pointed out that the reverse was of a temporary kind. Although the circumstances were so different from those which have occurred this week in South Africa, yet many of Defoe's lines seem curiously applicable to the present moment. May I show this?

Long had this Nation been amus'd in vain  
With Posts from Portugal and News from Spain.  
With Ormond's Conquests, and the Fleets success,  
And Favours from the Moors at Maccaness.  
The learned Mob bought Compasses and Scales,  
And every Barber knew the Bay of Cales,  
Show'd us the Army here, and there the Fleet,  
Here the Troops Land, and there the Foes Retreat. . . .  
But still they counted Spoils without the Cost,  
And still the News came faster than the Post. . . .  
And now the Farce is Acting o'er again,  
The meaning of our Mischiefs to explain;  
The Learned Mob O'er-read in Arms and Law,  
The Cause of their Miscarriages foresaw.  
Tell us the Loytering Minutes were Mispent  
Too long a going, and too few that went.  
Exalt the Catalonian Garrison,  
The new made Works, the Platform and the Town:  
Tell us it was impossible to Land,  
And all their Batteries sunk into the Sand. . . .  
The disproportion'd Force they Banter too,  
The Ships too many, and the Men too few. . . .  
From hence thro' France the Welcome Tidings fly,  
To mock his ancient Sire with mushroom Joy.  
Raptures possess the ambitious Heads of France,  
And Golden Hopes their new Designs advance.  
Now they Consult to Crush the World agen,  
And talk of rifling Christendom for Men. . . .  
In vain great Princes mighty Things Invent,  
While Heaven retains the Power to prevent.  
He that to General Mischief makes pretence,  
Should first know how to Conquer Providence. . . .  
Disaster swells the Blood, and Spleen the Face;  
And ripens them for glorious Things apace. . . .  
Life's the best Gift that Nature can bestow;  
The first that we receive, the last which we forego:  
And he that's vainly Prodigal of Blood,  
Forfeits his Sense to do his Cause no good.  
All Desperation's the Effect of Fear;  
Courage is Temper, Valour can't despair. . . .

I may add that Sir George Rooke captured some rich galleons shortly after he had retired from Cadiz, and turned the public disappointment into calm jubilation.

W.

### Mr. Murray Gilchrist's Earlier Work.

LITERATURE has many surprises, and one of the most pleasant is the chance discovery of an unknown, if not unsuspected, faculty in one of our heroes. If, as it is to be feared, the earlier stories of Mr. R. Murray Gilchrist are but little known, then there are not a few who have a great pleasure in store for them. There are some, indeed, who have carefully followed his work since the publication of *Passion the Plaything* in 1890, and who week by

week scanned the columns of the *National Observer* for those weird creations which occasionally appeared above his name. But it is to be regretted that *Frangipanni* and *The Stone Dragon, and Other Stories*, are the delight of only such a limited few. In the last-named of these books one is sometimes reminded of Poe, though Poe never paid much heed to finish; and finish, with attention to detail, is one of Mr. Gilchrist's happiest qualities. Like Poe's, his stories are often without clue as to date or locality, but one does not seek to know when or where the events occurred; for if it is a tale of witchcraft or sorcery it becomes a reality in that land of nowhere. When he gives a date he does something more by adapting his style to that of the period (which never seems later than 1800, though it is as often in the seventeenth century), and he brings one into contact with the time by a dozen ingenious devices, such as the mention of a book just published, or the allusion to an obsolete custom or an article of ancient dress. What could be more admirable than the beginning of "The Writings of Althea Swarthmoor," one of the most remarkable pieces in the volume:

A portrait of Althea Swarthmoor hangs in the library of the House with Eleven Staircases. She is depicted (by Kneller's brush) as a tall, thin woman of about thirty, somewhat fallow in the matter of complexion, and with deerhound eyes. Her crisp black hair is drawn plainly from an admirably arched brow, and there is a perplexed look about her lips.

This single example must suffice, but it will serve to show how the author takes one by the hand at once, how he fixes the date with Kneller's name, and suggests in the House with Eleven Staircases a tale of unhappy love of the woman with the "deerhound eyes."

E. ROGERS.

### "No. 5 John Street."

WHAT is the subtle secret that counts for success in a novel? What induces the public to clamour for one especial book to the exclusion of so many others? Why has *No. 5 John Street* been the record selling book of the year? There can be only one answer to these questions, is the exclamation that rings in my ears. The merit of a book proclaims its popularity, and its abounding merit takes the public by storm.

In my humble estimate of a book which has had such a remarkable success, I must deny its remarkable merits; as a novel I cannot even grant it ordinary excellence. In the first place, its story neither enchants nor enchains; there is no unity of design in it; it hangs loosely, like a threadbare coat, on a peg of socialistic theories. It is uneven, disjointed, and disappointing. It neither enlivens nor harrows, and the tragedy which ends it cannot enlist sympathy or strike awe. The scenes of the novel may be tinged with probability. There may be houses which partially resemble No. 5 John Street; but the people who inhabit it can have no existence in the realms of fact. And although these are drawn with a bold distinctness and vivid colouring, their lives and actions lack impressiveness and interest. A master hand might have woven a strong, harmonious story about these characters: Mr. Whiteing has only lodged them in his book and left them there to wander about without purpose or method.

This book is one of those novels with a purpose; a purpose to denounce ills, to rail at social inequalities and to awaken sympathy for those who labour under cruel and hard conditions. These diffuse interpolations may be useful and praiseworthy, but when they cloud a novel to choke its interest, I must unhesitatingly assert that the matter is in its wrong place. *No. 5 John Street* may appeal to students of social subjects, but it is certainly a most uninteresting and dispiriting novel.

ISIDORE G. ASCHER.

## Memoirs of the Moment.

CORNWALL has given very few generals to the British Army. It is curious, therefore, that the first victim general of the campaign comes from that county—the county that is, in other respects, more closely connected than any other in England with the Transvaal. Hatt, the home of the Symons family, is well known to many a Cornish miner who, balked of tin in his own country, has gone to the gold and diamond workings in South Africa. In the garden of the old house at Hatt General Symons used to be at his happiest, pottering in shirt-sleeves among his plants, which he loved to loiter among, regarding them affectionately with his solitary eye. Hatt is only a few miles over the border of Devon, the county of Sir Redvers Buller, who had to hear the bad news of the death of Symons when he landed on Tuesday at Cape Town.

WHEN the names of the fallen in South Africa are scanned from day to day, many an eye stays its descent of the news column when it comes to the end of the list of officers. Yet the more inquisitive or interested will discover among the dead in the ranks the names of families of position and importance. Take one case. The name of Trooper Hubert Joseph Wolseley appears in the final list of the dead at Elands Laagte. This mere trooper, whose portrait appears in no paper and of whom no line of obituary notice has been elsewhere written, was a kinsman of the Commander-in-Chief of the British Army. His father, Mr. Edward Wolseley, is the younger brother of Sir Charles Wolseley, of a long line of baronets. Young Wolseley was destined for the Navy, but asthma defeated his ambition. He “went into the city”; but the Stock Exchange wearied his heart, which was all the while in the hunting-field or on the athletic sports ground.

SOUTH AFRICA seemed an opening. Young Wolseley, tall almost beyond his strength, went to Johannesburg and took a post in connexion with the mines, which he relinquished two or three months ago, believing war inevitable. Then there came talk of peace, and the young man's spirit was stirred; he wrote home desponding of his country. Then war came; whereupon he penned a letter of high spirits at the prospect of fighting among the Imperial Light Horse; which, in fact, he did at Elands Laagte. His name was not returned among the dead at first, for his body was not found until six days after the fight; and only this week did his parents, in their Surrey home, hear for certain of their heavy loss.

THE Marquis Townshend was a man of many philanthropic ambitions. Very different were they from those of his brother-in-law, Sir Redvers Buller, who would find, when he landed at Cape Town, a cable announcing also his wife's loss of her brother. The Marquis Townshend was a supporter of People's Open Spaces, and an opponent of public-houses. Once he started a newspaper to flatter his projects; but it was the saddest of his experiences. The public did not buy the paper; and the dismissal of its editor led to an action against Lord Townshend, which Lord Townshend lost, but which established a precedent for dismissed editors in their demands for a “notice” of several months as “a custom of the trade.”

MISS FLORENCE MARRYAT, who has died in Bayswater this week, bore a name that has been adored by successive generations of schoolboys. Captain Marryat, R.N., C.B. (his titles are lost in his fame as a story-teller), had a large family; and his daughter Florence was only sixteen, and therefore much too young, when she became the wife

of Captain Ross Church. When nursing her children through a fever she wrote her first novel—her first of some seventy novels! That they had a certain vogue their number suggests; that half their names are all known to any single individual it would be rash to aver.

MISS MARRYAT, who became in course of time Mrs. Francis Lean, had a turn for mental speculation. Spiritualism became her hobby; and the working-out, if that is the word, of religious problems her pastime. She adopted the Roman Catholic religion—which made her friends smilingly revert for the moment to her old name of Mrs. “R. Church.” Her life was not an altogether tranquil one. Perhaps her activities were rather forced upon her by circumstances than undertaken with a light heart—her recitations and play-writings and play-actings, her lectures, her entertainments, and the aforesaid seventy novels. This, at least, shall be her epitaph—she was a brave and a busy woman, as became her father's daughter.

THE Bath of Anstey, Austen, Fielding, and Dickens had its tribute from Lord Rosebery the other day. Other literary associations crowd the memory; but one that is perhaps unfamiliar to Lord Rosebery attaches to the name of Walter Savage Landor. From Bath it was that Landor wrote to Dr. Parr a letter that puts the case of author *versus* critic exactly as an author might most wish to see it. The *Anti-Jacobin* had attacked a poem of Landor's, and Landor, the man of quarrels, who yet wrote: “I strove with none, for none was worth my strife,” tells Dr. Parr in one sentence that if he discovers the critic it will be at the expense of the critic's skin, but adds in the next that he lets such insults pass. “Who,” says he, “would stop a cloud that overshadows his garden? The cloud is transitory; the garden blooms. Thank God, I have a mind more alive to kindness than to contumely. The statue of Memnon is insensible to the sands that blow against it, but answers in a tender tone to the first touches of the sun.” And then he turns to what is, after all, a real trouble, “now much more painful and more lasting”—the death of a friend:

Poor lamb! poor lamb! Poor little Elizabeth and her divine mother! What hours have I passed with this virtuous couple, never, never, to return. In vain have I tried every species of amusement. Her image rises up everywhere before me. Did she not treat me as a brother? Did she ever call me by more than one name? The sound of Walter was the sweetest of sounds.

RARELY can an author read with equanimity a hostile notice of his book. But Mr. Hichens, without a pang, one imagines, can read a depreciation in an important daily paper beginning: “About *The Slave* our opinion is quite clear. *Neither* plot, nor style, nor feeling *delight* us one jot.” Neither is one of two, not three; it is, moreover, disjunctive, and will not take a plural verb. This explanation of our grammatic criticism seems, at any rate, needed by the writer of the notice.

FROM an interesting article on his friend the late Grant Allen, which Mr. Lang contributes to the *Daily News*, we take this passage: “As an instance of his kind temper, I remember that he showed me proof-sheets of a novel in which I appeared as the villain. The personal portrait (apart from my series of heartless crimes) was flattering, but recognisable; and, at my request (for it could only cause gossip), the villain was altered out of all possibility of recognition. ‘The body is yours,’ he said, ‘but the soul is the black soul of —.’ The soul appeared to me to be that of the common miscreant of romance. However, Mr. Allen took very considerable trouble to make the body unrecognisable.”

## Studies in Contemporary Style.

## III.—The Gaudy Manner.

*Mr. Kruger himself cannot be a victim of any such delusions, nor yet his brother President at Bloemfontein, who has so rashly taken up his cause.*—THE DAILY TELEGRAPH.

THERE is a double negative in this sentence; but that is not the error to which we would draw attention. The typical error lies in the phrase *his brother President*. "Brother" is used as an adjective; the word, therefore, in a scrutiny of the phrase, may be left out; and then we have *his President*. Now, Mr. Steyn is not Mr. Kruger's president, and thus the possessive pronoun is absurd.

The same reasoning applies to a phrase in another newspaper: *Lord Salisbury and his colleague statesmen*. The writer means "Lord Salisbury and his colleagues." The statesmen are not the property of the Prime Minister.

This is so clear that the typical error of this week may not seem worth discussing; but it is desirable to consider the matter. Often a breach of grammar springs from an intellectual frailty. It does in the cases which have been cited. Euphony and resonance are sometimes qualities pleasant in themselves; but when they are achieved at the cost of accuracy they are not more attractive than the inharmonious gauds with which yokels are bedecked at fairs. The writers in the *Daily Telegraph* seem to have the utmost difficulty in stating a fact plainly. They must needs, as it were, put it into a kaleidoscope, and make it appear to be something more than it is. Even as Mr. Steyn is not merely President of the Orange Free State, but also a brother of Mr. Kruger, so a man who has been fishing in the Thames, or elsewhere, is a "piscator," or "a disciple of Old Isaac," or "an individual who pursues the contemplative cult." Any fox-hunter whom there is occasion to mention is "a Nimrod"; and the twelfth of August begins "The Carnival of St. Grouse." Still, the people of England seem to consider the style of the *Daily Telegraph* very fine indeed.

E. H.

## Correspondence.

## An Author's Complaint.

SIR,—Before purchasing the copyright of *A Woman of the Commune* from Messrs. F. V. White & Co. we specially approached them with reference to a change in the title, and it was only on the understanding that they on their part had no reason to anticipate the author would object to such change that we concluded our negotiations with them. The original title was not suitable for our class of readers, and for that reason, and not to make the book appear as new, we stipulated for its alteration. We have not to our knowledge received from or heard anything of a protest from Mr. Henty on this matter prior to seeing his allusion to the same in the letter from him you published.

As to the titles of two books by Mr. Henty following his name on our title-page, these were simply inserted in the same manner that we usually insert the titles of one or more books, previously issued by an author, when publishing another work by the same writer.—We are, &c.,  
S. W. PARTRIDGE & CO.

SIR,—Mr. Henty's letter on what tricks may be played under an author's name leads me to mention a grievance of my own as to a book now beyond my control. Some time ago I sold the copyright of it to a publishing concern known as the Sunday School Union. Last season, without my knowledge, it was brought out under another title, with an alteration of the preface and the omission of one chapter, both of which passages involved the old title, the evident intention being to make this pass for a new book. As soon as I found out that a book was selling

under a title chosen without even the courtesy of consulting the author, I protested—in vain. I am informed by publishers that such passing off of old books for new ones is quite contrary to the custom of the trade, and by lawyers that I might succeed in restraining such tampering with my work. I trust, at least, it will be understood how I am no party to a trick which seems a bad lesson for Sunday-schools.—I am, &c.,  
A. R. HOPE.

## Miss Braddon's Publishers.

SIR,—Our attention has been called to a paragraph in last week's ACADEMY in which allusion is made to an announcement that, for the future, "Miss Braddon is to publish through Messrs. Downey & Co." As this announcement appears likely to mislead both "the trade" and the public, we shall be obliged if you will allow us space to state, on the authority of Miss Braddon herself, that she has not the smallest intention of publishing her novels through the agency of any other house than our own.

On our advice, and following the example set by other popular authors and well-known publishers, Miss Braddon has arranged for the issue in sixpenny reprints of certain of her novels through Messrs. Downey & Co. These sixpenny issues are, of course, a thing apart from all the ordinary and more expensive editions of Miss Braddon's works, which now bear, and which will continue to bear, "the imprimatur" of your obedient servants,

SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON, KENT & Co., LTD.

## Lane v. Walter.

SIR,—A paragraph appeared in the ACADEMY of October 28 stating that the Publishers' Association had "taken up the matter of Mr. Lane's appeal in the case of Walter v. Lane," and that "Mr. Augustine Birrell and Mr. Scrutton were the counsel chosen by the Publishers' Association."

Will you kindly allow me to state, on behalf of the Association, that this information is inaccurate in both particulars. The Association rendered Mr. Lane some assistance in obtaining counsel's opinion, but beyond this they have taken no part in the matter.—I am, &c.,

The Publishers' Association, WM. FOULTEN,  
Stationers' Hall, London, E.C. Secretary.

## The Dragon-Fly and the Reviewer.

SIR,—In his interesting article entitled "English Satirists" your reviewer says Moore's satiric pieces are "gay and stinging as dragon-flies." It is a charming simile, but incorrect. Dragon-flies do not sting, they bite, and that pretty sharply, with beautiful, powerful jaws. I venture to think your reviewer could still keep his simile and yet give the dragon-fly his due.—I am, &c.,

E. CATHARINE ALLEN.

## A Protest.

SIR,—I am obliged to your reviewer of my *London Souvenirs* for quoting—though with a view to censure—some of the passages of my book I particularly wish to impress on the public. But what mischievous goblin led him to read (on page 114) "indulgencing" for what I wrote—viz., "indulging," and thus justify him in saying that my sentences were "top-heavy"—whatever that may mean? As this is a matter of fact and not of opinion, will you kindly publish my protest against the charge of coining so barbarous a word as "indulgencing"?—I am, &c.,  
C. W. HECKETHORN.

["Indulgencing" was a misprint. The word appeared in the proof as "indulgency," and was corrected; but error triumphed. Mr. Heckethorn, of course, wrote "indulging." The top-heaviness of the sentence remains.]

## Split Phrases.

SIR,—E. H. has been good enough to refer in his second article on "Contemporary Style" to my letter on the "manifold uses of the Adverb," and I thank him for his courteous remarks.

I am very glad to have elicited from him the admission that neither split infinitives nor split indicatives are ungrammatical: this is a point gained, because, as you will see by the letter of Mr. Aymer Vallance, on p. 465, that writer tries (unsuccessfully, in my opinion) to show that a split infinitive is ungrammatical.

The accusation now is that both the "splits" are vulgarisms and do violence to the sense of style. This at once brings up the questions: What is a vulgarism? and Who is the judge of style? I assume that E. H. means by a vulgarism an expression used commonly by the lower, or at least the less educated, part of Society, and rarely, if ever, by educated people or good writers. Well, then, let us put the matter to the test and confine ourselves for the present to the lesser vulgarism.

My illustration "I heartily thank" was taken from the Prayer Book, and I think the compilers of that Book would not be considered vulgar even in our own day. Yet they use "we earnestly repent" and a number of similar expressions. I took at random a page in each of the following works: Mill's *Logic*, Newman's *Apologia*, Macaulay's *Essays*, each author being in his way a master of style, and I found split indicatives as follows: Mill, 6; Newman, 4; Macaulay, 2. In half a column of a *Times* leader I found six, and from your own contributions in the number of October 21, I gathered hastily the following:

"to be widely exploited" (infinitive)	page 457
"is nobly infatuated"	} 458
"does not so much write"	
"he not merely insisted"	} 460
"he confidently demanded"	

and nine more I had marked on page 464. Now, in the face of these examples, is it wise to insist upon calling the splitting of the indicative either vulgar or bad style? The fact is, both speakers and writers find that there is a distinct advantage to be gained by such an arrangement of the words in a sentence, and insensibly, in spite of the purists and pedants, the practice is spreading. It was my intention to give the reason for the spread of the practice, but this letter has gone beyond the space which you may care to allot to this subject: if, however, you will allow me in a future number to revert to it, I shall be glad to give the reason.—I am, &c.,

Coatham: October 23, 1899.

J. W. K.

## Our Prize Competitions.

## Result of No. 6.—New Series.

THIS competition has proved so interesting that we are repeating it, with a certain modification, as the terms of No. 7 will show. We asked for passages of not more than sixty words from English prose-writers employing the power of simplicity rather than studied elaboration to convey swift, vivid pictures. The difficulty of judging has been considerable. For long we were divided between this passage from Mr. Kipling's *Many Inventions*, sent by Mr. E. Bond, The Rookery, Eye, Suffolk:

When the sea-mist veils all, St. Cecilia turns a hooded head to the sea and sings a song of two words once every minute. From the land that song resembles the bellowing of a brazen bull; but off shore they understand, and the steamers grunt gratefully in answer. and this from *Vanity Fair*, sent by Miss C. Lucas, Netherfield, Upper Tooting:

No more firing was heard at Brussels—the pursuit rolled miles away. Darkness came down on the field and city: and Amelia was praying for George, who was lying on his face, dead, with a bullet through his heart.

After much consideration, we have decided to give the prize to Mr. Bond, because fine though the Thackeray extract is, it is less in keeping with the terms of the competition. To Mr. Bond a cheque for a guinea has, therefore, been sent.

From the others we pick out these:

Geirmund went down clattering from the Hill and stood with his company. But a man came forth from the other side of the ring, and clomb the Hill: he was a redhaired man, rather big, clad in a akin coat, and bearing a bow in his hand and a quiver of arrows at his back, and a little axe.—From William Morris's "*The House of the Wolfings*."

[T. B. R., Dulwich.]

On shore I could see the glow of the great camp fire burning warmly through the shore-side trees. Someone was singing a dull, old, droning sailor's song, with a droop and a quaver at the end of every verse, and seemingly no end to it at all but the patience of the singer.—From Robert Louis Stevenson's "*Treasure Island*."

[Mrs. W. H. P., Alton.]

A team of her own horses stopped to drink at a pond on the other side of the way. She watched them flouncing into the pool, drinking, tossing up their heads, drinking again, the water dribbling from their lips in silver shreds. There was another founce, and they came out of the pond, and turned back again towards the farm.—From Thomas Hardy's "*Far from the Madding Crowd*."

[A. E., Oxford.]

The altar, save for the five flames of burning incense, was bare: no ornament, no flower was upon it: only the pure light ascending from the corners and from the midst of the altar glowed upon the simple, white beauty of the marble, the silver doors of the tabernacle, and the great alabaster reredos.—From Vincent Brown's "*Two in Captivity*."

[G. D., Horley.]

Best of all was to continue to creep up the long Grand Rue to the gate of the *haute ville*, and, passing beneath it, mount to the quaint and crooked rampart, with its rows of trees, its quiet corners and friendly benches where old women in such white frilled caps and such long gold earrings sat and knitted or snoozed.—From Henry James's "*What Maisie Knew*."

[M. I., London.]

Halfa has left off being a fortress and a garrison; to-day it is all workshop and railway terminus. To-day it makes war not with bayonets, but with rivets and spindle-glands. Railways run along every dusty street, and trains and trucks clank up and down till Halfa looks for all the world like Chicago in a turban.—From G. W. Stevens's "*With Kitchener to Khartoum*."

[A. R., London.]

A roomy painted cottage, embowered in fruit trees and forest trees, evergreens and honeysuckles; rising many-coloured from amid shaven grass-plots, flowers struggling in through the very windows; under its long projecting eaves nothing but garden tools in methodic piles (to screen them from rain), and seats where, especially on summer nights, a king might have wished to sit and smoke, and call it his.—From Carlyle's "*Sartor Resartus*."

[J. A. S. B., Edinburgh.]

I cannot call it colour, it was conflagration. Purple, and crimson, and scarlet, like the curtains of God's Tabernacle, the rejoicing trees sank into the valley in showers of light, every separate leaf quivering with buoyant and burning life; each, as it turned to reflect, or to transmit the sunbeam, first a torch and then an emerald.—From Ruskin's "*Modern Painters*."

[A. D., Shrewsbury.]

Setting Venice, where the faint-red Doge's palace was like the fading of another sunset north-westward of the glory along the hills. Venice dropped lower and lower, breasting the waters, until it was a thin line in air. The line was broken and ran in dots, with here and there a pillar standing on opal sky. At last the topmost campanile sank.—From G. Meredith's "*Beauchamp's Career*."

[E. T. P., Streatham.]

A light breeze, brisk and fresh, blew the land clear; only little patches of the morning mist hung torn and ragged about the furze-bushes. The forest was still densely veiled, but the sun was up, the larks aloft; the rains of over-night crisped and sparkled on the grass: there was promise of great weather.—From Maurice Hewlett's "*The Forest Lovers*."

[C. E. H., Richmond.]

A drove of fishes, painted like the rainbow and billed like parrots, hovered up in the shadow of the schooner, and passed clear of it, and glinted in the submarine sun. They were beautiful, like birds, and their silent passage impressed him like a strain of song.—From Robert Louis Stevenson's "*Ebb-tide*."

[Mrs. R. M., Glendevon.]

The water from its prolonged agitation is beaten, not into mere creaming foam, but into masses of accumulated yeast, which hang in ropes and wreaths from wave to wave, and where one curls over to break, form a festoon like a drapery from its edge.—From "*The Ruskin Reader*."

[R. C., Richmond.]



Down at the Porte Rouge the Hussars entered at a trot, trumpeters sounding the regimental march, while the crowd broke into frantic cheering, and tear-choked voices blessed them, and tear-stained faces were raised to the hard, bright sky, burnished with a fiercer radiance where the sun hung over the smoking Mendon woods, like a disk of polished copper.—*From R. W. Chambers's 'Ashes of Empire.'*

[N. S., Stratford-on-Avon.]

Replies received also from: H. H., Birmingham; H. W. F., Cork; G. W., London; G. R., Aberdeen; J. A. C., Duddingston; C. F. S., Manchester; B. G., Barnsley; S. A., Stoke-on-Trent; J. L., Glasgow; G. M. P., Birmingham; S. C., Nottingham; G. B. F., London; T. B., Cheltenham; J. D. A., Ealing; A. D., Shrewsbury; M. F., Northampton; W. S., Carmunock; A. T. G., Malvern; E. B., Liverpool; E. C. A., Norwich; L. C. J., Edinburgh; W. W. P., Manchester.

### Competition No. 7 (New Series).

No. 7 is an extension of No. 6. We offer a prize of a guinea to the contributor sending us the best pictorial passage, not exceeding eight lines, from an English poet.

#### RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, The ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, November 7. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found in the first column of p. 524 or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. We wish to impress on competitors that the task of examining replies is much facilitated when one side only of the paper is written upon. It is also important that names and addresses should always be given: we cannot consider anonymous answers.

## Books Received.

Week ending Thursday, November 2.

#### THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

Sense (P. C.), A Free Inquiry into the Origin of the Fourth Gospel	(Williams & Norgate)	7/6
Simpson (W.), The Jonah Legend	(Williams & Norgate)	7/6
Kulper (Prof. A.), Calvinism: Six Stone-lectures	(T. & T. Clark)	4/0
Martyn (H. J.), For Christ and the Truth	(Williams & Norgate)	2/6

#### POETRY, CRITICISM, AND BELLES LETTRES.

Mulholland (Rosa), Vagrant Verses	(Mathews)	
Fry (R. F.), Giovanni Bellini	(Unicorn Press)	5/0
Clowes (W. L.), Eclogues	(Sampson Low)	
Matheson (Annie), Selected Poems, Old and New	(Frowde)	2/6
Herrington (Christiana J.), The Book of the Art of Cennino Cennini		
From the Italian	(Allen)	6/0
Godley (A. D.), Lyra Frivola	(Methuen)	2/6
Guinness (H.), Andrea Del Sarto	(Bell & Sons)	
Morris (W.), Some Hints on Pattern Designing		

#### HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Churchill (Winston S.), The River War: an Historical Account of the Reconquest of the Sudan	(Longmans)	36/0
Gasquet (F. A.), The Eve of the Reformation	(Nimmo)	
Reid (Wemyss), Memoirs and Correspondence of Lord Playfair	(Cassell)	21/0
Haggard (H. Rider), The Last Boer War	(Kegan Paul)	1/0
Manners (W. R.), Some Account of the Military, Political, and Social Life of the Rt. Hon. John Manners, Marquis of Granby	(Macmillan)	net 18/0
Mackay (Thomas), A History of the English Poor Law. Vol. III.	(King & Son)	21/0
Fowler (W. Warde), The Roman Festivals of the Period of the Republic	(Macmillan)	6/0
Bathbone (Mrs. A.), Letters from Lady Jane Coke to her Friend Mrs. Eyre at Derby, 1747-1758	(Sonnenschein)	7/6
Newbigging (Thomas), The Scottish Jacobites	(Gay & Bird)	3/6
Millingen (A. Van), Byzantine Constantinople	(Murray)	net 21/0
"Martello Tower," At School and at Sea	(Murray)	16/0
"An Officer," Eoudan Campaign, 1808-1809	(Chapman & Hall)	10/6
Dill (S.), Roman Society in the Last Century of the Western Empire	(Macmillan)	net 8/6

#### TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

Phibbs (J. M.), A Visit to the Russians in Central Asia	(Kegan Paul)	
Phillips (Mrs. L.), Some South African Recollections	(Longmans)	7/6
Ireland (Alleyne), Tropical Colonisation	(Macmillan)	net 7/6

#### SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

Percival (A. S.), Optics: a Manual for Students	(Macmillan)	
Spence (James C.), The Conscience of the King	(Sonnenschein)	6/0
Gonner (E. C. K.), The Social Philosophy of Rodbertus	(Macmillan)	net 7/6
Lommel (H.), Experimental Physics	(Kegan Paul)	net 15/0
Paulsen (F.), A System of Ethics. Translated by Frank Thilly	(Kegan Paul)	net 18/0

#### EDUCATIONAL.

Harris (Ella I.), Two Tragedies of Seneca	(Houghton, Mifflin)	
Peacock (G. H.) and Bell (E. W. W.), Passages for Greek Translation for Lower Forms	(Macmillan)	

#### JUVENILE.

Bannerman (Helen), Little Black Sambo		1/6
Housman (L.), Story of the Seven Young Goslings	(Blackie)	
Becke (Louis), Old Convict Days	(Unwin)	6/0
Perry (E. A.), The Scarlet Herring, and Other Stories	(Smith, Elder & Co.)	

Kennedy (W.), Beasts: Thumb-Nail Studies in Pets	(Macmillan)	4/6
Romney (A. R.), Little Village Folk	(Blackie)	
Wotton (Mabel E.), The Little Browns	(Blackie)	
Ellis (E. S.), Two Boys in Wyoming	(Cassell)	
Gardiner (L.), Sylvia in Flowerland	(Seeley & Co.)	
Woodward (Alice B.), The Cat and the Mouse	(Blackie)	
Fallon (Sara W. M.), Animal Alphabet Book	(Allen)	2/6
Harker (L. Allen), Wee Folk, Good Folk	(Duckworth)	net 5/0
Preston (Harriet W.), Tales of Languedoc	(Macmillan)	
The Arabian Nights Entertainments	(Newnes)	15/0
Ames (Mrs. E.), Really and Truly	(Arnold)	
Park (C. M.), A Book of Birds	(Blackie)	5/0
Bay (J. C.), Danish Fairy and Folk Tales	(Harper & Bros.)	5/0
Spettigue (Jane H.), A Pair of Them	(Blackie)	2/6
Adams (Ellinor D.), A Queen Among Girls	(Blackie)	3/6
Chappell (Jennie), Mignonne, or Miss Patricia's Pet	(Blackie)	2/0
Marohant (Bessie), The Girl Captives	(Blackie)	2/6
Stables (Gordon), Kidnapped by Cannibals	(Blackie)	3/6
Mookler (Geraldine), The Four Miss Whittingtons	(Blackie)	5/0
Metcalfe (W. C.), All Hands on Deck	(Blackie)	3/6
Ulysses, or de Bougmont of Troy	(Methuen)	
In Doors and Out	(Blackie)	

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

Jackson (N. L.), Association Football	(Newnes)	
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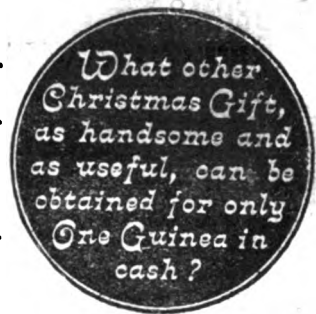
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MR. SWINBURNE has during the week contributed to the *Times* another sonnet, wherein the objects of his contumely cease to be the Boers and become indiscriminately those who, with or without loss of loyalty and patriotism, can see any good in them. Mr. Swinburne, we fear, is by nature too intolerant, too impulsive, too sweepingly self-righteous, ever to make a right spokesman for a nation on such occasions as these. It is a time for silence or for profoundly sympathetic thought. The sonnet is a thinker's medium, and Mr. Swinburne has never been a thinker. His warmest and least critical admirers can hardly consider that his recent fourteen-lined utterances serve any necessary end.

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To lay thee, where he smote thee, in the field.  
Brave victor-victim of thy country's war,  
Symons, sleep well! Thy mortal wound is heal'd.

AN interview in the *Daily News* with certain London booksellers concerning the book trade and the War reveals interesting facts. One is that Mr. Kipling's sales have been stimulated to some extent in the City, but not in the Strand. Another is that Mr. Rider Haggard's *Jess* has suddenly become a novel of the moment. The present crisis has also made Olive Schreiner a popular author once more. The public taste is, for the time being, more in favour of books on Africa and war than anything else. None the less, eight thousand copies of *Red Pottage* have been sold in less than three weeks, and a new edition of ten thousand is now in preparation. It is stories such as this which people hasten to read. Miss Cholmondeley's book has not a tithe of the art of "Zack's" *On Trial*, nor the dramatic seriousness of Mr. Raymond's *No Soul Above Money*, yet it has interest far beyond either.

IN a pleasant little open-air book, entitled *Country Matters in Short*, by Mr. W. F. Collier, a new criticism by Huxley is printed upon Shakespeare's lines:

The moon, methinks, looks with a watery eye;  
And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,  
Lamenting some enforced chastity.

Upon this Mr. Collier based a rather daring botanical theory, and he sent the essay to Huxley. Huxley replied:

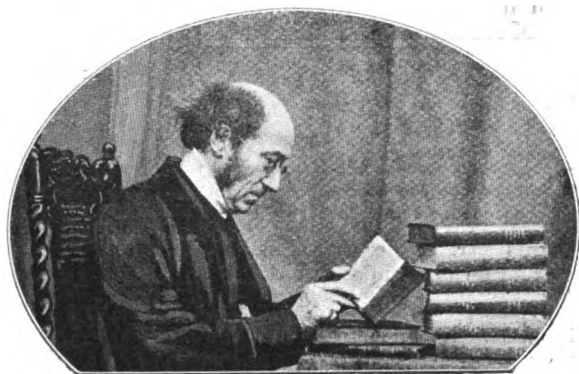
Your Shakespeare parable is charming; but I am afraid it must be put among the endless things that are read in to the "divine Williams," as the Frenchmen call him. There was no knowledge of the sexes of plants in Shakespeare's time—barring some vague suggestion about figs and dates. Even in the eighteenth century after Linnaeus, the observations of Spengel, who was a man of genius, and first properly explained the action of insects, were set aside and forgotten. I take it that Shakespeare is really alluding to the "enforced chastity" of Dian (the moon). The poets ignore that little Endymion business when they like.

A *Vie Véridique de William Shakespeare* has just appeared in Paris from the pen of M. Georges Duval. According to an amusing account of the book by the *Morning Post's* literary gossip, it is a work of piquant charm. The *Vie Véridique* opens with the departure of Shakespeare from Stratford-on-Avon after the poaching affray in Charlecote Park. Says the expansive author: "The inhabitants, upon the threshold of their doors, awaited his passage, in order to wish a pleasant journey to a child of the country, obliged to expatriate himself."

THE Sonnets offer little difficulty. In the case of "L'Inconnue," we are told "Southampton has betrayed his friend. Shakespeare is thereby deeply wounded, but, at the sight of his blood, his first thought is that, under the hands of The Unknown, Southampton will bleed also." And this is the explanation of Shakespeare's long absence from his family: "Compelled to divide his life between work and pleasure, to compete with his rivals, a family would have been a hindrance. Besides, it was necessary for him to associate on intimate terms with such personages as Essex and Southampton, among whom the daughter of M. Hataway would probably have cut rather a poor figure."

WHITTIER's ballad of "Barbara Frietchie" seems a slight foundation upon which to base a four-act drama, but the thing has been done in America by Mr. Clyde Fitch, and it is being performed with success. "Shoot if you will this old grey head," says the patriotic Barbara in the poem; but a play about an old woman being too daring an innovation, Mr. Fitch has resorted to the device of making his heroine, who is young and blooming and in love, lose suddenly the rich and glossy chestnut of her hair, which, like Marie Antoinette's, turns white from grief. She is thus able, although thrusting a grey head from the window, to retain her romantic place in the sympathy of the audience. At least she was able, but the incident being received with uncontrollable laughter on the first night, this unusual capillary transformation has now been cut out.

WITH its number of November 4 *Notes and Queries* celebrated its fiftieth anniversary. Mr. Joseph Knight, the present editor, who reviews this jubilee in a leading article, refers humorously to the surprise displayed by some persons on learning that he is the editor. "What, you the editor of *Notes and Queries*!" they say, marvelling, apparently, that one man should be at the head of an organisation of such vast and curious erudition. The paper was founded by Mr. William John Thoms in 1849.



"If you would fain know more  
Of him whose photo here is—  
He coined the word Folk-lore,  
And started *Notes & Queries*."

THE LATE WILLIAM J. THOMS IN HIS LIBRARY.

Mr. Thoms tried a kind of preliminary canter in the *Athenæum*, beginning in 1846, under the title "Folk-Lore," a term invented by himself, as his little poem, quoted above, proves; but, the space being limited, he enlarged the scheme into *Notes and Queries*. Peter Cunningham suggested for motto Cowper's lines:

By thee I might correct, erroneous oft,  
The clock of history—facts and events  
Timing more punctual, unrecorded facts  
Recovering, and mis-stated setting right.

But Captain Cuttle's maxim, "When found make a note of," gained the place. Perhaps the best tribute to *N. & Q.* that has been written is the rondeau contributed to the Christmas number of 1882 by Mr. Austin Dobson, who has summed up so many things happily:

In *N. & Q.* we meet to weigh  
The Hannibals of yesterday;  
We trace, thro' all its moss o'ergrown,  
The script upon Time's oldest stone,  
Nor scorn his latest waif and stray.  
Letters and Folk-lore, Art, the Play;  
Whate'er, in short, men think or say,  
We make our theme—we make our own—  
In *N. & Q.*  
Stranger, whoe'er you be, who may  
From China to Peru survey,  
Aghast, the waste of things unknown,  
Take heart of grace, you're not alone:  
And all (who will) may find their way  
In *N. & Q.*

Long may the little paper flourish!

MR. BIRRELL'S address, at the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution, on the question "Is it possible to tell a good book from a bad one?" concluded with this summarising and not altogether cheering passage:

To tell a good book from a bad one, then, was a troublesome job, demanding, first, a strong understanding; second, some knowledge, the result of study and comparison; and third, a delicate sentiment. If they had some measure of these gifts, which, though in part the gift of the gods, might also be acquired and could always be improved, and

could avoid prejudice—political prejudice, social prejudice, religious prejudice, irreligious prejudice, the prejudices of the place where they could not help being born, the prejudices of the University whither chance sent them, all the prejudices that came to them by way of inheritance, and all the prejudices picked up on their own account—if they could give all these the slip and manage to live just a little above the clouds and mists of their own generation, why then, with luck, they might be right nine times out of ten in their judgment of a dead author, and ought not to be wrong more frequently than perhaps three times out of seven in the case of a living author, for it was, indeed, a very difficult thing to tell a good book from a bad one.

AFTER Mr. Birrell had finished came Lord Rosebery with a pleasant commentary on the speech. We quote these passages:

May I offer one word of difference with Mr. Birrell?—and it is a very deferential difference. He says we ought to keep our dislikes to ourselves. I say that is not honest. If I did not like *Obiter Dicta*, I would tell him so. If I happened to like it extremely, I would still tell him so. . . . We do better in telling each other in confidence the authors we dislike. . . . I hold that in our chimney-corner, in the seclusion of our family circle, we are all the better for saying it, and being corrected for saying it if we have confessed to a dislike which is unnatural and unfounded. . . . It is dreadful to find a generation growing up who do not love, all of them, the Waverley novels, who do not all appreciate Jane Austen, who do not all delight in the gods and goddesses of our youth. Well, we can only hope they will grow older and know better. But, in the meantime, we can only arrive at taste by reading voraciously, omnivorously ourselves, and by a long course of painful indigestion arrive at the standard of what we ought to like and what we ought to dislike.

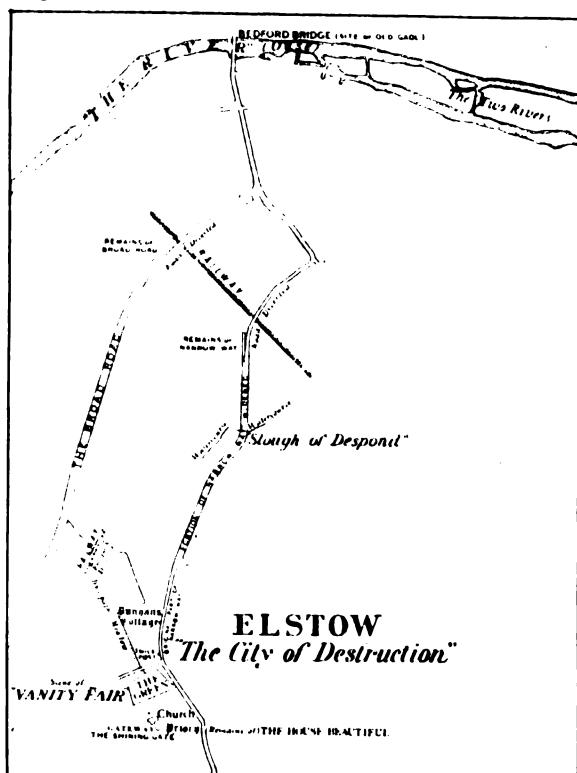
We were saying a little while ago that to lie quietly convalescent on a comfortable sofa and be birrellled to was an ideal way of spending the time. We meant the birreller to be Mr. Birrell; but Lord Rosebery can birrell too, and it would matter very little to us which officiated. Best, of course, would be a blend of both, as at Edinburgh. Indeed, Mr. Massingham and the other political critics who with painful frankness have been speculating upon Lord Rosebery's future might have found for him an agreeable occupation for all concerned in going about the country with Mr. Birrell—the one to lecture, and the other to commentate. We can vouch for it that they would draw immensely.

THE Ogilvie mentioned by Mr. Birrell, the Ogilvie of whom Lord Rosebery confessed that he knew nothing, but now probably knows quite enough, was John Ogilvie (1733-1813), a hymn writer and the author of allegorical and moral poems of inordinate windiness—*Rona*, in seven books, with a map of the New Hebrides, *Britannia*, in twenty books, and so on. Churchill, the satirist, called them tales of rueful length spun out under Allegory's flimsy veil. Ogilvie also wrote in prose *The Triumphs of Christianity over Deism*. But this is nothing: his real claim to distinction lies in the fact that it was to him that Johnson made the remark: "The noblest prospect, sir, which a Scotsman ever sees is the high road which leads him to England."

AMERICA has just lighted upon Mr. Bernard Shaw's *Cashel Byron's Profession* for the first time, an edition having been issued there lately by Brentano. Some reviewers are aware that it is old, some think it new, but all that we have seen admire it. Mr. Shaw's publisher in England might give the book a new dress, for the benefit of the many persons who have not read it. And there are other novels, too, from the same hand, that no one now has a chance of reading.

MENTION of Mr. Shaw reminds us that he is among the contributors to the new weekly paper, *The Review of the Week*, the first number of which was published last Saturday. This paper, which is attempting to do for a penny what other papers charge sixpence or threepence for, promises well. Among the contributors to the first number—in addition to Mr. Shaw, with a defence of the truthfulness to life of a passage in "The Devil's Disciple"—are Mr. Churton Collins, Mr. George Gissing, Mr. Morley Roberts, and Sir Charles Dilke.

THE new number of *The Anglo-Saxon Review* contains, among other interesting contributions, an ingenious article by Mr. J. F. Fasham on the *Pilgrim's Progress*, wherein he endeavours to prove that the topography of that book was based upon the topography of Bunyan's home. Mr. Fasham shows how much of Bunyan's godless youth was spent at Elstow, where upon the Green a famous fair was regularly held, and how his later life in Bedford was greatly concerned with religious observances. Hence the one may well have typified the City of Destruction and the other the Celestial City. But this would be merely fanciful hypothesis did not Mr. Fasham back it up by a map of Bedford and Elstow, which we reproduce, and the relation of the book to it. Thus:

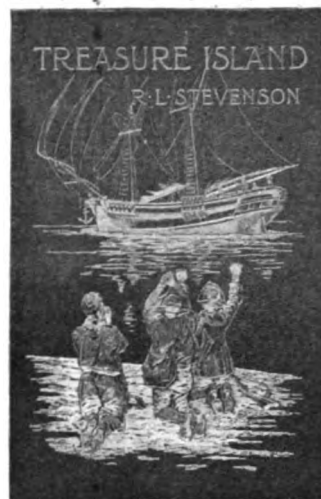


"Taking Elstow Green, where a fair is still held, as the site of the City of Destruction, it may be noted that there is immediately 'on the left-hand side of the road a meadow and a stile to go over it,' and that meadow is called By-path Meadow. How many thousands of lovers of the *Pilgrim's Progress* have taken the 'by-path' leading from the 'narrow way' (as the road from Elstow Green to Bedford was, and still partly is) to the 'broad road' (from Ampthill to Bedford)." The Ouse dividing makes the river of life and the river of death. The Slough of Despond was about half-way between Elstow and Bedford: it is still damp, and years ago it must have been very bad. Mr. Fasham's speculations may well be rightly grounded: they only make Bunyan's imagination the more wonderful, so to transfigure a very ordinary piece of English country.

CANON AINGER writes to the *Western Daily Press*: "It is proposed by friends of the late Mrs. Emma Marshall, of

Clifton, the well-known authoress, to place in Bristol Cathedral (if the sanction of the Dean and Chapter be obtained) a tablet, or other memorial, in recognition of the high and pure quality of her literary work, and of the services she thereby rendered, especially to the young. . . . If the response to this appeal should be adequate, it is further proposed to apply any sum in excess of that required for the memorial for the benefit of such of Mrs. Marshall's daughters as may seem most to need some provision, beyond the very small income to which they became entitled at their mother's death. Donations, marked 'The Emma Marshall Memorial Fund,' may be sent to Messrs. Prescott & Co., the Old Bank, Clifton; or to Mrs. E. Burrow Hill, or the Rev. J. Gamble, Leigh Woods, Clifton, who have kindly consented to act as secretaries."

For their new edition of Stevenson's best story, *Treasure Island*, Messrs. Cassell have prepared a fresh



cover, a reproduction of which we give. We have before remarked that pictorial covers such as this are not entirely to our taste; but if they are done, it is certainly such books as *Treasure Island* that require them. In the present case the spirit of the story is suggested very well and attractively.

THE following passage is from the preface to Mr. William Archer's *Study and Stage*:

We are apt, I think to draw too hard-and-fast a line between literature and journalism, and to ignore, if not the existence, at any rate the right to exist, of the debatable land between the two. We assume that there is, or ought to be, no middle course between addressing our remarks exclusively to the passing day, and ridiculously essaying to shout them down the vista of the ages. As soon as a piece of writing appears between two boards (or even in paper, stitched) we apply to it the standard of a colossal abstraction named LITERATURE, and finding it, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, pitifully below that standard, we cry: "Out upon it! Why cumbereth it the ground?" But I submit that, as there is in fact, so there ought to be of right, a wide borderland between the absolutely ephemeral and the would-be eternal. After all, there are other measures of time than the day, or even the week. We do not step from Saturday night straight into kingdom-come. It is possible, and surely legitimate, to aspire to a literary life of six months or a year, without making any ludicrous assault upon immortality.

THE "Kipling Kalendar for 1900," for which many persons have been waiting, is an imposing work of art. The Kalendar itself is merely the ordinary tear-off packet of three hundred and sixty-five slips of paper each containing a sentence from the works. This is faced by a reproduction of the Hon. John Collier's portrait of Mr. Kipling. The background to the Kalendar is a design in brass tinfoil, by Mr. Lockwood Kipling, representing Jungle animals and Mowgli. At the top is a portrait of Mr. Kipling and his swastika between two elephants' heads. This portrait is the weak spot, for it is much more like Mr. Alfred Austin than our unofficial Laureate. The price of the Kalendar is half-a-guinea, for which sum one may buy *The Day's Work*, *The Seven Seas*, and two copies of *A Fleet in Being*.



THE *Blackwood* critic who deals out judgment "Under the Beard of Buchanan" allows no half measures in praise of *Stalky & Co.* Of Mr. Kipling's work he says: "The prose and poet laureate of the empire, he has interpreted for us alien peoples and foreign countries; he has fathomed the inmost traditions of our army and navy; he has wrested even its secret from the jungle. But harder than all this is the work of retrospection involved in the effort to portray school-life in a manner at once true to fact and at the same time recognisable as literature. That Mr. Kipling has succeeded triumphantly we confidently affirm." This is to say that *Stalky & Co.* is a greater feat than the *Jungle Books*. Maga's detailed proofs of this contention would be very interesting. In the same *Blackwood*, by the way, will be found a charming account of "A South Sea Arcady," by Mrs. A. S. Boyd, the wife of the artist who illustrated Stevenson's "Lowden Sabbath Morn."

WE were in error last week in referring to the half-crown edition of *Far from the Madding Crowd* as the first volume of a new edition of Mr. Hardy's novels. It is one of a series of copyright novels by various authors which Messrs. Harper are issuing.

MISS ELIZABETH HODGES, author of *Some Ancient English Homes*, *The Cabots* and *The Discovery of America*, and various papers of archaeological and historic interest, has received from the First Lord of the Treasury a grant of £100 to enable her to prosecute her researches.

By a slip of the pen, Miss Douglas King's new novel, *A Bitter Vintage*, was last week called *A Bitter Vengeance*.

## Bibliographical.

AN indefatigable veteran is Mr. John Hollingshead. Of late years he has been most prominent, perhaps, as the organiser of "benefits" for other people, but he has never quite given up the use of his pen. Only the other day he wrote *A Lyceum Historiette*, containing the history of that theatre in brief. Now it is announced that he is about to publish a collection of his fugitive articles under the title of *According to My Lights*. His latest book was his *Gaiety Chronicles*, in which he again went over a good deal of the ground covered by his autobiography (*My Lifetime*). Before that came a booklet called *Niagara Spray*, and before that, again, another booklet about *Leicester Square*. In a yet earlier volume, *Footlights*, he dealt in the main with theatrical matters, his knowledge of which is extensive and peculiar. It is a characteristic of him that his first publication was entitled *Plain English*. Mr. Hollingshead has always wielded a style notable for its clearness and directness, and, for my part, I think that, when he became a theatrical manager, a good journalist was spoiled. It is difficult to believe that he is seventy-two.

Bibliophiles will, I think, like the general get-up of Stevenson's *Letters* when they see the volumes. The binding, with its paper title, is agreeably neat, and the paper and the type used are all right; acceptable, too, are the "tops" of burnished gold. Nothing could be more tasteful than all this; but I confess I do stick at the end-papers, which seem to me grandiose both in colour and in design. A quieter end-paper would have better pleased the deponent. While I am about it, too, let me express regret that the new *Life of Millais* is printed on paper so highly glazed. There are certain lights in which, owing to the sheen on the paper, the letterpress is difficult to read; moreover, paper of this species is particularly open to the bad effects of scratches, which, in my copy, have very much impaired some of the black-and-white pictures.

*As Others See Us* is the title of a new story by Watson Dyke. It was under a similar title that Mr. George Allen began to issue a series of books on England by foreign visitors—a series which was brought to a somewhat sudden and abrupt conclusion. The phrase, "as others see us," being part of a line by Burns, is, of course, not copyright as the name of a volume or volumes. I see Mr. W. E. Norris has written a novel named *The Flower of the Flock*, while Mr. Le Queux has written, or undertaken to write, a story called *An Eye for an Eye*. Such phrases, to be sure, are common property, and if, as I seem to remember, they have been used by fictionists before now, no one has very firm ground for complaining.

A certain publishing firm advertises, under the head of "New Novels," Mr. F. W. Robinson's *Anne Judge, Spinster*. This, of course, is obviously a blunder; but, such is the ignorance of the new generation, I should not be surprised if the mistake were accepted by many for gospel. Yet *Anne Judge, Spinster* ought to be as well known as *John Halifax, Gentleman*.

The "Bibelots" is so charming a series that it seems a pity the editor should include in it, as he proposes to do, matter so hackneyed and so readily accessible as Marcus Aurelius' *Reflections* and Keats's *Poems*. Long's translation of the former is existent in a neat and handy form, and editions of the latter are legion. Why not go further afield?

Very enthusiastic is the late Mr. J. R. Lowell in the "Verses Written in a Copy of Shakspeare" which find a place—better late than never—in the current issue of the *Century* magazine:

Get all experience, and at last it is  
But as a key to part decypher his;  
Observe, think, morals draw, part false from true,  
He did all long ago, and better too;  
Go, seek of Thought some yet unsullied strand,  
His footprint there confronts you as you land.

These words of eulogy will surprise no one who has read the essay entitled "Shakespeare Once More," which appeared in the English edition of Mr. Lowell's *Among My Books* in 1870. "It may be reckoned," Mr. Lowell then wrote, "one of the rarest pieces of good luck that ever fell to the share of a race, that (as was true of Shakespeare) its most rhythmic genius, its acutest intellect, its profoundest imagination, and its healthiest understanding should have been combined in one man." The whole essay is one of the most suggestive in the whole wide range of Shakespeare criticism.

The verses which Mr. James Rhoades has been contributing to the papers lately carry me back in thought to the early seventies, when a certain "J. R." was a tolerably regular rhymers in the *Spectator*. Some of his rhymes were so good that there were people who incontinently ascribed them to John Ruskin! Such is the misleading quality of initials. By-and-by the real authorship leaked out. Mr. Rhoades has hardly fulfilled, as a poet, the promise of the *Spectator* days. He has published, I believe, two or three volumes of verse, the latest (apparently) being *Teresa, and Other Poems* (1893). I fancy, also, that he has written something for the stage. But I fear that the total impression made upon the great "B. P." has been but small, and that the "James Rhoades" appended to his newspaper effusions has conveyed next to nothing to the minds of those who have perused these performances.

The late Rev. Charles Mackeson can scarcely be said to have been a man of letters. However, he did something more than compile the Church Congress annual and edit the Church paper called the *Banner*. He edited for a long time the *Churchman's Shilling Magazine*, to which he imparted a decided literary flavour, with (let us hope) some good results. He had a considerable knowledge of music, and for some years conducted a weekly called the *Choir*.

THE BOOKWORM.

## Reviews.

## From Art to Prosperity.

*The Life and Letters of Sir John Everett Millais.* By John Guille Millais. 2 Vols. (Methuen. 32s.)

A LITTLE time before his death Millais met Philip Calderon in Kensington-gardens. "It will kill me," he said, pointing to his throat, and gasping his words. "But," he added, "I am ready, and not afraid; I've had a good time, my boy, a very good time!" That is Millais's biography. What a good time he had!—and he knew it. It is the most touching and illuminative story in the book. He had had what we all want—a good time—and he knew it. Strictly speaking, there is no more to be said when a man can say that with Millais's bluff conviction. We would congratulate him, wave him adieu with an unwonted flourish, and turn again to the sombre crowd. Impossible to suppress this instinct of glad and swift farewell, this impulse to sum in a phrase what a phrase can so seldom sum.

For a long recital of success is but moderately interesting. Man is organised for sorrow and inured to failure and frustration. And when we look to see how other men have fared, and the great ones of the past go wandering by, it is on the men of sorrows that we fix our gaze. We have a feeling that we can finish their lives for them. We possess their uncaptured dreams. We know better than they why they failed, and the knowledge endears them. But the finished, and clever, and rewarded man! Of him one says: "His life was gentle, and the elements so mixed in him that Nature could stand up and say to all the world: 'This was a man.'" A fine verdict, yet one that leaves the mind cold and incurious. Somehow, we do not say this thing of Cæsar, that was said of Brutus; yet Cæsar interests us as Brutus does not. We do not speak so of Nelson, nor of Johnson, nor of Robert Louis Stevenson.

A verdict so calm and round should be briefly, as it must be seldom, delivered. It is the true and sufficient verdict on Sir John Everett Millais, but his son delivers it in nine hundred and eighty-four pages of ultra-glazed paper. He uses every device to repeat and support the undeniable propositions that Millais lived a successful life, and was a good fellow. In these two volumes, weighing almost half a stone, the reader who reads to talk may furnish himself with conversation for a year. Endless the banquet of anecdote and eulogy. Other pens are enlisted to prolong the needless triumph, and when all seems over the Poet Laureate is brought up, like a last reserve, to sing:

Death, the kind pilot, from his home,  
But speeds him unto widening foam,  
Then leaves him, sunk from sight, to roam  
The ocean of his fame.

It is all well meant, and in a measure true; but we may wish, without offence, that Mr. Millais had inherited his father's knowledge of perspective. A nature so simple and intelligible as Millais's, an achievement so measurable as his, could have been treated in a third of the space with thrice the effect. For the real scale and scope of Millais's life are as easily apprehended as one of his pictures, and in biography, where the goal is known and the man measurable, a long work is a weariness. One does not like to speak slightly or, as it may seem, ungenerously of a tribute so laborious and filial as this. But if critics have duties, and biography is an art, these things must be said.

Briefly, then, the quality of this book is something like the square root of its quantity. Perhaps the arithmetic is too harsh. We are not in the least desirous of representing it as a dull book; dull it is not. Much of it is deeply interesting to those into whose lives the pictures of Millais have entered as a kind of separate and radiant

pictorial element. Moreover the man was so fresh, vigorous, honest, and so in love with life: he saw so much worth seeing, kept such good company, was so much out and about in the world, and was so in tune with his time, that he seems to nudge and invigorate the reader.

The distinction—so frequently a strong one—between the man and the artist is slowly and surely obliterated in these voluminous pages. We see that Millais was a man of the highest health and energy, on whom nature had conferred rare executive faculties in drawing and painting. He applied these faculties with the same vigour and temporary concentration as he played a salmon in the Blackwater or shot deer in the passes of Loch More. The notion that Millais had an early period of deep artistic feeling which he outgrew is not wholly wrong, but it requires very careful statement. We refer, of course, to his association with Holman Hunt and Dante Gabriel Rossetti in the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. We shall not attempt to define Pre-Raphaelitism anew, or discover precisely what Millais gave and what he received as a member of that remarkable group. Mr. John Guille Millais is so severe on critics, and points out their "great mistakes," and their "common mistakes," and their "ignorance" with such gusto, that we prefer to remain outside the zone of his fire. We conceive, in our amateur way, that in the most flush and poetic years of his youth Millais partly adopted, and partly submitted to, the "Pre-Raphaelite" idea of painting. He was associated with young men who excelled him in powers of thought and also in depth of imagination. Then, if ever, he had the opportunity to deepen his artistic soul. Rossetti's vague and delicate spiritual yearning and Holman Hunt's intense religious feeling might conceivably have awakened in Millais some latent and vital principle of work and purpose which should have dominated his life. But no influences could confer such a principle. And the salient fact is that Millais emerged from his Brotherhood days without such a principle. He had found there only what he brought. He had increased his patience, he had refined his conscience, he had widened his physical vision, and we need not hesitate to add that he had tendered and deepened an imagination that was ever more constructive than penetrating. But the chances of Millais ever becoming a prophet were non-existent as ever. There is something very ingenious (may we say filial?) in the way that Mr. Millais describes his father's attitude to purpose in art. Take this passage:

Mr. Ruskin held that art should be a great moral teacher, with religion as its basis and mainspring; but Millais, while agreeing with much of that critic's writings, was never quite at one with him on this point. He certainly held that Art should have a great and abiding purpose, giving all its strength to the beautifying or ennoblement of whatever subject it touched, either sacred or secular; but though himself at heart a truly religious man, he could not harp on one string alone, nor would his impulsive originality, absolutely untrammelled by the opinions of others, allow him to paint pictures in which he had no heart at the dictation of any man, however eminent.

Thus, against the religious preoccupation of Holman Hunt and the moral preoccupation of Ruskin, Mr. Millais puts his father's reluctance to "harp on one string" and his "impulsive originality." But what are these but filial disguises of the fact that whereas Hunt had a harp-string and Ruskin a theory, Millais had neither. He had "impulsive originality," which is simply another way of saying that his faculties were not touched to defined issues, were not in the reins of an embracing purpose. And that is the truth. Millais remained through all his later life a brilliant executant on a popular level of thought and feeling.

It is sad to think that the painter who promised to become great became only popular. Yet so it was. When the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood ceased to warm

and direct and inspire his energies Millais stepped into the primrose path. It is odd that in 1859, when he had two such beautiful pictures as "The Vale of Rest" and "Apple-Blossoms" on the walls of the Royal Academy, he should have been thrown into a mood of anguish because these works did not immediately find purchasers. However, his tribulation was short. The pictures were sold, and from this date onward Millais seems to have thought more of making his art profitable than significant. In 1863, when Millais exhibited that trivial thing "My First Sermon," he was, in his son's estimation, "at the summit of his powers in point of both physical strength and technical skill, the force and rapidity of his execution being simply amazing." It may have been so. No one denies that force and rapidity marked Millais's later work. But the force was mainly physical, and the rapidity was mainly injurious. It was in this year (1863) that Millais wrote R.A. after his name. The mere catalogue of his work done after this date would exhaust our space. He became the splendidly remunerated painter of prime ministers and pretty children. He built himself a fine house in Kensington, and his rifle rang out on Braemore and Dunrobin. He was granted the gold "Medaille d'Honneur." He was made a baronet. He received commissions from royalty; his "Cherry Ripe" was hung in every cottage, and was hailed with rapture by Australian miners and South African trekkers. Lord Beaconsfield, Mr. Gladstone, Cardinal Newman, Tennyson, and John Bright sat to and with him, and wrote him familiar epistles. But success elbowed art out of his studio. And the worst of it was, that he seems to have had no regrets.

He enjoyed every inch of the way. He was gloriously egotistical, talking about himself in the happy, boisterous way of a boy. He had a boy's spirit and emotions. His work, says his son, was his "lifelong joy"; but he loved its rewards too well, and he had them in abundance. In 1896, to his deep gratification, Millais was elected President of the Royal Academy. In 1839 he had joined the Royal Academy school, the youngest student that ever entered its walls. He had gained every honour from the Academy and every reward from the world. He had had the best of good times. Nor, in a sense, is Millais less than happy in his biographer. For the real man may be found (if he is sought) in these lavish volumes of praise and pictures. Though we wish that a thousand irrelevancies and much rash eulogy had been left out, we recognise the loyal and painstaking character of the record.

### The New Swinburne.

*Rosamund, Queen of the Lombards: a Tragedy.* By Algernon Charles Swinburne. (Chatto & Windus. 6s.)

We should have been glad to find in *Rosamund* a successor to *Chastelard* and the other works by which Mr. Swinburne made and sustained his dramatic reputation. But we cannot disguise from ourselves, nor can a pardonable complaisance cause us to refrain from saying, that Mr. Swinburne has in this play fallen below his own accepted mark. The motive is the well-known historical legend regarding the death of that Attila of the Lombards, Alboin—or Albovine, as Mr. Swinburne has it, following the Latinised form Albovinus. It is said that he was murdered at a banquet, on the instigation of his Queen, the daughter of an Italian prince whom he had conquered and slain; the reason being that he compelled her to drink from a cup formed out of her own father's skull. It is a little curious that two distinguished modern poets should have sought inspiration in the fate of two great barbarian conquerors. Mr. Meredith based his fiery *Attila* on the

story that the terrible king of the Huns was killed in his tent by a female captive whom he had forced to nuptial-rites (though he did not, like Alboin, make her his wife). But *Rosamund* does not repeat the success of *Attila*. According to Mr. Swinburne's plot, Albovine is troubled with doubts whether his Queen can love the slayer of her father, and so, in an evil hour, contrives the gruesome test of the skull-goblet. The Queen, Rosamund, dissembles her agony; but, having retired from the banquet at which the insult was inflicted upon her, thinks only of revenge. Albovine's young and trusted captain, Almachildes, is in love with her attendant maiden, Hildegard. She selects the young warrior for her instrument, and Hildegard as the bait to draw him into her trap. Having first drawn from the maiden an oath to do whatever service she requires, she then unfolds that service. Hildegard, on the pretext that the Queen will only allow their marriage if it be necessary to save her handmaiden from shame, is to tempt him to a midnight assignation, in which the Queen herself is to supply Hildegard's place. The handmaiden, under terror of her oath, reluctantly carries out Rosamund's command. Almachildes refuses to believe her without an interview with the Queen, from whom he discerns the instigation to have come. Rosamund succeeds in persuading him that there are secret reasons why only so can she bring about the marriage. Subsequently she accuses him to the King of dishonouring Hildegard; but when he declares that it was only done to secure their future union, Albovine gives consent to the wedding. Rosamund then reveals to the young captain that she supplied Hildegard's place, and calls on him to kill Albovine. He resists. She threatens a false accusation against Hildegard of having sought her own dishonour, which will bring her to the stake. Under pressure of this he gives way. A first attempt to follow and strike Albovine fails. Then she entreats the King that in a second banquet, by way of showing her forgiveness for his insult, they shall once more drink together out of her father's skull. He had resolved to bury the relic, in remorse, but yields to her solicitation. By way of making secure, like Hamlet's stepfather, she poisons the wine, in case Almachildes should fail her. But he does not fail. At the moment Albovine takes the skull of poisoned wine, to drink to her before the assembled chiefs, the young warrior rises and stabs him. With an exclamation of the "*Et tu, Brute,*" kind, he dies. The Queen Rosamund, in a few brief lines, explains that she has no time to explain anything, and drinks off the skull of poison. Albovine's oldest comrade enjoins:

Let none make moan, this doom is none of man's—

which, since he is quite in the dark about the affair, is a remarkably philosophical acceptance of *faits accomplis*; and the tragedy ends. No one is arrested: Almachildes is not so much as asked to account for his sudden indiscretion with the knife. And the reader is left with a feeling that Rosamund's little sensation has not come off. Certainly, Mr. Swinburne's sensation falls unexpectedly flat.

What is one to say of this? As a matter of construction, there seems a quite unnecessary machinery of diabolical intrigue. If Rosamund's word was so all-powerful with Albovine as Mr. Swinburne represents, she could surely have threatened a false charge against Hildegard (and thereby secured the compliance of Almachildes) without the wanton infamy of surrendering herself to the youth. Considering its monstrosity, this act has surprisingly little effect on what follows, and seems to have been introduced mainly to make our blood run cold. Our blood does not run cold, under the circumstances: we feel merely disgust where we are evidently meant to feel tragic horror. Otherwise (but it is a large otherwise), the plot has its possibilities of power. Those possibilities (we say with regret) are not carried out in the execution. As regards general execution, the best scene is that of the initial banquet,

where Rosamund is made to drink from her father's skull. Here there is considerable dramatic grip over the situation, and one looks forward hopefully to accumulative development. But it does not come. What should be the exceedingly powerful situation, where Queen Rosamund discloses to young Almachildes the identity of the supposed Hildegard of his midnight assignation, quite fails in tragic force. It proves simply insignificant, unmoving. And the singularly lame and abrupt dismissal of the climatic scene—as though the author were weary, and finished the thing off summarily—we have already indicated.

The characterisation is shadowy. Albovine makes no impression, Hildegard is nothing, Almachildes less than nothing. One can understand that Mr. Swinburne designed to throw his strength into the character of Rosamund. It is just a character to attract the delineator of Mary Stuart. Rosamund is by way of being one of those gloriously dangerous women, deadly strong in beauty, love, and hate, whom Mr. Swinburne has ever loved to draw. But any of his disciples might have drawn Rosamund.

That is what one must finally say of the drama. Except in a trait here and there, the old glories of the Swinburnian blank-verse are lacking. The opulent diction and imagery are gone. The language of the play is direct, simple, clear; but it rises to no high poetical level. The speech of Rosamund after the King's outrage on her is a good average specimen of the style:

I am yet alive to question if I live,  
And wonder what may ever bid me die.  
But live I will, being yet not dead with thee,  
Father. Thou knowest in Paradise my heart.  
I feel thy kisses breathing on my lips,  
Whereto the dead cold relic of thy face  
Was pressed at bidding of thy slayer last night,  
And yet they were not withered: nay, they are red  
As blood is—blood but newly spilt—not thine,  
Father! None lives that knew thee now save me,

And none loves me but thou nor thee but I,  
That was till yesternight thy daughter: now  
That very name is tainted, and my tongue  
Tastes poison as I speak it. There is nought  
Left in the range and record of the world  
For me that is not poisoned: even my heart  
Is all envenomed in me. Death is life,  
Or priesthood lies that swears it: then I give  
The man my husband and thy homicide  
Life if I slay him—the life he gave thee.

That has a certain strength, but it would have been nearly as strong in prose, from which it is not far removed. Of course, now and again there are flashes of the poet we remember. Such is Rosamund's phrase to Almachildes:

Brainless art thou not,  
No sword with man's face carven on the heft  
For mockery more than truth or help in fight.

That is a fine image. Beautiful, too, is the love-speech of Albovine to Rosamund:

Thy voice was honey-hearted music, sweet  
As wine and glad as clarions; not in battle  
Might man have more of joy than I to hear it,  
And feel delight dance in my heart and laugh  
Too loud for hearing save its own. Thou rose,  
Why did God give thee more than all thy kin  
Whose pride is perfume only and colour, this  
Music? No rose but mine sings, and the birds  
Hush all their hearts to hearken.

That is something of the old Swinburne. But for the most part the old Swinburne is grown faint and unrecognisable in *Rosamund*. And the Swinburne who has taken his place, if he has lost all his extravagance, has also lost much of his power.

### "His Name Was Leisure."

*The Natural History of Selborne.* By Gilbert White.  
Edited by the late Grant Allen. Illustrated by Edmund H. New. (Lane. 22s. net.)

ALTHOUGH White's *Selborne* was first published in 1789, and a constant stream of editions has been flowing ever since the 'thirties of this century, it was probably Lowell's charming appreciation in *My Study Windows* which gave the book its best impetus. Since looking through the handsome edition which Mr. Lane has just published—the noblest that has yet appeared—we have read again Lowell's "Garden Acquaintance" essay, and thereby have quite lost heart to say things of our own concerning the Selborne naturalist—Lowell's honeyed words so gaily and fittingly sum up both man and book. One passage, indeed, we must quote here:

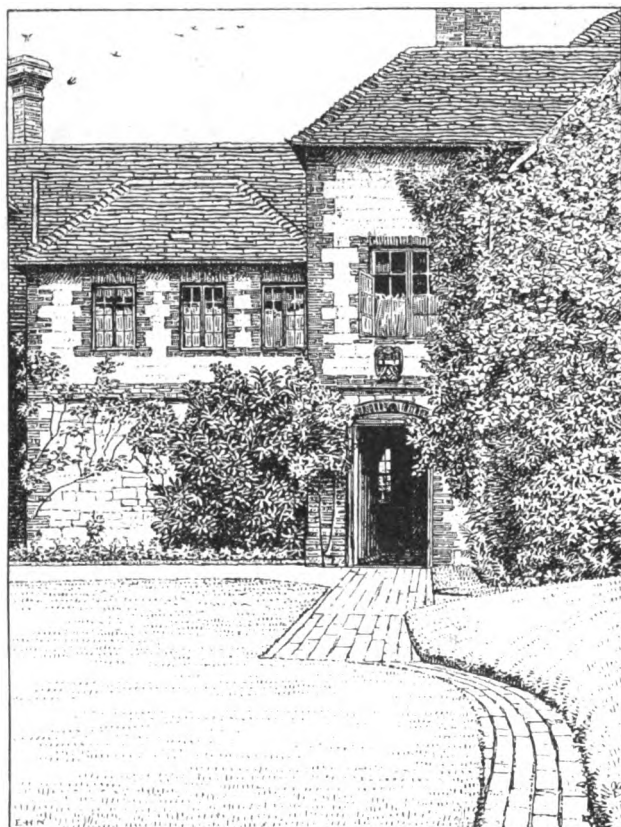
The great events of Mr. White's life, too, have that disproportionate importance which is always humorous. . . . In 1770 he makes the acquaintance in Sussex of "an old family tortoise," which had then been domesticated for thirty years. It is clear that he fell in love with it at first sight. We have no means of tracing the growth of his passion, but in 1780 we find him eloping with its object in a post-chaise. "The rattle and hurry of the journey so perfectly roused it that, when I turned it out in a border, it walked twice down to the bottom of my garden." It reads like a Court journal: "Yesterday H.R.H. the Princess Alice took an airing of half-an-hour on the terrace of Windsor Castle." This tortoise might have been a member of the Royal Society if he could have condescended to so ignoble an ambition. It had but just been discovered that a surface inclined at a certain angle with the plane of the horizon took more of the sun's rays. The tortoise had always known this (though he unostentatiously made no parade of it), and used accordingly to tilt himself up against the garden wall in the autumn. He seems to have been more of a philosopher than even Mr. White himself, caring for nothing but to get under a cabbage leaf when it rained or the sun was too hot, and to bury himself alive before frost—a four-footed Diogenes, who carried his tub on his back.

Gilbert White was born at Selborne in 1720, and he died in the same little Hampshire village in 1793, in many ways still a child. His seventy-three years were passed without storm or stress, almost like one long, level day. He went to school at Basingstoke; took his degree at Oriel; was elected to a Fellowship in 1744; became curate at Swarraton, near Old Alresford, but apparently had little or nothing to do there; was Junior Proctor in 1752; possibly farmed in Cambridgeshire for a while; and in 1755 returned to Selborne to study nature and follow his own inclinations for the rest of his life. It is a mistake to suppose him vicar of Selborne: he may occasionally have taken a service there, but he was merely curate of Faringdon, an office which sat upon him very lightly. In 1763 he inherited the family home at Selborne, known as "The Wakes," and there the afternoon and evening of



*Gilbert White's house*

his life were spent. This house still stands, and we reproduce two of Mr. New's drawings of it. In this comely abode, the curious, patient, leisurely bachelor read the classics, examined his specimens, collated his impressions of the fauna and flora of the district, and wrote his famous book. Of the value of this work to science let Mr. Grant



*A corner of White's house*

Allen speak. Says he, in his admirable Introduction to this edition :

We are present, as it were, at the birth of zoology ; we are admitted to see science in the making. Europe at that period was full of patient and honest observers like White, on whose basis the vast superstructures of Cuvier, Owen, and later of Darwin, were at last to be raised. But most of them are now, as individuals, forgotten, because they did not personally commit their work to print and paper, save in the transactions of learned societies. In White's *Selborne*, on the other hand, we have crystallised and preserved for us the very stages by which each plane of truth was slowly arrived at. We assist at the deliberations of the early biologists. We see them comparing and identifying species ; we find them fighting for or against some hoary but untenable tradition ; we note their eager love of truth, their burning desire for exact knowledge, their occasional reluctance to abandon some cherished fable which now seems to us too childish for such men's serious consideration. It is, therefore, as a historic document that the *Natural History of Selborne* most of all appeals to us ; it shows us by what steps science felt its way in the latter years of the eighteenth century.

It is late in the day to draw attention to Gilbert White's literary merits, but there are three passages which have always particularly pleased us. This description of the Sussex Downs is one :

For my part, I think there is somewhat peculiarly sweet and amusing in the shapely-figured aspect of chalk hills in preference to those of stone, which are rugged, broken, abrupt, and shapeless.

Perhaps I may be singular in my opinion, and not so happy as to convey to you the same idea ; but I never

contemplate these mountains without thinking I perceive somewhat analogous to growth in their gentle swellings and smooth fungus-like protuberances, their fluted sides, and regular hollows and slopes, that carry at once the air of vegetative dilatation and expansion. Or, was there ever a time when these immense masses of calcareous matter were thrown into fermentation by some adventitious moisture, were raised and leavened into such shapes by some plastic power, and so made to swell and heave their broad backs into the sky, so much above the less animated clay of the wild below ?

Another is the few sentences that follow from one of White's many passages on the swallow, a bird which had always a singular fascination for him :

The swallow is a delicate songster, and in soft, sunny weather sings both perching and flying, on trees in a kind of concert, and on chimney-pots ; is also a bold flier, ranging to distant downs and commons even in windy weather, which the other species seem much to dislike ; nay, even frequenting exposed seaport towns, and making little excursions over the salt water. Horsemen on wide downs are often closely attended by a little party of swallows for miles together, which plays before and behind them, sweeping around, and collecting all the skulking insects that are roused by the trampling of the horses' feet.

And the third is the account of the acoustic tumult caused by the cannonading of Mr. White's friend—a kind of prosaic precursor of Joanna's laugh in Wordsworth :

My friend, who lives just beyond the top of the down, brought his three swivel guns to try them in my outlet, with their muzzles towards the Hanger, supposing that the report would have had a great effect ; but the experiment did not answer his expectation. He then removed them to the Alcove on the Hanger ; when the sound, rushing along the Lythe and Comb-wood, was very grand ; but it was at the Hermitage that the echoes and repercussions delighted the hearers : not only filling the Lythe with the roar, as if all the beeches were tearing up by the roots ; but turning to the left, they pervaded the vale above Comb-wood ponds ; and after a pause seemed to take up the crash again, and to extend round Harteley Hanger, and to die away at last among the coppices and coverts of Ward-le-ham.

But Gilbert White was not a great writer. He was more interested far in communicating facts than in rounding a period, although the hand of the conscious literary artificer now and then shows through. Thus, in an account of Sussex sheep, we read : "But as soon as you pass Beeding-hill, all the flocks at once become hornless, or, as they call them, poll-sheep ; and have, moreover, black faces, with a white tuft of wool on their foreheads, and speckled and spotted legs ; so that you would think that the flocks of Laban were pasturing on one side of the stream, and the variegated breed of his son-in-law, Jacob, were cantoned along the other." The end of that sentence must have given its author very considerable satisfaction.

Our own opinion has always been that Gilbert White's is one of the books which people talk about more than read. No one who knows anything of the books that are necessary to a literary gentleman's library would think of omitting *The Natural History of Selborne* from his shelves ; he would play with it now and then, and fondle it, and say, "Ah, yes, dear old White !" and see that Walton held a contiguous place ; but unless he were a naturalist himself he would not go through with it. We fancy that a census of the people who own White's *Selborne* and a census of the people who have read it would show vastly differing figures. Not that this matters very much, because there are certain books of which, after the merest glance, an intelligent person knows all, by a kind of instinct or sympathy ; and of these White's *Selborne* is one. To a true book-lover the spirit of a book may steal through its closed covers. Thus, one may understand Gilbert White perfectly on a very brief acquaintance. He is among the



literary telepathists. In summing up his character Mr. Grant Allen applies to him a stanza from Mr. Dobson's "Gentlemen of the Old School":

He liked the well-wheel's creaking tongue,  
He liked the thrush that stopped and sung,  
He liked the drone of flies among  
His netted peaches;  
He liked to watch the sunlight fall  
Athwart his ivied orchard wall;  
Or pause to catch the cuckoo's call  
Beyond the beeches.

"Such of a surety," says Mr. Grant Allen, "was Gilbert White's ideal; and we may almost add of him, in Mr. Dobson's apt phrase, 'His name was Leisure.'"

One word about Mr. Lane's edition. It impresses us as a great publishing feat. The editor was well chosen; the artist, Mr. Edmund H. New, was well chosen; and the inclusion of some new marginalia on White's *Selborne* by Coleridge, whose comments are much to the point, and of the bibliographical appendix, are of interest and value. The mechanical parts of the work are excellent too—printing, reproduction of illustrations, and binding. If the book has a fault, it is a fault of omission—the "Antiquities" are not here.

## The Art of Description.

*In India.* By G. W. Steevens. (Blackwood. 6s.)

THE quality of Mr. Steevens's work—his vivid observation, his unflinching selection of the dramatic, his arresting imagery, his curt, saucy sentences—has been acknowledged so often in the *ACADEMY* that we can skip compliments and pass at once to this volume. In these brilliant impressions of a scamp through India we observe a development of Mr. Steevens's method which calls for a warning word. Again and again the adjective has mastered him. We hold that to the supreme artist in words, if there be such a person, nothing on earth is impossible of effective description—and by description we mean the power of handing on to the reader his thrills, his emotion, and his ecstasy. The art of doing this is incommunicable. It is rare, and Mr. Steevens does not lack it. If he fails sometimes in this book it is not because he has attempted the impossible in trying to picture the colour, the wonder, the magnificence of India, but because he has niggled when the brush work should have been broad and spacious. Superabundant epithets, colour piled upon colour, categorical details of beautiful things will not serve. That is not the way to communicate emotion. We judge Mr. Steevens by a high standard. If at times he has overstrained the art of word-painting, in other pages he shows all his old skill in conveying a picture. We will give examples of his failures and his successes. To begin, here is a failure:

The streets of Bombay are a tulip-garden of vermilion turbans and crimson, orange and flame colour, of men in blue and brown and emerald waistcoats, women in cherry-coloured satin drawers, or mantles, drawn from the head across the bosom to the hip, of blazing purple or green that shines like a grasshopper.

That is a catalogue. The picture does not start to the eye. It does not move us. Neither does this:

Blues soften from cobalt through peacock to indigo; turbans are no longer merely flaming red or yellow, but magenta, crimson, flame-colour, salmon-colour, gold, orange, lemon.

Again a catalogue. Here is another arrangement of words that has not been cajoled into life:

Gold cornices and scrolls and lattices frame traceries of mauve and pale green and soft azure.

The words do not live. Yet colours can become living things. Witness that wonderful passage in "Macbeth":

No; this my hand will rather  
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,  
Making the green—one red.

How the colours tell!

We should not have insisted upon Mr. Steevens's occasional failure to convey his impressions to the reader—a failure due not to carelessness, far from it, but rather to an over-anxiety to produce the full effect of what he saw and felt—had he not shown in other passages that the power to do so is particularly his. Here are some descriptions, vivid, yet calm, which are entirely successful:

The holy Ganges floated great and grey at my feet. Out of the blackness of the west it came naked into the muffled grey of dawn. Except the bare train that had brought me to the ghat and the bare steamer that was to carry me across, I could see nothing but chill yellow shore and sand-bank and chill white water. A pilgrim issuing from some little shrine, where he had slept, shivered and shook knee-deep in the stream, and his soaked white drawers clung to him dankly.

Here is a telling little picture of the effect of the irrigation works promoted by the Government, who have "bridled the river and brought it to the village gate":

Go out at evenfall and see the ryot naked to mid-thigh scraping entrances in his little embankment with his ante-diluvian hoe. First one, then another, rod by rod, till the whole field is soaked. Listen to the glug-glug of the water as the last compartment gets its douse, and look at the great peace on the ryot's face. You can almost hear his soul glug-glugging with the like satisfaction.

This, too, is good:

On the tongue of the valley stands Peshawur. It has stood sentry there ever since cities were, looking forward through the teeth of the hungry mountains, looking back to the gullet of the fat plains. The mountains are lean and swift and bloody; the plains are gorged and lazy and timid; the bases of the hills are the line between, and it is only one stride over it.

And, finally, this picture of "essential India":

About Madras, too, you can notice what in chattering Bengal and the fighting Punjab you are apt to miss. There, alone on the field, picking at the earth with a single careless hand on his plough, or standing, a lean, naked figure among the sleepy goats, you see the bed-rock of native India. The man who neither chatters nor fights, but does what the Brahman tells him, looks languidly to the land and the stock, and pays taxes. He is essential India.

We have dwelt rather on the manner than the matter of the volume. It is the reflection of a singularly acute and capable personality, and, in spite of lapses, emphatically a book to read.

For the foundation of style is nothing else but this: a fixed determination in any man to reveal the true nature of his thought as distinguished, and contra-distinguished, from the thoughts of all others his fellow-men, be they alive or dead. Not one of these shares fully the ideas that are man's; wherefore must he, at the beginning, be content to stand utterly alone in the world, until out of himself he can spin those threads which shall one day serve to swing him back into the thoughts of his kind. O awful isolation, awful incubation! O perilous flight through the void air!

Tha is the meaning of style.—C. F. KEARY.

Quoted in *Mr. Cope Cornford's Memoir of R. L. Stevenson.*

## Children's Books.—II.

By One Who Takes Them Seriously.

MR. BIRRELL's remarks at Edinburgh last week on how to tell a good book from a bad one were applied to books whose appeal is to the adult mind. According to the lecturer's first critic, Lord Rosebery, the test is a very difficult one to apply. With books ostensibly for children, however, one can come to a decision more quickly and with less difficulty. Is it dramatic? is one question that must be asked and answered of the letterpress. Is it about interesting things? Is it straightforward? are others. And that is almost all. While in the case of the illustrations, pictures with no story in them, pictures in which nothing happens, are little good, no matter what the skill of the artist; and, on the other hand, no matter how poor the artist, pictures of identifiable things belonging to child life or child imagination are almost certain to please. As a matter of fact, the author has a much harder task to perform than the artist. The artist, if he be an animal painter, for example, need modify no whit to catch the nursery suffrage, whereas the author, if he is to win it, must give much thought to both his matter and his manner. In other words, the artist can keep one eye on the adult with less risk than the author may. It is almost compulsory that the author should be whole-heartedly for the nursery if he is to succeed.

We have an instance of the failure of an author in the nursery, whatever may be his fate elsewhere, in *Ulysses; or, De Rougement of Troy* (Methuen), by A. H. M. This is a burlesque in rhyme of the adventures of Ulysses, and its appeal is to sharp public school boys rather than to anyone else. As its appearance is, however, that of a book ostensibly for children, it behoves one to mention it unfavourably here, in order that no hurried uncle or parent may be deceived and present it to a small child—to that child's disappointment. Here is, for instance, a very unsuitable stanza:

But here methinks I hear you say  
"You take no count of time!"  
To which I answer mildly that  
This hunting for a rhyme,  
As in th' original Odyssey,  
Has played the very deuce with me.

While the author says of the suitor's treatment of Penelope:

They used to bet her two to one  
That her old man was dead,  
And then remark quite casually  
That widows ought to wed—

which is the true manner of fifth-form burlesque.

Much more, but not wholly, to the point is *Really and Truly* (Arnold), by Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Ames, wherein both author and artist have had the adult a little too much in mind. The book purports to be a nursery guide to the most notable events of this century. One picture, for example, shows us a baker's window in which buns are priced at eighteenpence each, and loaves at from three-and-six to five shillings. The illustration refers to the Repeal of the Corn Tax, 1846, and the rhyme runs:

When the high price of bread  
Could no longer be borne,  
The Government took off  
The duty on corn!

Now it is asking too much of any child to expect him to be interested in this. A picture of a cable under the ocean, with a curious assortment of fish adhering to it, is rather better, illustrating the first Atlantic cable, 1858, but the book is overweighted. Probably artist, author, and publisher are equally aware that this is not really and truly a children's book at all; and, in this case, why give it the nursery form? It is just a little unfair to the nursery.

For genuine entertainment the nursery would infinitely prefer the budget of old pictures and new which is contained between the covers of *In Doors and Out* (Blackie). Here the pictures are almost always well chosen. The letterpress might sometimes be better, but, take it for all in all, *In Doors and Out* is a good book with sterling nursery merits. So—at any rate as far as the pictures are concerned—is *The Story of the Seven Young Goslings* (Blackie), by Mr. Laurence Housman, with excellently-spirited and richly-coloured drawings by Mrs. Percy Dearmer. The child that is not pleased by a family of geese, that are nicely dressed and have amusing adventures, deserves to go without literature altogether. The story, which is in Ingoldsbyian rhyme, is, as it stands, less satisfactory; but, read aloud by a humorous father, it should be irresistible. Mrs. Dearmer's geese fulfil the condition laid down above in that they are always doing something. An instance of an animal draughtsman who comes short of this necessary quality is Mr. Carton Moore Park, whose *Book of Birds* (Blackie) fails as entertainment for children through being too artistic on the one hand and too inactive on the other. One has for Mr. Park both respect and admiration as a skilful artist; but his ingeniously-composed drawings will leave the nursery cold.

We find Mrs. Dearmer again in *The Book of Penny Toys* (Macmillan, 6s.), written and illustrated by herself. The letterpress, which is in rhyme, is, perhaps, rather more ingenious than interesting, but the simplicity and vividness of the pictures are all that children belonging to the age when penny toys are also joys can want. Mrs. Dearmer seems to try for two publics, one that reads and one that looks at pictures; indeed, we might say three publics, for the book is dedicated to Prof. York Powell.

A book for children about which there can be no doubt whatever is *Tommy Smith's Animals* (Methuen), by Mr. Edmund Selous. This is the story of a little boy named Tommy who threw stones at birds, and set his dog at rats, and stamped on beetles, and killed spiders, and did many other very natural and very cruel things. The animals, therefore, met to consider their hard case. One proposed one thing, one another, all being in favour of personal chastisement—except the owl. The owl advised reasoning, and for that purpose taught the animals human speech. The next day, therefore, just as Tommy was about to hit a frog with his stick, behold the frog addressed him very sensibly and interestingly, displayed its powers and characteristics, and finally extorted from Tommy a promise to maltreat frogs no more. The other creatures behaved similarly until in the end Tommy was reformed and considerate. It is conceivable that there are elephants and lions in Africa which wish that Mr. Selous's famous brother, Mr. F. C. Selous, had had Tommy's opportunities. But possibly the author would not have been on their side after all, for we observe that he permits slaughter to be dealt out to foxes and weasels, although it is probable that they could make as good a case for living as the rat does. The point is, that the work is well done, very interesting to a little boy, and a step in the right ethical direction.

Years ago the nurseries were tantalised or tickled by an alliterative alphabet from which nothing now remains in ordinary minds but the familiar symphony in P about Peter Piper. The alphabet begins: "Andrew Airpump asked his Auntie's Ailment," and continues on similarly absurd lines. This ancient and ingenious work has been discovered and illustrated by Mr. T. E. Donnison, and is now issued by Messrs. Duckworth under the title of *Jaw-Cracking Jingles*, making an amusing book.

This article must end with a word of unqualified dispraise of a book entitled *Ruthless Rhymes for Heartless Homes* (Arnold), by "Col. D. Streams," the humour of which is an inversion of ordinary feeling, by which a death is a joke and cruelty a pleasantry. Everything has been done to give the book a nursery appearance, or we should not object to it here.

## Other New Books.

REMBRANDT VAN RIJN.

BY MALCOLM BELL.

Mr. Bell's book does not call for much criticism. It is not superfluous, because Rembrandt's genius will always bear to be celebrated anew. And it is celebrated very handsomely in this fine volume. Mr. Bell frankly says that he has no astounding discoveries or startling theories to promulgate. He tells the story of Rembrandt's life as it is known or conjectured in a safe, comprehensive way. We cannot do better than quote Mr. Bell's account of Rembrandt's failure to please his Amsterdam patrons with his great, his largest, and most famous work, "The Sortie of the Company of Francis Banning Cocq," known as "The Night-Watch":

Without exaggerating the rapidity or depth of Rembrandt's fall in popular estimation, it is certain that the picture in question was received with severe disapproval; nor is this reason far to seek. Holland at that time abounded in Guilds and Companies, civil and military, Boards of Management of this or that hospital or charitable institution, and a perfect craze for being painted in groups animated one and all. The galleries are full of these Doelen and Regent pictures by great and little masters, and dreary objects many of them are. Each member subscribed his share, and each expected to get his money's-worth. As Mr. Val Prinsep, R.A., in painting his great picture of an Indian durbar, encountered endless difficulties because precedence forbade that this Rajah should be larger than that Rajah, or this Prince in profile while that other Prince was in full face, so the Dutch painter was expected to distribute his light and his positions with an impartial hand, and a comically stiff and formal collection of effigies was often the result.

To all such considerations Rembrandt was gloriously indifferent. He was painting a picture and alive, not a mere row of wax figures in a booth; and when he had finished, the subscribers cried aloud in wrath and consternation. "It is all very well for Cocq and de Ruytenberg," they probably grumbled; "there they are out in the full light, right in front, easy to see and recognise; but look at me, or rather look for me, and you'll find me hard to discover, stuck away behind the folds of that great flag. Who wants a flag filling up half a picture? That didn't pay its hundred florins as I did."

We ought to add that Rembrandt as man, the painter, and etcher, are treated separately, and that Mr. Bell's descriptive catalogues of Rembrandt's works are a useful and scholarly feature. The illustrations, too, are admirable and numerous. (Bell & Sons. 25s.)

THE SCOTTISH JACOBITES.

BY THOMAS NEWBIGGING.

The Scottish Jacobite plots, risings, and songs are an eternal perplexity to many "general readers." This is a succinct narrative and commentary, dealing with the risings, from the flight of James II. in 1688 to the Battle of Culloden in 1746. It is a guide to the whole subject, and will be useful to some because it gives clues to scores of Mr. Andrew Lang's allusions. Mr. Newbigging shows why the Stuart cause found such devoted adherence in the Highlands, and he defends the Highlanders of the period from the insinuations and aspersions of Macaulay. A chapter on "Women and the Jacobite Movement" introduces the reader to Miss Carney of Craigs, to Flora MacIvor of *Waverley*, to Mrs. Mackintosh of Moy, to Flora Macdonald, and to Lady Nairne, who gave new and wistful life to Jacobite memories by her lovely songs. In the chapters on "Historians of the Jacobite Risings," "Modern Jacobites," "Their Songs," "Their Music," and "Their Battles," Mr. Newbigging acts as an intelligent and an impartial guide.

Of Macaulay's well-known attitude Mr. Newbigging says:

He had little ground for his diatribes. He wrote of the Highlanders as he might have done had he been in the thick of the hurly-burly and had experienced their

vengeance. Standing at a distance from the events of the time, he had the opportunity of taking a broad and dispassionate survey. To his discredit, he preferred the opposite course. But when a theory (right or wrong) has to be buttressed, it is surprising to what lengths human nature will go, and to what depths it will descend.

It would seem that Macaulay deliberately engaged his admirers and his critics to support his fame. When his admirers slacken, his critics abuse his partiality, and then his friends exclaim, "But his style!" and so the game goes on.

Mr. Newbigging's chapter on the Jacobite songs is one of the best in his book. The humour, pathos, and irony of the songs are well displayed. None more pathetic than "There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame," in which the old man laments:

My seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword,  
And now I greet round their green beds in the yird;  
It brak the sweet heart o' my faithfu' auld dame;  
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.  
Now life is a burden that bows me down,  
Sin' I tint my bairns, and he tint his crown;  
But till my last moments my words are the same,  
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

And many a fine deed—tersely narrated—shines in these modest pages:

According to a story that is told, it would appear that the exploit of the piper of Dargai in the recent Indian Frontier troubles was, after all, only the counterpart of that of another Highland piper who, in one of the engagements, when playing this tune, fell mortally wounded by a bullet, and being on the brae side, near a river, he rolled down the embankment clinging to his pipes, and skirling out the tune, till, falling dead into the water, he was carried away by the stream.

A tale of impossible loyalties drowned at last in its own martyr blood. Yet not so drowned but that it gives themes and colour to literature, and labyrinths to research. Even now there are Jacobites who place garlands and issue calendars. Mr. Newbigging's historical sympathy with the Jacobites who bled long ago leaves him sane on the eccentricities of their pigmy imitators. A sound little book, well illustrated and produced. (Gay & Bird. 3s. 6d.)

RURAL LIFE.

BY CAROLINE GEARY.

A pleasant *pot pourri* of observations and anecdotes relating to village life in England. Many of the stories are old, but they are well chosen and pleasantly knit together. There are stories of poachers, and parsons, and squires, and cottage women, and rustic courtships. Here is one of an absent-minded parson:

One Sunday morning, many years ago, some excitement prevailed in his church, when all were duly assembled for morning service, and no parson was forthcoming. The congregation waited and waited, every one looking more or less fidgety, until at length the churchwardens got up and left the church, having made up their minds to walk across the fields to the vicarage and ascertain if there was anything the matter. The vicar was a great numismatist and mineralogist; and although I cannot vouch for the truth of it, the story runs that when the churchwardens arrived they found him calmly looking over and rearranging his collection of coins and minerals, utterly oblivious of the fact that it was Sunday and church-time. It appeared that he had been staying in the country for a day or two, and had got rather mixed on the subject of dates; while his housekeeper happening to be away for a holiday, there had been no one who thought of reminding him of the church services. The poor man was quite startled by the visit of his churchwardens; but as soon as he was put in mind of his duties, rose up hastily to accomplish their fulfilment.

The rural district in which Mrs. Geary has collected her facts is only twenty miles from London, and is so little subject to changes that an old inhabitant remarked: "'Tis as 'tis, and it can't be no 'tisserer." (John Long. 6s.)

## Fiction.

*Miss Malevolent.* (Greening & Co. 6s.)

OUR only excuse for taking special note of this work is that it is a peculiarly offensive example of a style of book which is rarely quite inoffensive. It has become the habit with a certain class of novelist, when his imagination fails and he feels nevertheless that he must write a book, to seize upon his friends and photograph them. Now, it is not easy to decide how far a writer is justified in taking real living people and "putting them into a book." The *roman à clef* is certainly not invariably to be condemned, or such delightful books as Mr. Mallock's *New Republic* would be lost. Thackeray continually drew the portraits of his acquaintances, and Warrington in *Pendennis* was painted from the life, the sitter being Mr. Crawford, the late husband of Mrs. Emily Crawford. Even in the present publishing season we have had from Mr. Morley Roberts a portrait of Mr. Cecil Rhodes in *The Colossus*. These we may commend, while *Miss Malevolent* fills us with abhorrence. In the word "portrait" lies the explanation, for a portrait, if it be worth anything, is the visual image of an individual which has passed through a mind, gaining significance in the process; and in looking at a great portrait we are thinking not so much of the individual sitter as at the significance that individual has gained in his passage through the artist's mind. Thus, to return for a moment to the *New Republic*, we are interested in Dr. Jenkins not so much because it is a recognisable portrait of Dr. Jowett, as because Dr. Jenkins—or Jowett—signifies one of the strongest intellectual currents of the time. The author of *Miss Malevolent* has given us not portraits, but exceedingly cheap photographs of the members of a small artistic and literary set with which he appears to have some acquaintance. The most distinguished member of the set is a poet with "a long, thin face, in which sensuality struggled with intellect, and it was crowned with an enormous mass of crinkled black hair." In order to leave no loophole for misunderstanding, the author adds a touch or two as to the poet's North-country accent and outspokenness on the question of sex, and dedicates the work, among others, to Mr. Le Gallienne. We have, too, Mr. World—as one should speak of Mr. *Truth* or Mr. *Referee*—and Mrs. Policarp, whose real name the author places—and mis-spells—on his dedicatory page. If these were portraits painted with insight and feeling by an artist, if they had any significance beyond the most petty externals of their originals, they might be tolerable. As it is, they are simply bad, botched, ill-developed, and unskilfully mounted photographs. Not for a moment does the author get beneath the surface. The reader may recognise the original. "Yes," he may cry, "his nose is just like that, and how big his feet come out!" And there the matter ends. Having told us enough of the exterior of his characters to enable us to recognise them, the author sets them over against each other, and compels them to make puns and kindred jests; he calls them epigrams.

"Please don't talk about swords" said Mr. World, "I can't bear it. Dreadful things! To point a quarrel or adorn a male."

Talking of Bedford Park, the painter Gilbert Russhe says:

"The strangest thing about it is that there is only one pub there, and even that is disguised as an old English inn; it is most respectable and is called the 'Tabard.'"

"That is no 'Criterion,'" said Mrs. Policarp.

None of them, not even the poet, rises above this pantomime level of wit:

"The gooseberry fool hath said in his heart, 'There is no Pod,' said Mr. Wayne, helping himself to some with great gusto and a small spoon."

The plot of the book is not worth discussing; it is silly where it is not offensive; and an all-pervading vulgarity is its distinguishing feature. The only sign of good taste on the part of the author is the omission of his own name from the title-page.

*The Red Rag of Ritual.* By George Cusack.  
(Warne. 6s.)

It is unfortunate for Mr. Cusack that, having chosen a subject of considerable possibilities, he should not have been successful in acquainting himself more with the environment in which he has set his little drama. His book should be the study of two men who, respectively of epicurean and ascetic temperament find themselves thrown together in the parochial sphere of which a ritualistic church is the centre. It is clear that his acquaintance with the principles of that party in the Established Church is of a kind that it would be flattery to call superficial; and, as a natural consequence, an odour of unreality pervades his pages. The redeeming feature is Mrs. Crouch, among the minor characters, who, generally in the well-worn capacity of a Malaprop, wins an occasional smile. Here she is:

"Don't tell me," she said. "I don't trust Vicar one bit more than t'other. Make a friend of you; make a fool of you more likely. Mark my word, 'e's just as far gone as t'other, only 'e's cuter. Why, look at that 'ere insects last Sunday! Made my inside feel exactly as if I was on the *Skylark*; and as to the processions, when I see them coming towards me, I tell you, John, my hair rises, and cold creeps go down my back. Just like that night when a drunken man ran after me down our passage."

## Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final.  
Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THEY THAT WALK IN DARKNESS. BY I. ZANGWILL.

Eleven stories of modern Jewry, by the author of *Children of the Ghetto*. Mr. Zangwill's little book, *Ghetto Tragedies*, published in 1893, has been submerged in this larger work. The stories were written at various times—one as far back as 1888, another this year. Says the author: "The great-hearted lady, Mrs. N. S. Josephs, to whom *Ghetto Tragedies* was originally dedicated, herself walked in darkness, yet was not dismayed. In the prime of life she went down into the valley of the shadow with no thought save for others." (Heinemann. 6s.)

TALES OF SPACE AND TIME. BY H. G. WELLS.

Five stories of the past and the future, by the author of *When the Sleeper Wakes*. One is of a wonderful star that, coming nearer and nearer the earth, operated strangely and fearfully upon it. "China was lit glowing white; but over Japan and Java and all the islands of Eastern Asia the great star was a ball of dull red fire, because of the steam and smoke and ashes the volcanoes were spouting forth to salute its coming." (Harpers. 6s.)

NICHOLAS AND MARY. BY MURRAY GILCHRIST.

Mr. Gilchrist, who has now made the Peak country indubitably his own, has here collected fifteen stories of Derbyshire folk. The book is somewhat stern and grim, for Mr. Gilchrist's imagination prefers shadow to sun. Here is a scrap of dialect: "I rec'lect hoo liked green things—by marry! th' rose-o'-Sharon es i' flaar—hoo mun hev soome o' th' buds. Pu' 'em i' wayter overneeght, an' i' th' morn they're spread awt like goad suns." (Richards. 3s. 6d.)

## THE INFATUATION OF THE COUNTESS. BY PERCY WHITE.

A bright, clever story, written in a true vein of comedy. The hero, Arthur Gammelyn, is a gentleman by birth who is compelled to earn his living as a fencing-master. His good looks and style infatuate the Countess of Redesdale, and awake a truer feeling in the heart of Connie Adair. The characters are well drawn. (Sands & Co. 6s.)

## THE PROGRESS OF PAULINE

KESSLER.

BY FREDERIC CARREL.

An unedifying story by the author of *The Adventures of John Johns*. Says the hero to the heroine: "It's weak of me, I know, but I can't help thinking of the men who came before me in the happiness of loving you. I hate to think, somehow, that one of them was my own father, and that the other is your husband. I can't get rid of the haunting feeling of it." What delicacy! (John Long. 6s.)

## THE POOR PLUTOCRATS.

BY MAURUS JÓKAI.

This is Mr. R. Nisbet Bain's translation of Jókai's most widely-known novel, *Szegény Gazdagok*. It is a tale of incident and adventure laid in the Wallachian and Transylvanian Alps, and contains some strong character-drawing. (Jarrold & Sons. 6s.)

## A MAID OF THE MOOR.

BY M. E. STEVENSON.

Love among carriage-folk. "Lady Hartop had sent her carriage for the Prevosts. Wharton knew this, and was on the look-out for her livery while he walked under the row of limes between the churchyard and the cricket-field with Rose. Rose was in foamy white and silver, with a picture-hat of roses." When the lovers had walked in dramatic silence for a long time: "'Eustace!' she said suddenly. 'Yes?' 'That's aunt's livery, isn't it?' 'It is.'" (Pearson. 6s.)

## THE PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

BY EMMA MARSHALL.

The late Mrs. Marshall conceived the pretty idea of writing a story "around" some of the portraits by Gainsborough and Romney in the National Gallery. Romney's "Parson's Daughter" gave the title to the book, which has been completed by her daughter, Miss Beatrice Marshall. Eight well-known Gainsboroughs and Romneys are reproduced. A pretty book. (Seeley & Co. 6s.)

## A KISS FOR A KINGDOM.

BY BERNARD HAMILTON.

Mr. Hamilton is the author of *The Light?* but his new story, which he describes as a "venture in vanity," is a very different thing. "Wanted immediately, for a hazardous business, a gentleman of birth. Apply, Julius Cæsar, care of Galignani's Library, Rue de Rivoli, Paris." This advertisement is at the opening of Chapter I. Later we come upon this: "I called into the darkness in a stealthy, sibilant whisper. No answer. Then louder. No answer! I strained my eyes in the darkness of the cell, but could only see a firefly flitting about in it. I rattled at the bars. . . . She was not there." (Hurst & Blackett. 6s.)

## A LOWLY LOVER.

BY FLORENCE WARDEN.

By the author of *The House in the Marsh*. "And they were married, and they were happy ever afterwards, though, in these despondent days, it hardly does to say so!" (White. 6s.)

## THE GIRL PRIEST.

BY A. KEVILL DAVIES.

"'I'll tell you why I married you,' shrieked a flushed, emaciated, and hysterical young woman. . . . 'I married you because Dr. Philip M. . . . you in his prescription.'" That is the opening sentence. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

## IN THE YEARS THAT CAME AFTER.

BY MRS. FRED REYNOLDS.

A serious story of sober lives and religious questionings. On the last page "the new day dawns." (Hutchinson. 6s.)

## WOUNDED PRIDE.

BY ISABEL HOWARD.

A love-story in which the wayward conduct of a lover before marriage is resented by his wife when she discovers it. "To her it was evident that he had loved someone else, and that only a feeling of 'honour' towards herself had prompted him to marry her!" Hence "a wild flood of misery took possession of her whole being"; and yet "gratitude toward him filled every fibre of her being" for having given up "his own visions of love for the sake of a promise made years before by his father's death-bed." (John Long. 6s.)

## JOHN AMES, NATIVE COMMISSIONER. BY BERTRAM MITFORD.

A story of the Matabele Rising which should share the present popularity of books about South Africa. Mr. Mitford knows his subject. (White. 6s.)

## ANNIE O' THE BANKS O' DEE.

BY GORDON STABLES.

A love-story which moves from Scotland to cannibal regions and back again. It wasn't Reginald Graham who did the murder; it was Shufflin' Sandie. "The court even apologised . . . and wished him [Reggie] all the future joys that life could give"; and now Reginald and Annie are married, but the auld Laird has worn away, and is under the long green grass and the daisies, and rich and rare are the flowers that Annie lays on his grave. (White. 6s.)

## THE SOLDIER AND THE LADY. BY JOHN STRANGE WINTER.

The author's recipe: "Take a soldier and a lady. See that both are fine, well-grown ones, and that they have been carefully fed mentally and physically. . . . Then take a rich lover, a pinch of moral cowardice, a little pride and an unexpected fortune. Let the whole simmer slowly for several years, and the result . . . but you must read the story." (White. 1s.)

## FORD'S FOLLY, LTD.

BY MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

The story of the rehabilitation of a great estate and property. A well-planned story of crime, love, and wealth. (Macqueen. 6s.)

## WINKLES: A WINNER.

BY "G. G."

The hero, Nick Flitters, is "wasting" for a race when we meet him. Nick Flitters is a jockey, and his immediate anxiety is to find Posh Jukes, his favourite companion, on a ten miles' "wasting" tramp. Nick does not "waste" by halves. As he says, he is nothing but skin and grief, and if he has a nip of gin it seems to expand him beyond recognition. (Sands & Co. 6s.)

## THE ENCHANTER.

BY U. L. SILBERRAD.

A lengthy and circumstantial story of simple-minded East-Anglians and Nicholas Pycroft, who is esteemed a wizard among them. "'It ain't well,' Isaiah said hotly; 'if his mother wasn't a witch his aunt was; she was Judith Screed, a witch, as everyone knows, ask who you like. It's in the blood, I tell you; and here am I laid by the heels 'long o' his hell practices.'" The end is peace. (Macmillan. 6s.)

We have also received *The Yellow Badge*, a tale of crime, by Jean Middlemass (Digby, Long & Co., 6s.); *The Drags of Wrath*, a romance of the Restoration, introducing Charles II. and Nell Gwynne, by Walter E. Grogan (Pearson Ltd., 6s.); *The Red Men of the Dusk*, another romance of the Restoration, by John Finnemore (Pearson Ltd., 6s.); *The Revenge of Valerie*, a study of jealousy, by Hume Nisbet (F. V. White & Co., 3s. 6d.); *Heavens of Brasse*, by W. Scott King (Unicorn Press, 6s.), a moving tragedy laid in a Welsh mining district; *The Manor Inn*, by Dr. Dabbs (Deacon, 2s. 6d.); and *My Great Discovery*, by Henry Francis (Smithers, 2s. 6d. net).



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## Zola's New Novel.

(From our French Correspondent.)

It would be a pleasure to-day to be able to bestow unmeasured praise upon M. Zola's new book, *Fécondité*. But no. The novel is dull, verbose and antipathetic. It has, like every other book of M. Zola's, some very fine and



THE AUTHOR OF "FÉCONDITÉ."

From a drawing by Ernest Haskell in the New York "Bookman."

impressive pages, and is, as ever, an extraordinary mingling of poetry and grossness. And throughout it shine the man's invincible sincerity and singleness of purpose, his passionate conviction; qualities that elsewhere we know have secured him a high place in the list of honest and courageous men. But in spite of our acquired sympathy, *Fécondité* is an effort and a trial to read.

It makes an admirable pendant to Tolstoi's *Kreutzer Sonata*, preaching, with a like conviction and fervour, an exactly opposite doctrine. All that Zola admires in marriage with extravagant passion, Tolstoi condemns; and while the latter degrades marriage with his ascetic contempt, Zola bestialises it with pagan devotion. I do not use the word "bestialise" in the conventional implication; I mean that Zola reduces man and woman to the mere state of animal: he eliminates mind and soul; heart with him is interpreted as health, while virtue is the continuous production of the species. For this new book of M. Zola's is eminently, pugnaciously virtuous, in his own strictly limited conception of the word. One would think he had striven to set himself the task of realising the patriarch's ideal of conduct in an empty desert which it was his duty to people. All other notion of conduct, of life, escapes him. M. Zola is undoubtedly a

writer of remarkable, if not of sympathetic talent. He has given us admirable descriptions of nature, of Paris, of Rome. He can build up a scene with surprising vigour and verve—he sometimes reaches a grave and lofty eloquence—and however unclean he may be, he is never base or banal. We do not precisely envy his state of mind, or desire to see the world through his smoked glasses, for, heaven be thanked, life is always a more joyous, a more unexpected, a more simple thing than he believes. But we cannot deny that the writer, in his extravagant and mistaken realism, is superbly sincere, or that, when he stirs the mud and thickens it, he does so with a feeling of exasperated indignation. He is, I think, an unwise moralist, since he revels in black to reveal to us what is, after all, only a variety of very dull greys; but he is essentially a moralist, and *Fécondité* is an intolerable sermon on the vice of restricted families and the virtue of having dozens of children, in no less than 750 closely-printed pages.

The amazing thing to me is, how M. Zola has discovered so many French people, with whom his hero dwells in constant communion for seventy years (for Mathew and Marianne appear between seventeen and twenty, and bid us farewell at the respectable ages of ninety and eighty-seven), of whom never a witty or a brightly intelligent remark can he record. How is it that alone for M. Zola in France wit and humour are suppressed? Not the faintest ray of humour lights up a single one of these seven hundred and fifty pages. And how, one asks, has he succeeded, with such crushing power and deliberation, to paint us a race utterly devoid of soul or mind? Surely such a wife as Mme. Dreyfus has accomplished a loftier mission, by her suffering and solitude and fidelity, than Marianne with her soulless and incessant maternity? Marianne, he assures us with iteration, is the ideal of womanhood, and all he has to tell us of her is that she had fourteen children and was always good-humoured and courageous. When you reach the bottom of her courage, it is founded on an abominable indifference to the fate of the offspring that made her pride. To delight in the courage of a poor young couple who, in the teeth of national convention, resolve to have lots of children and trust to Providence to feed them, is, of course, the expression of a personal taste. We see how that sort of thing prospers in Ireland, where conventions are reversed, and huge families are the practised law of the land. M. Zola preaches his doctrine for the preservation of France. Yet France, with her small families, is wealthy, prosperous, active—at the head of Europe in every pleasing art. When Germany thought to ruin her, thanks to her domestic prudence, she could come forward with her millions, and pay off an overwhelming debt that would have beggared any other nation. Ireland, with her monster families, has never been able to feed her children, and what has she ever accomplished worthy of record? Irish women swarm the Continent in a helpless quest of daily bread by starving on ill-paid lessons. Their parents, who have never made the smallest effort to provide for them, cast them out upon the world in their teens, because there is not sustenance for them on Irish soil. I should dearly like to condemn M. Zola to a five years' study of the theme of his book in Ireland, and then see if he would still urge that the prosperity and salvation of a country lie in the direction he points out.

So much for the object of *Fécondité*, which I for one most utterly disapprove, and should regret to see exercise the smallest influence upon the bourgeois or working-classes of France. What is to be said of the novel? Are there readers who can follow with interest its incoherent construction? Are there any who will regard as probable or possible the distribution of compensation and chastisement M. Zola imagines? All the mothers and fathers of only children are pursued by an unmitigable destiny. Such evils and horrors happen to them as never happen to

the worst criminals of melodrama. They have committed no actual crime, but their creator decides that they must be scourged because they have not baptized a child every year. In their behalf he introduces us to the most nauseous surgical homes and midwives' dens, and murders them with impunity. He kills off thus a beautiful young woman in an infamous surgical home, and a few years afterwards, not finding her and her husband sufficiently punished, sends her beautiful daughter, a young girl of twenty, to be despatched in the same way in another still viler surgical home, and records the fact in the same pages of high-flown prose, repeated without a word of description altered. A baroness who does not wish to have children (surely, considering the woman's character, a singularly virtuous resolution on her part), is depicted by M. Zola as quite a monster. She dies a raving lunatic for her sins. In fact, the novel is a monument of monomania. Long residence in France proves to me its absolute falsity. French homes are the happiest on earth, just because they are small, and the parents have space and time in which to love and care for their children. Girls are cherished and provided for, instead of being cast upon the pavements to pick up their bread as best they can. There are no mothers like French mothers, and I know no better wives. Why, then, does M. Zola persistently slander the women of his nation?

*Fécondité* may be described as a biblical novel. Every second chapter, which records a fresh addition to Marianne's family, ends with the same page, repeated word for word. Every chapter announcing the advent of another child begins with the same paragraph. The end introduces us to the entire family, after the fashion of Genesis: "Berthe was the daughter of Claire, who was the daughter of Rose, who was the daughter of Blaise, who was the son of Gervais, the son of Mathew and Marianne."

H. L.

## Things Seen.

### The Thief.

He was a little, short-legged, grubby, meditative boy of eight. His father was a red-bearded, stern, silent man, who dug all the week, and on Sundays sat by the fire godly and disapproving. His mother was overworked in the daily task of keeping the house clean and feeding seven mouths. He was a good little boy until two bad ones moved into the village and joined the school, and then he began to be bad too. And a few weeks ago his wickedness culminated in a walnut raid. On the way back to the school is an orchard half full of walnut trees, and you may stand outside on a still October afternoon and listen to the nuts falling. There is no one to pick them up at the time, for the owner comes only at week ends. The two bad boys listened too, and, peering through the netting, they saw here and there a moist, clean nut which had sprung from its husk. They talked darkly together, and on Monday afternoon climbed gingerly through the barbed wire and filled their pockets. On Tuesday morning they told three others of their prowess and urged them to come too, the little, short-legged, grubby, meditative boy being one of them. That day for him was one long tremor. But after school, in the fading light, he crept with the others into the orchard. Finding too few nuts on the ground, they climbed a tree to shake more down. All climbed the same tree.

It so happened that a gardener had come over that afternoon to do a few odd jobs, and he heard a crackling noise in the orchard. He stole quietly down until he was under the tree. Then he called out. The boys' knees turned to water. "Now, then, you come down," he said. They trembled and refused. "Very well, then I must come up." He cut a stick from a filbert and made as if to

climb. They came down, the little meditative boy first. The gardener held him and let the others run. They ran like rabbits. The gardener led him to the gate, his little heart beating in his neck. "Now then," he said, "tell me the names of the others and I'll let you go." He told them. The gardener wrote them down. "To-morrow morning," he said, "I shall send the policeman round to the school." The gardener walked away chuckling.

The little boy sidled home. He thought of his stern, silent father, but he thought of the policeman more. He couldn't eat, he couldn't sleep. The stifling thought of the policeman never left him. In the night he determined to run away. He had long wanted to be a fisherman on the Brighton beach and let out boats on hire: the hour had come to realise it. He woke his little brother and told him of his intention. He gave him all his marbles and swore him to secrecy. There was also a penny promised him by his grandmother. "Tell mother she may have that," he said. Then he slunk away.

He walked all day, starting at every noise on the road behind him. There was a big town seven miles away, although quite in the opposite direction to Brighton, and his little, short legs carried him there. But when he found that Brighton was another thirty miles he gave up his ambitions, gave up his fear of the police, gave up everything except home-sickness, and toiled back. All day long his mother had been running to the gate, for the story was out. Except the gardener, who lived some distance off and had not given the matter another thought, everyone knew that he had run away, and everyone knew why. The hours went by, he did not come, his mother's eyes grew more strained. Tea-time came and went; darkness fell; supper-time came, but no one wanted any supper; bed-time, but no one went to bed. And then, at eleven o'clock, the latch of the gate was heard, and a little, short-legged, weeping figure toiled up the path.

The other boys were thrashed handsomely by their fathers, and one was put on bread and water for three days. The village schoolmaster thrashed them too. When the owner of the orchard came down on Saturday he heard the whole story. "To think that our walnuts should have been harrowing all these souls," he said, "while we were comfortable in town. Why, I used to steal walnuts myself once."

### The Piper.

It is not long since I used to see, on my hurried way to the City, a nimble but slouching figure walk down Waterlane playing imaginary tunes on a stopless pipe. Smiling, with an expression half foolish and half sly under his wideawake hat, he lured a grudging but inquisitive glance from rushing clerks. His eyes looked demurely down his black and dirty beard; he was tolerant of his audience of derisive brats. With me business grows ever fiercer, and the more I plough the sand the more I know I am getting on. Therefore I despised this humorous oaf. Only once had I seen him engaged in commerce. He was then hawking some illustrated monthly-parts, and had flattened one against a wall to write on it. So, knowing that he was making it harder to sell that part, I assumed he was a fool and passed on. I was about to sell myself in parts when next I saw him. Passing through Stationers' Hall-court one morning, my look suddenly dived into a doorway. He was seated impudently on the doorstep noiselessly playing his pipe. He had no sign of business about him; he was irresponsible and gay. There had I seen match-sellers lean and hungry, victims of chronic humility, self-deprecators, beggarly, wretched, loaded with babes. They were the sycophants of civilisation: this man was the mocker. Ah! at last I knew him. He was playing away there at me and those like me, to every respectable fritterer of life, in bitter parody of the tunes to which we danced. I did not speak to him. He was too great, and I was too shy.

## The Amateur Critic.

[FROM time to time we receive letters from correspondents in praise or disapproval of books new and old. In future, for awhile, we propose to put a page of the ACADEMY at the service of the unprofessional critic. To this page we also invite our readers to contribute remarks on striking or curious passages which they may meet with in their ordinary reading. No communication, we would point out, must exceed 300 words.]

### For an Anthology of Parody.

YOUR reviewer's interesting article on "English Satirists" brings it to my mind that there is, so far as I know, no concise anthology of parody, which, I imagine, is an art very nearly related to satire. In the hands of a careful editor such a book should bring to light much excellent stuff that is known at present only to limited circles. To show that a search in out-of-the-way places would be worth while I may quote an example by Mr. A. E. Housman. It is called a "Fragment of a Greek Tragedy" and was published in a college magazine. I select the strophe and antistrophe of the chorus.

#### Strophe.

In speculation  
I would not willingly acquire a name  
For ill-digested thought,  
But, after pondering much,  
To this conclusion I at length have come :—  
*Life is uncertain.*  
This truth I have written deep  
In my reflective midriff  
On tablets not of wax,  
Nor with a pen did I inscribe it there  
For many reasons: *Life*, I say, is not  
*A stranger to uncertainty.*  
Not from the flight of omen-yelling fowls  
This fact did I discover,  
Nor did the Delphic tripod bark it out,  
Nor yet Dodona.  
Its native ingenuity sufficed  
My self-taught diaphragm.

#### Antistrophe.

Why should I mention  
The Inachean daughter, loved of Zeus,  
Her whom of old the gods,  
More provident than kind,  
Provided with four hoofs, two horns, one tail,  
A gift not asked for,  
And sent her forth to learn  
The unfamiliar science  
Of how to chew the cud?  
She therefore, all about the Argive fields,  
Went cropping pale green grass and nettle-tops,  
Nor did they disagree with her.  
But yet, howe'er nutritious, such repasts  
I do not hanker after.  
Never may Cypris for her throne select  
My dappled liver!  
Why should I mention Io? Why, indeed?  
I have no notion why.

HUGH SIELL.

### The Brontë Spell.

THE other week I read *Wuthering Heights* for the first time. I am still trying to discover why it fascinated me. Surely it is the most bleak and forbidding piece of literature, without one patch of pleasure in the whole stretch of it; yet it held me with a strange spell, and even now my thoughts wander back, again and again, to that grim hill-country, with its hob-goblin inhabitants.

The tale is after the make of the Northern Sagas; it passes inevitably from generation to generation of revenge; yet the characters have little of the heroic quality of the Sagamen, and are possessed of a host of petty meannesses quite alien to the temper of the big Northmen of old days.

Why, then, did these people seem perfectly real to me as I read? Why are they now more living men and women to me—of stronger sinew and redder blood—than most of my everyday acquaintances? Surely they are anything but natural: they are utterly abnormal; quite beyond the sympathy, one would think, of any lover of human nature. I have an active dislike for each person in the book, and yet I could read their ugly history again and again with unabated eagerness.

The people in *Wuthering Heights* are the very children of a desolate countryside. Their characters are warped and twisted as a heather sprig; they have been shaped by the same wind and the same poverty of sun. They are the natural outgrowth of a barren land; they are empty of good as the scanty soil from which they spring, and as relentless as the hard rock beneath. They are the personation of all that is gruesome and malign in nature's savage places, inspired with the primal and everlasting passions of mankind. To the Brontës it would seem to have been given to see more of the lurking beast than it is, happily, to most of us. Either their eyes were keener to pierce the silken cloak, or their lot fell among people who scorned to veil their native savagery.

But what is the secret of the Brontë spell? I am afraid we must use the old makeshift of calling it genius, without really getting any nearer to the core of the mystery.

JOHN KINDRED.

### "Eheu Fugaces."

"G. S.'s" contribution of a translation of the famous 14th Ode of Second Book of Horace tempts me to send you part of another version, which I think may not have seen the light in any modern selection of Horace. The version I send occurs in a volume entitled "*The Poems of Horace*," translated into English by several persons, and published with the 'imprimatur': Roger L'Estrange, September 10th, 1665."

Time Posthumus, goes with full sail,  
Nor can thy honest heart avail  
A furrow'd brow, old age at hand,  
Or Death unconquer'd to withstand :  
One long night  
Shall hide this light  
From all our sight,  
And equal Death,  
Shall few dayes hence, stop every breath.

In vain we bloody battles flie,  
Or fear to sail when winds are high :  
The Plague or an infectious breath,  
When every hour brings a new Death,

Time will mowe,  
Whate're we sow ;  
Both weal and woe  
Shall have an end,

And this th' unwilling Fates must send.

Cocytus lake thou must waft o're,  
Thy totter'd boat shall reach that shore ;  
Thou Sisyphus ere long must know,  
And into new acquaintance grow :

Shalt with life,  
Leave house and wife,  
Thy loves and strife,  
And have no tree,

But the sad Cypress follow thee.

Meanwhile, thy heir shall nobly quaffe  
What thou with hundred locks kept safe,  
Caceubian wines, and wash the flore  
With juice would make an Emperor rore :

'Twill be thy lot,  
Question it not,  
To be forgot  
With all thy deeds,

Er'e he puts on his Mourning weeds.

G. LINWOOD.

## The Knowledge That Was.

### The Confession of an Ignorant Man.

IN looking through some old letters the other day I came upon a bundle of examination papers belonging to the eighties, when I was at school. I had not seen them since that weary week when we sat in a cold public hall, some scores of us from various schools in the town, and either wrote against time or drummed on the desks until it seemed decent to go. And as I glanced over the questions it came back to me that, in most subjects, I was one of those who wrote against time and in the end passed with honours; and then, looking at the questions a little more narrowly, it also came upon me that there was hardly one which I could answer to-day, and I sank into a chair in a state of wonder, partly at the knowledge I possessed a dozen years ago, and partly at the ignorance which is mine now, when I am all these years older, and the father of a family, and a contributor to several papers of importance and influence.

A dozen years ago! I knew some things then! Arithmetic, for example. To-day I am at the mercy of any waiter who brings me change; at booking-offices I keep vast crowds waiting and missing their trains while I do laborious subtraction sums in my head; but at school what a hand I was at figures. Look at this:

Three graziers, *A*, *B*, and *C*, rent a piece of pasture land for a month. *A* puts on 27 cattle for 21 days, *B* 19 for 24 days, and *C* 23 for 25 days. If at the end of the month the rent and other charges amount to £33 5s. 10d., how much of this ought to be paid by each?

I could do that in 1884. I couldn't do it now. I have no idea where to begin. I could do this too; at least, I suppose I could, for I find a tick against it, and, as I have said, I passed with honours—

A merchant buys 700 quarters of wheat. He sells 280 of them at 7½ per cent. profit; 320 at 10 per cent. profit; and the rest at 22½ per cent. profit. His whole gains amount to £100 19s. 7d. At what price per quarter did he buy?

This may be easy, but the point is that I have lost the key. There used to be jugglery with *x*, and I could manage it. Now that I pay income-tax, and have statements of account from my publisher every half-year, I can manage it no longer.

And I seem to have known zoology too. Zoology! I seem to have been able to describe and draw diagrams of the heart and principal blood vessels of the crayfish. I seem to have been able to give an account of the circulation of the same creature's blood. I could enumerate the general characters of the Class Insecta (*Hexapoda*). And now—gone, all gone! Zoology is, however, a luxury; but geography—every journalist should know something of that. Yet I am to seek again.

Name the most populous county of Wales, the three largest towns in the county, and their special industries.

Whence come at the present time the world's chief supplies of coffee, ivory, petroleum, and tin?

Give approximately the parallels of latitude between which lie the basins of the Mississippi and the Nile respectively.

I know none of these things in 1899. There are several volumes of an Encyclopædia within reach as I write, there are geographies on my shelves; but the point is that once all this was in my head, and now it is there no more. Once—Great Heavens!—once I was a well-informed boy. To-day I don't see how I should pass the third-class College of Preceptors.

Grammar is hardly less formidable. I can write grammatically (with occasional lapses), I can detect grammatical errors, but I can no longer parse, I can no longer analyse, nor can I divide the auxiliary verbs into

classes according to their uses, as once I could. Nor, in English History, can I discuss and contrast the Irish policies of Lord Strafford and Oliver Cromwell, nor explain how, in the Thirty Years' War, the foreign policy of King James I. differed from that of the House of Commons. And I no longer know when and between whom were fought the battles of Tenchebray and the First of June. Nor shall I now, except sporadically and for a fixed purpose, ever again acquire any fund of knowledge of most of these things. The time has gone by for storing my mind with orderly information; henceforward I have room only for the lessons of experience and such odds and ends of lore as are congenial and stick by virtue of that characteristic. I am an ignorant man, and I shall go down to the grave an ignorant man.

But what a clever fellow I was once!

P.S.—And yet I find myself wondering if it is possible to make a decent living at journalism and authorship without all this routine knowledge of the schools, why one should be bothered with it at all? Why not confine one's lessons to the classics, to modern languages and literatures, and to general history, and let the rest go? These are always useful; the rest are padding of which as much as one wants will come automatically. The fact that I have no need of zoology is sufficiently proved by the absolute blank in my mind where that branch of learning once dwelt. I am not an exceptional case. There are hundreds of journalists in my position who have similarly forgotten all these things, but who compensate for it as I do, and more than compensate for it, by the knowledge where to go for any needed fact. The art of using books, once acquired, is worth the best stored scholastic memory in the world. Thus I console myself.

And yet, what a clever beggar I was fifteen years ago.

Y.

## Memoirs of the Moment.

MISS ANNA SWANWICK, in the usually tremulous years that reach from eighty to ninety, was still as precise, as "assured," as didactic as she was in her earlier decades. She came of a Dissenting fatherhood, and if the education she went to Germany to procure in four assiduous years gave her instruction rather than culture, the defect was one very common to some of the traditions of the time. She spent many years of her long life in translating German and Greek poets; yet poetry was the last adventure of which you would accuse her; and the translations themselves, however faithful to her scholarship, have just about the same place in English literature as might be accorded to the very proper notes she wrote asking you to luncheon or to afternoon tea.

A PARAGRAPHIST somewhere speaks of Miss Swanwick's drawing-room in Cumberland-terrace, Regent's Park, as the haunt of Tennyson, Browning, and Gladstone. Tennyson haunted no drawing-room, not even his own; and in London, for the last half of his life, he paid few visits and to few people. There was little in common between the Laureate and the lady: to whom, however, Browning was ready to pay homage, for was she not a woman as his wife was, and a lover and translator of *Æschylus* too? Mr. Gladstone had the same interest, and a story is told of him and her to illustrate, of all things, "his scrupulous care in dispensing public money." Struck with her scholarship, he asked her to breakfast, and finding her so intelligent, "decided that she would be a most fit recipient for a literary pension," if she were in need of one. But was she? He was meditating on the possibilities when Miss Swanwick asked him to dinner, and, driving to the South-West, he saw a ray of guiding light—"if there is champagne, no pension." And champagne there was. The

story, coming presumably from Mr. George Russell must be credited. The initial difficulty is to believe that a harassed Minister would not wait for an application from the possible pensioner. But if his zeal so far outran his discretion, how whimsical was the test of suitability—of a piece, you might say, with any fatalistic superstition. A very needy woman writer might easily provide “champagne” for a Prime Minister on occasion; and spend less upon it, for that matter, than upon a bottle of sound claret. Well, let the episode remain; but not as one specially “characteristic of Mr. Gladstone’s scrupulous care in dispensing public money.”

In her house in Cumberland-terrace—which bore on all sides less arbitrary evidences of the “comfortable circumstances” of Miss Anna Swanwick—the present writer met one notability, at any rate—Prof. F. W. Newman, the “dear Frank” of John Henry Newman’s early verses; the brother to whom the Rev. John Henry Newman, before he was vicar of St. Mary-the-Virgin’s, Oxford, would not speak because of his ‘Liberalism’; the brother, again, who, in late life, visited the Oratory at Birmingham to greet the Cardinal, and, after the Cardinal’s death, wrote a book about him that had no brotherliness in it at all. Of those two brothers, it has been said that Fate took them up and threw one this way, the other that, making of one a Deist and of the other a son of the Church of Rome. A most strange figure was that presented by Frank Newman when, as a youngish man of eighty, he hovered round Miss Swanwick’s much-encumbered tea-table, erect, alert, with an Emersonian profile, and an aspect that seemed to combine an ancient Egyptian deity and a burlesqued Brother Jonathan. Even at the unemotional hour of five he was keen for controversy—of a rather rasping kind. “My brother refers his correspondents to his books for enlightenment: I send him mine, and he says he has no time to read them,” and he laughed the laugh of the author who believes that he has put forth the unanswerable. But Frank Newman was in a happier element when he gave days and days, as he did, to the elucidation of the text for the benefit of Miss Swanwick in her translation of the Dramas of Æschylus. Her knowledge of mathematics, too, she owed to Prof. F. W. Newman.

MISS SWANWICK, who had been obliged to abide in Berlin when a young woman in order to get her Greek and Hebrew, was almost agitated in her interest in the progress of higher education among women at home. In thought she was a sort of foster-mother to Girton and Somerville; her pride in the extension of University lectures to women in London was written on her forehead; and, now that she is dead, one remembers with regret that she was not painted by Mr. Shannon.

THE deaths of two clergymen, with names scarce known beyond the borders of the parishes of Romsey and Kirton, deserve from a larger public at least some passing remark. Romsey Abbey, under the charge of the Rev. Edward Lyon Berthon for over thirty years, was made, according to local report, “more Catholic” in its services; but this was not the only indication he gave of an approximation to the spirit of some of the ancient abbots who once ruled the place. Mr. Berthon was a man of many activities; and, when Popes boast of Pontifex Maximus as a title, the Anglican vicar need not give scandal as a builder of boats. There was the “Berthon collapsible boat,” used for saving life at sea and for taking troops across rivers. Portable hospitals he also made; and Berthon (like St. Paul) was a maker of tents. The Berthon Boat Works at Romsey had the inventive Vicar among their almost daily visitors; and to the list of the things he did design or discover might be added—such, at least, was his opinion—the screw-

propeller, a model of which he offered in 1885 to the Admiralty, who rejected it with the message that it made “a pretty toy.” Happy inventor—happier, at any rate, than Francis Smith, who, five years later, launched his first screw steamship, to his own ruin.

THE other clergyman, the Rev. Herbert Plater, held his humble parish of Kirton, in Northamptonshire, by favour of the Duke of Newcastle. But he, too, had an outside interest—he was, first of all, a schoolmaster. A Post-mastership at Merton was followed first by a tutorship in Scotland, then by a Fellowship at Radley in its struggling days, then by a mastership at Marlborough, and afterwards by the head-mastership of Newark Grammar School. It was there that Plater showed himself a man of sense and spirit, taking in hand what other masters of less insight set down as “hopeless cases”—boys who were either too dull or too mischievous to keep quite in line with the crowd. Thus it was that he had among his pupils—that he gave to the army—Bromhead of Rorke’s Drift; and this was an achievement that added to the happiness—the word is well-advised—of “the Master,” to use his local appellation at Newark, for there was praise in its simplicity.

SIR JOHN MILLAIS was a man of most excellent manners, who never allowed his delightful frankness to cross the border into bluntness, still less into discourtesy. With some incredulity, therefore, will his friends read the story—told in his biography, and quoted in many newspaper notices as if it were particularly characteristic—about his addressing Cardinal Newman as “you dear old boy.” “Evidently the two men were intimate,” says one commentary. But they were not. The venerable Cardinal, then at the end of his long life, had climbed the marble stairs at Palace Gate not without difficulty, and saw the painter for the first time when he came to him, by the arrangement of common friends, as a sitter. The familiarity of the phrase would, under the circumstances, be quite foreign to the delightfully free yet deferential speech and bearing of Millais. It so happened, that the present writer had from the painter at the time some account of the sitting. He owned that he had astonished the Cardinal. But how? By announcing with a directness at once recognisable as proper to him: “What a beautiful complexion you have, *Mr. (sic)* Cardinal; I declare you’ve the complexion of a child.”

## Correspondence.

### A Pair of Parallels.

SIR,—In last week’s Literary Competition, “M. I.” selected, as a specimen of terse and telling prose, a passage from Mr. Henry James’s *What Maisie Knew*. No doubt “M. I.” also thought of the curiously parallel passage in *The Newcomes*, but rejected it as being too familiar and hackneyed. May I quote it, just to show the close identity of theme?

Those pretty old walks and bastions, under the pleasant trees which shadow them, and the grey old gabled houses from which you look down upon the gay new city, and the busy port, and the piers stretching into the shining sea. . . . There are few prospects more charming than the familiar view from those old French walls—few places where children may play, and ruminating old age repose more pleasantly than those peaceful rampart gardens.

Mr. Henry James’s scrap of description has its own charm, but it lacks the smiling melancholy of the elder author, and perhaps Thackeray would not have liked old women who “knitted or snoozed” in a picture of this sort. That Mr. Kipling’s steamers should “gratefully grunt” in the



passage which finally won the prize is right enough. A deliberately grotesque picture demands other colours than a sunny landscape.

In winning the prize, the quotation from Mr. Kipling ran neck and neck with another familiar passage from Thackeray. This brings me to my second parallel by a curious train of association. I, too, was a competitor, and my original choice was the very passage which nearly won the prize for Miss Lucas. Even now, I think I prefer the "darkness which came down on the city and the field" on the night of Waterloo to the bellowing of that brazen bull. But I rejected my scrap of Thackeray, partly for the reason which, I imagine, led "M. I." to prefer Mr. Henry James, partly because there are, just now, only too many Amelias praying for Georges who are fighting far away.

My second choice was a bit of soldier's prose—a scrap from Sir George Colley's account of the retreat from the Ingogo. It is not surprising that my extract did not win the prize, or even the compliment of quotation. Where William Morris and Maurice Hewlett, Stevenson and Stevens, Meredith and Hardy, Ruskin and Carlyle, Chambers and Vincent Brown were wanting, an extract from a hurried official despatch could only succeed as an interesting case of terse vigour due to circumstance and the pressure of events. Just as, to quote last week's ACADEMY, "for all practical purposes, such despatches as Sir George White's models of good writing are enough."

But perhaps a better fate would have befallen another extract from Sir George Colley, my second parallel, suggested in its turn by Mr. Bond's quotation from *Many Inventions*. We all know Mr. Kipling's "Disturber of Traffic." It might have been derived from Lieut. Colley's account of the Straits of Sunda, seen by him on his way to the China War. Here is a scrap from it:

The sun strikes down with a deadly vertical glare, under which the decks of the ship blister, and even the water seems to swelter and putrefy and has an unpleasant smell. As the ship glides through it, it seems to give way heavily, and closes in at once without a ripple. In perfect unison with the scene was the melancholy wreck of a ship, aground on a mud-bank, and the half-putrid body of a sailor which floated past the ship. Slimy snakes the only living things to be seen—the whole scene so dreary, oh, so dreary!

Only a rough entry in a soldier's diary, but almost as vivid and "convincing," to use the cant critical phrase, as Mr. Kipling's carefully collected and poised words.—I am, &c., J. D. A.

[This is the passage from *What Maisie Knew*, with which our correspondent compares Thackeray:

Best of all was to continue to creep up the long Grand Rue to the gate of the *haute ville*, and, passing beneath it, mount to the quaint and crooked rampart, with its rows of trees, its quiet corners and friendly benches where old women in such white frilled caps and such long gold earrings sat and knitted or snoozed.]

### "The Place of Morocco in Fiction."

SIR,—The quotation in your current issue from the chapter on this subject in my *Moorish Empire* does injustice to a brother of the craft which I am sure was unintentional. My description of *The Scapegoat* as "the only Moroccan novel worth reading" must be read from my standpoint, already defined elsewhere (p. 519) as seeking for "fiction which conveys reliable conceptions . . . of the conditions of life in the land of the Moors." On the page quoted from (527), in reviewing Mr. A. J. Dawson's ingenious and entertaining *Bismillah*—which I described as "the second of the only two novels which make a serious attempt to depict Moorish life . . . in which, with tesserae more often true than false, an incorrect effect is produced"—I was careful to remark that "nevertheless, *Bismillah* deserves more praise than the narrow limits of the standard

by which it is here judged permit it to claim . . . for it is well designed and well told." It is, therefore, certainly worth reading by ordinary readers.

Perhaps you will also permit me to welcome a new-comer in this field, although I have not yet seen it. In another section of my own work (p. 464) I spoke of the clever and accurate sketches of life in Morocco published in local journals over the signature of "Madge Mortimer," by Mr. R. L. N. Johnston, of Mogador, as "worth preserving in a less fugitive form." Their announcement as a volume entitled *At the Sign of the Palm Tree* promises pleasure and profit to a large circle of readers.

At the same time I take occasion to point out that the companion volumes to *The Moorish Empire*—*The Moors*, and *The Land of the Moors*—are not yet issued, as inferred in your review, but are still in the publisher's hands, and will only be due in January and April next.—I am &c.,

El Manár, Hampstead:

BUDGETT MEAKIN.

October 30, 1899.

### Misconceptions.

SIR,—I remember, as a small child, learning a certain comprehensive hymn on the Creation, and being thoroughly puzzled by the following lines:

Soon as the evening shades prevail  
The moon takes up her wondrous tale.

I longed to know, but dared not ask, what sort of a *tail* it was, how the moon took it up, and, above all, where it was at the present time.

I was also considerably mystified by a line in *Julius Caesar*:

Mischief, thou art afoot.

Why, I wondered, should mischief be called a foot any more than a leg or an arm or other member of the body?

I agree with your correspondent, Mr. Tabb, that no language, however simple, can escape a child's perversion. But such misconceptions, even were they avoidable, do no permanent harm; and it seems to me a great pity if, in deference to the modern craze for simplifying all teaching to the level of the dullest understanding, we cease to utilise the precious "parrot" memory of childhood for the storing up of a knowledge of classical English, both prose and verse.—I am, &c., ELEANOR TAYLOR.

Settrington: October 29, 1899.

### The Gaudy Manner.

SIR,—Are we to condemn every phrase that expresses nonsense when the middle is left out? An arch may be well built and yet fall when the keystone is removed. "E. H." does not say why we may safely leave out adjectives in testing grammar. I presume his argument is that an adjective is no more than an appendage to a noun and has no structural connexion with the rest of the sentence. If so, "brother" is not used as an adjective in the phrase "his brother President." Apparently, "E. H." felt this, for he gives two conflicting renderings, "his President" and "his brother." "Brother" cannot be left out like an ordinary adjective, for it has a double hold on the sentence. In our thought, a President can stand alone, but a brother President is necessarily linked to some other President. The link is correctly expressed by a common use of the possessive pronoun, in which it denotes not ordinary possession, but relation—as when we say "his predecessors," "his superiors," "his colleagues." ("E. H." does not really hold the opinion suggested by his reasoning, that Lord Salisbury's colleagues are his property.)

Burns sings "gently scan your brother man," and emphatically tells the Mouse that he is its fellow mortal. I give these instances merely to show that "the typical error of this week" is not peculiar to a "gaudy manner," which doubtless ought to be condemned, though not for its simple and correct idioms.—I am, &c., T. A. B.

## Our Prize Competitions.

### Result of No. 7 (New Series).

THE response to No. 7 has been of record magnitude. We asked for pictorial passages, not exceeding eight lines in length, from English poets. The best choice is the following from "King Lear":—

The crows and choughs that wing the midway air  
Show scarce so gross as beetles; half way down  
Hangs one that gathers samphire, dreadful trade!  
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head:  
The fishermen that walk upon the beach  
Appear like mice; and yond tall anchoring bark  
Diminish'd to her cock [her cock, a buoy  
Almost too small for sight]; the murmuring surge  
That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes  
Cannot be heard so high.

sent in by Mr. R. Narayanan, 44, Park-street, Cambridge, to whom a cheque for a guinea has been posted. We are surprised that Mr. Narayanan should alone have lighted upon this wonderful scene.

A selection of other examples is given below, some of the best, such as Mrs. Browning's description of England, being placed first. A census of all the replies shows that Tennyson's works lead by a large number as the favourite hunting-ground. Then come Browning's, and then Keats's. Where an asterisk is placed against the quotations that follow, it signifies that more competitors than one have chosen that piece.

... Hedgerows all alive  
With birds and gnats and large white butterflies  
Which look as if the may-flower had caught life  
And palpitated forth upon the wind,—  
Hills, vales, woods, netted in a silver mist,  
Farms, granges, doubled up among the hills,  
And cattle grazing in the watered vales,  
And cottage-chimneys smoking from the woods,  
And cottage-gardens smelling everywhere,  
Confused with smell of orchards. . . .  
*From E. B. Browning's "Aurora Leigh."*  
[G. E. M., London.]

A host of golden daffodils;  
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,  
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.  
Continuous as the stars that shine  
And twinkle on the milky way,  
They stretched in never-ending line  
Along the margin of a bay.

*From Wordsworth.*  
[J. P., Fenton.]

I stood at Naples once, a night so dark  
I could have scarce conjectured there was earth  
Anywhere, sky or sea or world at all:  
But the night's black was burst through by a blaze—  
Thunder struck blow on blow, earth groaned and bore,  
Through her whole length of mountain visible:  
There lay the city thick and plain with spires,  
And like a ghost disshrouded white the sea.  
*From Browning's "Ring and Book," Pope Innocent's Speech.\**  
[R. F. M., Hawsker.]

There at the window stood,  
Framed in its black square length with lamp in hand,  
Pompilia; the same great, grave, grievous air  
As stands i' the dusk on altar that I know,  
Left alone with one moonbeam in her cell  
Our Lady of all the Sorrows. Ere I knelt,  
Assured myself that she was flesh and blood,  
She had looked one look and vanished.  
*From Browning's "Ring and Book," Caponsacchi's Speech.\**  
[R. F. M., Hawsker.]

The sunrise broken into scarlet shafts  
Among the palms and ferns and precipices;  
The blaze upon the waters to the east;  
The blaze upon his island overhead;  
The blaze upon the waters to the west;  
Then the great stars that globed themselves in Heaven,  
The hollower-bellowing ocean, and again  
The scarlet shafts of sunrise—but no sail.  
*From Tennyson's "Enoch Arden."\**  
[F. M., London.]

The sentinel on Whitehall Gate looked forth into the night  
And saw, o'erhanging Richmond Hill, the streak of blood-red light.  
Then bugle's note and cannon's roar the death-like silence broke,  
And with one start, and with one cry, the royal city woke.

At once, on all her stately gates, arose the answering fires;  
At once the wild alarm clashed from all her reeling spires;  
From all the batteries of the Tower pealed loud the voice of fear,  
And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back a louder cheer.  
*From Lord Macaulay's "The Armada."*  
[N. H., Manchester.]

The sea is calm to-night.  
The tide is full, the moon lies fair  
Upon the straits;—on the French coast the light  
Gleams and is gone; the cliffs of England stand  
Glimmering and vast, out in the tranquil bay.  
*From Matthew Arnold's "Dover Beach."*  
[J. L., Glasgow.]

A league of grass, wash'd by a slow broad stream,  
That, stirr'd with languid pulses of the oar,  
Waves all its lazy lilies, and creeps on,  
Barge-laden, to three arches of a bridge  
Crown'd with the minster-towers.  
The fields between  
Are dewy-fresh, browsed by deep-udder'd kine,  
And all about the large lime feathers low,  
The lime a summer home of murmurous wings.  
*From Tennyson's "The Gardener's Daughter."*  
[A. H. C., London.]

The adventurous sun took Heaven by storm,  
Clouds scattered largesses of rain,  
The sounding cities, rich and warm,  
Smouldered and glittered in the plain.  
*From Davidson's "Ballad of a Nun."*  
[J. D. A., Ealing.]

Headlands stood out into the moon-lit deep  
As clearly as at noon;  
The spring-tide's brimming flow  
Heaved dazlingly between;  
Houses, with long white sweep,  
Girdled the glistening bay;  
Behind, through the soft air,  
The blue haze-cradled mountains spread away.  
*From Matthew Arnold's "A Summer Night."*  
[W. L., London.]

A naked house, a naked moor,  
A shivering pool before the door,  
A garden bare of flowers and fruit,  
And poplars at the garden foot:  
Such is the place that I live in,  
Bleak without and bare within.  
*From R. L. Stevenson's "The House Beautiful."*  
[M. C. E., London.]

Beheld the tide play on the sandy bar  
About the stream's mouth, as the sea-waves rushed  
In over it and back the land-stream pushed;  
But in the dark, wide pool 'mid foam-flecks white,  
Beneath the slanting afternoon sunlight,  
He saw white bodies sporting, and the air  
Light from the south-west up the slopes did bear  
Sound of their joyous cries as there they played.  
*From William Morris's "The Lovers of Gudrun."*  
[E. M. S., London.]

Long lines of cliff breaking have left a chasm;  
And in the chasm are foam and yellow sands;  
Beyond, red roofs about a narrow wharf  
In cluster; then a moulder'd church; and higher  
A long street climbs to one tall-tower'd mill;  
And high in heaven behind it a grey dawn  
With Danish barrows; and a hazelwood,  
By autumn nutters haunted, flourishes  
Green in a cuplike hollow of the down.  
*From Tennyson's "Enoch Arden."*  
[R. N., Cambridge.]

Her little face is like a walnut shell  
With wrinkling lines; her soft white hair adorns  
Her either brow in quaint, straight curls like horns;  
And all about her clings an old sweet smell.  
Prim is her gown and Quaker-like her shawl.  
Well might her bonnets have been born on her.  
Can you conceive a Fairy Godmother  
The subject of a real religious call?  
*From W. E. Henley's "In Hospital."*  
[W. G. H., London.]

For o'er the oily smooth millhead  
There hung the apples growing red,  
And many an ancient apple tree  
Within the orchard could he see,  
While the smooth mill-walls, white and black,  
Shook to the great wheel's measured clack,  
And grumble of the gear within.  
*From Morris's "Earthly Paradise."*  
[R. C., Richmond.]

Yet shall your rugged moor receive  
The incomparable pomp of eve,  
And the cold glories of the dawn  
Behind your shivering trees be drawn ;  
And when the wind from place to place  
Doth the unmoored cloud-galleons chase,  
Your garden gloom shall gleam again,  
With leaping sun, with glancing rain.  
*From R. L. Stevenson's "The House Beautiful." \**  
[W. S. R., Moffat.]

Deep in the shady stillness of a vale,  
Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn,  
Far from the fiery noon and eve's one star,  
Sat gray-haired Saturn, silent as a stone,  
Still as the silence round about his lair.  
*From Keats' "Hyperion."*  
[W. S., Carmunhook.]

And now ! a little wind and sky,  
The smell of ships (that earnest of romance),  
A sense of space and water, and thereby  
A lamp-lit bridge ouching the troubled sky,  
And look, O look ! a tangle of silver gleams  
And dusky lights, our River and all his dreams,  
His dreams that never save in our deaths can die.  
*From Henley's "London Voluntaries."*  
[E. G. H., London.]

There is wind in the twilight ; in the white road before us  
The straw from the ox-yard is blowing about,  
The moon's rim is rising, a star glitters o'er us,  
And the vane on the spire-top is swinging in doubt.  
*From William Morris's "Message of the March Winds."*  
[H. G. J., London.]

The last glare of day's red agony,  
Which, from a rent among the fiery clouds,  
Burns far along the tempest-wrinkled deep.  
*From Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound."*  
[N. B., Belfast.]

The pear and quince lay squandered on the grass ;  
The mould was purple with unheeded showers  
Of bloomy plums—a Wilderness it was  
Of fruits and weeds and flowers !  
The marigold amidst the nettles blew,  
The gourd embraced the rose-bush in its ramble ;  
The thistle and the stock together grew,  
The hollyhock and bramble.  
*From Thomas Hood's "Haunted House."*  
[C. E. H., Richmond.]

The turn of noontide has begun.  
In the weak breeze the sunshine yields.  
There is a lull upon the fields.  
On the long hedgerow's tangled run  
A low white cottage intervenes ;  
Against the wall a blind man leans,  
And sways his face to have the sun.  
*From D. G. Rossetti.*  
[A. E. C., Brighton.]

To-night the winds begin to rise  
And roar from yonder dropping day ;  
The last red leaf is whirled away,  
The rooks are blown about the skies ;  
The forest crack'd, the waters ourl'd,  
The cattle huddled on the lea ;  
And wildly dash'd on tower and tree  
The sunbeam strikes along the world.  
*From Tennyson's "In Memoriam." \**  
[P. S., Barrow-on-Humber.]

The blessed damozel leaned out  
From the gold bar of Heaven ;  
Her eyes were deeper than the depth  
Of waters stilled at even ;  
She had three lilies in her hand  
And the stars in her hair were Seven.

Her hair that lay along her back  
Was yellow like ripe corn.  
*From D. G. Rossetti.*  
[S. C., Brighton.]

I saw  
Fog only, the great tawny weltering fog  
Involve the passive city, strangle it  
Alive, and draw it off into the void,  
Spires, bridges, streets, and squares, as if a sponge  
Had wiped out London.  
*Mrs. E. B. Browning.*  
[A. H. W., Westward Ho !]

I loved the brimming wave that swam,  
Thro' quiet meadows round the mill,  
The sleepy pool above the dam,  
The pool beneath it never still,  
The meal-sacks on the whiten'd floor,  
The dark round of the dripping wheel,  
The very air about the door  
Made misty with the floating meal.  
*From Tennyson's "English Idylls."*  
[A. C., Edinburgh.]

... Outside, a city reveller's tipsy tread  
Severed the silence with a jagged rent ;  
The tall lamps flickered through the sombre street,  
With yellow light hiding the stainless stars ;  
In the next house a child awoke and cried :  
Far off a clank and clash of shunting trains  
Broke out and ceased, as if the fettered world  
Started and shook its irons in the night.  
*From John Davidson's "A Woman and Her Son."*  
[G. A. F., Harlesden.]

Replies received also from : C. F. K., Eccles ; H. H., Birmingham ; E. E. T., Settrington ; A. G. E., Begbroke ; J. M., Elgin ; D. J., London ; R. J. W., London ; G. W. S., London ; E. B., London ; C. C., London ; R. M., Glendevon ; S. A. B., Hanwell ; F. W. S., London ; H. S., London ; T. L., London ; O. M., Folkestone ; W. P., Chelmsford ; E. T., Chester ; N. N., London ; H. J., Leeds ; G. M. P., Edgbaston ; E. W., London ; A. B., Isleworth ; M. T. S., Bournemouth ; E. M. A., Oxford ; D. E. B., London ; E. B., Liverpool ; H. J. S., Aberdeen ; A. M. F., Crediton ; E. W., Over ; C. A., London ; J. H., Nottingham ; A. S., Edinburgh ; B. T. E., London ; T. H. K., Wallasey ; E. M. G. B., Ascot ; E. E. L., Leicester ; E. M. H., Hanwell ; C. S. O., Brighton ; S. P., Manchester ; E. G. B., Liverpool ; M. J., London ; G. M. B., Leeds ; E. M., Glasgow ; B. G. H., Inverness ; R. D., Brighton ; E. M. C., London ; J. R., Faversham ; B. G., Barnsley ; W. F. K., Dublin ; G. L. H., H. A. M., London ; H. T., Epsom ; T. G. A., London ; W. R. E., London ; W. H. P., Alton ; R. E. S., London ; H. J., London ; L. N., London ; A. B., London ; M. E. A., Barnes ; A. R., York ; M. C. F., Manchester ; J. F., London ; J. A. C., Duddingston ; A. S., London ; J. S. M., Addiscombe ; T. B., Cheltenham ; S. A., Stoke-on-Trent ; W. W., London ; F. J. F., London ; C. F. S., Manchester ; D. E. B., Ashford ; E. A. O., London ; L. M. W., London ; J. B. L., Hull ; W. A. S., Sale ; E. H., Didsbury ; C., Southwark ; H. B. C., Egham ; G. D., Harley ; S. G. C., Edinburgh ; A. C. B., Bickley ; R. T., Blagdon ; G. H., Edinburgh ; D. W., London ; (?) , Bishopstow ; A. E. M., Twyford ; W. M. R., Manchester ; M. A. C., Cambridge ; J. H. S., London ; E. S., Stratford-on-Avon ; T. C., Buxted ; E. K., London ; L. H. G., London ; E. T. P., London ; A. N., Shrewsbury ; S., London ; C. M. W., Huddersfield ; F. M., London ; E. T. H., Cambridge ; F. B. C., London ; D. S., Glasgow ; A. E. T., Bristol ; L. G., Hampton Wick ; A. R., London ; G. W., London ; F. R. S., Weston-super-Mare ; R. A., Edinburgh ; J. R., Aberdeen ; A. T. G., Malvern ; B. B., Birmingham ; H. G. H., Ruswarp ; C. L., London ; F. H. M., London ; G. N., Bristol.

## Competition No. 8 (New Series).

The conversation at a certain house the other evening turned upon the amount of significance which some poets—notably Shakespeare—have crowded into a single line. One speaker instanced :

Child Rowland to the dark tower came,

from *King Lear* ; but that line is mysterious and romantic rather than surcharged with matter. A better example is in the porter's speech in *Macbeth*, where he says : "I had thought to let in some of the old professions, that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire." This, properly speaking, is prose ; but it illustrates our point. We offer, then, a prize of a guinea for that line chosen from English poets, living or dead, which is most packed with meaning.

## RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, The ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, November 14. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found in the second column of p. 552 or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon ; otherwise the first only will be considered. We wish to impress on competitors that the task of examining replies is much facilitated when one side only of the paper is written upon. It is also important that names and addresses should always be given : we cannot consider anonymous answers.

## New Books Received.

[These notes on some of the New Books of the week are preliminary to Reviews that may follow.]

## CHRISTIAN MYSTICISM. BY WILLIAM RALPH INGE.

When the Rev. John Bampton, Canon of Salisbury, left funds for the preaching of eight divinity sermons annually at St. Mary's, Oxford, he laid down six subjects upon one or another of which the whole series of Lectures should be given. Mr. Inge has chosen the first: "How to Confirm and Establish the Christian Faith." "No word in our language," he remarks, "not even 'Socialism,' has been employed more loosely than 'Mysticism.'" (Methuen. 12s. 6d. net.)

## RUBENS: HIS LIFE, HIS WORK, &amp;C. BY EMILE MICHEL.

This work is translated by Elizabeth Lee, and in outward appearance and internal qualities it is a companion to Michel's *Life and Work of Rembrandt*. The illustrations are numerous, and they reflect by their various sizes and medium the exceedingly varied work of the artist. There are also portraits of Rubens' masters, his pupils, and friends. M. Michel has given long and laborious study to his subject. Indeed, he says: "I have lived almost exclusively with Rubens for several years; with the help of his pictures, his correspondence, and that of his relatives and friends, and of all the documents concerning him, I have endeavoured to penetrate his mind and heart, to learn his opinions, beliefs, character, manners, and the method in which he employed his time." (Heinemann. 42s.)

## STUDY AND STAGE. BY WILLIAM ARCHER.

Into this book Mr. Archer has collected such of his critical writings of the past year as he deems may have "more than an absolutely ephemeral interest." He pleads, with justice, that it may be "no bad thing for a critic here and there to bring with him to the theatre some of the standards of the study, and to carry back to the study some of that rapidity of perception and penetration which is, or ought to be, engendered by the habit of making snapshot records of the passing pageant of the stage." (Richards. 5s.)

## FRAMES OF MIND. BY A. B. WALKLEY.

Literary and dramatic criticism in neat, allusive essays. Some are grouped under "The Playhouse," others under "The Bookshelf," "Men and Women," &c. These papers are reprinted from the *Daily Chronicle*, the *Speaker*, &c. (Richards.)

## ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. BY L. COPE CORNFORD.

This is the second volume in Messrs. Blackwood & Sons' new series of "Modern English Writers." Mr. Cornford is careful to define the limits of his work, which is "a study of his finished achievement, and of his personality and temperament as expressed in that achievement." Of course, Mr. Cornford has made no use of the letters which have appeared in *Scribner's Magazine*. (Blackwood & Sons. 2s. 6d.)

## HOW ENGLAND SAVED EUROPE. BY W. H. FITCHETT.

By his *Deeds that Won the Empire and Fights for the Flag* Mr. Fitchett has established himself as our popular powder-and-shot historian. He now sets out to tell the story of the Twenty Years' War: "a resounding epic rather than a drab-coloured page of pallid and slow-moving history; an Iliad of battles, sieges, and invasions." (Smith, Elder & Co. 6s.)

## THE HITHERTO UNIDENTIFIED CONTRIBUTIONS OF THACKERAY TO "PUNCH." BY M. H. SPIELMAN.

A book interesting to the student of Thackerayan minutiae. Mr. Spielman's finds are literary and artistic; he produces about a score of poems not hitherto ascribed to Thackeray, or included in his collected works. The various contributions have been identified from an old *Punch* day-book of contributions. (Harpers. 7s. 6d.)

In addition to the above we have received:

## THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

Gray (A. H.), <i>Aspects of Protestantism</i> ..... (Hodder)	1/6
d'Arcy (C. F.), <i>Idealism and Theology</i> ..... (Hodder)	6/0
Wynn (Rev. W.), <i>The Apostle Paul's Reply to Lord Halifax</i> ..... (Stock)	
Carr (Rev. A.), <i>The Prayer-Book Psalter</i> ..... (S.P.C.K.)	
Strong (T. B.), <i>The Doctrine of the Real Presence</i> ..... (Longmans)	3/0
Cheyne (Rev. T. K.), <i>The Christian Use of the Psalms</i> ..... (Isbister & Co.)	5/0
Campbell (Colin), <i>The First Three Gospels in Greek</i> ..... (Williams & Norgate) net	5/0

## POETRY, CRITICISM, AND BELLES LETTRES.

Bridges (Robert), <i>Poetical Works</i> ..... (Smith, Elder & Co.)	6/0
Bidder (George), <i>Merlin's Youth</i> ..... net	1/0
Butler (S.), <i>Shakespeare's Sonnets</i> ..... (Longmans)	10/6
Dyde (S. W.), <i>The Theatetus of Plato</i> ..... (Macallose & Sons)	
Jevons (T. S.), <i>The Living Past, and other Poems</i> ..... (Macmillan & Bowers)	
Moulton (Louise C.), <i>At the Wind's Will: Lyrics and Sonnets</i> ..... (Macmillan)	6/0

## HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Waldstein (Charles), <i>The Expansion of Western Ideals and the World's Peace</i> ..... (Lane)	2/6
McKenzie (Fred A.), <i>Paul Kruger: His Life Story</i> ..... (Bowden)	1/0
Bindloss (Harold), <i>A Wide Dominion</i> ..... (Unwin)	2/0
Hogan (Rev. J. F.), <i>Life and Works of Dante Alighieri</i> ..... (Longmans)	12/6
Atlay (J. B.), <i>Famous Trials of the Century</i> ..... (Richards)	6/0
Hayes (H.), <i>A Captain of Irregulars</i> ..... (Nelson & Sons)	5/0
Rhodes (J. F.), <i>History of the United States from the Compromise of 1850, Vol. IV.</i> ..... (Macmillan)	12/0
Butler (Rev. D.), <i>Henry Scougal and the Oxford Methodists</i> ..... (Blackwood & Sons)	2/6
Jephson (H.), <i>The Real French Revolutionist</i> ..... (Macmillan)	6/0
Courson (Comtesse R. de), <i>The Condition of the Catholics under Charles II.</i> ..... (Macmillan)	2/6
Chisel, Pen, and Poignard, or <i>Benevenuto Cellini, His Times and His Contemporaries</i> ..... (Longmans)	5/0

## TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

Worsfold (W. Basil), <i>The Redemption of Egypt</i> ..... (Allen) net	25/0
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## SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

Walker (James), <i>Introduction to Physical Chemistry</i> ..... (Macmillan) net	10/0
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## EDUCATIONAL.

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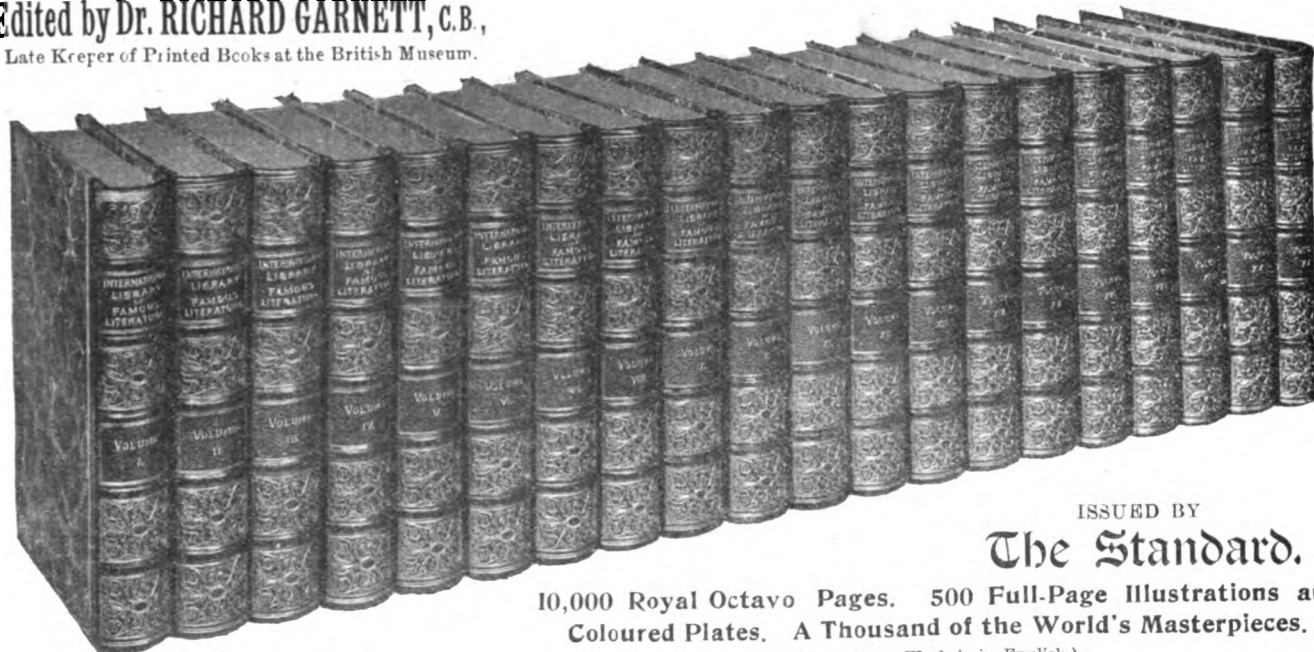
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## The Literary Week.

ON December 9 we shall issue a Special Double Number of the ACADEMY, which will contain, besides the regular reviews, articles, &c., the following features: A statement with reference to our award of One Hundred Guineas and Fifty Guineas to authors; "1899: a Retrospect"—being a complete review of the literature of 1899; critical examinations of "Some Younger Reputations."

MR. THOMAS HARDY's poem in last week's *Graphic* was one of the very few pieces yet inspired by the war which has been worthy of its author. Mr. Hardy, with his unerring instincts for the tragic and pitiful in life, chose his theme well: the emotions of the women assembled to bid farewell to a departing troopship. The poem, moreover, has the great merit of being cast in a musical metre. Mr. Meredith has also contributed something to the situation in the shape of a sonnet in the *Daily Chronicle*, entitled "At the Close." It has a vivid line:

Now is it red artillery and white steel;  
but the meaning does not leap to the mind of the ordinary man.

THIS is Mr. Hardy's poem, which we reprint by kind permission of himself and of the *Graphic*:

### THE GOING OF THE BATTERY.

[November 2, 1899. Late at night, in rain and in darkness, the 73rd Battery, R.F.A., left Dorchester Barracks for the War in South Africa, marching on foot to the railway station, where their guns were already entrained.]

#### Wives' Voices:

Rain came down drenchingly; but we unblenchingly  
Trudged on beside them through mirk and through mire,  
They stepping steadily—only too readily!—  
Scarce as if stepping brought parting-time nigher.  
Great guns were gleaming there—living things seeming th re—  
Cloaked in their tar-cloths, uposed to the night:  
Wheels wet and yellow from axle to fellow,  
Throats blank of sound, but prophetic to sight.  
Lamplight all drearly blinking and blearily  
Lit our pale faces outstretched for one kiss,  
While we stood prest to them, with a last quest to them  
Not to court perils that honour could miss.  
Some one said, "Nevermore will they come! Evermore  
Are they now lost to us!" O, it was wrong!  
Howsoe'er hard their ways, some Hand will guard their ways—  
Bear them through safely—in brief time or long.  
Yet—voices haunting us, daunting us, taunting us,  
Hint in the night-time, when life-beats are low,  
Other and graver things. . . . Hold we to braver things—  
Wait we—in trust—what Time's fulness shall show.

A CONTEMPORARY makes some mystery of a box of letters and papers which was left to the British Museum in 1834 by Francis Douce, and was not to be opened for sixty-six years. This period expires next year, when the box will be opened. Of course, there is nothing unusual

in such a circumstance, and, as a matter of fact, four or five long-sealed collections of papers are to be unlocked in the British Museum at the same time. Even where the testators do not stipulate for such delay the Trustees of the British Museum frequently lock up papers until living people to whom their contents might give pain or offence have passed away. It is not probable, therefore, that there will be a torchlight procession to the Douce box in the early hours of January 1 next.

FRANCIS DOUCE's box is said to contain his private letters and commonplace books. These will doubtless prove interesting, but it is not likely that they can compare in importance with the collection of books and manuscripts which he bequeathed to the Bodleian Library. That the Bodleian should have obtained these valuable gifts is the more extraordinary, because Douce was an official of the British Museum—in fact, Keeper of the Manuscripts. He nursed, however, some fancied grievance against the Trustees, and on a visit to the Bodleian he was received with such excessive blandness by the then librarian (who probably held the doctrine that politeness is one of the cheapest and most profitable of investments) that the antiquarian never recovered his balance, and left his finest manuscripts to the Oxford institution.

PROF. JAMES WARD's treatment, in his *Naturalism and Agnosticism*, of Mr. Herbert Spencer's philosophy was recently discussed in our columns. A more authoritative criticism of Prof. Ward is now to appear in the shape of an article by Mr. Spencer himself in the December *Fortnightly Review*. Mr. Spencer is not easily stirred to reply; but when he is the results are interesting.

THE publishers of the *British Weekly* have made arrangements to sell Tissot's *Life of Christ*, the ordinary price of which is twelve guineas, for eight pounds and six pounds (according to binding) on the instalment system.

MRS. MEYNELL's anthology, *The Flower of the Mind*, is now available in a pocket edition in Mr. Grant Richards's "Breviary" series. As is well known, Mrs. Meynell excludes Gray's "Elegy" from her collection. Oddly enough, the "Elegy" is this week issued as the first volume in a series of poetic booklets issued by Mr. John Lane under the title of "Flowers of Parnassus." Thus the poem which Mrs. Meynell condemns to waste its sweetness on the desert air of mediocrity is given a garden of its own on the slopes of the Muses' hill.

JOHN OLIVER HOBBS's new novel, *Robert Orange*, the promised sequel to *The School for Saints*, will be published as a serial in the *Ladies' Field*. The first instalment will appear in the Christmas Number.

MR. C. G. D. ROBERTS, the Canadian novelist, has finished a romance entitled *The Heart of the Ancient Wood*,

THE picture of Cunzie House, East Anstruther, which we reproduce, will be of interest to all students of R. L. Stevenson, for it was there that he lived during the summer of 1868, while assistant engineer at the harbour



CUNZIE HOUSE, ANSTRUTHER, FIFE, IN WHICH R. L. STEVENSON LIVED DURING THE SUMMER OF 1868.

works. At this place (under the title of 'Kenzie House') was written some of the earliest of the correspondence included in the edition of *The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson* which we notice elsewhere this week. Cunzie House may be easily recognised by visitors to East Anstruther, from the fact that a tablet has been recently erected upon it.

"FIRST catch your Boer, then kick him," wrote Pudd'n-head Wilson in Mark Twain's *More Tramps Abroad*, and the sentiment ought to send many readers to that diverting and very able book. But once there some may be disappointed, for Mark Twain has always been in the habit of looking at both sides of a case. Still not even his lack of admiration for the administration of Rhodesia could excite his sympathy for our enemies. In describing some Boers who got into the train on one of his journeys, he says: "A gaunt, shakely, country lout, six feet high, in battered gray slouched hat with wide brim, and old resin-coloured breeches, had on a hideous brand new woollen coat which was imitation tiger skin—wavy broad stripes of dazzling yellow and deep brown. I thought he ought to be hanged, and asked the station-master if it could be arranged." The station-master, however, was annoyed "and did everything he could to turn public sentiment against me. It is what one gets for trying to do good."

MARK TWAIN'S elaborate calculations, based on the last Boer war and the Jameson Raid, as to the number of Englishmen and guns and rounds of ammunition necessary to kill one Boer have happily been falsified by recent events. This is part of the argument:

Let us now examine history, and see what it teaches. In the four battles fought in 1881 and the two fought by Jameson, the British loss in killed, wounded and prisoners, was substantially 1,300 men; the Boer loss, as far as is ascertainable, was about 30 men. These figures show that there was a defect somewhere. It was not in the absence of courage. I think it lay in the absence of discretion. The Briton should have done one thing or the other: discarded British methods and fought the Boer with Boer methods—

or augmented his own force until—using British methods it should be large enough to equalise results with the Boer.

To retain the British method requires certain things, determinable by arithmetic. If, for argument's sake, we allow that the aggregate of 1,716 British soldiers engaged in the four early battles was opposed by the same aggregate of Boers, we have this result: the British loss of 700 and the Boer loss of 23 argues that in order to equalise results in future battles you must make the British force 30 times as strong as the Boer force. Mr. Garrett shows that the Boer force immediately opposed to Jameson was 2,000, and that there were 6,000 more on hand by the evening of the second day. Arithmetic shows that in order to make himself the equal of the 8,000 Boers, Jameson should have had 240,000 men, whereas he merely had 530 boys. From a military point of view, backed by the facts of history, I conceive that Jameson's military judgment was at fault.

FINALLY, says Mark Twain:

If I could get the management of one of those campaigns, I would know what to do, for I have studied the Boer. He values the Bible above every other thing. The most delicious edible in South Africa is "biltong." You will have seen it mentioned in Olive Schreiner's books. It is what our plainsmen call "jerked beef." It is the Boer's main stand-by. He has a passion for it, and he is right.

If I had the command of the campaign I would go with rifles only, no cumbersome Maxims and cannons to spoil good rocks with. I would move surreptitiously by night to a point about a quarter of a mile from the Boer camp, and there I would build up a pyramid of biltong and Bibles fifty feet high, and then conceal my men all about. In the morning the Boers would send spies, and then the rest would come with a rush. I would surround them, and they would have to fight my men on equal terms, in the open. There wouldn't be any Amajuba results.

ANOTHER American humorist has also discussed the situation—Mr. Dooley. We take the following from *Harper's Weekly*:

"An' what's it all about?" demanded Mr. Hennessey. "I can't make head nor tail iv it at all, at all."

"Well, ye see, 'tis this way," said Mr. Dooley. "Ye see, th' Boers is a simple, pasthral people that goes about their business in their own way, raisin' hell with ivybody. They was bor-rn with an aversion to society, an' whin th' English come they lit out before thim, not likin' their looks. Th' English kept comin' an' the Boers kept movin', till they cudden move anny further without bumpin' into Kitchener's ar-rmy, an' thin they settled down an' says they, 'This far shall we go,' says they, bein' a religious people, 'an' divle th' sthep further.' An' they killed off th' irreligious naygurs an' started in f'r to raise cattle. An' at night they'd set outside iv their dorps—which, Hinnessy, is Dutch f'r two-story brick house an' lot—an' sip their la-ager an' swap horses an' match texts fr'm th' Bible f'r th' seegars, while th' childher played marbles with di'mon's as big as th' end iv ye'er thumb."

"Well, th' English heerd they was goold be th' bucket in ivry cellar fr'm Ooopencoff to Doozledorf—which, Hinnessy, is like New York an' San Francisco, bein' th' exthreme p'int in th' country—an' they come on in gr-reat hordes, sturdy Anglo-Saxons fr'm Saxony—the Einsteins and Heidlebacks an' Werners; an' whin they'd took out goold enough so's they needed raycreation, they wanted to vote. 'An', says Joe Chamberlain, he says, 'be hivins, they shall vote,' he says."

As to President Kruger himself, Mr. Dooley is unrestrained. This is his joyous estimate:

"Kruger, that's th' main guy iv th' Dutch, a fine man, Hinnessy, that looks like Casey's goat an' has manny iv th' same peculyarities."

THE prize poems in praise of the independent agriculturist which a wealthy American asked for by way of counterblast to "The Man with the Hoe" have not yet been printed; but here and there in American papers

replies to the original poem are still being printed. In the *Nebraska State Journal* "The Man Who Keeps no Hoe" is pleasantly touched off. This is the note of it:

When spring-time comes he takes his foaming steeds,  
All proud and champing in their harness gay;  
Begins his yearly war against the weeds,  
And while the sun shines makes his wad of hay;  
But not a second does he fool with hoe,  
Nor any back-number agricultural implement such as a  
Markham used to know.

He turns the furrow with a sulky plow,  
Nor does he walk, but sits upon a seat,  
The sweat of labour is not on his brow,  
There are no bunions on his manly feet;  
Serene and calm he sits and drives his team,  
And smokes cigars, and sends the hired man to the house  
for ice cream.

We give a portrait of John Everett Millais, taken in 1854, and included in the splendidly illustrated biography which we reviewed last week. As a young man Millais is said to have borne a close resemblance to Lord Leighton, though, of course, in stature there was a great difference



JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS.

between the two friends. Millais stood just over six feet, and was proud of his height. Mr. John Guille Millais tells us that Millais would say to his sons: "If any of you boys show signs of being taller than your father, I'll punch his head."

ONE would not naturally look to an amateur tennis champion for a new translation of the Sermon on the Mount; although there is no reason why one should not, except our insular prejudice against a man doing two dissimilar things well. But Mr. Eustace H. Miles, who defeated Sir Edward Grey last summer in the game of

kings, is the author of an interesting little work entitled *The Teaching of Jesus To-day*, in which he offers the fifth chapter of Matthew in a new rendering, the attempt being to convey not so much what Jesus said to the Jews of long ago, but what He might say to us now. These are the Beatitudes in Mr. Miles's treatment:

Happy are those who have lost all selfish thoughts: God's unseen world is for them alone.

Happy are those who feel unselfish sorrow: they alone will be comforted and spurred on.

Happy are those who are gentle: they alone will have everything left to them.

Happy are those who feel a hunger and thirst for what is right: they alone will be satisfied.

Happy are those who feel pity and are kind: they alone will receive pity and kindness.

Happy are those whose thoughts are spotless: they alone will see God.

Happy are those who bring peace: they alone will be known as God's own children.

Happy are those who are made to suffer for doing what is right: God's unseen world is for them alone; you yourselves, if you are working on my side, should be happy when you are abused and made to suffer, and when all kinds of untrue things are said about you: you should be glad and triumphant, for ample is your recompense in the unseen world; this is how they made God's representatives suffer before your time.

Mr. Miles explains the phrase "God's unseen world": "Not a golden and jewelled heaven far away, where we shall sing and feed and rest when we are dead; but it can begin here, it can be entered while we are still alive, and it is a world of active work. In God's unseen world are none but the unselfish, the unselfishly sorrowing, the gentle, the kind, the pure—in fact, none but those whom Jesus called 'happy.' No one of these qualities is enough—sorrow by itself is not enough; indeed, if any one link in the chain is missing, you cannot be actually living in God's unseen world."

#### THE GOSPEL OF PEACE IN KHAKI.

[An Oxford India-paper Bible, bound in khaki, and weighing only four ounces, has been prepared by the Oxford University Press Warehouse for our soldiers and sailors at the War.]

O THOU Who from Thy Heaven above  
Control'st this little star's unrest,  
And latterly hast come to love,  
We know, the English race the best,  
Help us forget, till war is done,  
That Little Englander, Thy Son.

We thank Thee that Thy Holy Writ  
Is so adaptable a guide  
That none need go away from it  
With any doubt unsatisfied—  
For every course some sanction is,  
If not in John, in Genesis.

Yet this we ask in mood profound:  
Direct our Tommies when they con  
Thy Book of Books, in khaki bound,  
(Which also cheers the Boers on)  
Lest any foe be left alive,  
Keep them from Matthew chapter five.

MESSRS. BLACKWOOD will publish in the course of November an anthology of *Prayers from the Poets*, compiled and edited by Mr. Laurie Magnus and Mr. Cecil Headlam, author of the *The Story of Nuremberg*, and other works. The volume is arranged in the form of a calendar of devotion, with one or more poems to each day in the year, and special dates in British annals are marked by appropriate pieces. The editors, who contribute about twenty original translations to their volume, have drawn from all times and countries for the purposes of the anthology. They have further been enabled to include poetical prayers still in copyright by the Dean of Ely, the



Poet Laureate, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, Mr. W. E. Henley, Mr. Robert Bridges, Sir Lewis Morris, Mrs. Meynell, and others.

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "While turning over Thoreau's *Walden* this afternoon with an eye to descriptive passages of 'Things Seen' and simply told, I came upon many places where Thoreau describes things *heard* in the silence of the woods; might I make the suggestion that your series of 'Things Seen' might be supplemented by a series of 'Things Heard'? The following, taken almost at random, will serve as a specimen of Thoreau's power of audible description; he is telling of the railway sounds which penetrated to his retreat:

All day the fire-steed flies over the country, stopping only that his master may rest, and I am awakened by his tramp and defiant snort at midnight when in some remote glen in the woods, he fronts the elements encased in ice and snow.

And again:

As it grew darker I was startled by the *honking* of the geese flying low over the woods, like weary travellers getting in late from southern lakes, and indulging at last in unrestrained complaint and mutual consolation. Standing at my door, I could hear the rush of their wings; when driving toward my house they suddenly spied my light, and with hushed clamour wheeled and settled in the pond.

As an example of dramatic effect, lovers of *Treasure Island* will not need to be reminded of that most paralysing of sounds—the approaching thud of the arch-villain's wooden leg! The following stanza of Rossetti's is the happy result of the poet's imaginative power in describing the *Unseen* and *Unheard*:

The sun was gone now; the curl'd moon  
Was like a little feather  
Fluttering far down the gulf; and now  
She spoke through the still weather.  
Her voice was like the voice the stars  
Had when they sang together.

All these effects are nocturnes; it would be interesting to find others heard in broad daylight, when light and colour are all but paramount."

MR. F. R. BENSON'S season at the Lyceum, beginning on February 15, 1900, is to offer to some extent a foretaste of the workings of a municipal theatre. The performances will be devoted almost solely to Shakespeare, and a large committee has been formed to interest people in the experiment and guarantee its success, or, at any rate, go far towards doing so. The programme arranged is as follows:

1st week, beginning Feb. 15...	"Henry V."
2nd " " Feb. 22...	"A Midsummer Night's Dream."
3rd " " Mar. 1	"Hamlet" and "The
4th " " Mar. 8	Rivals" (alternately).
5th " " Mar. 15...	"Richard II."
6th " " Mar. 22...	"Twelfth Night."
7th " " Mar. 29...	"Antony and Cleo- patra."
8th " " April 6...	"The Tempest."

Arrangements are made by which season tickets entitling the holder to one performance of each play are to be obtainable.

## Bibliographical.

Does anyone want a translation into English of Voltaire's "La Pucelle d'Orléans"? The question is one which "The Lutetian Society" will soon be in a position to answer, for it has arranged for the issue of such a version, of which Mr. Ernest Dowson will be the author. It will be in verse, like the original, each line of which will have, I gather, its English counterpart. The first five cantos of "La Pucelle" appeared in English in 1785, but the first

version which approached completeness was that (ascribed to Lady Charleville) which was privately printed at Dublin in 1796-7. Of this, however, only fifty copies were circulated; while the translation undertaken by W. H. Ireland, and published in 1822, was suppressed as far as it could be. It will be understood, therefore, that copies of the versions both of 1796-7 and of 1822 are very much in demand among collectors. Mr. Dowson's version, we are led to expect, will be unexpurgated, and will also include translations of the variants on the cantos. Mr. Dowson seems to be busy as a translator, for he promises us versions of the memoirs of the Duc de Richelieu and of Cardinal Dubois. More than that, he is soon to follow up his volume of *Verses* with another, which he entitles *Decorations*.

When announcement was first made of a book described as *Reminiscences of Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, &c.*, by the late Mrs. Lynn Linton, I ventured to suggest that this might be found to consist merely of a few slim articles contributed by Mrs. Linton to a magazine some little time ago. My suggestion proves to be well-founded. The book has come out, and, in an "Introduction" eight lines long, Dr. Robertson Nicoll says: "These papers were written for a periodical at my request." Why not mention the periodical and the dates of publication? Why add unnecessarily to the labours of the bibliographer? The little book, I may add, is notable for its very frank comment upon Thornton Hunt and George Henry Lewes.

The name of Hain Friswell is, apparently, still one to conjure with, for I see advertisement made of a new book from his pen entitled *Some of Life's Problems*. A biography of Mr. Friswell, you will remember, was published not so very long ago. He appealed powerfully to the middle classes in their hours of ease, and his place in that respect is now unfilled, "A. K. H. B." being no longer with us. There is room for an essayist who will deal with the things of every day from the point of view of the lay preacher—there are in this country so many readers who enjoy being mildly lectured on the minor morals.

There is also life, apparently, in Harrison Ainsworth, much as he is pooh-poohed by the elect. We are to have all his historical romances anew in a set of twenty uniformly got-up volumes. Of late years his works have been issued principally by Messrs. Routledge, with an occasional look-in on the part of Messrs. Warne, Mr. Walter Scott, Mr. R. E. King, and Mr. Dicks. It is the fashion with some to sneer at Ainsworth, but I fancy his *Crichton*, his *Guy Fawkes*, his *Jack Sheppard*, his *Lancashire Witches*, his *Rookwood*, his *Tower of London*, and perhaps others, will live some time longer.

Yet another edition of *The Story of an African Farm*! If I remember rightly, that story appeared originally sixteen years ago in two volumes, and at the modest price of twenty-one shillings. Then, between 1883 and 1889, came editions at five shillings, two shillings, eighteenpence, and one shilling. In 1891 there was a three-and-sixpenny edition. In the same year there came *Dreams*, followed in 1893 by *Dream Life and Real Life*, and in 1897 by *Trooper Peter Halket*. Obviously, however, it is on the *African Farm* that Olive Schreiner's reputation will be based.

Mr. Murray announces a "second edition" of Axel Munthe's *Letters from a Mourning City*, "a personal account" of the plague-days in Naples in 1884. This was brought out by Mr. Murray in 1887. It will now re-appear in the shape of an entirely new translation, for which the author is responsible. Practically, therefore, it will be a new production.

Mrs. Roy Devereux, who is to give us some *Sidelights on South Africa* is the author of *The Ascent of Woman*, published three years ago. She has made, I believe, one experiment as a writer for the stage. At least, I have heard ascribed to her a little, but striking, one-act piece called *Beyond*, produced at the Criterion one afternoon in 1894.

THE BOOKWORM.

## Reviews.

## The Real Stevenson.

*Letters to His Family and Friends.* By Robert Louis Stevenson. 2 vols. (Methuen. 25s.)

"WELL, I did my damdest anyway." This sentence, from his own pen, might stand as Stevenson's epitaph. If ever a man did his best, he did. He put his best into his books, he gave of his best to his friends. His correspondence alone would make a full life's work



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.  
From a Photograph by Mr. Lloyd Osborne.

for many a man. The character of the letters varies widely, because he always wrote to his correspondent. The quality of his delightful egoism, his gaiety, the depths of his gloom, the range of his reflections, suit themselves to the mind he is addressing at the moment. In these letters Stevenson stands revealed—his fantasy, his moods, his joy in life, his passion for expression, his sincerity, his sympathy, his wilfulness, and that seriousness, deep-lying and persistent, which was the core of him.

Addressed to his family and his friends, the letters date from the age of eighteen till his death. The recipients have lent them lavishly for this collection, which Mr. Colvin has edited admirably. Indeed, so well has Mr. Colvin performed his task, so sufficient are his biographical notes, that we could almost say the supplementary volume of his *Life* that is to follow, from the pen of Stevenson's kinsman, Mr. Graham Balfour will be superfluous. The man is here. It is himself who speaks, as if he were alive. His words have wings.

The difficulty of reviewing or appreciating such a book is the difficulty of selection. Hardly a page but has something which calls for quotation or comment. Much must be left unnoticed even in our attempt to produce, in the broadest brush-work, the real Stevenson as we see him,

who lurked clear-eyed beneath the kaleidoscopic flashings of his frolic moods.

His life was a search for health, or rather for such health as would allow him to work. Neither climate nor illness dulled his fancy nor hindered his passion for self-expression. At Bournemouth, during one period, he worked vigorously upon no fewer than ten books. The conditions were these:

During all the time of Stevenson's residence at Bournemouth [says Mr. Colvin] he was compelled to lead the life, irksome to him above all men, but borne with invincible sweetness and patience, of a chronic invalid, and almost constant presence in the house. A great part of his time had perforce to be spent in bed, and there almost all his literary work was produced. Often for days, and sometimes for whole weeks together, he was forbidden to speak aloud, and compelled to carry on conversation with his family and friends in whispers or with the help of pencil and paper.

Whatever Stevenson's personal sufferings might be, he determined that they should not influence his work. There was enough sorrow and gloom in the world without adding to it. Literature should hearten, not depress.

As I live [he writes to Mr. Dick] I feel more and more that literature should be cheerful and brave-spirited, even if it cannot be made beautiful and pious and heroic. We wish it to be a green place. The *Waverley Novels* are better to re-read than the over-true life [the *Life of Scott*], fine as dear Sir Walter made it. The Bible in most parts is a cheerful book; it is our little piping theologies, tracts, and sermons that are dull and dowie; and even the Shorter Catechism, which is scarcely a work of consolation, opens with the best and shortest and completest sermon ever written—upon man's chief end.

Stevenson kept this aim steadily before him. His stories are objective—never influenced by his moods. The ebb and flow of his spirit, his doubts, his joys, his anxieties—himself—are to be found only in his letters and, in a lesser degree, in certain of his essays. To intimate he wrote without restraint and with extraordinary facility and prodigality. How easily the following story trips!—so few authors would have "wasted" it upon a letter. It seems that in early days, in Paris, Stevenson's chivalrous feelings had been shocked by a scene in the *Demi-Monde* of Dumas fils. Mr. Archer, his correspondent, had asked what exactly took place:

It happened thus. I came forth from that performance in a breathing heat of indignation. On my way down the Français stairs I trod on an old gentleman's toes, whereupon, with that suavity that so well becomes me, I turned about to apologise, and on the instant, repenting me of that intention, stopped the apology midway, and added something in French to this effect: "No, you are one of the lâches who have been applauding the piece. I retract my apology." Said the old Frenchman, laying his hand on my arm, and with a smile that was truly heavenly in temperance, irony, good-nature, and knowledge of the world: "Ah, monsieur, vous êtes bien jeune."

As we have already said, the character of the letters varies to suit his correspondents. Those to his father can only be described as paternal; Mr. Henley is the comrade with whom he has fought shoulder to shoulder—now separated; Mr. Colvin is the elder friend; Mr. Charles Baxter is the companion of his youth, the friend of many memories; and so on through the whole range. His correspondent of the moment is always before him, and the impulse, the emotion of the moment, runs into the letter of the moment, so different from the stern self-repression of his novels. It relieved him to utter these cries, to be the child again, to be timid, to be petulant, to be sad, to be gay, and his friends gave great welcome to these confidences.

The love of nature came to Stevenson earlier than to most. At twenty-five he writes to Mrs. Sitwell:

It is just now the top of spring. The whole country is mad with green. To see the cherry-blossom bitten out

upon the black firs, and the black firs bitten out of the blue sky, was a sight to set before a king.

He was always encompassed by the great problem how to describe what he saw and felt. At twenty-three he wrote to the same correspondent from "up among the olive yards" at Mentone:

I tried for long to hit upon some language that might catch ever so faintly the indefinable shifting colour of olive leaves; and, above all, the changes and little silverings that pass over them, like blushes over a face, when the wind tosses great branches to and fro.

To Mrs. Sitwell, at the age of twenty-five, he makes this intimate confession:

Oh, I have such a longing for children of my own; and yet I do not think I could bear it if I had one! I fancy I must feel more like a woman than like a man about that. I sometimes hate the children I see in the street—you know what I mean by hate—wish they were somewhere else, and not there to mock me; and sometimes, again, I don't know how to go by them for the love of them, especially the very wee ones.

Four years later, during one of his bouts of bad health, depression has temporarily seized him. He writes to Mr. Gosse thus:

I am going for thirty now; and unless I can snatch a little rest before long, I have, I may tell you in confidence, no hope of seeing thirty-one. . . . It is a pity in one sense, for I believe the class of work I might yet give out is better and more real and solid than people fancy. But death is no bad friend: a few aches and gasps, and we are done. Like the truant child, I am beginning to grow weary and timid in this big, jostling city, and could run to my nurse, even although she should have to whip me before putting me to bed.

This to his father at the age of thirty-three:

The great double danger of taking life too easily, and taking it too hard, how difficult it is to balance that. But we are all too little inclined to faith; we are all, in our serious moments, too much inclined to forget that all are sinners, and fall justly by their faults, and, therefore, that we have no more to do with that than the thunderstorm, only to trust and do our best, and wear as smiling a face as may be for others and ourselves.

From Royat, at thirty-four, this lament is sent to Mr. Colvin:

I am very dim, dumb, dowie, and damnable. . . . Do not think me unhappy: I have not been so for years; but I am blurred, inhabit the debatable frontier of sleep, and have but dim designs upon activity. All is at a standstill: books closed, paper put aside, the voice—the eternal voice of R. L. S.—well silenced.

In the same year he writes to Mr. Henley from Bournemouth:

This pleasant middle age into whose port we are steering is quite to my fancy. I would cast anchor here, and go ashore for twenty years, and see the manners of the place. Youth was a great time, but somewhat fussy.

Five years later he is at Honolulu. The clouds have cleared. To Mr. James Payn he writes:

I have nothing but happiness to tell. . . . This climate; these voyagings; these landfalls at dawn; new islands peaking from the morning bank; new forested harbours; new passing alarms of squalls and surf; new interests of gentle natives—the whole tale of my life is better to me than any poem.

He was happy at sea, was happy in his sea-girt home at Samoa. In that beautiful climate, his health restored, he recovered his old attitude of joy and wonder in the world. At forty-four, to his cousin, Mr. R. A. M. Stevenson, he writes:

As I go on in life, day by day, I become more of a bewildered child; I cannot get used to this world, to procreation, to heredity, to sight, to hearing; the commonest things are a burthen. The prim, obliterated, polite face of life, and the broad, bawdy, and orgiastic—or mœnadic

—foundations, form a spectacle to which no habit reconciles me; and "I could wish my days to be bound each to each" by the same open-mouthed wonder.

In the last year of his life, in a letter to Mr. Baxter, he says: "Literally no man has more wholly outlived life than I. And still it's good fun." Outlived life! He was on the threshold of a period of mellow fruitfulness to which the past years had been but a preparation—the period of *Weir of Hermiston*.

It is impossible, within the limits of a single article, even to suggest Stevenson's range and variety as a letter writer. His criticism of books would alone make a subject for an article. Like most creative minds, where he admiied he admired enthusiastically. Writing to Mr. Henley he speaks thus of Mr. Meredith's *Egoist*:

When I shall have read it the sixth or seventh, I begin to see I shall know about it. You will be astonished when you come to re-read it; I had no idea of the matter—human, red matter he has contrived to plug and pack into that strange and admirable book.

To Mr. W. B. Yeats he writes:

It may interest you to hear that I have a third time fallen in slavery [he has already particularised the two former occasions—Swinburne's *Poems and Ballads*, and Meredith's *Love In a Valley*]; this is to your poem called *The Lake Isle of Innisfree*. It is so quaint and airy, simple, artful, and eloquent to the heart—but I seek words in vain. Enough, that "always night and day I hear lake water lapping with low sounds on the shore."

Mr. Henry James's work aroused his enthusiasm with reservations. We reproduce a portion of a facsimile letter to the author of *Roderick Hudson*:

We are all sleeping pretty fit  
and pretty hearty; but this letter is  
not from me to you, it is from a reader  
of R. H. to the author of the  
same, and it says nothing, and  
has nothing to say, but Thank you.

We are going to re-read Casanova  
as a paper pendant. Sir, I think  
there two are your heart, and  
can not who knows it

At the end Stevenson drops into this criticism:

May I beg you, the next time *Roderick* is printed off, to go over the sheets of the last few chapters, and strike out "immense" and "tremendous"? You have simply dropped them there like your pocket-handkerchief; all you have to do is to pick them up and pouch them, and your room—what do I say?—your cathedral, will be swept and garnished.

This is not the occasion to attempt an inquiry into Stevenson's status as novelist, essayist, and poet. As a human document he himself was a more interesting and various study than his books. Probably the personality of no writer has ever so captured the sympathy, the interest, and the love of his contemporaries. In the history of our literature we have had brilliant and versatile minds—minds that ran when others walked—touched to such issues of fancy, folly, and fun, that they had the power to thrill their hearers or readers as they listed. We have also had

grave and serious minds, ever conscious of the profound intention that underlies material things, while refusing to be harnessed to any creed of man's making. In Stevenson was welded these two natures. Therein lies his strength and influence. He did, to the utmost of his ability, the work to which he felt he had been called, and he never lost sight of the Eternal Verities. His view of them was not orthodox. It was his own, purchased at his own cost. In a letter to Mr. Gosse, written at the age of thirty-six, he states his simple faith, and the limitations of his hopes:

If I could believe in the immortality business, the world would indeed be too good to be true; but we were put here to do what service we can, for honour and not for hire: the sods cover us, and the worm that never dies, the conscience, sleeps well at last; these are the wages, besides what we receive so lavishly day by day; and they are enough for a man who knows his own frailty and sees all things in the proportion of reality. The soul of piety was killed long ago by that idea of reward. Nor is happiness, whether eternal or temporal, the reward that man seeks. Happinesses are but his wayside campings; his soul is in the journey; he was born for the struggle, and only tastes his life in effort and on the condition that he is opposed. How, then, is such a creature, so fiery, so pugnacious, so made up of discontent and aspiration, and such noble and easy passions—how can he be rewarded but by rest? . . . The truth is, we must fight until we die; and when we die there can be no quiet for mankind but complete resumption into—what?—God, let us say—when all these desperate tricks will be spellbound at last.

There spoke the real Stevenson, the man apart from the artist, the Stevenson that we see lurking and brooding within the brilliant and versatile figure that flits and leaps, smiling, shouting, moaning, laughing through these volumes. If it be objected that the passage we have quoted is but the reflection of a mood, sincere to the feeling of the moment, but temporary, fugitive, read the prayer he composed and read aloud to his family the evening before his death:

We beseech Thee, Lord, to behold us with favour, folk of many families and nations, gathered together in the peace of this roof; weak men and women, subsisting under the covert of Thy patience.

Be patient still; suffer us yet a little longer—with our broken purposes of good, and our idle endeavours against evil—suffer us a little longer to endure, and (if it may be) help us to do better. Bless to us our extraordinary mercies; if the day come when these must be taken, have us play the man under affliction. Be with our friends; be with ourselves. Go with each of us to rest; if any awake, temper to them the dark hours of watching; and when the day returns to us, our sun and comforter, call us up with morning faces and with morning hearts—eager to labour, eager to be happy, if happiness shall be our portion—and if the day be marked for sorrow, strong to endure it.

We thank Thee and praise Thee; and in the words of Him to whom this day is sacred, close our oblation.

### The End of a Monumental Work.

"ITALY AND HER INVADERS."—Vols. VII. and VIII.: *The Frankish Invasions*. By Thomas Hodgkin, D.C.L. (Clarendon Press.)

THESE volumes close the lucid and learned work which, with Gibbon and Prof. Bury's *Later Roman Empire*, forms the necessary introduction for every student to the history of modern Europe. Dr. Hodgkin may look back with just pride upon the monumental result of his twenty-five years' labour. To characterise so familiar a book would be, at this period, superfluous. Among Dr. Hodgkin's many brilliant chapters, we may single out for especial comment that which deals with the most remarkable and far-reaching in its effects of all historical forgeries,

the Donation of Constantine. Dr. Hodgkin sketches the historical relations between the real Constantine and the real Pope Sylvester; then the "*farrago* of nonsensical romance" which, in the eighth century, passed as a genuine account of the baptism of the first Christian emperor. Actually, Constantine was baptized by an Arian bishop of Nicæa on his death-bed. According to the *Vita Sylvestri* the baptism was due to a dream in which St. Peter and St. Paul appeared to the Emperor and recommended to him the rite as an invaluable specific for the leprosy from which he suffered. The miracle worked, Constantine issued edicts in favour of Christianity, and began to build St. Peter's.

At this point, however, he receives a letter from his mother, the widowed Empress Helena, residing in Bithynia, who, while congratulating him on having renounced the worship of idols, implores him to adopt, not Christianity, but the only true religion, Judaism. Hereupon a disputation is held as to the merits of the two religions, between the Pope on one side and twelve Rabbis on the other. After argument is exhausted, recourse is had to the test of miracles. A bull is brought in, and the Rabbi who champions the faith of Moses whispers in its ear the mysterious Name revealed on Sinai. The bull falls dead, and all the bystanders feel that the Jew has triumphed; but then Sylvester draws near and whispers in the creature's ear the name of Christ, whereupon the bull comes to life again and stands upright on its feet. Then the Christian cause is admitted to have triumphed.

This fiction of the baptism of Constantine at Rome became in the eighth century the starting-point for the Donation. This professes to be a charter or deed of gift by the Emperor to Sylvester. After reciting the story of his leprosy and miraculous cure, Constantine proceeds to grant to the bishop and clergy of Rome a number of high dignities and ornaments of imperial rank, and finally declares that he hands over and relinquishes to Sylvester and his successors "our palace, the city of Rome, and all the provinces, places, and cities of Italy and the western regions," to remain for ever "under the authority of the Holy Roman Church." The origin of so amazing a document remains a matter of conjecture. Dr. Hodgkin charitably suggests that it may have been not a deliberate forgery, but a romantic *jeu d'esprit* composed by some clerk in the papal chancery, subsequently discovered among the archives, and in an uncritical age honestly taken for genuine. The suggestion would be more plausible if the Donation were more unparalleled. In any case the Donation became for the ambitious popes of the eleventh century the basis of astonishing "pretensions to rule as feudal suzerains over Italy, over the Holy Roman Empire, over the world." At the Renaissance its authority was finally destroyed by the critical *Declamatio* of Laurentius Valla, and to-day even Catholic controversialists are shy of referring to it.

Dr. Hodgkin devotes much pains to an elaborate picture of the court of Charlemagne at Aix-le-Chapelle, the record of which is a brilliant literary oasis in the midst of the Dark Ages. Charlemagne, for all the touches of the barbarian in him, was full of enthusiasm for scholarship. He prayed in Latin, and understood, though he could not speak, Greek. At dinner he was accustomed to have the "City of God," or some other work of his favourite St. Augustine, read aloud. In his wakeful nights he tried to teach himself to write, but never quite succeeded. He began to write a Frankish grammar and made a collection of national songs which would have been invaluable to the modern scholar, had not his successor, Louis the Pious, failed to preserve it. "Truly," says Dr. Hodgkin, "we at this day find it harder to forgive the *débonnaire* Louis for the loss of his father's ballad-book than even for the ruin of his father's empire." The great literary ornament of the court was the Englishman Alcuin, who became master of the palace schools, and whose letters to Charles and to various correspondents in his mother country were full of

instruction and entertainment. There were also Paulus Diaconus, and Theodulf, and Peter of Pisa, all writers of some distinction, not to speak of Angilbert, abbot of St. Riquier, and irregular son-in-law of Charles, who seems to have been the laureate of the coterie, and is familiarly spoken of by Alcuin as "Homerus." One of his poems is a long description of Aix and its court, the great baths of Apollo Grannus, with a hundred men or more, the king among them, swimming about in the wide warm pools, the royal boar-huntings, the young princesses with their "flaxen, or yet paler than flaxen," hair.

The dress of Queen Liutgarda and of Charles's six daughters is minutely described, and if we could trust the poet's accuracy we should have here a valuable piece of evidence for the attire of Frankish dames of high station; but when we find that each of the ladies goes hunting with a gold coronet on her head, in which emeralds or chrysolites or jacinths are blazing, we are forced to suspect that the picture is conventional, and that each princess insisted upon being painted in the most gorgeous of her court costumes.

Theodulf also has his picture of the court—idealised, yet attractive; and he, too, lays stress on the pleasant quality of some at least of Charles's domestic relations:

The children crowd around their father in friendly rivalry of good offices. Charles takes from him his heavy double *pallium* and his gloves, Louis takes his sword. The daughters receive the loving kisses of their sire. Bertha brings roses, Hostrad violets, Gisila lilies, Rothaid apples, Hiltrud bread, Theoderada wine. All these maidens wear beautiful jewels—some red, some green, golden clasps, bracelets, and necklaces. One delights her father by her graceful dance, another by her merry jokes. Then draws near the king's sister, the holy Gisila. She kisses her brother, and her placid face shows as much joy as can co-exist with her joy in the heavenly Bridegroom. She begs Charles to explain to her some dark passage of Scripture, and he teaches her that which he has himself learned of God.

Dr. Hodgkin's chronicle extends over full five hundred years. It spans a debatable land of chaos—the interval between two great organisations of Europe, the Roman Empire and the Holy Roman Empire; it deals with the most fascinating of all studies—that of the beginnings of institutions, of civilisations in the germ.

### Ships Past and Present.

*The Ship: Her Story.* By W. Clark Russell. (Chatto & Windus. 6s.)

*Pen and Pencil Sketches of Shipping and Craft.* By R. T. Pritchett. (Arnold. 10s. 6d. net.)

MR. CLARK RUSSELL disarms his critics with a suavity and thoroughness which we have rarely seen equalled: "My pages will not be accepted as a very learned or gravely important contribution to the literature of the Ship. They will be regarded as mere prattle, as we wander about the shipbuilding yard. We relate anecdotes; we crack our poor joke; we point to this and we point to that; we tell what we know and what we believe to be the truth, and if we are wrong we apologise." The critic, stripped of his weapons, can only remark that he could not have criticised the thing better. For although this book is worthy of Mr. Russell's life-long devotion to ships and their history, it is not a very informing or orderly work. It is suggestive, and picturesque; and you like Mr. Russell's breezy prejudices and comments. Moreover the book is illustrated with real art and knowledge by Mr. Seppings Wright.

Mr. Russell hastens down the ages to British ships. Here the reader will be struck with the backwardness of British shipbuilders. Down to the last century we had everything to learn from the Venetian and Genoese crafts-

men. Yet our willingness to learn was small. "Abroad they were making a fine art of the industry while we were rendering our home waters hideous with grotesque and monstrous shapes." For centuries the English shibboleth was "beam." "There was so much beam that it ended in being nearly all bow, and sailors looking over a ship's head would growl that she could shove an empty bottle a mile along with her." The most maritime nation of Europe seems to have neglected every opportunity of discovering and adopting a fine type of ship. It is curious to compare the globular creations of the early shipwrights with the vessels of the Vikings, on which Mr. Russell writes with enthusiasm. Those who built them

were men of exquisite skill in their craft. They went to the sea for ideas. They eyed the wheeling gull; they studied the motions of the fish. Clearly they produced out of themselves without reference to what had been done elsewhere. The remains of a plank-built boat were unearthed in Denmark about half a century since. She was supposed to have been as old as the fifth century; her measurement was seventy-seven feet from stem to stern. It does not appear that she borrowed help from canvas. The rowers dipped their oars in chase, and flashed the delicately-shaped structure through as fast as a gale of wind could drive her. Her sheer, her lines, are those of a clipper ship. The Yankees might have borrowed the hint of their beautiful Baltimore clippers from her.

Aft all poop, forward all forecandle, the ships of England were for long veritable tubs. We think of Raleigh's ships as handy vessels, far safer and swifter than the three-deckers of the Armada and the huge galleons they stripped on the high seas. Yet Raleigh's ship, the *Repentance*, which he renamed the *Daintie* at the behest of Elizabeth, was a ship which no harbour-master would now permit to leave an English port. Sir Walter tells how she nearly capsized at Gravesend through over-loading. In those days the lower ports of a ship were often brought nearly flush with the water owing to the weight of cargo and guns. The mere neglect to close these ports caused many a disaster. Raleigh's vessel, bowing to the wind, began to imbibe the Thames at an alarming rate. "But God was pleased that with a diligence and travail of the company she was freed of that danger, which may be a gentle warning to all such as take charge of shipping, even before they set sail in river or harbour, to have an eye to their ports."

Readers of Mr. Clark Russell's novels will not need to be told that his affections are given to the superb wooden sailing-ships which England began to build at the beginning of this century. The old East Indiamen, and the later tea-clippers in the China trade, have Mr. Russell's exulting praise. The tea-clippers sent afloat between 1860 and 1872 will never, Mr. Russell thinks, be excelled as ocean-going ships. Unfortunately Mr. Russell's happiness is as brief as the period. He does not like the iron sailing-ships which are now built. He does not like very big sailing-ships like the *France*, and for such monsters as the new *Oceanic* he has words of deprecation and warning. But he believes in the best—not the largest—type of steamships.

Mr. Pritchett's book is the complement of Mr. Russell's. It is a series of notes and drawings of ships and craft of all nations, and is retrospective only by accident. Mr. Pritchett is marine painter to the Royal Thames Yacht Club, and in the course of many voyages in the *Wanderer* and the *Sunbeam* he has observed shipping with a professional eye. Hence he can give us drawings of Dutch pinks and Burmese rice-boats, of Turkish caiques and Singapore kolehs. The interest of his book centres, however, in types nearer home. Like Mr. Russell, Mr. Pritchett has words of the warmest praise and regret for the superb sailing-ships which our mercantile marine boasted early in the reign of Queen Victoria. He tells how the China tea-clippers, when they received the new tea-crops, raced each other to London. They



shook out their sails at Canton or Shanghai while the last cases of tea were coming on board, and after a race of twenty thousand miles through all climates and conditions they frequently arrived in the Thames within forty-eight hours of each other. The captain of the winning vessel is said to have received £500 as his reward. This grand type of sailing-ship disappeared with the opening of the Suez Canal and the advent of steam.

So quaint a vessel as the Dutch eel schuyt is familiar to Londoners. Three such vessels always lie off Billingsgate, and their peculiar build and confusion of eel baskets and other gear make them a delightful incident in the Pool. It is by maintaining never fewer than three of these vessels at this spot that the Dutch enjoy the privileges of a charter granted them four centuries ago. Not in all that time have the shape and rig of these schuyts altered, as anyone may see who compares them with Vandevelde's pictures in the National Gallery. The conservatism of the Dutch boatbuilders is remarkable. Thus the Scheveningen herring boats—Mesdag's boats—do not suffer change. Mr. Pritchett says:

Their dimensions, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, alter not. Length, 40 ft.; beam, 20 ft.; depth, 12 ft. Some years ago, when the builder at Scheveningen was asked if he always built to those dimensions, he said: "Yes, always. Would you believe, sir, that a man came to me wanting me to build him a junk 40 ft. by 19 ft.?" "19 ft.! No, sir, you are foppish; you must go," answered the builder.

This reply smacks of Dr. Johnson in his most robust mood of contradiction. The pinks are brought to shore with sail set, and allowed to ground themselves among the breakers. Then, when the tide goes down, the herring-boats and fish-wives cluster round, and Mesdag sets his easel. Mr. Pritchett's drawings are sketchy but informing, and his book is a thoroughly interesting product alike in its text and illustrations.

### "The Man Behind the Scenes."

*Memoirs and Correspondence of Lyon Playfair, First Lord Playfair of St. Andrews.* By Wemyss Reid. (Cassell. 21s.)

It is a tribute to the abilities of the late Lord Playfair that while one section of the world hailed him as a good man gained, another section shook their heads over him as a good man lost. To the world of pure science, which saw in him an original investigator and thinker of great promise, his diversion into the field of politics and practical reform came as a disappointment; but to the successive governments which employed him on difficult and important Commissions his wide knowledge, tact, and unsparing capacity for work rendered him an invaluable adherent. The truth is, that Playfair inherited from his Scottish ancestry two sterling qualities of the race, either of which, but not both, he had the power of developing to its utmost extent: his taste for scientific research, and his talent for organisation and reform. As a youth he made one or two false starts, first in business and then in medicine; finally he took to chemistry, and, after studying for a time under Graham in London, became one of the most successful pupils and associates at Giessen of the great Liebig, whose work on agricultural chemistry he translated and published in England. Playfair, in his autobiographical memoir which forms the groundwork of this volume, records his astonishment at receiving an invitation from Peel, whom he did not know, to visit him at Drayton Manor, and was inclined to suspect a practical joke. Reassured upon this point, however, by Buckland, who was also invited, he went, and must have been still more astonished at being offered by the Prime Minister, on

consideration of his staying in England, a written memorandum promising him the first vacancy for employment. The memorandum he wisely declined, but the employment followed soon, first in the shape of an investigation, with



*Lyon Playfair*

the great Bunsen, into the chemical reactions which take place inside a blast furnace, and shortly afterwards as one of the experts appointed on a Royal Commission to inquire into the sanitary state of large towns. At this date, 1844, the conditions of life, of sewerage, of ventilation, and of water supply in English towns was incredibly bad; and in Lancashire, the district chosen by Playfair, was almost worse than anywhere else. The Commission did their work with great thoroughness, and their reports remain to this day the chief authority on questions of sanitary legislation. As soon as the inquiry was at an end Playfair was offered, and accepted, the appointment of chemist to the Geological Survey, and began to devote himself to those agricultural considerations which were so much needed, as well as to various questions affecting the public health.

In his new capacity he drew up several valuable reports on questions as diverse as the sanitation of Buckingham Palace, the best coal to be used in the navy, and the failure of the potato crop which led to the great Irish famine. It was a period of disastrous accidents in coal-mines, and Playfair was called upon more than once at the risk of his life to report on outbreaks of firedamp. Generally speaking, however, his life was uneventful, until in 1850 his remarkable capacity for smoothing away difficulties led to his being appointed one of the organisers of the Great Exhibition. The whole scheme at this date was in danger of being wrecked by mutual jealousies within and fierce opposition outside the executive. Playfair's own appointment, which seemed to oust Sir Henry Cole from the chief place, was for the moment a fresh cause of trouble, but his tact saved the situation. The public has never known to what an extent the success of the Great Exhibition was due to his efforts, for he remained essentially "the man behind the scenes"; but the Queen and the Prince Consort were well aware of it, and the latter to the day of his death never failed to consult Playfair on any matter of emergency.

During the Crimean War Playfair came forward in a new capacity as an inventor of diabolical shells for poisoning the enemy or setting fire to their property. The invention was declined by the War Office on humanitarian grounds.

There is no sense [he scathingly writes] in this objection. It is considered a legitimate mode of warfare to fill shells with molten metal which scatters among the enemy and produces the most frightful modes of death. Why a poisonous vapour which would kill men without suffering is to be considered illegitimate warfare is incomprehensible. War is destruction, and the more destructive it can be made with the least suffering the sooner will be ended that barbarous method of protecting national rights.

In 1858, when he was in his fortieth year, Lyon Playfair applied for and obtained the professorship of chemistry at Edinburgh, then one of the most highly coveted posts of its class. He hoped to have leisure to resume his scientific researches, but once more he was doomed to disappointment. Royal Commissions upon the Cattle Plague, and the Herring Fisheries, and an International Exhibition in 1862, claimed his services, and in 1868 the extension of popular representation to the Scotch Universities singled him out for Parliament, in which he sat for a memorable seventeen years of his life as member for the Edinburgh University. He warmly espoused the cause of vaccination, and he was the author of the Bill for imposing legislative restrictions upon vivisection. He also championed the cause of margarine — “the poor man’s butter” — and secured the legalisation of its sale. In his old capacity as “the man behind the scenes” he was still invaluable, especially during the party differences which followed the resignation of Mr. Gladstone. His later years of active life were happily devoted to the unification of American and British interests, for which work he had a special fitness, having married an American wife, and being closely allied by ties of friendship with leading men in America. During the strained and anxious period of the Venezuelan dispute he was in continuous requisition as a go-between, and although Mr. Cleveland’s diplomatic manners made the task an especially difficult one, he was fortunate in seeing his efforts and the patience of the British Government crowned with success. He was created Lord Playfair on Mr. Gladstone’s re-accession in 1892, and died only last year, at the age of eighty.

The memoir is full of good things for which it is difficult to find space. The following instance, however, of the way in which he was constantly surprised to find himself famous in out-of-the-way places deserves to be given. He had gone with a friend, when on a visit to Canada, to inspect some mines of mineral phosphate at Lièvre :

The manager of these was a Scotchman, tall, big-boned, with the strongest Glasgow Doric in his tongue. At first he was obdurate, and desired us to leave the ground and to drop the specimens which we had taken before he appeared. At last I addressed him in good Scotch, and asked him whether he thought I was a mining adventurer. “Ay! that’s just what ye are.” “No,” I replied, “I am a Scotch professor.” “Then if ye are, ye’ll be havin’ a name.” “My name,” I said, “is Playfair.” “Man!” said my Scotch friend, “are ye Lyon Playfair?” I assured him I was, but expressed surprise that he knew the name, to which he replied, looking from his six feet two inches with compassion on my five feet four inches, “Hoot, man, yer name’s travelled further than yer wee legs will ever carry ye.”

Pleasant, too, and typical of his generosity, is the story of how an unknown correspondent once sent him a postal order for 17s. 6d. with the following letter of explanation : “You may not remember the circumstance, but many years ago I accosted you one night in the docks at Liverpool, and begged for assistance. You found you had no money, but you took off your coat and gave me your waistcoat. Since then I have made a fortune and I now repay you.”

Credit must be given to Sir Wemyss Reid for his careful arrangement of the scattered documents and facts in this Memoir, and his lucid passages of explanation. The autobiographical notes themselves would give an inadequate idea of Lord Playfair’s great services to the cause of applied science in England. What they lack in this respect Sir Wemyss Reid has admirably supplied.

### The World-Wide Empire.

*Under Queen and Khedive.* By Sir Walter Miéville. (Heinemann. 6s.)

*The Expansion of Egypt.* By A. Silva White. (Methuen. 15s.)

*Rulers of India: Bábar.* By Stanley Lane Poole. (Oxford : University Press.)

*The British Empire Series.* I. India; II. Africa. (Kegan Paul.)

*Founders of the Empire.* By Philip Gibbs. (Cassell.)

SIR WALTER MIÉVILLE’S book, *Under Queen and Khedive*, is a purely personal narrative, describing Sir Walter’s work and life in Egypt first as a Consular official of the Queen, and afterwards as President of the Maritime and Quarantine Council under the Khedive. The fact that it is a personal account of the work of an Egyptian official gives it the touch of actuality which is not usually to be found in histories and semi-official compilations. Sir Walter Miéville was the man who fought the cholera in Egypt, and was so heartily abused by the reptile French press of Egypt for so doing. It is pleasant to have to add that the virulent attacks levelled at him by the enemies of England and Egypt had no effect on Lord Cromer and the Foreign Office, except perhaps to make them value Sir Walter’s services all the more. The cause of this excellent official’s retirement was ill-health brought about by over-work, and this has been the fate of too many men who have given the best part of their lives to the public service in Egypt and elsewhere.

Mr. A. Silva White’s book is a mass of information conveyed in readable form, and gives an outline of the history and all the physical and political factors of the problems which face this country in its future action in Egypt. Mr. White’s style is somewhat vitiated by his desire to work on the lines of Paley’s *Evidences*, and to build up his propositions with mathematical regularity and accuracy. But, setting this aside, *The Expansion of Egypt* is skilfully put together, and the whole tone and plan of the book beyond reproach. Mr. White puts the annexation down for 1905. It is a prophecy well worth bearing in mind. The appendices, which include some of the firmans governing Egypt, the decree establishing the *Caisse de la Dette*, the organic laws of Egypt, and so on, are very valuable; and the maps giving the orographic features, the climatological data, the zones of vegetation, and the political boundaries add to the completeness of the volume.

No one is better qualified than Mr. Stanley Lane Poole to write of the monarchs of the East, and few potentates are better worth a biography than Bábar, the first of the great Moghuls, and our predecessor as ruler of India. Bábar had but a short life, but every hour of it was fully employed. He was born in 1483, and at the age of eleven inherited the kingdom of Farghāna from his father, Omar Shaikh, the great-great-grandson of Tamerlane. But it is one thing to inherit and another to enjoy, and the child prince spent the next ten years of his life struggling for his inheritance—one day a deserted exile among the hills, the next a king with a large army; one day on the throne of his ancestors, the next with no man so poor to do him homage. Twice in those ten years he conquered Samarkand,

the city of his great ancestor, and twice he lost it, till, at the age of twenty-one, he was but one of a crowd of struggling princes contending for the fragments of Tamerlane's empire between the Oxus and the Jaxartes. Then, in 1504, he set out for Cabul, and conquered the throne of Afghanistan. Samarkand being lost to him, he finally



BÁBAR.

From an Indian Drawing of the Sixteenth Century.

turned his attention to India, and, bursting through the Afghan passes by the immemorial road of conquest founded an empire in India which lasted in the hands of his descendants to our own day. From the age of eleven onwards he never kept the Feast of Bairam twice in the same place. His bodily strength was marvellous, and he was perpetually in the saddle, riding sometimes eighty miles a day. But besides being a great leader of men he was a poet and naturalist, and a wonderful organiser and legislator. His life is a very romance, and needs telling with a greater rush and sweep of words than Mr. Lane Poole employs. Babar died in 1530, at the age of forty-eight, his years having been crowded with events, with hardships, tumults, and strenuous energy. Out of nothing he made an empire by strength of body and force of will, and his headlong career proves the adage that men are nothing, but Man is everything.

The collection of books entitled the "British Empire" series will be complete in five volumes, of which *India*—covering also Ceylon, Straits Settlements, British North Borneo, and Hongkong—and *Africa* have been issued. *India* is introduced in an excellent article by Sir Raymond West, who takes up the attitude of an impartial looker-on. There are some two dozen articles in the volume, of which "Madras" is by Lord Wenlock, and "Bombay" by Lord Harris, each one an ex-governor; the Punjab, by Sir J. B. Lyall; the Central Provinces, by Sir Charles Grant; Hindu, Mohammedan, and Parsee Women, by writers of those communities; and the Administration of Justice in India, by Romesh Dutt, who exemplifies in his own person the remark made by Sir Raymond West in the

Introduction, that "there is amongst the educated classes in India a disposition to take all that has been done, all that has been conceded as a mere matter of course, all that has been withheld as a just ground for discontent."

*Africa*, the second volume, is constructed on the same principles as *India*. Mr. J. Scott Keltie supplies the Introduction. Sir David Tennant deals with the Cape of Good Hope, Sir Sidney Sheppard with Bechuanaland, while Rhodesia is allotted to no fewer than three writers. Mr. W. Y. Campbell writes a just and excellent article on the Transvaal, and his array of figures and facts is well done in small compass; Mr. Fox Bourne writes in familiar, but restrained, style on Natives under British Rule in South Africa; Sir Henry Colville on Uganda; and Miss Kingsley supplies one of her racy and characteristic papers on "Life in West Africa." It is odd to find an article by the worthy but wrong-headed Miss Colenso in an English book. Its proper place is, rather, in an Anglophobe boulevard newspaper; but its appearance here is a signal proof of the tolerance of the nation, and of its willingness to hear both sides of a question. These volumes are valuable, but they must be read with discrimination and knowledge, and can hardly be looked upon as text-books. Both are adorned with excellent maps, and supplied with appendices which convey a great deal of useful information in a very small space. Future volumes will deal with "America," "Australasia," and "General."

With these books on the Empire of Greater Britain may be included Mr. Philip Gibbs's little work on *Founders of the Empire*. It is a volume for boys on the lives of such men as Alfred the Great, Sir Francis Drake, Clive, Wolfe, Nelson, Wellington, and others who helped to lay the foundations of the Empire. Mr. Gibbs is a little arbitrary in the choice of some of his heroes, but still the book is a good one for boys, and will aid them to understand how the British Empire, as we know it, is not the creation of a day, but the outcome of long years of evolution and strenuous endeavour.

### The Brutalising Sea.

*The Log of a Sea Waif.* By F. T. Bullen. (Smith & Elder. 8s. 6d.)

WHAT is it that so brutalises the men that go down to the sea in sailing ships, or at least in such ships as Mr. Bullen, who has had an average sailor's career, has sailed in? All that poets, and even ordinary persons, find in "the mother and lover of men, the sea," has for the crew of these vessels no existence; the sea's beauty and terror, its mystery and immensity, its power to soothe and simplify and efface—all are inoperative. The skies are fair, the waters are foam-crested purple, the sunset is a supreme glory, the stars shine with an austere serenity that catches the breath, and it is all in vain; within the walls of such vessels as Mr. Bullen describes out of his long experience man is, the while, foul-mouthed, sullen, tyrannical, besotted. It puzzles us completely. Why are tramp seamen the wastrels of the earth? Why are tramp mates inhuman monsters? Why are tramp skippers heavy-handed bullies? On liners, on men-of-war, there is good-comradeship among officers and men. Why is it that Mr. Bullen's merchant mates cannot give orders without suggesting the slave-driver? One answer is, that few men are strong enough not to abuse the authority which command at sea gives them. The captain of a merchant ship, once it leaves port, is an absolute autocrat, and few men can stand such a position. Hence, on the part of the officers, unjust overbearance and self-indulgence, and, on the part of the crew, cowed submission and a deplorably low intellectual plane. Steam has altered things for the better, for the chief

engineer and his staff, being largely independent of the captain—although, of course, under his orders—and keeping much to themselves, constitute a body of criticism which in a sailing ship is wanting.

These remarks are, however, somewhat beside the mark, except in leading to the confession that we are getting very tired indeed of the multiplication of books about brutal skippers, brutal mates, and brutal—but less offensively so—seamen. It is enough that they existed, and do exist; we do not want to read of them any more—except, perhaps, incidentally. Mr. Bullen showed what he could do in this way in his *Cruise of the "Cachalot,"* which we thought in the main an exceedingly capable work, and we are irritated to find that descriptions of other degraded forecastles and outrageous cabins bulk so largely in that volume's companion, *The Log of a Sea Waif*. We do not doubt for a moment that Mr. Bullen went through all that he depicts; but it does not interest us to read it. The *Cachalot* gave us as much as we wanted, with the exciting and interesting account of whaling to overweight it. Here there is no whaling.

Mr. Bullen, however, always keeps to the point, is always patient and careful, is always credible, and occasionally gives us very good things indeed. His story of Peter, the worn-out old sailor, who died during a long calm, is excellent. At the moment he died the wind rose:

At last one night, when old Peter was holding his usual *levée*, he suddenly raised his voice, and authoritatively demanded that his auditors should bear him on to the fore-castle head. They instantly obeyed, lifting him tenderly upon his mattress, and laying him gently beside the capstan. Then all hands gathered round him in the darkness, only the glow of the pipes fitfully illuminating the rugged countenances. Slowly the moon rose, but sent no silvery pathway across the sea, until suddenly, as if with a great effort, she broke through the hampering mist-wreaths that seemed to clog her upward way. A pure, pale beam shot right athwart our vessel, lighting up the little group of watchers on the fore-castle, and lingering as if lovingly upon the withered, weather-scarred face of our shipmate. As it did so he smiled—a patient, happy smile—his lips unclosed, and, with a sigh of relief like a weary child, he died.

Breaking the steadfast silence came the mate's mellow cry, "Square the mainyard!" As the men rose to obey, a gentle breath, welcome as the first thrill of returning health, kissed the tanned faces. Slowly the great yards swung round, a pleasant murmuring as of a mountain rivulet arose from the bows, and the long calm was over.

Mr. Bullen does not often, in this work, write as well as in that last sentence. He has a habit of needlessly extending his remarks. Wishing to say, for example, that, when a small boy, he repented of joining his first ship, he writes: "So forbidding and hopeless was the outlook that, had it been practicable, I should certainly have retreated." Mr. Bullen, who has seen so much that is wonderful, and has so deep a reverence for the beauty of the sea and of nature, might well try always to say things a little more simply. One interesting comment we may note. "Coleridge's simile, 'As silent as a painted ship upon a painted ocean,' is," he says, "only a poet's licence, and grates upon a seaman." No ship is ever quite motionless, however calm it be.

### Gay Rhymes from the Isis.

*Lyra Frivola.* By A. D. Godley. (Methuen.)

THE art of writing light verse that is fluent and crisp and intelligent is to be won only with much fasting. Light verse that is merely fluent is simple; light verse that is intelligent is not rare; but light verse that puts things so well that it has all the ease—with twice the felicity—of prose is very rare indeed. Of this art Calverley is the

master. No one has attained to a similar cleanness of phrase, directness of expression, and inevitableness and naturalness of rhyme. Mr. Godley, whose little book lies before us, is, although an Oxonian, of the Calverley school.

When autumn's winds denude the grove,  
I seek my Lecture, where it lurks  
Mid the unpublished portion of  
My works,

And ponder, while its sheets I scan,  
How many years away have slipt  
Since first I penned that ancient man-  
uscript.

I know thee well—nor can mistake  
The old accustomed pencil stroke  
Denoting where I mostly make  
A joke—

Or where coy brackets signify  
Those echoes faint of classic wit  
Which, if a lady's present, I  
Omit.

Indirectly, perhaps, but of a surety, C. S. C. is the begetter of that verse form. His pupil, however, takes liberties which the master would not have sanctioned. Calverley would not have rhymed "imprisoned" and "isn't," "emptied" and "dreamt it," although this stanza from the same piece would have pleased him:

"Of course," you cry, "some brainless lad,  
Some scion of ancient Tories,  
Bob Acres, sent to Oxford ad  
*Emolliendos mores*,  
Meant but to drain the festive glass  
And win the athlete's pewter!"  
There you are wrong: this person was  
That undergraduate's Tutor.

Mr. Godley rhymes with singular skill now and then, and his metre never fails to run trippingly. Like most other humorous poets of the day he has his quatrains in the manner of Omar—the "Rubaiyat of Moderations":

Wake, for the Nightingale upon the Bough  
Has sung of Moderations: ay, and now  
Pales in the Firmament above the Schools  
The Constellation of the boding Plough.

I, too, in distant Ages long ago  
To him that ploughed me gave a Quid or so:  
It was a fraud: it was not good enough;  
Ne'er for my Quid had I my *Quid pro quo*.

But Mr. Godley, though very true to his *Alma Mater*, is not exclusively filial. His "Song for the Navy League," with its visions of scholarly bluejackets, needs no university sympathies for its appreciation. This is the conclusion:

Should he e'er be inclined his Tutors and Deans to look  
with contempt upon  
(Observing the maxims of Raleigh and Drake, who never  
thought much of a Don),  
Let him think there are things in the nautical line that  
even a Don can do,  
For only too well are examiners versed in the way to  
plough the Blue.

Though a captain *per se* is an excellent thing for repelling  
his country's foes,  
He is better by far as an engine of war with a knowledge  
of Logic and Prose.  
And a bold A.B. is the nation's pride in his rude uncultured  
way,  
But prouder still will the nation be when he's also a bold  
B.A.

#### CHORUS.

For the Horse Marine will be Tutor and Dean in the glorious  
days to be,  
With his 'Yo, heave ho,' and his *ὦ ἦ τό*, and a Master  
Arts degree!

## Other New Books.

MR. BLACKBURNE'S GAMES AT CHESS.

EDITED BY P. ANDERSON GRAHAM.

This is a book for chess-players, but Mr. Graham's Introduction has a more general interest. It is not necessary to play a game or practise an art in order to feel an interest in the champion of that game or art. Mr. Blackburne is the champion of English chess. Indeed, Mr. Graham is inclined to see in him "the *ultimus Romanorum*, the last of the great English chess players." The younger masters—Lasker, Pillsbury, Janowski, Marocsy, Lipke, and Charousek—are not Englishmen. The truth is that professional chess does not pay in England. Mr. Graham is frank enough to hint that this may not be a matter for regret, and we agree with him; but Mr. Blackburne's genius for the game, and his life-long devotion to it, are admirable. Born in Manchester in 1842, Mr. Blackburne began as a player of draughts. It was not until 1860 that he learned the moves of chess; but his powers developed fast, so fast that there was soon a crowd of admirers to lure and push him into the Bohemian life of a regular chess-player. From that time onwards Blackburne has waged and usually won battles of high chess.

Mr. Blackburne plays with an English calm which contrasts with the agitations of many of his foreign opponents. Yet the strain of a tournament tells on him as on others. Mr. Graham draws a curiously frank and rather gruesome picture of the effect of a great chess tournament on players:

The brainwork and anxiety develop all the physical weaknesses of the players; if a man has an infirmity, he becomes more infirm; if he is subject to disease the disease is almost certain to attack him. Mr. Blackburne is no exception to this rule, and the end of a congress generally brings on the bronchial complaint from which he has suffered so much. And the development of physical weaknesses is the least of it. The mental strain produces effects still more disagreeable. These modern gladiators, though they wage war only with harmless bits of wood, engage in as cruel a conflict as ever did those who wielded the sword and the *rellarius*. Not only money and fame, but even the means of livelihood depend on the issue, and when the last games come to be played, and those who have hoped against hope begin to see at last that victory is not for them, dejection and depression seize even on the light-hearted, and losers have been found sobbing like children in the corridors. On the other hand, I can fancy I see old Anderssen leaning on his stick and flinging his hat in the air with joy when sure of the first prize, and Marocsy clapped his hands with boyish glee when he won the last of his games in 1899.

Blackburne's calm in these "cruel" conflicts has earned him the titles of "The Giant," "The Man with the Iron Nerves," and "Black Death."

As a tournament player Mr. Graham thinks that Mr. Blackburne has never had an equal; but in personal matches his success has not been quite so absolute. Mr. Graham finds an explanation for this which is the more interesting on account of the analogy drawn between chess and literature:

In chess it is exactly the same as in literature—talent is always more sure of success than genius. The most ordinary "wood-shifter," by long study and analysis, can acquire a steady defensive style of wood-shifting, and if patient and fairly intelligent can work up to a high standard of play. One of his sources of strength is that he depends entirely on what, as a Scot would say, "is putten in wi' a spune." Any man of sound, clear common sense could become a chess-player of the first rank provided always that the fire and shadow of passion and fancy did not interfere with the steady, cold, calculating brain. But genius is something other, something beyond the first rank, and it is rare in chess as it is in letters. You could count on one hand all who deserve the name. I would go to the *Café de la Regence* for the first, for Philidor is the leader of

the moderns. Breslau would give us the next, in point of time at all events; but who shall decide whether Anderssen was greater or less than Paul Morphy? With these the subject of this memoir deserves a place. He, too, has something beyond a talent for the game—he has genius. And I by no means say that this gift is always a blessing to its possessor. Talent is more under command, is more manageable, and while it is content to labour, genius has a haughty self-reliance that is not always justified. But just as one would never dream of admitting a man's name into the brief list of great writers simply on account of a vast sale of books, so the genius of a chess-player is demonstrated not by his victories but by the quality of his play. A modern match, indeed, is largely a trial of patience. Each competitor gets up an opening—a safe and sound one like the Ruy Lopez or the Queen's Gambit—and day after day toils at its variations. Genius will never shine at that task—you might as well harness Pegasus to a broomstick.

This book contains record of all Mr. Blackburne's best games, selected and annotated by himself. Their value to students of chess cannot be exaggerated, and Mr. Graham has imparted to the collection a decided human interest. (Longmans. 7s. 6d. net.)

ENGLISH EMBROIDERED BINDINGS. BY CYRIL DAVENPORT.

This is the first volume in a series of monographs on English books. The national character of the series will probably prove its best justification, for the tendency to look abroad for examples of the book-making arts has been overdone. Aldines and Elzevirs and French bindings have been allowed to elbow English productions out of the view of students, the very catholicity of taste shown by English collectors having contributed to this state of things. Mr. Pollard justly pleads that Touchstone's remark: "A poor thing, but mine own," might have been applied to this field of study with pleasant results. Moreover, he contends—and it is a tolerably safe contention—that "there is no art or craft connected with books in which England, at one time or another, has not held the primacy in Europe." A series of books which merely seized on these points and periods of supremacy would be highly useful, and the present series promises to include this treatment in its scope.

Mr. Cyril Davenport's volume deals with embroidered bindings in canvas, velvet, and satin. English binders used these materials with great freedom throughout the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries, and their productions are quite worthy of separate study. Mr. Davenport reduces the subject to speedy order, showing the consecutive use of canvas, velvet, and satin, and the growth of design in each material. One of the most interesting examples reproduced in the book is Queen Elizabeth's MS. *The Mirror or Glasse of the Synneful Soul*, translated by the princess in her eleventh year "out of frenche ryme to english prose, joyning the sentences together as well as the capacite of my symple witte and small lerning coulde extende themselves." The book is one of the best-known treasures of the Bodleian Library. Many other examples of testaments, psalters, and prayer-books are reproduced and discussed by Mr. Davenport, who has done a real service to English bibliography. (Kegan Paul. 10s. 6d. net.)

SHETLAND FOLK-LORE. BY JOHN SPENCE, F.E.I.S.

Mr. Spence gives a liberal interpretation to the term "folk-lore," and devotes at least half his volume to an account of "The Picts and their Brochs" and other "Pre-historic Remains" of Shetland. He does not appear to be a very scientific anthropologist, for he thinks that Baal was worshipped at the Beltane, and identifies the "Finns" or sorcerers of local belief not with the "Fenians" of Celtic mythology, but with imaginary descendants of an early Finnish population of the islands. It would, therefore, have been well if he had distinguished a little more



carefully between what in his book is due to first-hand observation, and what to learned theory. His account, however, of the beliefs, festivities, and pastimes of Shetlanders in the present and in the immediate past is interesting. The interpretation of the following charm, of which variants are found elsewhere, is a pleasing exercise of ingenuity:

Da twal, da twal Apostles;  
Da 'leven, da 'leven Evangelists;  
Da ten, da ten Commandments;  
Da nine, da brazen shiuers;  
Da eight, da holy waters;  
Da seven, da stars o' heaven;  
Da six, Creation's dawning;  
Da five, da timblers o' da bools;  
Da four, da gospel makers;  
Da tree, da triddle treevers;  
Da twa lily white boys that clothe themselves in green;  
Da een, da een dat walks alon', an' evermore sall rue.

The curious sword dance which Sir Walter Scott found in Papa Stour appears to be now forgotten in Shetland. At least, Mr. Spence does not mention it. (Lerwick: Johnson & Greig.)

BOHEMIAN PARIS OF TO-DAY.

BY W. C. MORROW.

If we could choose an age and a place we should choose to be twenty and a student at the École des Beaux Arts in Paris. Responsibility rests lightly on the shoulders of the Paris art student, or rather it betakes itself elsewhere; black care does not sit behind him as he mounts the "imperiale" of the omnibus which shall presently clamber the heights of Montmartre; the world is his oyster, and oysters in Paris are plentiful, cheap, and succulent. And Mr. Morrow has chosen the right way to describe this life of irresponsible gaiety, in which work is fun and even pleasure is not a toil. He lies back, as it were, in an easy chair and gossips, dropping in the French phrase where the English fails, just as is natural with the American student in Paris. Lurid little pictures are given, too, dropped over the end of a cigarette, notably of the artist who made sketches in a *café* for a few *sous* apiece to keep the wolf from the door. Indeed, it is only when the author forgets that he is talking and imagines he is writing that he fails and becomes absurd. But that is rare.

Viewed, then, as the talk of an observant man, who sits on the corner of a studio table and tells stories, the book is amusing, instructive, admirable. Here, for instance, is a sketch of the "Beaux Arts" on a Monday morning, when the model for the week is chosen, and occasionally a new girl model is broken in. There is no privacy. The students gather round to observe. Then:

Frightened, trembling, blushing furiously, she ascends the throne, and innocently assuming the most awkward and ridiculous poses, forgetting in that terrible moment the poses she had learned so well under the tutelage of her friends. It is then that the fiendishness of the students rises to its greatest height. Dazed and numb, she hardly comprehends the ordeal through which she is now put. The students have adopted a grave and serious bearing, and solemnly ask her to assume the most outlandish and ungraceful poses. Then come long and mock-earnest arguments about her figure. . . . Then they put her through the most absurd evolutions to prove their points. At last she is made to don her hat and stockings; and the students form a ring about her and dance and shout until she is ready to faint.

"It isn't brute; it's boy." Perhaps Mr. Kipling's apology for *Stalky & Co.* will scarcely hold in this case. However, the model gains confidence with time, as may be learned from Mr. Morrow's amusing description of the "Bal des Quatr' Arts," which would infallibly cost any London house of entertainment its licence. But it should be added that none but genuine students—with their models—are admitted. Of the extraordinary *cafés* of

Montmartre, too, in which every convention is slapped in the face, Mr. Morrow chatters pleasantly. In the "Cabaret du Soliel d'Or" he saw Verlaine, who came in unexpectedly with Bi-Bi-dans-la-Purée, the absinthe-soaked outcast, who is still to be seen with a roll of MS. under his arm in Montmartre:

The musical director, as well as a number of others in the place, stepped forward, and, with touching deference and tenderness, greeted the remarkable man and his two companions. It was easy to pick out Verlaine without relying on the special distinction with which he was greeted. He had the oddest slanting eyes, a small, stubby nose, and wiry whiskers, and his massive forehead heavily overhung his queerly shaped eyes. He was all muffled up to the chin; wore a badly soiled hat and a shabby dark coat. Under one arm he carried a small black portfolio. Several of the women ran to him and kissed him on both cheeks, which salutations he heartily returned, with interest.

So does Mr. Morrow gossip of his years at the "Beaux Arts"; and it must be confessed that his talk, though artless, is frank and amusing. M. Cucuel's illustrations are as admirable as they are plentiful. (Chatto & Windus. 6s.)

## Fiction.

*The Ship of Stars.* By A. T. Quiller-Couch.  
(Cassell & Co. 6s.)

MR. QUILLER-COUCH surrounds a somewhat hackneyed plot with a charm so personal and veracious that we may not question his right to launch his craft under so ambitious a title. The impressions of dreamy boyhood have seldom been more happily recorded than in the early history of Taffy, and it would be difficult to praise too warmly the narrative of his clerical father's connexion with the fox-hunting squire's spiritual throes, and the brutal and despotic way in which that ruffian attended to the welfare of his own soul. A man with humour and fancy need not bind himself to the convention of melodrama, and Mr. Quiller-Couch's story would have been better if he had shaken his head at that bedizened muse. But, no! he could not help giving us the handsome young Steerforth—we beg pardon, George Vyell—and as handsomely killing him off. Effective, but cheap, and smacking of the factory where minor fictions are made; but at least he did not make his heroine marry both sullied George and starry Taffy in turn. Taffy would have none of her, but sailed on unwedded in his "ship of stars."

There is plenty of salt spray dashing through the story, which is remarkable on account of its glamour of childhood and by virtue of a figure astonishingly grotesque and lively—that of a revivalist Jack of all Trades, who calls himself the King's Postman. This is the way he talks to the squire:

Try, brother, keep on trying. O, I've knowed cases—You can never tell how near salvation is. One minute's the heart's like a stone, and the next may be 'tis melted and singing like fat in a pan. . . . Ay, glory, glory! You've been a doubter. . . . Soon you'll be a shouter. Man, you'll dance like as David danced before the Ark! You'll feel it in your toes!

And yet the figure of God's Postman is never wholly ludicrous. His egoism, his teachableness, his sincerity, are too well observed. He and the earlier Taffy are quite genuine, and deserve to live when the book is closed. Of the manner of Mr. Quiller-Couch's essays in criticism there is never a hint in these pages. It is to be hoped that his release from the position of a Pontifical talker may result in a whole-hearted surrender to his real vocation, and that vocation is to write simple tales cunningly—tales like "Noughts and Crosses" and the interior narrative of this one, not quite buried, not unrecognisable as a star in the larger shape which contains it.

*Young April.* By Egerton Castle.  
(Macmillan & Co. 6s.)

*Young April* is an admirable type of the high-class light serial—gay, yet with a due touch of melancholy, well-mannered yet audacious, idyllic yet discreetly hinting at the world's hardness. Life and character seen through the petals of a rose, and described with a touch which caresses but never grasps—that is *Young April*. Mr. Castle acquits himself very well: he is never crude, never relies upon the sensations of "To be continued," never through uncertainty or carelessness wanders outside his convention. You may deride the convention, saying that it is narrow and excessively artificial, and that it holds few possibilities; but Mr. Castle indubitably had the right to select his own convention, and to make what he could of it. He has at any rate made something of it; his work will appeal to many, and those not the least cultured. It is scarcely literature, but it is a passable substitute, at once bright, varied, frolicsome, and tender. More, it may be read very easily and very quickly.

In *Young April* we are introduced to a young man doing the grand tour with his tutor, the Rev. Smiley. (Time vague, but before railways.) The Rev. Smiley one morning has the satisfaction of learning that his ward has succeeded to a dukedom. His Grace at once determines to rid himself of the Rev. Smiley, and, having seized the money bags of the expedition, makes off in the guise of a postilion to a *prima donna*, with whom he is soon on terms.

With little screams, the *prima donna* still sought her belongings. If the Duke impeded rather than aided her efforts, who shall blame him? But everyone knows that to stoop after such a fashion is bound to bring the blood to the head, and once a man of twenty gets the blood to his head he is apt to do singular things. For the third time Eva Visconti's curls swept the Englishman's cheek.

"I have got the spoon!" she cried; and raised an innocently triumphant face.

"Oh," said the Duke, "how beautiful you are!"

He slipped his arm round her waist, and planted a kiss straight upon her lips.

The lady wasted no energy upon screams or protestation, but her open palm descended upon the boy's cheek with the report of a pistol.

Via the *prima donna*, the very youthful Duke of Rochester speedily arrives at adventures which have for their theatre a royal court, with a king and queen, and chivalry and loveliness to watch. Another woman supervenes, together with duels and so forth; but the resultant emotions are not permanent, and at the end the Duke is in his library, with faded ink and a dried flower.

Life had given the man no more than this—an April month, a memory of folly and frolic, of joy and of the bitterness which paid for it, a kiss from an idealised woman under a starlit sky—and these relics.

Mr. Castle seems to take a singular pride in his quotations. They range with graceful catholicity from Shakespeare to Edmund Rostand, but we scarcely see why he should have begun his book with a list of them.

*An Englishman.* By Mary L. Pendered.  
(Methuen & Co. 6s.)

In this novel, at once sound and diverting, Miss Pendered depicts the life of a small provincial town of middle England. Market Grazen is apparently the local metropolis of an agricultural district; it touches the large landowner on one side and the roving Socialist candidate for Parliament on the other. The tradesmen of the town and their various folk are made the principal characters in the book, and chief among them is Michael Rolf, grocer, cricketer, and athlete—the "Englishman" of the title.

Michael's young sister Nanny required something between a companion and a governess, and it was in response to his advertisement that Maia Lovel, a young woman of aristocratic birth and the highest education, came down into Market Grazen to fill a position in the Rolf household. Maia came not because she must, but because she would. She had a fancy to earn her living. The enterprise begun she did not look back. She was sensible and strong-minded, and though the atmosphere of the grocery and of Market Grazen at first disgusted her, she forced herself to seek for the sterling good beneath the repellent superficies of provincial manners. She taught her ward; she helped with the accounts; she presided at the assistants' breakfast-table.

"Frightfully slow place, Market Grazen, miss, beastly slow, if I may use a vulgar expression," said Smith, rapidly disposing of a large mouthful of bread and ham; "me and Mundin, bein' used to a large town, both of us, got the 'ump awful at first, didn't we, Mundin? There's nothin' doin', nothin' at all, I assure you. A jolly good music 'all 'ud rouse us up a bit—that's what we want. But, bless you, the folks 'ere are so mighty good and proper they'd 'ave fits at the bare idea. It's all Bible-classes and tea-fights with them. More 'am, Mundin, please, and cut it thick; I'm 'ungry," he ended, with a wink at Maia, who could not decide whether or no it were safe to smile at his grotesqueness.

Mr. Mundin looked disgust.

"There's nothing more repulsive than thick ham," he said, with an emphatic aspirate that was like the letting off of steam. The Rolfs, brother and sister, both treated the letter *h* with certain consideration; the assistant raised it above the level of its fellows and throned it with ostentation. The significance of this peremptory articulation did not, however, penetrate the consciousness of Smith. He babbled on unreprieved.

Maia found the sterling good, and found it soon, and she ended by marrying Michael. The central idea of the story—this mating of a refined and distinctly patrician girl with a grocer who was, of course, quite 'out of her world'—is unusual and even fanciful; and though it is treated with much skill and resource, and the excellent virtues of the grocer are fully brought out, we are scarcely prepared to admit that Miss Pendered has convinced us of its possibility. The merit of the novel, however, lies elsewhere—in the hundred minor descriptions of character and event, and the general effect—kaleidoscopic, but not confusing—of a town's life. Mrs. Pendered's school treats and cricket matches, and fires and elections and scandals, her butchers and jewellers, and Baptist elders and retired spinsters, and foolish girls and staid wives, show a just and keen observation, and some humour. She has made unimportant mistakes here and there, and one is conscious of a certain slight literary untidiness. But, take it as a whole, *An Englishman* is a meritorious and promising performance, instinct with sincerity.

## Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final.  
Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THE SNOW ON SHAH-DAGH  
AND AMMALAT BEY.

BY ALEXANDRE DUMAS,  
PÈRE.

These are the two romances which have lately been brought forward, on what appears to be very good evidence, as unpublished works of Alexandre Dumas, père. The two stories deal with Tartar life, and together make a volume of the usual novel size. The discoverer of the MSS. is M. S. Apostolides. The translator is Mr. Home Gordon. (Simpkin, Marshall. 6s.)

## COLD STEEL.

By M. P. SHIEL.

A story of Henry the Eighth and Wolsey, and fighting and intrigue, by the author of *The Yellow Danger*. The heroine is one Bessie Ford, whose sister Laura falls under the eye of the King and has to be removed to a place of safety. The removal makes the story. (Richards. 6s.)

## RISING FORTUNES.

By JOHN OXENHAM.

This story, by the author of *God's Prisoner*, deals with the fortunes of a young Scottish artist and his friend, a journalist, who come to London to make their way. We see much of small and desperate journalistic strivings in Fleet-street. "It's a long way up," says one struggling editor, showing his room in Fleet-street, "but I like it, it's so damnably quiet, an' when folks come humming after accounts, they try it once or twice, and the next time they look up the stair, and away home, and report that there was no one in again. Oh, aye! it has its advantages once ye get up. . . . An' what can I do for ye, Adam, ma man? Ha'e ye gotten a grup o' anything yet?" (Hurst & Blackett. 6s.)

## THE TONE KING.

By HERIBERT RAU.

This is one of three romances in which Rau deals with the lives of Mozart, Beethoven, and Weber. It is well translated by Mr. J. E. St. Quintin Rae. There is an account of the first presentation of "Don Giovanni": "When Mozart appeared to conduct, he was received with ringing cheers from the crowded house. He bowed low; his heart was full of joy. In his eyes shone tears of delight. The baton fell, and, like the trumpet-call of the Last Judgment, the first chords of the andante resounded." (Jarrold. 6s.)

## KINSAH.

By MAY CROMMELIN.

Kinsah is a daughter of Tangier—"white Tangier by the dark blue sea." The members of the British Legation and their women-folk are introduced, and the romance takes colour and variety from Christian and Mohammedan life. The descriptions of scenery are many and alluring. (John Long. 6s.)

## THE REALIST.

By HERBERT FLOWERDEW.

The realist is Auguste Zant, who has come to England to write a novel dealing with our national character. He writes novels from life, and when he wants a harrowing scene he creates it. "Is it true that you strangled your housekeeper?" asks the hero in the character of an interviewer. "Oh, yes, it is true," he said indifferently. "I have seen it stated that I performed the experiment in order to describe the effects of strangulation. That is scarcely true, for I knew already. My idea was chiefly to try how much pacification would be necessary to make the poor creature my friend again." (Lane. 6s.)

## THE GUESTS OF MINE HOST.

By MARIAN BOWER.

Talk, dining, billiards, gossip, and excursions among a cosmopolitan crowd at the Beau Rivage Hotel at La Séverie. Amid it all a love drama is shaped, in which two men and a young married woman (who is tortured by the circumstances of her married life) play their parts. The story is well written and conceived. (Cassell & Co. 6s.)

## I LIVED AS I LISTED.

By ARTHUR L. MAITLAND.

A pleasing romance of the Restoration, with plenty of action. When things were quiet "we did fall for awhile into easy conversation, and the mouthing of such merry quips as we could recollect." Indeed, the mouthing is overdone. "'Nan, dear,' said I sadly, 'I have happed on evil times.' And I did draw a sigh." (Wells Gardner. 6s.)

## TALES OF TERROR.

By DICK DONOVAN.

Tales of terror indeed. The first, "The Woman with the Oily Eyes," is the horrible story of a modern vampire. (Chatto & Windus. 6s.)

## PHIL OF THE HEATH.

By HAROLD CHILD.

A readable melodramatic story. Phyllis Woolcombe is an heiress, stands five feet eleven, and rides the biggest horse in the West Country. Her life and character are attacked, she is charged with murder, is released from Bristol gaol in the Chartist riots, has a soldier lover, and a villainous cousin. (Pearson Ltd. 6s.)

## LOAVES AND FISHES.

By BESSIE REYNOLDS.

A vigorous study of Little Bethel politics. The consequential, self-made deacons stint their pastor of the loaves and fishes that are his due, and treat him and his wife with insolence and unkindness. Written to expose the evil of too many chapels, each supporting a half-starved pastor. (Stock.)

## A LAWFUL CRIME.

By EDWARD KENT.

This is described as "a story of to-day," but it rather belongs to some doubtful yesterday. It is compounded of a young marriage, an absent husband, an unscrupulous lover, a plot, an imprisonment, a forced wedding—and then wrongs begin to be righted. Much of the action passes in France, where the heroine is entrapped and imprisoned by her father's mistress. (Leadenhall Press. 6s.)

## THE PRIEST'S MARRIAGE.

By NORA VYNNE.

A study of marriage by the author of *The Blind Artist's Pictures*, &c. Is an ex-priest or a mere natural man the best husband for a girl like Annie Fulton? The riddle is solved by experiment. (Burleigh. 6s.)

## THE LOVE AFFAIRS OF A CURATE.

By MARCUS REAY.

This diary of a curate, supposed to have been stolen by a bad boy, shows how the Rev. George Grey had a good deal of puritanical nonsense knocked out of him. Going on the river on Sunday with qualms of conscience, he sees his bishop gliding by in another boat, &c., &c. (John Long. 3s. 6d.)

## HARCOURT.

By AUTHOR OF "DAUGHTERS OF THE CITY."

Not he of Malwood. Yet the atmosphere is political, and perhaps this concerns the modern Plantagenet: "Nothing is more comic than a Liberal leader proclaiming his sublime devotion to high principle, his scorn of base expediency: while 'Distrust of the people—if they're women,' and 'Women being in the majority, we must not enfranchise them,' are the principles he practises." A novel in which love and the franchise are alternately to the fore. (Simpkin. 6s.)

## BOFFIN'S FIND.

By ROBERT THYNNE.

A story of Australian sheep-farming and gold-mining, written—the author points out—"before the De Rougemont narrative made any public appearance." The time in Botany Bay days, and the story hums with life, adventure, and villainy. Mr. Thynne is the author of *The Story of Australian Exploration*. (Long. 6s.)

We have also received *The River Syndicate, and Other Stories*, the first of which is a detective story, by Charles E. Carryl (Harper & Brothers. 2s.); *The Beautiful Evil*, a fantasy of Indian life and religions, by Alexander Eager (Sands & Co. 6s.); *Love Knots*, by May Crommelin (Jarrold. 3s. 6d.); *Margaret at the Manse*, a series of Scottish stories, illustrated, by Ethel T. Heddle (Wells Gardner. 6s.); *Charles Waverdon and Others*, "a medley" dealing with "the upper stratum of society thirty years ago," by Caryl J. Blunt (Stock. 6s.); *Malcolm Ross*, a story of ministerial life in West Scotland, by Alexander Craib (Stock. 6s.).

## THE ACADEMY.

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## The Novel of the Moment.

## An Enquiry.

ON Tuesday, October 24, eight thousand copies of it were offered to London, and it was also published in New York and in the Colonies. Mr. Mudie desired two thousand copies for his library. The trade generally was hungry and pertinacious. Over two thousand supplementary copies were ordered on November 2, and the same on November 3. A Teuton expressed a wish to translate it into German. Tauchnitz said that he wanted it, and a dramatist asked permission to dramatise it. On the 9th the first edition was exhausted, and large orders yet unfulfilled; but a great firm of printers had the affair in hand, and on the 15th, by the aid of their resources, a second edition of ten thousand copies was ready to be devoured. In the meantime the morning papers sang together. England and Scotland lifted up one laudatory voice. "The book must go right to the front of contemporary literature." "The plot . . . would alone have secured for it the eager attention of critics." "The same gift of divining things, the same sincerity, and nearly the same insight as"—the author of *Jane Eyre*. "Challenges comparison with Charlotte Brontë." "Not to be surpassed in contemporary fiction." "Without doubt a masterpiece."

Such is the history of the first three weeks of *Red Pottage*, by Mary Cholmondeley (Edward Arnold), the novel of the moment. Many people will ask: "Who is Mary Cholmondeley?" But these people will not be subscribers to Mudie's. For Miss Cholmondeley, though she has written little, was from the first a sort of power at Mudie's. With *Diana Tempest* she secured a firm position there, and, though it is some time since *Diana Tempest*, the clients of Mudie—even those who make novel-reading the stern business of life and require a new story every day—do not soon forget a favourite. *Red Pottage* was sure of a special attention. It was not, however, sure of the enormous vogue which it is now enjoying. Sudden dazzling popularities have been a fairly regular phenomenon of late years—at least two have occurred within six months—but the vogue of *Red Pottage* is still striking enough to startle. That it surprised the publisher himself is shown by the fact that the second edition of the book is larger than the first.

Thus at a single stride Miss Cholmondeley steps from the comparative obscurity of being "a popular author" into the brilliant white light of full celebrity. Yesterday it was: "Mary Cholmondeley—you know . . . wrote a splendid thing called *Diana Tempest*, awfully interesting; you ought to read it." To-day it is: "Mary Cholmondeley . . . What, you don't mean to say you haven't read . . . !" And he to whom "Mary Cholmondeley" is unfamiliar will henceforth hide his ignorance like a sin. That is fame. Miss Cholmondeley is famous. In three weeks she has become so. Why?

In the first place, there is strength in her work. We have read perhaps a thousand novels since we read *Diana Tempest*, and forgotten nine hundred and fifty, but we clearly remember that not only the plot but the characterisation of this story interested us. The talent was unmistakable. We re-

solved to keep the author in view. The sight of her name in the publishers' advertisements last month at once filled us with anticipations, and we perused *Red Pottage* at the earliest moment. We mention these facts because our experience was probably a common one. The opening chapters of the story effectually raised our curiosity. Hugh Scarlett has a *liaison* with Lady Newhaven. Lord Newhaven discovers the adultery (not before Hugh is sick of his Diana), and, with a calmness which is characteristic of him, invites Hugh to draw lots for the privilege of committing suicide within the next five months. Hugh, surprised, accepts Lord Newhaven's somewhat Ovidian proposition—and loses. The question is: Will Hugh abide by the result? Miss Cholmondeley has here an excellent situation. It is melodramatic; but none the worse on that score, since melodrama is a perfectly legitimate form of literary art, capable of the finest uses. (See Balzac's *La Grande Brèche* or Scott's *Wandering Willie's Tale*.) She handles it with originality, force, and ingenuity. At the end of the book surprise grows out of surprise in a manner productive of many thrills. So far as the Newhavens and Hugh Scarlett are concerned, *Red Pottage* is a good, exciting story, ornamented with some rather clever analysis of motive, and very well told, save for a slight occasional hesitancy and indirectness in the later passages.

But the *affaire* Newhaven-Scarlett is only a small part of *Red Pottage*. Miss Cholmondeley has no sooner stated her theme than she deliberately discards it. Gifted with what is called "a keen eye for character," she so preoccupies herself with the exploitation of the special powers of that eye that she loses sight of her story for a good two hundred pages. It is necessary to state here that Hugh Scarlett falls in love with a certain rare creature, Rachel West; that Rachel has an intimate friend, Hester Gresley (who wrote the greatest novel of her time); that Hester has a brother, the Rev. James Gresley, with a wife and family; and that the latter have some snobbish plutocratic friends named Pratt. These people are spread abroad over the book. Their motives and actions are described in detail. Yet they do not help the story; they have nothing but an adventitious and non-essential connexion with the story. It might be said that Miss Cholmondeley had fallen into the usual English error of writing two novels in one, but these extraneous persons and scenes do not in fact make a story by themselves. The sole result of them, viewing the book strictly as a work of art, is to fret and delay the satisfaction of an artfully aroused curiosity. Nevertheless, we imagine that the gross redundancies of the book have had a large share in the making of its success.

The popularity of *Red Pottage* springs from three things. The first is the melodramatic excitements of the main theme. These are good, but they pervade only a fractional part of the story. The second is the observation of that "keen eye for character" to which we have referred. Miss Cholmondeley sees character intensely, but very crudely. Her good people are too good, and her bad people are too bad. They seldom depart from their codes. Certain of her creatures she adores; certain others she hates. It is in the delineation of the hated that she renders herself popular. She observes them with positive rancour, and makes them the butt of sarcasm which is like a skittle-ball among the pins. Thus of the Pratts:

Selina was the most popular, being liable to shrieks of laughter at the smallest witticisms, and always ready for that species of amusement termed "bally-ragging" or "hay-making." But Ada was the most admired. She belonged to that type which in hotel society and country towns is always termed "queenly." She "kept the men at a distance." She "never allowed them to take liberties," &c., &c. She held her chin up and her elbows out, and was considered by the section of Middlesex society in which she shone to be very distinguished. Mrs. Pratt was often told that her daughter looked like a duchess; and this facsimile of the aristocracy, or rather of the most distressing traits of its latest recruits, had a manner of

lolling with crossed legs in the parental carriage and pair, which was greatly admired. "Looks as if she was born to it all," Mr. Pratt would say to his wife.

So are the Pratts disposed of and labelled for ever, and the public persuaded that in reading *Red Pottage* it is appreciating social satire of a very subtle order. But human beings are not thus easily to be ticketed and shelved. Such facile and disdainful sarcasm may raise a laugh, but the art of it is neither serious nor delicate. In a word, it is coarse, and there is a great deal of it in *Red Pottage*. The Rev. Mr. Gresley, for another example, is treated with the crudest hostility; he is a grotesque puppet, set up, apparently, so that the author may gratify her anti-Philistine spleen in knocking him down.

The third element of popularity in *Red Pottage* is the strain of easy philosophising in terms of vague metaphor which runs through it. Here is an example:

Most of us have in our time hammered nails into our walls, which, though they now decorously support the engravings and etchings of our maturer years, were nevertheless originally driven in to uphold the cherished, the long since discarded chromos of our foolish youth.

There is no doubt that this sort of reflection does please and even impress a certain type of mind. Of the thousands who will relish the quoted passage, not one could turn it into a plain statement of fact, for the reason that it is incapable of being so turned. "Chromos" stands for one kind of ideal, and "engravings and etchings" for another kind of ideal, but our belief is that Miss Cholmondeley herself would be puzzled to explain the rôle of "nails" in the metaphor. Yet the sentence has a pleasant and plausible air with it.

Opinions may differ as to the presence or absence of this or that quality of excellence in Miss Cholmondeley's novel. But on some points concerning it competent opinions cannot differ: it is very clumsily constructed; it contains many passages and some characters which have no bearing whatever upon the theme; the author exhibits a shameless partiality among her characters; and she has almost no feeling for style in any fine sense of the word. These four charges could be proved before a jury. And so it must be asserted, strenuously though with sorrow, that *Red Pottage* is not a masterpiece, that it does not challenge comparison with Charlotte Brontë, that it is not unsurpassed in modern fiction, and that Miss Cholmondeley's reward has exceeded her deserts.

To utter a jeremiad upon the decadence of taste, to declare that literature is going to the dogs because a fourth-rate novel has been called a masterpiece and has made someone's fortune, would be absurd. We have a strong faith that taste is as good as ever it was, and that literature will continue on its way undisturbed. The extraordinary phenomena marking the birth of *Red Pottage* have occurred frequently before, and in a form more acute. Even now *A Double Thread* is touching its fiftieth thousand. All this is naught. In ten years, in twenty years—what then? Perhaps then the excellent, but impetuous public may remember that in 1899 "*Zuck*" issued *On Trial* and that in those days Mr. Walter Raymond was also fertile. Who knows? In the meantime, let us admit with alacrity that Miss Cholmondeley is a writer of parts. Had she not been so, she could scarcely have written a fourth-rate novel, which is at least six degrees higher than the average. And let us point out that Miss Cholmondeley is in no way responsible for the hysteria of good-natured criticism, or the panic rush of the populace to take the horses out of her carriage and drag her to the high summits of Parnassus.

## Style and the "Edinburgh Review."

THE article in the current *Edinburgh Review* on "Some Tendencies of Modern Style" deserves attention in more ways than one. Its declared aim is to criticise some recent efflorescences of the younger phrase-mongers who follow their Meredith not wisely but too well. Herein we have every sympathy with it. The application to the novel of a style perilous in the essay is an innovation to be deplored. The aim of such style is great minuteness of word selection: the sentence is to become a mosaic of *recherchés* and carefully tested words. In the hands of a master this may succeed. It may succeed by a fastidious reticence, a delicate sense of the too much, a chastened instinct where to stop. But in most hands—as one might prophesy, and as we see in fact—the tendency of such narrowed attention to the individual word is to throw the sentence out of focus. There should be an organic relation and subordination in the vocables of a sentence, a distinction of major and minor. But in the strained minuteness of the writer's attention to language he misses sight of this with distressing result. The words lose their perspective, and start out upon the reader with an unnatural separate distinctness:

Each particular word doth stand on end,  
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine.

It has an effect like the painful heightening of individual objects in a nightmare vision. In fact, such a sentence (unconsciously to the writer) is veritably dislocated; as in the drawing of a beginner, where noses and other features assume abnormal proportions. Each word may be accurate and defensible in itself, but the total result is false because *relation*—comparative importance—has been neglected. It is an error parallel to the pre-Raphaelite assemblage of severally-studied details in an unrelated whole. And all this becomes tenfold worse when the writer intensifies the impression by packed audacities of imagery. The effect is phantasmagoric. One's eyes ache, seeking and finding no place of rest.

But here our agreement with the reviewer ceases. It is, unhappily, only at the close of his article that he reaches these justified animadversions. The rest of the article is consumed in an elaborate attempt to provide a foundation of principle for his forthcoming strictures. For this purpose he revives the mischievous fallacy that "you should write as you speak." When it is considered that there are whole ranges of themes which are practically excluded from speech, the fallacy and inadequacy of this principle seems evident. It is true that the reviewer modifies it by saying that speech should be the model for prose. True, in the same sense that the skeleton is the model for the flesh. But the reviewer means much more; he contends that the nearer prose is to speech the better it is. Armed with this law, he surveys the range of English prose, and makes devastating work. Passing over his loose introduction, which contains fallacies of thought enough to require an article for their discussion, it is sufficient to say that one main result, if not object, of his essay is virtually to set aside and condemn a whole mode of English prose; and with it to clear away from our literature a stately grove of noble writers. On his principle, of course, the eighteenth century is the great period of our prose. With ruthless logic he carries his theory to its full consequences, brushing aside the entire seventeenth century. A principle which condemns at one fell swoop Milton and Sir Thomas Browne and Jeremy Taylor, and their great brethren, stands surely self-condemned. If either they or the principle must go, it will be hard for the principle!

The truth is, that it is pedantry to limit prose within any external order of style. The form of prose is determined by its *aim*—by its subject-matter and the writer's



design in treating that subject-matter. As this approaches or recedes from the aims of speech, the style should, and must, approach or recede from the usual structure of speech. Where it is widely different from unpremeditated speech, that is because theme and aim are widely different from anything conceivable in speech. But here we touch one cause of the reviewer's error. He wishes to draw a fast line between prose and poetry. Metre, he thinks, is the proper distinction between poetry and prose; therefore, outside metre, the more prosaic your writing (the nearer to speech, in his phrase), the better it will be, as a matter of style. But metre is not the proper distinction between poetry and prose (though a distinction convenient for general observation). As a proof, take the poetical books of the Bible. They have been rendered into prose so superbly fit that all attempts, even by poets, to substitute metrical form have utterly failed. Here you have grand poetry without metre. What, then, has it which distinguishes it, outwardly, from prosaic prose? It has *rhythm*. It is the presence of lofty and noble rhythm which invests the poetry of the Bible with such satisfying and wholly congruous form. And it is rhythm which really is the *necessary* medium of poetry, not metre. But rhythm varies gradually and imperceptibly through numberless gradations, from the highest to the lowest, till it disappears in the pedestrian progress of average prose. It follows that there is no such fast line between poetry and prose as the Edinburgh Reviewer supposes. Poetry and prose can, and sometimes do, play into each other. Prose, therefore, becomes a vast *spectrum*, fading into poetry at one end, into journalism at the other (or, if the Reviewer prefer the phrase, into the forms of ordinary speech). To which of these two extremities a given style shall approximate depends wholly on the writer's aim. Prose in the past has divided itself into two great modes, represented by the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The prose of Browne and Jeremy Taylor was well towards the upper, or poetic, end of the spectrum, without actually passing into it, like the poetic books of the Bible. The prose of Swift and Dryden was well towards the lower, or colloquial, end, though far from passing into it—much further than certain modern prose. But both were as legitimate as they were separate modes of prose. That the eighteenth century is a fitter model for the general requirements of prose is obvious. But that does not sweep from the ranks of the great masters of style Taylor, and Browne, and Hooker, and their fellows. And God forbid it should!

## Things Seen.

### Proof.

NIGHT had come weeping; and as I plunged along miry Wellington-street, I wondered why upon earth the old gentleman ahead of me could not enter that Waterloo omnibus and be done with it. He stepped back at last, and, springing forward, I had my wonder explained away. "Full up!" grunted the conductor; and, as I fell back, muttering plain words, my old gentleman, with his cruddled, kindly face, grey almost to whiteness, and bright eyes shaggily overhung, ranged alongside me. "Better to walk it," he said, as we forged along. "Does you good, I think. I've to catch the 6.10 express to Blankley; but there's time enough, I fancy."

"Really! To Blankley? My own case exactly. I live there."

"Well, well; that's odd. Harper's my name; Harper, Blankley, finds me; yes, these thirty years. And yet I never met you, sir. You've business in town, likely; Ludgate-hill, now, or Cheapside?"

"No; no, I write books for my living."

"Ah; books, eh? Well, there's a deal too many books written nowadays, by my way of it."

"I thoroughly agree with you."

"Yes. If folk would only read their Bibles more, now, and leave these stories alone—ah! Why, I saw a ton of 'em given away to-day. Fictions an' bright readings, as they call 'em; and far enough I wished 'em—just when we was distributing Bibles too, an' good books, on the troopships. Ah, yes, they're bad things, these stories, sure enough, and they do a sight of harm. They're not founded on the Rock, ye see; not on a basis of truth. But with the Bible— Why, look at Job, now! There was a man for you!"

"Very fine," I said; "very fine indeed. But there are folk, you know, who say the Book of Job was no more than a play, a drama, you know, and not history, at all."

"Play;—drama! Huh! No, sir; inspiration; true, every word of it, sir. Job was a living man, just as sure as you an' me. I know it; I know it like—like I know that my Redeemer liveth. An' now I'll tell you a little anecdote to prove it. Yes, an' I daresay it's true too— Why, bless me, yes; I know it is. It was the Presbyterian minister at Chelsea told me about it, when I was a lad. He said— How these 'buses follow on, to be sure! See those three; all full. Well, rock oil, y' know, was a new thing then, I fancy; an' some smart young fellow, as it might be yoursel— From Ecclesiastes, I think it was, he got it: 'No new thing under the sun.' 'Why,' ses he, 'look at rock oil! Whoever heard of oil out of a rock before?' Mocking, you see. Then my friend he turns up Job—Job twenty-nine or thirty, I think it is; somewhere along there—'And the rock poured me out rivers of oil.' That shows you, ye see. That was how he rebuked the young man, out of Holy Writ; that's writin' founded on the Living Rock. 'Rivers of oil!' Doesn't that prove it for ye? Real! Just as real as you an' me; glory to God! But these stories— There, but you say you write 'em. Well, I daresay they're not *all* bad. But it's better to work for Christ, I say. And so you live at Blankley?"

### Bathos.

FROM his service boots to his trim little moustache and jaunty cap he was beautiful, the khaki-clad soldier, as he mounted into the 'bus. We all felt it, and longed to speak to him; and envied the tall lame man who might and did. We looked at him as much as we could without seeming to, and we listened. He was going out to-day: so much we learned, and our hearts swelled. He spoke straight out, with a soldierly simplicity that appealed. Ah, to be a man and to do these things!

At Holborn the omnibus was cleared but for the soldier, a sanguine middle-aged lady, and myself. She looked at me with a glance that pleaded, "Under the circumstances . . ."; and turning frankly upon him,

"And so," she purred, "you are going out!"

With the simple directness proper to the British Army, "Yes," said he, "I am going out to-day."

"Are you really, now!" She seemed to munch the notion: it was, one might fairly conjecture, her first occasion of actual contact with the heroic. With a large sentimental smile she surveyed him. Then she plunged into a conversation. . . .

At Drury-lane I alighted. Poised upon the rear-platform I caught a question.

"And what regiment?" she asked.

I had one foot in the air; but, with a view to adding a new personal interest to the morning perusal of my paper, I hung on. A momentary check was overpassed, but the voice that answered had lost something of its resonance.

"Commissariat," it answered. . . .

"Well, that's better than nothing— isn't it?" said the middle-aged lady.

## The Amateur Critic.

### The Ancestors of the Boers.

IN the *Harleian Miscellany* (ii. 591) is preserved an account of a royal voyage to Holland from the pen of an English gentleman of the train of William III. (whom he styles "the Conqueror"). The man was a courtier in the first place—the document is plastered with adulation—but he was also an acute observer, and he could write pretty well. Having landed at the Hague, he pauses merely to note the "curious hard sandy shore, admirably contrived by nature for the divertisement of people of quality," then passes on to an examination of the Manners, Customs, and Comical Humours of the Boers. Certain of his sentences are likely to be appreciated by a larger public than that for which they were written. These, without further "pesterment of formalities," I proceed to transcribe:

You may sooner convert a Jew [he writes] than to make an ordinary Dutchman yield to arguments that cross him. . . .

They are seldom deceived, for they trust no-body; so by consequence are better to hold a fort than win it; yet they can do both. Trust them you must if you travel, for to ask a bill of particulars is to put in a wasps' nest; you must pay what they ask as sure as if it were the assessment of a subsidy.

Compliments is an idleness they were never trained up in; and it is their happiness that Court pleasures have never stole away their minds from business. . . .

. . . In short, they are a race diligent rather than laborious, dull and slow of understanding; and so not dealt with by hasty words, but managed easily by soft and fair; and yielding to plain reason, if you give them time to understand it.

S. R. T.

### To Mr. Swinburne.

POET, who weavest wondrous webs of words,  
And clang'st thy lyre with wild and boisterous hand!  
Oft, as we listen to thy music grand  
Still rolling in reverberating chords,  
We hear the roar of guns and clash of swords  
Borne on the air; then, swift at thy command,  
Our pulses quicken, our desires expand  
To urge thy hates, to hallow thine accords.  
Yet, would we crave thy Muse to turn awhile  
To gentler arts—to sing the song of War  
In softer strain. Put up thy scimitar,  
And let sweet peace thy stormy soul beguile:  
Such were a solace soother in "reverse"  
Than all the colder comfort of a curse!

B. M. R.

### For an Anthology of Parody.

SOME of the wittiest parodies that I have ever read have been among those which appear in the newspapers from time to time on topical events. I recollect seeing a travesty of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's "Bobs," addressed to Sir Arthur Sullivan under the title of "Babs" during a recent *cause célèbre*. I wish I had preserved it, it was so clever. But one of the most interesting parodies is the little-known, self-inflicted Swinburnian "Nephelidia," to be found among those unparalleled *Specimens of Modern Poets, The Heptalogia*, a book which certainly ought to be in the hand of the compiler of an anthology of parody. No one knowing these verses should accuse Mr. Swinburne of a lack of humour; has ever a poet of note

burlesqued his own peculiarities of style in so frank a manner? Here are a few lines:

From the depth of the dreamy decline of the dawn through  
a notable nimbus of nebulous noonshine,  
Pallid and pink as the palm of the flag-flower that  
flickers with fear of the flies as they float,  
Are the looks of our lovers that lustroously lean from a  
marvel of mystic miraculous moonshine,  
Those that we feel in the blood of our blushes that thicken  
and threaten with throbs through the throat?  
Thicken and thrill as a theatre thronged at appeal of an  
actor's appalled agitation,  
Fainter with fear of the fires of the future than pale with  
the promise of pride in the past;  
Flushed with the famishing fulness or fever that reddens  
with radiance of rather recreation,  
Gaunt as the ghastliest of glimpses that gleam through  
the gloom of the gloaming when ghosts go aghast?  
Nay, for the nick of the tick of the time is a tremulous  
touch on the temples of terror,  
Strained as the sinews yet strenuous with strife of the  
dead who is dumb as the dust-heaps of death:  
Surely no soul is it, sweet as the spasm of erotic emotional  
exquisite error,  
Bathed in the balms of beatified bliss, beatific itself by  
beatitude's breath.

JONATHAN DEAN.

### The Tyranny of Association.

THE criticism passed in the ACADEMY last week on the excess of detail in Mr. Millais's life of Sir John Everett Millais derives support from the following curious extract from the book. Mr. Millais is telling us how Miss Siddal (afterwards Mrs. Rossetti) "sat" to Millais for his beautiful picture of Ophelia drifting down the stream to her death. He says:

Miss Siddal had a trying experience. . . . In order that the artist might get the proper set of the garments in water, and the right atmosphere and aqueous effects, she had to lie in a large bath filled with water, which was kept at an even temperature by lamps placed beneath. One day, just as the picture was nearly finished, the lamps went out unnoticed by the artist, who was so intensely absorbed in his work that he thought of nothing else, and the poor lady was kept floating in the cold water till she was nearly benumbed. She herself never complained of this, but the result was that she contracted a severe cold, and her father (an auctioneer at Oxford) wrote to Millais threatening him with an action of £50 damages for his carelessness. Millais paid the doctor's bill; and Miss Siddal, quickly recovering, was none the worse for her cold bath.

That she was none the worse is eternally satisfactory. It is the picture that is to suffer now! Mr. Millais should have remembered the tyranny of association. Few readers of the story will be able to look at "Ophelia" without seeing Miss Siddal floating in her bath, the lamps out, the painter oblivious, and rheumatism and warts stalking in the background. It is an awful example.

F. T. S.

### Wanted: Novels of Observation.

ONE is often impressed by the sad want of originality shown by young novelists in the choice of plots and subject matter. They seem to be re-arranging old, worn effects, and rarely extending that Edom over which Fiction should cast out its shoe. Literary promotion awaits the young novelist who will apply his faculties to the faithful, critical representation of a few definite yet well-known phases of life. For instance, the life of a great drapery establishment must be full of comedy and more or less suppressed human nature, both well worth treating. The innumerable City clerk, his punctual journeys, his virtues and temptations, still awaits his novelist. And the Aerated Bread Girl—who will gather her in?

S. S.

## Publishing on Commission.

### A New Enterprise

THE newest name to be added to the long list of London publishers is that of Mr. R. A. Everett, who is beginning business in Essex-street. Mr. Everett has controlled some important publications when acting as manager to Messrs. Thacker & Company. In particular, he was concerned in bringing out an *édition-de-luxe* of Whyte-Melville's works, and the well-known books on horses and sport by Captain Hayes, whose works he will in future publish. Mr. Everett will adopt a method of publishing which he believes is well suited to the present state of the book market. This is publishing on commission, whereby the author retains his copyright and the maximum of control and oversight over his books. Under this system the author takes all the profits after the cost of production has been met, less small commissions on the cost and sales. Throughout, the publisher acts as the author's agent, and the publisher's operations and his account books are open to the author's inspection.

Publishing on commission seems peculiarly adapted to superior technical books enjoying a long sale, but it will probably meet the wishes of authors of all kinds. To the new and timid writer it should appeal by its simplicity and openness. He will know at the outset precisely what his risks are, and what his chances of profit; moreover, the publisher's gains, like his own, will be regulated entirely by the success of the book in question. But Mr. Everett anticipates that his system will be appreciated by many older writers who desire to have more direct control over their literary business and a clearer financial method. It does not follow, of course, that Mr. Everett will not use other methods of publishing where such are preferred.

The only prejudice, if there be one, against publishing on commission arises from the notion that the system opens wide the door to the incompetent writer who can pay to have his book produced. But clearly all depends on the publisher. Mr. Everett intends to publish good books, not bad books; and he will not permit his ideal of sound literary publishing to be spoilt by writers who have more money than brains.

## How Long Should Copyright Last?

THIS question is naturally being raised at a time when a new Copyright Act is likely to become law. Under the existing law copyright in a book lasts the author's lifetime, or for forty-two years, whichever period proves the longer. By the new Act it is proposed to extend the period to the author's lifetime, plus thirty years. This is the German rule, but it seems a mistake to regard it as an "extension" in all cases. For, obviously, if an author should die one year after the publication of a book the copyright in that book will last only thirty-one years—i.e., eleven years less than the forty-two now assured to every book.

It may be noted that in France copyright lasts through the author's life, and for fifty years afterwards. In Italy and Spain copyright in a book survives its author by eighty years. In these countries, therefore, a good copyright remains a source of income to a man's children and grandchildren. What, then, is the true, the just period during which copyright should be upheld? Or should there be a period at all? Copyright in perpetuity may seem a startling proposition, but why should a book not be regarded as a piece of property as real, and as inalienable from an author's heirs, as a house, or a mine, or a fishery? The question is at least worth considering.

That hardship results from the present speedy termination of copyrights can hardly be disputed. It is easy, indeed, to name cases in which the extinction of copyright has been an injustice, or at least a matter for regret. Some forty years ago the grandson of Daniel Defoe was found to be an inmate of Kennington Union, and a public subscription, initiated by Walter Savage Landor, was raised on his behalf. Surely the grandson of the author of *Robinson Crusoe* had a moral claim to the benefits of his grandfather's success. Or take a gigantic work like *Cruden's Concordance*. Cruden, we believe, was a bachelor, but he might have left a family to whom the royalties on his great work would have been a help both welcome and just. One could find a score of books of reference on the "open shelves" on the British Museum Reading-room which under a more liberal law of copyright would now be yielding more or less useful incomes to the descendants of hard-worked men of erudition and genius. As Mr. Lang says in the current *Longman's Magazine*:

Think how Scott, his debts paid, would have provided for his family had copyright lasted longer. The heirs of Keats and Coleridge, men neglected by purchasers in their day, would have been bequeathed a competence. Most of Dickens's works are now out of copyright—a real hardship while an author's sons and daughters are in the land. Surely copyright might be protected "for two lives" at least. The authors literally "created" the property which, in their lifetime, many of them did not enjoy. If we are to have property at all, the author's property ought to be the most, not the least, sacred.

At the present time a number of copyrights are falling into the hands of enterprising publishers who have only such claims to them as the general copyright law of the country gives them. Lord Tennyson's family may not be conspicuously in need of the royalties which have just lapsed, yet the rights of the well-to-do are scarcely less worthy of respect than the needs of the poor; and the continuance of the Tennyson copyrights would at least have saved us from the shoddy editions of his poems which are now being thrown before the public.

Even in fiction—where change and decay proceed so fast—the operation of the forty-two years' system seems to bear hardly on descendants. The heirs of Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray would still be enjoying a harvest of royalties if our copyright law were that of Spain. And, as the *Author* points out, there are always cases ahead. The heirs of Charles Reade, George Eliot, and Robert Louis Stevenson will soon lose what it is quite permissible to think they ought to be allowed to keep.

It is significant that in the United States a definite movement is on foot to substitute perpetual for limited copyright. Sir Walter Besant, in the *Author*, boldly supports this change, though he is careful to point out some of the obstacles to its realisation. He considers that the running out of copyright is a great hardship and a great injustice:

But it will prove most difficult to persuade people of its injustice. . . . People have got firmly fixed in their heads the notion that if the term copyright is indefinitely extended certain books, now, as they are pleased to call it, the property of the nation—really the property of competing publishers—will be suppressed. "Suppose," they say, "*The Pilgrim's Progress* were to fall into the hands of a Catholic?" The true answer would be, that the fact of this work being always in demand, and that it was a property like a coal mine, would effectually prevent that property being ruined or destroyed.

Another objection to the extension of copyright is the fact that publishers are always trying to get copyright in their own hands. The agreements submitted to authors always demand copyright or the exclusive right of publication during the time of copyright; or if they buy a book outright of course copyright goes with it. Therefore an extension of copyright would only mean the continuance during such extension of the agreement made with the author. And this, as the "Draft Agreements" (Equitable

show, would leave the author, as a rule, very little cause for congratulation as to the benefits of the extension. Now, people very rightly think that they would rather have the competing publisher than the publisher who is sole owner.

To meet the last objection, Sir Walter proposes that purchase of copyright should be limited to periods of five or six years. "Most books suffer painless extinction after the first year; a few last for three or four years; very few, indeed, are in demand more than five years. For those books which have the good fortune of extended life, it is surely fair to the creator of the property that there should be a fresh deal." Of the general justice of the outcry for longer copyright Sir Walter has no doubt. "The term of copyright," he says, "should be certainly extended—perhaps there should be no term at all—the State does not take away a man's coal mine after forty years."

Our own opinion is that the term of copyright proposed by the new Act is not long enough, and that now is the time for those authors who are alive to their own and their brothers' interests to determine, by debate and inquiry, what is the proper length of time to adopt.

## Memoirs of the Moment.

IN Vienna this week has died the Baroness Ulrika von Levetzow, referred to as "a friend and contemporary of Goethe." A friend certainly—the word might be a warmer one to represent the adoration she gave to Goethe and had from him. A contemporary she was, although there was a great disparity of years between her and Goethe. The Baroness was, in fact, not yet twenty when Goethe, aged seventy-four, met her at Marienbad, and found himself still young enough to fall in love with her, as she fell in love with him. The exaltation of the Werther period he felt over again, and he began to discover that a man who was never too old to be a lover was never too old to be a poet. Marriage was mooted; but the representations of friends—perhaps a fear of ridicule—withheld him from the altar. He tore himself away from the fair; and the "Marienbad Elegy" which he wrote in the carriage as it put the miles between them remains as a token of his inexhaustible resources of feeling and of the cost at which he did violence to his sentiments. All these years since his death—seventy—the Baroness has borne the same name and the recollection of the greatly-worshipping Goethe.

No one lives any longer now to recall the kisses and the tears of the author of *Faust*. Friendships with women can scarce be written of; yet Goethe's friendships might have made a chapter to which the pen of G. H. Lewes, at its nimblest, had done little injustice. Goethe himself wrote as he could of the many women he ranked among his close friends. Like most young men, he found his first heroine in a woman of an older generation, Fräulein Von Klettenberg, the "fair saint" who taught him the mysticism which led him on to *Faust*, from that unlikely starting-point, the *Imitation of Christ*, through the works of the alchemists. He was then a medical student in Strasburg, and he had a dancing-master, the dancing-master had two daughters, and that meant for Goethe two love-affairs. The dramatic end came (at any rate, in Goethe's *Autobiography*) when one of the sisters, in the presence of the other, caught Goethe by the hair, crying: "Woe upon woe for ever and ever to her who for the first time after me kisses these lips!"

GOETHE left the house without giving the listening sister the occasion to fear the curse; but the memory of it haunted him when, a little later, he lost his heart to

Frederika Brion, the daughter of a pastor, to whom, after a few days' visit to her people, he writes a vague love-letter; and, returning unannounced, finds his coming that day had been anticipated—a scene which has a parallel when Contarini Fleming is greeted by his future bride, at first meeting, with the words: "You have been long expected." No wonder that Goethe, when he read that romance, delighted Disraeli the younger with his praise. The ideal of Stevenson might be "beauty, touched with sex and laughter." For Goethe and for Disraeli there must be an added touch of mysticism. When Goethe left Frederika the second time, having braved the curse, he met on his homeward way a phantom of himself and remarked the ghostly figure's trappings, recalled to him eight years later when he rode in that very attire to revisit the girl and to suffer disillusion.

If Lord Rosebery's Bath speech tempted one to a quotation from a letter of Landor's, his speech about Cromwell seems to cry out irresistibly for a quotation from Mr. Abraham Cowley. If the passage—not in poetry, but in prose—is unfamiliar to Lord Rosebery he will welcome it, despite the sentiments it expresses, for a stupendous piece of rhetoric:

What can be more extraordinary, wicked than for a person to endeavour not only to exalt himself above, but to trample upon, all his equals and betters? to pretend freedom for all men, and under the help of that pretence to make all men his servants? to take arms against taxes of scarce two hundred thousand pounds a year, and to raise them himself above two millions? to quarrel for the loss of three or four ears, and to strike off three or four hundred heads? to fight against an imaginary suspicion of I know not what, two thousand guards to be fetched for the king, I know not from whence, and to keep up for himself no less than forty thousand? to pretend the defence of Parliaments, and violently to dissolve all even of his own calling, and almost choosing? to undertake the reformation of religion, to rob it even to the very skin, and then to expose it naked to the rage of all sects and heresies? to set up councils of rapine, and courts of murder? to fight against the king under a commission for him? to take him forcibly out of the hands of those for whom he had conquered him? to draw him into his net, with protestations and vows of fidelity, and when he had caught him in it to butcher him with as little shame as conscience, or humanity, in the open face of the whole world? to receive a commission for king and parliament, to murder (as I said) the one, and destroy no less impudently the other? to fight against monarchy when he declared for it, and declare against it, when he contrived for it in his own person? to abuse perfidiously, and supplant ingratiously his own general first, and afterwards most of those officers, who with the loss of their honour, and the hazard of their souls, had lifted him up to the top of his unreasonable ambitions? to break his faith with all enemies, and with all friends equally? and to make no less frequent use of the most solemn perjuries than the loose sort of people do with customary oaths? to usurp three kingdoms without the shadow of the least pretensions, and to govern them as unjustly as he got them? to set himself up as an idol (which we know, as St. Paul says, in itself is nothing), and make the very streets of London like the valley of Hinnom, by burning the bowels of men as a sacrifice to his Moloch-ship? to seek to entail this usurpation upon his posterity, and with it an endless war upon the nation? and lastly, by the severest judgment of Almighty God, to die HARDENED, and MAD, and UNREPENTANT, with the CURSES of the present age, and the DETESTATION of all to succeed?

The capitals are Mr. Cowley's own.

He had with his own hand written these verses [the "Marienbad Elegy"] in Roman characters on fine vellum paper, and fastened them with a silken cord into a red morocco case; so that, from the outside, it was obvious that he prized this manuscript above all the rest.

From Eckermann's "Conversations of Goethe."

## Correspondence.

## Miss Swanwick.

SIR,—In "Memoirs of the Moment" your correspondent writes without sympathy of dear old Miss Swanwick, kindest of hostesses, most erudite of women. If Tennyson did not "haunt" her drawing-room, he at least gave a special reading of "Maud" for her—a little *intime* reading in his own house and with otherwise only his family present. Miss Swanwick would have been the last to boast of her friendship with the great men of her generation. They did her honour in their own way. Tennyson was never gruff to her. Browning confided to her that "Luria" was his favourite of his poems. Martineau and Gladstone brought her their portraits and sent her their books; and that they did so could be no surprise to those who really knew her, for a more charmingly sympathetic woman never lived. After the casualness, the ungraciousness, the ungracefulness of the ordinary London hostess, who that has ever been in the Cumberland-terrace drawing-room will forget the welcome given them by the little old lady in her grey shawl? You, though quite insignificant, were given the seat of honour on the sofa by herself, and she would sit affectionately holding your hand, sympathetically asking after your small concerns, blithely telling of some special little kindness done to herself, until your heart warmed and warmed to her. And at her kindly hearth the great and the little foregathered. On the same afternoon, you met Lord Bute and the journalist who was beginning her career—the dweller in the attic and the great statesman! They met on the common ground of dear old Miss Anna Swanwick's love of human kind.—I am, &c.,

SAPPHO SCOTT.

2, Bennett-street, St. James's: Nov. 13, 1899.

## A Pocket Stevenson.

SIR,—Now that pocket editions are to be had by the score, surely it is somewhat strange that we have none of Robert Louis Stevenson. I have attentively searched the season's lists of new editions, but have met with the usual disappointment. Stevenson is so essentially the friend of youth, the companion of all who love the country, that I am astonished no demand has yet been raised for such an edition. For myself, I never travel without some volume of his essays, and like always to have him ready to my hand. Are not *Virginibus Puerisque*, *Memories and Portraits*, *Across the Plains*, and *The Inland Voyage* books *imprimis* for the pocket?

The publication of these volumes in some such form as the "Temple Classics" would surely bring a profit to the publishers.—I am, &c.,

F. W. PLACE.

Liverpool: Nov. 12, 1899.

## George Cupples or William Hansard?

SIR,—In your issue of November 4 you reviewed *A Spliced Yarn*, by George Cupples (Gibbings & Co., 5s.), and quoted a passage telling how Bill Bullen's "old frigate came tumbling home, and how he took his farewell of the sea." The passage which pleased your reviewer had to me a familiar ring, and you will find it verbatim on p. 267 of the bound volume of *Good Words* for 1862, edited by the late Dr. Norman Macleod. It occurs in an article entitled "What Sent Me to Sea," over the signature of William Hansard. Unless Mr. George Cupples contributed to *Good Words* in 1862 over the name "George Hansard," some explanation of this literary coincidence seems due.—I am, &c.,

Glasgow: Nov. 4, 1899.

R. K. R.

## Mr. Henty's Books.

SIR,—Owing to a press of work it is only to-day that I have seen the letter of Messrs. S. W. Partridge & Co. I am astonished at their statement that "they had not to their knowledge received or heard anything of a protest from Mr. Henty." Their memories must indeed be short ones. They wrote to me saying that they had purchased my novel *A Woman of the Commune*, and intended to bring it out under a new name, but that as a matter of courtesy only they asked my approval of the change. I replied that on principle I objected most strongly to any change of title, as it was calculated to deceive the public, who would naturally suppose that it was a new book. I received no answer to that letter.—I am, &c.,

G. A. HENTY.

33, Lavender-gardens, S.W.: Nov. 9, 1889.

## Our Prize Competitions.

## Result of No. 8 (New Series).

THIS competition was set in the following terms:

The conversation at a certain house the other evening turned upon the amount of significance which some poets—notably Shakespeare—have crowded into a single line. One speaker instanced:

Child Rowland to the dark tower came,

from *King Lear*; but that line is mysterious and romantic rather than surcharged with matter. A better example is in the porter's speech in *Macbeth*, where he says: "I had thought to let in some of the old professions, that go the *primrose way to the everlasting bonfire*." This, properly speaking, is prose; but it illustrates our point. We offer, then, a prize of a guinea for that line chosen from English poets, living or dead, which is most packed with meaning.

Among the many lines which have reached us we consider the one most packed with meaning to be this, from Browning's "Rabbi Ben Ezra":

Time's wheel runs back or stops: Potter and clay endure,

which was sent by E. Hoffmann, "Fair View," Didsbury.

A choice from the best lines follows. The asterisks mean that more than one person has chosen the quotation:

What does, what knows, what is; three souls, one man.

Browning.

[M. C. E., London.]

Clear the land of evil, drive the road, and bridge the ford.

R. Kipling.

[T. V. N., South Woodford.]

To sleep! perchance to dream; ay, there's the rub.

"Hamlet."

[L. W., London.]

... The rest is silence.\*—"Hamlet."

[F. M., London.]

God's in His Heaven, all's right with the world.

Browning.

[E. B., Eye.]

Past the city's congregated peace of homes and pomp of spires.

Browning.

[L. R. G. W., Kirkby-Ravensworth.]

God props no Gospel up with sinking saints.

Rev. F. Langbridge.

[H. W. F., Cork.]

The wide, grey, lampless, deep, unpeopled world.

Shelley.

[O. J., Torquay.]

All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good shall exist.

Browning.

[M. F., Northampton.]

Built in the eclipse and rigged with curses dark.

Milton.

[W. S. R., Moffat.]

The eagle suffers little birds to sing.

"Titus Andronicus."

[Miss H., Mansfield.]



Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting.

*Wordsworth.*

One truth is clear—whatever is, is right.

*Pope.*

[J. A. B., Birmingham.]

There is nothing either good or bad but thinking makes it so.

*"Hamlet."*

[E. M. S., London.]

Which way I fly is hell; myself am hell.

*Milton.*

[L. P., Manchester.]

Uncanopied sleep is flying from field and tree.

*Robert Bridges.*

[H. H., London.]

Earth's crammed with heaven, and every living bush aflame  
with God.—*Browning.*

[F. H. M., Brighton]

To see a world in a grain of sand.

*William Blake.*

[W. A. S., Sale.]

God made the country, and man made the town.

*Cowper.*

[N. S., Stratford-on-Avon.]

The end crowns all.

*"Troilus and Cressida."*

[G. N., Clifton.]

Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

*Wordsworth.*

[G. D., Horley.]

New Presbyter is but old Priest writ large.

*Milton.*

[M. L. B., Tiverton.]

I sat stone still, let time run over me.

*Browning.*

[A. E. C., Brighton.]

Brave victor-victim of thy country's war.

*Lawrie Magnus.*

[E. J. P., Alton.]

Faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null.

*Tennyson.*

[P. S., Hull.]

Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice.

*"Hamlet."*

[S. W., Cathcart.]

The unplumbed, salt, estranging sea.

*Matthew Arnold.*

[G. A. F., London.]

But the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt that Honour feels.

*Tennyson.*

[F. R. C., London.]

Let the great world spin for ever down the ringing grooves of  
change.—*Tennyson.*

[F. W., Oxford.]

Came that "Ave atque Vale" of the Poet's hopeless woe.

*Tennyson.*

[A. H. W., Westward Ho!]

And faith unfaithful kept him falsely true.

*Tennyson.*

[T. C., Buxted.]

They have ridden the low moon out of the sky, their hoofs drum up  
the dawn.—*Kipling.*

[D. C. M., Nairn.]

O the pity of it!

*"Othello,"*

[G. H. S., Glasgow.]

The still sad music of humanity.\*

*Wordsworth.*

[J. P., Fenton]

The conscious water saw its God, and blushed.\*

*Crashaw.*

[M. N., Rathgar.]

The very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream.

*"Hamlet."*

[G. R., Aberdeen.]

Cover her face; mine eyes dazzle; she died young.\*

*Webster.*

[E. T. P., Streatham.]

Replies received also from: N. B., Belfast; M. E. S., London;  
B. N., Sunderland; C. F. F., Reading; L. M. W., Edinburgh;

M. H. L., Sheffield; G. M. P., Birmingham; E. W., London;  
W. F. K., Dublin; H. P. R., Bath; J. A. F., Didcot; W. S., Carmun-  
nock; E. S. H., Bradford; J. M., Holywood; E. H., Ledbury;  
S. C., Nottingham; B. G., Barnaley; E. G. B., Liverpool; S. A.,  
Stoke-on-Trent; A. C., Edinburgh; J. D. A., London; E. H.,  
Chepstow; H. H., Edgbaston; E. C. M. D., Crediton; M. P. H.,  
Hanwell; J. J. P., Oswestry; U. A., Brooklands; G. S. B.,  
London; B. A., Brooklands; M. A. C., Cambridge; E. B.,  
Worcester Park; A. R., York; E. S., London; H. L., Prest-  
wich; J. G., London; G. L. H., Ilford; R. N., Cambridge;  
T. B., Salisbury; M. B. M., Dublin; E. G. S., Ilford; E. B.,  
Liverpool; R. J. W., London; J. H. S., London; J. W.,  
Worcester; H. A. E., Oxford; C. M., Cardiff; E. E. T., Settrington;  
G. E. M., London; S. C., Brighton; H. Z. S., Aberdeen; H. G. H.,  
Ruswarp; B. A. B., London; C. M. W., Meltham; W. E. W.,  
Hawick; H. L., Cardiff; M. C., London; R. H. F., Orpington;  
J. R., Hythe; G., Reigate; J. P. J., Little Sutton; M. F. O'M.,  
Folkestone; W. R. E., London; P. L. C., Bishopstow; P. A. K.,  
Aberdeen; J. M., Cathcart; J. W. W., Cardiff; W. M. R., Man-  
chester; D. S., Glasgow; L. M. W., London; T. H. K., Wallasey;  
J. W. F., London; A. R. B., Great Malvern; H. A. M., London;  
H. T. F., Cambridge; R. F. McC., Whitby; and A. G. K., Harrow.

N.B.—Owing to an oversight the prize was given last week to a competitor whose specimen transgressed the rule limiting selections to eight lines. We have therefore decided also to award a guinea to the competitor whose contribution was the best of those that adhered to the conditions. We have selected the following passage, from Mr. Davidson's *Ballad of a Nun*, chosen by Mr. J. D. Anderson, 17, Blakesley Avenue, Ealing:

The adventurous sun took Heaven by storm,  
Clouds scattered largesses of rain,  
The sounding cities, rich and warm,  
Smouldered and glittered in the plain.

To Mr. Anderson a cheque has been posted.

## Competition No. 9 (New Series).

In the *Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson*, which are reviewed elsewhere in this number, is a letter from Stevenson to Mr. Henley in which he enumerates several non-existent literary treasures that he would much like to discover. Among these is a fragment of Shakespeare's Autobiography and a portion of an unfinished novel by Henry Fielding, entitled *Solomon Crabb*. In his letter Stevenson, by a fine effort of improvisation, dashed into an abstract of this imaginary work. Thus:

"I am enjoying *Solomon Crabb* extremely; Solomon's capital adventure with the two highwaymen and Squire Trecothick and Parson Vance; it is as good, I think, as anything in *Joseph Andrews*. I have just come to the part where the highwayman with the black patch over his eye has tricked poor Solomon into his place, and the squire and the parson are hearing the evidence. Parson Vance is splendid. How good, too, is old Mrs. Crabb and the coastguardman in the third chapter, or her delightful quarrel with the sexton of Seaham; Lord Conybeare is, surely, a little overdone; but I don't know either; he's such damned fine sport. Do you like Sally Barnes? I'm in love with her. Constable Muddon is as good as Dogberry and Verges put together; when he takes Solomon to the cage, and the highwayman gives him Solomon's own guinea for his pains, and kisses Mrs. Muddon, and just then up drives Lord Conybeare, and instead of helping Solomon, calls him all the rascals in Christendom—O, Henry Fielding, Henry Fielding! Yet perhaps the scenes at Seaham are the best. But I'm bewildered among all these excellences."

We ask our readers this week to indulge in a similar feat of fancy and imagine themselves to be reading a newly-discovered story, or fragment of a story, by Jane Austen. For the most convincing abstract, more or less in the manner of the above extract, not exceeding 250 words, we offer a prize of a guinea.

### RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, The ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, November 21. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found in the second column of p. 584 or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. We wish to impress on competitors that the task of examining replies is much facilitated when one side only of the paper is written upon. It is also important that names and addresses should always be given: we cannot consider anonymous answers.

## New Books Received.

[These notes on some of the New Books of the week are preliminary to Reviews that may follow.]

## THE HISTORY OF LORD LYTTON'S INDIAN ADMINISTRATION.

BY LADY BETTY BALFOUR.

This is a family and official record, forming rather a history than a biography. It does not deal with Lord Lytton's personal life in India, but with his acts and opinions. Lady Betty Balfour has aimed at an impartiality which should not revive "the virulent party bitterness which perverted so much of the criticism on Lord Lytton's policy eighteen years ago, and which to this day has prevented it from receiving any measure of fair play." (Longmans. 18s.)

## A HISTORY OF THE BRITISH ARMY.

BY THE HON. J. W. FORTESCUE.

This is a civilian's history of the British Army, written to fill a gap which no military writer has filled. The author's design is to bring the story down to the year 1870. The two volumes before us reach 1763, and two volumes will follow. Details of an antiquarian kind relating to dress, armament, and equipments are intentionally sacrificed to larger matters. (Macmillan & Co. 2 vols. 36s. net.)

## THE TRANSVAAL AND THE BOERS.

BY W. E. GARRETT FISHER.

The earlier portions of this work appeared in 1896 under the above title, but they have been re-written, and the book is practically a new attempt to relate the history of the South African Republic and the Orange Free State, before they "pass out of independent existence." (Chapman & Hall. 10s. 6d.)

## MEMOIRS OF A REVOLUTIONIST.

BY P. KROPOTKIN.

From the preface by George Brandes: "The author of the autobiography before us is not preoccupied with his own capacities. . . . He is more anxious to give the psychology of his contemporaries than of himself; and one finds in his book the psychology of Russia: the official Russia and the masses underneath—Russia struggling forward and Russia stagnant." (Smith, Elder & Co. 2 vols. 21s.)

## LAMB AND HAZLITT. EDITED BY WILLIAM CAREW HAZLITT.

Into this slim volume Mr. Hazlitt has put the information derived from a number of hitherto unpublished letters and documents relating to his grandfather, the essayist and critic. One item in the book, "A Curious Historiette," is a detailed account of the hoax played off on Hazlitt by Lamb and Joseph Hume when they circulated a report that Hazlitt had died by his own hand. The book fills up a few crannies in our knowledge of Hazlitt and Lamb. (Mathews. 4s. 6d. net.)

## JANE AUSTEN.

BY WALTER HERRIES POLLOCK.

This is an essay in criticism rather than a biography. But Mr. Pollock takes up a few loose threads left by other biographers. His special work, however, is to relate Jane Austen's literary work to that of her contemporaries, Madame D'Arblay, Miss Edgeworth, Miss Ferrier, and others. (Longmans. 3s. 6d. net.)

## THE LEWIS CARROLL

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# The Academy

## A Weekly Review of Literature and Life.

No. 1438. Established 1869.

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### The Literary Week.

ON another page of this number will be found an article wherein the novelty of the two stories of Dumas, *The Snow on Shah-Dagh* and *Ammalat Bey*, which have just been issued as newly-discovered fruits of his genius, is shown to be non-existent. Both are included in his works and are familiar to specialists in Dumas. We make the statement with some reluctance, because both M. Apostolides (the possessor of the MSS.) and Mr. Home Gordon (the translator) have clearly been to much trouble in laying their book before English readers; but they did not, of course, take such pains as were necessary, or the mistake could never have been carried so far. A large amount of blame seems to rest with the house of Calmann-Lévy, which certainly should know all the stories of Dumas that it publishes.

CONSIDERABLE interest has been taken in the article on the duration of Copyright which we printed last week. We shall return to the question in our next issue.

MR. STEPHEN PHILLIPS'S tragedy, "Paolo and Francesca," is, we are glad to note, one step nearer production. Last week Mr. George Alexander gave a performance of it at Liverpool for copyright purposes.

THE prices for early editions of Mr. Kipling's writings still keep very high. At Sotheby's, this week, the following books and papers were sold: "The Seven Nights of Creation," a poem on four pages, privately printed, without date or place of printing, £13 15s. (Denham); three copies of *Schoolboy Lyrics*, 1881, realised £29, £41, and £46 respectively; *Echoes, by Two Writers*, 1884, £18 (Denham); *Departmental Ditties*, 1886, inscribed "The Common Room, U.S. College, with the compliments of the author," £18 10s. (A. H. Walker); the *Week's News*, published at Allahabad, a set from January 7 to September 16, 1888, complete with the exception of three numbers—each number of this paper containing a complete story by Mr. Kipling, some of which have never been reprinted—£20 (Denham); and "Turnovers" from the *Civil and Military Gazette*, January to June, 1888, £10 15s. (Cordeant). The buyer of the copy of *Departmental Ditties* is the present Head Master of the United Services College at Westward Ho! It seems hard that the book should ever have found its way from the Common Room of the school to Sotheby's. Mr. Walker showed genuine zeal to win it back again.

FROM the same sale, which included a number of rare editions and autographs of Dickens, there was a notable absentee in the person of Mr. W. R. Hughes, whose death is just announced. Mr. Hughes, who was the Birmingham City Treasurer, was an indefatigable collector of Dickens. He had a vast number of editions of the works, he had furniture from Gadshill, and a host of portraits and other mementoes of the novelist. Mr. Hughes was also a devoted admirer of Mr. Herbert Spencer. These two cults—of the author of *Pickwick* and of the author of the *Synthetic Philosophy*—are rarely carried on side by side.

THE second volume of Mr. Herbert Spencer's revised and enlarged edition of the *Principles of Biology* is on the eve of issue.

MR. M. H. SPIELMANN'S researches in old volumes of *Punch* for fugitive Thackerayana (to which we shall return later) is not the only book of its kind. Mr. W. T. Spencer, of Oxford-street, the specialist in Cruikshank and early Victorian authors and illustrators, has just issued in a limited edition a similar collection of Thackeray's contributions to the *National Standard* and the *Constitutional*. He calls the work *The New Thackeray Book*.

WE regret to have to announce the impending resignation of Mr. Hugh Chisholm from the editorship of the *St. James's Gazette*. Mr. Chisholm, after eight years' service to the paper as assistant editor and editor, is leaving at the end of the year. His successor has not yet been appointed.

THE tendency of authors, working independently, to duplicate each other's work, and to do it at the same time, has often enough been commented upon. It is illustrated again by the announcement that Prof. Goldwin Smith has just completed a book entitled *Shakespeare, the Man*, which is described as an attempt to discover the character of the dramatist from passages in the plays and poems. No reader of the *Saturday Review* before its last change of proprietorship will need to be reminded that a similar task was carried out by Mr. Frank Harris, whose volume on the subject, consisting of these *Saturday* essays and others, is about to be published by Mr. Heinemann. Shakespearean students, however, in the present case need have no feeling except pleasure, for both studies, however much they may differ, are certain to be shrewd and interesting.

AN "occ. poet" in the *Pall Mall Gazette* thus sweepingly disposes of the children's books of the present season:

He thought he saw a flock of owls  
That made a dismal noise:  
He looked again, and found it was  
More books for girls and boys:  
"Treacle in print," he said, "and oh!  
How soon that diet cloy!"

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "It pleased me, as an Anglo-Indian, to know that last week's prize [in Competition No. 7] was won by a native of India. And perhaps you will let me say that the ACADEMY is much read by busy officials in India, to whom it is necessarily much more interesting than to people who have bookshops at every corner and Mudie's libraries besides. For most Indian people can only get books by post, and have reason to bless the invention of the cheap (and light) colonial editions which now emulate Tauchnitz."

MR. SHORTER'S new paper, the first number of which is to be published in January, is employing at this moment no fewer than four draughtsmen at the war—Mr. Wollen, Mr. Prater, and two others.

THE little sheaf of lyrics which Mr. Henley contributes to the *North American Review* have the blackbird note of the boxwood flute, to use his own phrase. "Hawthorn and Lavender: Songs and Madrigals" they are prettily called, and the feeling is the feeling of the "Echoes" in his *Book of Verses*. There is nothing with the matchless music of

Coming up from Richmond  
On the way to Kew;

but only Mr. Henley could have written them, and the new environment of the poet—Worthing, in Sussex, with the Channel before him and the South Downs at the back—gives them a definite character. We quote three of the twenty-five numbers:

## I.

The good South-west, on wreck-worn wings,  
Comes shepherding the good rain;  
The brave sea breaks, and glooms, and swings,  
A wavering, gleaming plain.  
Sound, sea of England, sound and shine,  
Blow, English wind, amain,  
Till in this old, gray heart of mine  
The spring need wake again!

## II.

The April sky sags low and drear,  
The April winds blow cold,  
The April rains fall gray and sheer,  
And yearlings keep the fold.  
But the rook has built, and the thrushes throng,  
And over the faded lea  
The sky-lark scatters his rocketing song;  
And he is the bird for me!  
For he sings as if, from his watchman's height,  
He saw, this blighting day,  
The far vales break into colour and light  
From the banners and arms of May.

## III.

The west a glory of green and red and gold,  
The magical drifts to north and eastward rolled,  
The shining sands, the still, transfigured sea,  
The wind so light it scarce begins to be,  
As these long days unfold a flower, unfold  
Life's rose in me.

Life's rose—life's rose! Red at my heart it glows—  
Glow and is glad, as in some quiet close  
The sun's spoiled darlings their gay life renew!  
Only, the clement rain, the mothering dew,  
Daytime and night, all things that make the rose,  
Are you, dear, you!

MR. HENLEY's dedication of Hoby's *Courtier*, the immediately forthcoming volume in his series of Tudor Translations, is as follows:

TO  
GEORGE WYNDHAM,  
SOLDIER, COURTIER, SCHOLAR,  
IN A YEAR OF HIGH EMOTION  
AND THE ACCOMPLISHING OF  
AUGUST DESTINIES,  
THIS TREATISE OF AMENITY IN ACT,  
THIS OLD-FACED  
YET EVER LUSTROUS MIRROR  
OF THE  
COMPLETE GENTLEMAN.

Urquhart's *Rabelais* was to have been issued at the same time as Hoby's *Courtier*, but the editor, Mr. Whibley, has found it necessary considerably to extend the scope of his Introduction, and this has caused delay. The three volumes are, however, almost out of the editor's hands.

MR. HENLEY, by the way, has been invited to be present at the annual dinner of the Edinburgh Burns Club, and propose the poet's health. He cannot accept the invitation,

but the fact that it has been sent to him shows that all Scotland did not lose its head over his vigorous and right-minded Essay.

IN the *Atlantic Monthly* is an interesting budget of letters from Turgenev to Stassov, written for the most part in the seventies. They are concerned chiefly with musical, artistic, and literary criticism, and they show Turgenev's independence of judgment and refusal to be coerced to depart a hairsbreadth from his own belief. We do not get the impression that Stassov, who is still living, was a correspondent quite worthy of him. Vladimir Vassilievich Stassov, who is the son of a famous Russian architect, was Director of Fine Arts at the Imperial Public Library, and has been a busy writer and worker in the same field all his life. He describes how he first met Turgenev in 1865:

Turgenev came late, and, on entering the room, he paused to explain to a lady sitting near me the reason of his unpunctuality. "I have just been hearing Schumann's quintet for the first time. . . . My soul is all aglow," he said, in his soft, tender voice, which had a slightly sibilant note in it. I turned, and saw for the first time in my life Turgenev's tall and stately though somewhat stooping figure, his head with the heavy mane of hair, as yet untouched by gray, and his kind, rather dim eyes.

We give some extracts from the letters:

Every day it grows harder to satisfy one's self with one's art. For instance, I have only just finished a long novel for the *Messenger de l'Europe* [probably *Fathers and Sons*], which I re-wrote three times; mine is a kind of labour of Sisyphus!

Of all these "young" Russian musicians, only two have decided talent—Tchaikovsky and Rimsky-Korsakov. All the rest, for what they are worth, may be put in a sack and thrown into the water! Not, of course, as men—as men they are charming—but as artists.

I may be mistaken in my judgment of the new Russian art, and you are fully justified in reproaching me for my ignorance or want of comprehension; but why should you imagine that I speak thus not from a strong personal conviction or sentiment, but because I bow down before the authority of foreigners? What devil should induce me, an old man—who have never in my whole life valued anything as highly as my own independence—to bow down or kowtow to these authorities?

Never, never did it enter into my head to accuse Repin of *audacity*. Why, good heavens, it is precisely from the absence of such audacity that our half-baked talents are suffering. He is a poor creature; there is the misfortune. Had he been a good fellow, he might have abused whom he pleased.

I do not ascribe any importance to Théophile Gautier as a poet. . . . I have read the new articles by Victor Hugo. I regret that I do not possess sufficient powers of expression to tell to what a degree I despise these articles, and the whole of his prose in general.

TURGENEV's deliberate and adverse opinion of Sarah Bernhardt's genius, delivered in 1882, is very interesting:

This woman is clever and skilful; she has her business at her finger ends, is gifted with a charming voice and educated in a good school; but she has nothing natural about her, no artistic temperament whatever, and she tries to make up for this by Parisian licentiousness. She is eaten through and through with *chic*, *réclame*, and *pose*. She is monotonous, cold, and dry; in short, without a single spark of talent in the highest sense of the word. Her gait is that of a hen; she has no play of features; the movements of her hands are purposely angular, in order to be piquant; the whole thing reeks of the boulevards, of Figaro and patchouli. . . . You must allow me to quote Augier, who once said to me: "Cette femme n'a aucun talent; on dit d'elle que c'est un paquet de nerfs—c'est un paquet de ficelles." But you will ask, Why then such

a world-wide reputation? What do I care? I only speak my own feelings, and I am glad to find somebody who supports my view.

Subsequently Stassov wrote: "Turgenev, a great writer, was, as might be expected from a Russian, realistic and sincere in his own novels and tales; but in his tastes and views of art his cosmopolitanism made him the enemy of realism and sincerity in others. In such ideas and in such unaccountable prejudices he elected to spend his whole life."

THE recently published *Memoirs of Victor Hugo* reminds me (writes a correspondent) of the fact that the reading-world still awaits the publication of the further volume, or volumes, of the *Letters of Victor Hugo*, translated by Mr. F. Clarke. The house of Methuen issued the first volume (1815 to 1835) three years ago, since which time we have no intimation of the continuance of the work.

LAST week we gave a picture of Cunzie House, Anstruther, Stevenson's home for part of 1868. This is the wording of the tablet that has been erected on the house: "Robert Louis Stevenson lived in this house in the summer of 1868.

Not one quick beat of your warm heart,  
Nor thought that came to you apart,  
Pleasure nor pity, love nor pain,  
Nor sorrow has gone by in vain."

The tablet is the design of Mr. R. S. Lorimer, A.R.I.B.A.

Two weeks ago we gave a brief account of the new American drama which has been based on the very slight foundation of Whittier's war ballad, "Barbara Frietchie." Barbara Frietchie, as no one needs to be reminded, was an old woman, but, for the sake of the interest of the play, the dramatist has made her young. We return to the subject in order to give this week, merely as a curiosity, a portrait of Miss Julia Arthur in the title-rôle.



MISS JULIA ARTHUR AS  
BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

WE have been favoured with a copy of some correspondence that has recently passed between Mr. Ignatius Donnelly and the Shakespeare Press, New Jersey. As an exercise in outspoken criticism it is of value. The Shakespeare Press seems to have written to the author of *The Great Cryptogram* to ask for information concerning his forthcoming book. Mr. Donnelly conceived the request to be for an advance copy, in order that the director of the Shakespeare Press, Dr. Appleton Morgan, might "leap upon it as soon as it is ushered into the world, and damn it before the public can have time to read it." To this the Shakespeare Press replied: "Dr. Morgan cannot damn your book, Mr. Donnelly. That operation can only be performed by yourself." The justification of Dr. Appleton Morgan follows.

A CORRESPONDENT quotes from the *European Magazine*, 1790, the following account of a contemporary sale of Shakespeare editions. Few things can have so risen in value. "The collection of Shakespeare's plays, 1623 (commonly called

the First Folio), was sold at Mr. Egerton's auction room for no less a sum than £35 14s. The Dukes of Grafton and Roxburghe were the competitors for this volume. The latter was victorious. At the same sale, *Romeo and Juliet*, 4to, 1599, was purchased for £7 15s., and *Hamlet*, 4to, 1604, for £17 6s. 6d. A three-guinea subscription receipt for Alderman Boydell's *Shakespeare* was likewise disposed of, at the same time and place, for £6 8s."

THE last pages of *Munsey's Magazine* are distinguished by Literary Notes of a particularly piquant nature, relating, it is true, more to American authors than to English, but dealing with some books that have vogue also in this country. Among these notes we find, in the November number, a series of parodies of popular writers, where Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler's epigrammatic excursions are thus lightly touched off:

#### A DRAWING-ROOM CONVERSATION.

BY ELLYN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER.

Lord Steeplecrown thoughtfully stirred his tea.

"So Winnie Flyter has succeeded in marrying her duke," he said.

"All's well that ends well," commented Lady Slivering-ton.

"A marriage without love is better than love without a carriage," added Pamela bitterly. "It's the accessories that make it possible to drag on through our days."

"Every drag on has his St. George," said Lord Steeplecrown gallantly. "Yours, my dear young lady, may be at this moment—ringing the doorbell."

"Well, if he is a complete blockhead, like my husband, let him in," advised Lady Slivering-ton. "When I don't like Slivering-ton's ways I merely have to hit him with a chair. He thinks it inadvertence, and is too polite to call my attention to it. But it mends his ways, if not the chairs."

"Charity begins at home," murmured Lord Steeplecrown.

"So does divorce," commented Pamela. "'Tis love that makes the world go wrong."

"Pamela is our cynic *qua non*," and Lady Slivering-ton smiled affectionately.

"Contention is better than riches," answered the girl. "There are moments when I hate the emptiness of luxury. Better a stale loaf and a knuckle of ham—"

"But many a nickel makes a knuckle," interposed Lord Steeplecrown. "Poverty is generally the emptiest state of all."

"Better M.P. than empty," said Lady Slivering-ton. "That's why I've put up with Slivering-ton all these years."

"Well, as the man said who stole a ride on a tramcar, none but the brave reserve their fare," said Pamela, rising to go. "My carriage is waiting."

"Hansom is as automobile does," said Lord Steeplecrown, rising also.

"Good-bye, my dear," said Lady Slivering-ton. "I'd keep you to dinner, but it's a wise child that knows its own larder." And she sank back among the cushions to refresh herself for the next callers by reviewing the tables, ten words make one epigram, ten epigrams make one wit, ten wits make one tired.

*Munsey's* is quite a gain to English bookstalls.

AMERICA is already well supplied with literary magazines, but another is now being projected. The Macmillan Company propose to issue their own particular rival to the *Bookman*, the *Bookbuyer*, and the *Critic*, to mention only these, in the shape of an unillustrated critical magazine, in which each department shall be in the hands of an expert. The lack of illustrations will be a change for which some readers, weary of portraits of popular novelists, may be grateful.

The author of *McTeague*, Mr. Frank Norris, is taking a leaf from M. Zola's book and adventuring upon a novel trilogy. The subject is wheat. Mr. Norris's first novel



will deal with the Producer, the scene being California; the second with the Distributor, the scene being Chicago; and the third with the Consumer, the scene being England. The subject is immense, and it is greatly in the writer's favour that he should aim so high.

THOSE authors who indulge in the pastime of presenting Her Majesty with luxuriously bound copies of their works may be interested to know that Sir Arthur Bigge has recently written to a Scottish publisher stating that Her Majesty prefers to receive books in the binding in which they are published.

MR. H. G. WELLS's new story, *Love and Mr. Lewisham*, an exercise in the same genre as his *Wheels of Chance*, is appearing as a serial in the weekly edition of the *Times*.

THE third edition of the "*London Letter*" *War Directory* has just been issued. In this work, published by the *London Letter* Company, may be found 3,000 names of Naval and Military Officers and the Nursing Staff serving or requisitioned to serve in South Africa. Such officers who, up to date, have been killed, wounded, or taken prisoners are also mentioned.

## Bibliographical.

A LONDON morning paper tells us that the thirtieth (and final) volume of the Centenary Edition of Carlyle's works will contain "some material almost to be called new"—namely, essays on Montaigne, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Montesquieu, Necker, the two Pitts, and the Netherlands, contributed by Carlyle to the *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*. But have not these essays already been reprinted in volume form? Surely it was these early efforts which Mr. S. R. Crockett introduced to this generation of readers only two years ago, in a volume entitled *Montaigne, and Other Essays by Thomas Carlyle*? There cannot be much of Carlyle's published work which has not attained the distinction of print. The *Lectures on the History of Literature*, published seven years ago, were only reports of the discourses, not the discourses themselves. Much more valuable were the *Historical Sketches of Notable Persons and Events in the Reigns of James I. and Charles I.*, which Mr. Alexander Carlyle edited and published last year. There is record of a volume of *Rescued Essays by Thomas Carlyle*, edited by Percy Newberry in 1892; but I have not seen it.

In the second volume of his *Recollections* (page 65) Sir Algernon West prints an epigram beginning "Froude informs the Scottish youth." The lines are familiar to most people, but not as Sir Algernon gives them. My readers may like to compare his version with the following, which was supplied to me by a well-known Church dignitary, and assuredly is superior in literary merit to that preserved by Sir Algernon:

Froude informs the Scottish youth  
Parsons have small regard for truth;  
The Reverend Canon Kingsley cries  
That History is a pack of lies.  
What cause for judgments so malign?  
A brief reflection solves the mystery:  
Froude believes Kingsley a divine,  
And Kingsley goes to Froude for history.

The authorship of this excellent *jeu d'esprit* is well-known to many, but, so far as I am aware, it has never been put into print.

Taking up a volume by Mr. Harding Davis, entitled *The Lion and the Unicorn*, I find it consists of eight short stories, of which "*The Lion and the Unicorn*" is placed first in the book. This is the latest instance known to me

of a practice which is becoming much too common. I have nothing to do here with the fact that that practice must needs mislead the readers of fiction, and be especially annoying to those who find they have ordered a book of short stories when they thought they were ordering a novel. My own complaint is that the habit adds to the labours of the bibliographer, who now can no longer trust to the title-page of a work of fiction, but must perforce also study the table of contents before he can describe the volume with the certainty of being accurate. Every book of short stories should be openly announced as such, both on the title-page and in advertisements.

There is plenty of room, I should say, for the concise critical *Life of Defoe* which Mr. Wilfred Whitten has prepared for the "Westminster" series of biographies. Of course, one does not forget the monograph on Defoe which William Minto wrote for the "English Men of Letters" series; but that was just twenty years ago. Since then we have had the volume by Mr. Thomas Wright, which may be described as halfway between the sketch by Mr. Minto and the elaborate pen-portrait produced ten years previously by Mr. William Lee. It is rather curious that Defoe should never have been included in the "Great Writers" series, which has left so few celebrities untouched. So it is, however; and Mr. Whitten's memoir, therefore, will supply something which is really wanted.

The appearance of a book by Mr. Baring Gould, entitled *The Crock of Gold*, necessarily reminds one of Mr. Martin Tupper's tale so named. The latter is fixed in my memory by the fact that Mr. Tupper was good enough to present to me a printed copy, marked "scarce," of the two-act melodrama which Edward Fitzball founded upon Mr. Tupper's story, and which was performed at the City of London Theatre a little more than half a century ago. "I never authorised, nor knew of, this dramatic version," Mr. Tupper wrote to me, "till long after it appeared." I need hardly say that, following the custom of the time, no acknowledgment of the original source of the play is to be found anywhere in the printed copy of it.

Mr. A. C. Benson, himself a poet, and owing something, I should say, to the influence of Matthew Arnold, has edited and "introduced" a selection from that writer's poems. The extent to which Arnold's poetry has interested the younger generation has already been illustrated not only by the popularity of the selection in the "Golden Treasury" series, but by the speed with which his non-copyright pieces were put upon the market by publishers other than Messrs. Macmillan. One of those publications was "introduced," it will be recollected, by Mr. William Sharp, and another by Dr. Richard Garnett. Nor must we forget the selections edited by Mr. G. C. Macaulay.

The new biography of Paul Jones, which Mr. James Barnes is to contribute to a well-known series, will be welcome, for, though this will be by no means the first memoir of the famous adventurer, the authoritative *Lives*—those by A. S. Mackenzie and W. G. Sims—are over fifty years old, Mackenzie's having come out in 1841 and Sims's in 1845. Of late years Jones has been made the hero of a comic opera, and has been impersonated by a lady. Mr. Barnes's book will be of service in rescuing Jones from the stage, and presenting him as an historical personage once more. How full of incident and variety his career was I need not say.

How persistently popular are Washington Irving's "*Rip Van Winkle*" and "*Legend of Sleepy Hollow*," an illustrated edition of which is soon to be before the public! The two tales were included last year in a collection of *Little Masterpieces*, published in London; and five years ago they were produced together in an illustrated form by Messrs. Macmillan. Separate illustrated editions of *Rip Van Winkle* appeared in 1886 and 1888—two in the latter year.

THE BOOKWORM.

## Reviews.

## A Fleet of Song.

*Satan Absolved.* By Wilfrid Seawen Blunt. (Lane. 3s. 6d. net.)

MR. WILFRID BLUNT'S latest poem, so far as it can be assigned to a category, might be called a satirical drama; but the satire is wholly serious and mirthless, replete with invective, and more misanthropic than Swift. It is inspired by indignation (justifiable enough) at the present Nimrod-like state of Christendom in general, and Anglo-Saxondom in particular: though (for our part) we think Russia is fairly on an equality with the Anglo-Saxon nations. This is embodied in a boldly original, not to say violent, conception. The action is laid wholly in Heaven, deriving manifest suggestions from Job, the prologue of Goethe's *Faust*, and Byron's *Vision of Judgment*. It is an onslaught on humanity, out-Swifiting Swift. We are introduced to a deity with regard to whom we need observe no capital letters in our relatives. For he is not the Christian Deity. He is not omniscient, being dependent for knowledge of the earth upon angelic report, which observes a most courtier-like deference to his preconceptions, and keeps him ignorant of the truth with regard to human affairs. He is less in his attributes even than the pagan Jove. With him Satan (a more than Marie-Corellian Satan) obtains a private interview, and exposes the actual state of mankind. Not only mankind, he represents, but the Redemption is a failure. And he proposes a new redemption. He will himself become incarnate, as an insect, the least of human things, redeeming the world through the appeal of weakness and beauty, leaving mankind to shift for itself as a hopeless failure. With the acceptance of this proposal the drama ends.

Obviously, there is matter for offence in this conception. But we are concerned with it as a vehicle for rhetorical invective upon the present state of Europe. We are concerned with its execution. It is avowedly rhetorical rather than poetical. Unfortunately, the rhetoric is weak, and by no means adequate to the startling conception. The language put into the mouth of the deity, where it is designed to be daring, is frequently ludicrous. There is no other word for it. Nor when we come to the stern invective, which is the main object of the poem, can it be pronounced equal to the strong and dignified invective of *The Wind and the Whirlwind*. Mr. Blunt has weighted himself with too great a scheme, where even Milton would have been encumbered. Here is a typical passage with regard to the traders among savages:

"Here are the goods we sell: cloth, firelocks, powder, rum. Ye shall go clothed like lords, like kings of Christendom."  
"We are best naked." "Fie." "We have no use for arms, The fire-drink is forbid." "The thing forbid hath charms. Nay, we will make you men, soldiers to brawl and fight As all good Christians use, and God defend the right. The drink will give you courage. Take it. 'Tis the sign Of manhood orthodox, its sacramental wine, Or how can you be worthy your new Christian creed? Drink." And they drink to Jesus and are borne to bed.

This is at once violent and cheap. Such obvious incongruities (which with less platform-exaggeration would have been more effective) are not worthy of Mr. Blunt's powers. Violent conception with forced rather than forcible execution are the main defects, in fact, of this poem. Yet the evident sincerity of its feeling deserved a better fate, and better Mr. Blunt might have done had he contented himself with a less ambitious scheme.

*Between Two Seas.* By Violet Fane. (J. C. Nimmo.)

IN this volume, the lady who writes under the name of "Violet Fane" gives us a collection of very pretty verse. If never inspired, it is always dexterous and lit with colour; while it has a certain happy limpidity and absence of pretence, without poverty and cheapness of diction. Here and there is a poem with an idea, needing only less fluency and more compression to be striking. We might instance "A Deserted Palace," which becomes really impressive in accumulated effect. Were it but compacted it would gain much. We prefer to quote, because it is compacted, a brief little poem:

## ON THE BOSPHORUS.

"Bathe not so near to my window-pane!"  
The haughty lady cried,  
But the bearded swimmer bore amain  
As floating with the tide.

"Nay, get thee hence!" the lady said,  
But little he seemed to reck:  
Then a wave toss'd over the bearded head  
And show'd her a sever'd neck!

The grim tale is well and effectively told. Lovers of light verse will find this agreeable volume to their mind.

*The Apostle of the Ardennes.* By Lady Lindsay. (Kegan Paul.)

LADY LINDSAY has given us some pleasing and, in certain cases, touching minor poems. But she has been ill-advised to venture on this long narrative in very nerveless blank verse. Frankly, the whole poem is diffuse and without grip. Rather than quote from the body of it, we will cite this incidental lyric:

Night hath fallen on my heart  
Since I saw my queen depart—  
(Vale, vale, Floriban!)

Kindle dawn and sunset burn!  
She shall never more return—  
(Vale, vale, Floriban!)

Nevermore, O nevermore!  
She hath oped Death's iron door—  
(Vale, vale, Floriban!)

Went she singing through the way,  
As a bride on marriage day?  
(Vale, vale, Floriban!)

Could ye not have held her close?  
So the thorn-boughs shrine a rose—  
(Vale, vale, Floriban!)

Ivy, yew, and cypress tree,  
Weep for her and weep for me!  
(Vale, vale, Floriban!)

Night hath fallen on my heart  
Since I saw my queen depart—  
(Vale, vale, Floriban!)

*Vagrant Verses.* By Rosa Mulholland. (Elkin Mathews.)

WE need not do more than notice the re-issue of these poems by the lady who was Miss Rosa Mulholland. All lovers of poetry should know the "St. Barbara" (the saint who was shut up by her father in a tower):

Girl, they have cut from 'neath thy dancing feet  
Earth with her rose and lily,  
Her violet and her light-winged daffodilly.  
Stole from thine ear the sound of children singing;  
The low of kine and pleasant sheep-bells ringing  
Are silent to thee, sweet!

Yet thou hast company the clouds among,  
 The birds' loud songs surround thee,  
 The legions of the storm whirl round and round thee;  
 The tranquil saints from their eternal places  
 Look out and show thee their enraptured faces—  
 The stars shine clear and long.

To such high company thy soul doth leap,  
 The lark's wild hymn repeating,  
 Flinging the tempest thine impassioned greeting,  
 Watching the stars until thine eyes become  
 A fire amidst them in the midnight gloom,  
 No longer doomed to weep.

We have quoted only a part of this beautiful poem:  
 there is more where it came from.

*Selected Poems, Old and New.* By Annie Matheson.  
 (Henry Frowde.)

THESE poems are the work of a thoughtful individuality and a poetic mind. Under most of them is an idea (which is a great commendation), and the imagery is sometimes felicitous. The language lacks the inevitableness of the highest poetry, and it is here—in form generally—that we find the author's weakness. Nevertheless, it is work much above the level of the average minor poetry of the day. Here is a good example:

Oh, shall sweet roses scent the air,  
 Although they hidden be,  
 And yet my soul be unaware  
 When thy soul dreams of me?  
 And shall a rough wind hurt my cheek  
 Because the sky is cold,  
 Yet I not hear thy sorrow speak,  
 Or feel thy joys unfold?  
 Shall birds to find a land unknown  
 Fly o'er the wintry sea,  
 But thou not seek me, O my own,  
 And I not trust in thee?

To all who care for quiet thought and sincerity we warmly recommend this book. It is a rare and welcome thing that a poet should really have something to say, and the author is seldom without it.

*Pastorals, and Other Poems.* By Elinor Sweetman.  
 (J. M. Dent.)

Nor thought is the characteristic of Miss Sweetman's verse; but sense of form and diction it possesses in a high—indeed, a masculine degree. A rich feeling for natural beauty—and, indeed, beauty of every kind—runs through the book. If beautiful description were the chief end of poetry, Miss Sweetman's should take a high place; and a very conspicuous place among recent poetry we would assign it as it is. Take this as an extract:

All day from dawn to dusk a sound of axe  
 Had rhymed with echo in the mountain-cleft;  
 The sweating folk made straight their weary backs,  
 And steeped in balm from bole and branches left  
 Down homeward paths new-piled with fresh wood-stacks.  
 Now lay the slope of glories all bereft  
 Bare-bosom to the dews, while naked gold  
 Faintly each murdered tree enaureoled.

And now earth bled through all her veins, for now  
 Her wild wood-things might wander as they list,  
 Unhoused, unsheltered on the shorn hill-brow;  
 And many an oak had lost its melodist,  
 And many a wing-worn minstrel sought the bough  
 That God and April gave to him, and missed;  
 Though death no longer smote the coppice-root,  
 She felt his blows through all her pulses shoot.

It will be noted how fine and Elizabethan is Miss Sweetman's diction; and she has also a happy gift for narrative. Altogether, a remarkable volume.

*The Ruba'iyat of Omar Khayyam* Translated by Mrs.  
 H. M. Cadell. (Lane. 5s. net.)

YET another version of Omar—this time by a lady, and vouched for by Dr. Garnett. It is, in truth, a very good translation. Mrs. Cadell is no FitzGerald; but her verse is always adequate and unpretentious, content closely to render the original. For those who wish to know Omar, not FitzGerald, this is as good a version as we have seen. Here is a specimen:

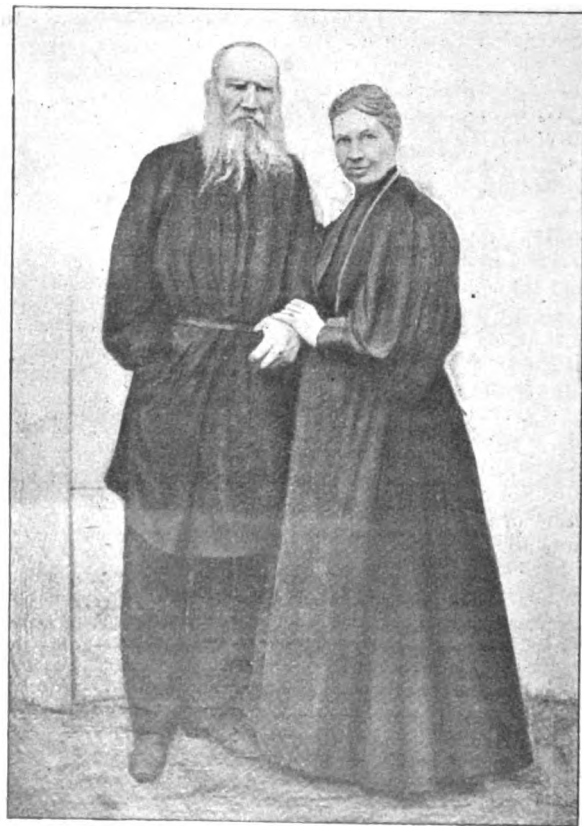
It gives me greater joy to speak to Thee  
 Of that dark secret in the tavern gay  
 Than without Thee in sombre mosque to pray.  
 O Thou of all creation First and Last!  
 Say wilt Thou burn me at the end of time  
 Or be all goodness then to me and mine?

We must, however, comment on the final rhyme of "time" and "mine."

### A Book about Tolstoy.

*How Count Tolstoy Lives and Works.* By P. A. Sergyeenko.  
 Translated from the Russian by Isabel F. Hapgood.  
 (J. Nisbet & Co. 5s.)

THIS is a queer but rather interesting little book. Mr. Sergyeenko, whose name is new to us, uses sometimes that direct and naked artlessness of simple narration which is



COUNT TOLSTOY AND HIS WIFE.

so strangely effective in the hands of Slav writers. Thus, from the beginning of the volume:

About four o'clock in the afternoon, in the winter of 1892, I was sitting with my friends the A.'s, who had arrived in Moscow on the previous evening from their estate in the south. Several other guests besides myself were seated at the tea-table engaged in a lively conversation about one of Lyeff Tolstoy's latest works.

Out of doors a fine snow was falling, and in the room the twilight was gathering.

Just as the discussion had reached its height a gaunt old man, of medium stature and with the typical face of the Russian peasant, entered the room. He wore a short, sheepskin coat, and tall felt boots. As he entered he said, "Good afternoon," removed his felt cap, and began to unwind from his throat a woollen scarf.

From the table where we sat we could not see the door plainly, and the A.'s stared with curiosity and surprise at the newcomer.

Suddenly the hostess's face beamed with delight, and she said, in a drawing voice:

"Lyeff Nikolaevitch! how do you do?"

All rose to their feet.

It was Count L. N. Tolstoy. He untied his scarf, and, with a brisk, youthful movement, threw off his fur coat, casting sharp glances about as he did so in search of a place to lay it.

There is a picture of Russian life, complete and convincing. The scene and the man are presented to you, and you have already a more intimate vision of the Count than ever before. On the other hand, Mr. Sergyeenko is often capable of aggravating literary *gaucheries*:

L. N. Tolstoy has always regarded Turgenev as a leading man, well educated and very talented; but his productions in the realm of *belles-lettres*, with the exception of *The Diary of a Sportsman*, never evoked rapture in L. N., and, of course, he could not nourish himself on them.

Imagine it! Imagine Tolstoy speaking of Turgenev as though he were some smart journalist of Odessa, just beginning to make a stir in the town's life! Think of Turgenev being "well educated and very talented," and of his "productions in the realm of *belles-lettres*!" Yet the next passage, describing how the Count fell asleep over *Fathers and Children*, and woke up to behold Turgenev's gigantic figure retiring from the room in disgust, is admirable. As a whole, Mr. Sergyeenko's volume is unequal. It is by turns intensely graphic and intensely futile. What it chiefly lacks is a plan. The author appears to have written down anything that he saw, as he saw it, without distinction or selection, and without very much thought. We should say that he has not formed, even in his own mind, a clear, consistent image of the figure of Tolstoy. At any rate, the book leaves a confusing impression.

Some important matters, however, emerge clear, and one is the dual nature of Tolstoy, half artist and half man of action. Just as there are, unhappily for themselves, men with small imaginative puissance who are always tormented with a desire to create, so there are men of tremendous artistic fertility who are content, being busy with other affairs, to leave that fertility latent for long periods. Tolstoy is a striking example of the latter class. It seems incredible that a man so conscientious, and so richly gifted as an artist, should find his salvation in activities quite foreign to any art: should even condemn and despise art. But so it is. Possibly he has been led away from art not so much by the conviction of his own mission as a reformer, as by the realisation of the commanding influence of his own personality on others. Convinced of that influence, his sensitive conscience would doubtless cause him to be preoccupied concerning the right way of using it, and in this manner he might be gradually metamorphosed from artist into apostle. Such a theory is conceivable. The extraordinary vigour of Tolstoy's personality, at once impressive and attractive, is illustrated throughout the volume. He is a magnet for the legitimate and illegitimate curiosity of Europe. He can only be sure of solitude when his wife—who, by the way, permits herself to differ sharply from him on many things—stands guard at his study door. He must hold a reception every evening whether he will or not—such is the force of public opinion even in Russia—and all men, from the staff of the *Daily Chronicle* to the *moujik* in sheepskin, take their tea out of his samovar.

When "L. N." goes for a walk before dinner his daily experience is like this:

Lyeff Nikolaevitch had hardly made his appearance, when several persons quitted the *poor people's tree* and approached the porch.

"Good day. What's the matter?" inquired Lyeff Nikolaevitch quietly, but with a curt, businesslike tone, thrusting his staff under his arm, and unfolding a document which a peasant had handed to him.

The man began incoherently to explain some law case. Lyeff Nikolaevitch listened to him for a while, with concentrated attention, and kept repeating:

"Just so, just so."

Then, evidently having formed a clear idea of what the peasant wanted, he thrust the document into his pocket, and promised to do all that was necessary, that is, to write a complaint to the Court of Appeal.

Another peasant, of small stature, ill-favoured, with shifty eyes, held by the hand a pale, scrofulous little boy, and stared intently at him. Evidently, according to the programme already prepared, the boy was expected to move Lyeff Nikolaevitch to compassion in some way. But the boy had become confused, and hung back. Lyeff Nikolaevitch asked the peasant what he wanted. . . .

So this "bed of justice" continues. Then

we set off through the park. But the ugly little peasant and his scrofulous boy intercepted our path. Lyeff Nikolaevitch halted.

"What do you want?"

The peasant thrust forward the boy. The boy hesitated, became agitated, and, drawing out his words, appealed to Lyeff Nikolaevitch:

"Gi-i-i-ve the co-o-o-olt—"

I felt uncomfortable, and knew not in which direction to look.

Lyeff Nikolaevitch shrugged his shoulders.

"What colt? What nonsense? I have no colt."

"Yes, you have," declared the ill-favoured little peasant, moving briskly forward.

"Well, I know nothing about it. Go, and God be with you!" said Lyeff Nikolaevitch, and, taking several strides, he leaped over a ditch.

Remember that this is a man approaching seventy. Mr. Sergyeenko deems it incomprehensible that Turgenev, who, it must not be forgotten, really saw very little of Tolstoy, could fear or suspect that the author of *War and Peace* might one day entirely abandon his art. We do

PORTION OF A PAGE OF TOLSTOY'S MS.

not agree with Mr. Sergyeenko. Many men besides Turgenev have had the same fear about Tolstoy, and surely not quite without cause. But let us be reassured. The artist in Tolstoy is constantly coming to the surface in these pages. Here is a scene:

While returning home one night last year, in Moscow, with one of his friends, Lyeff Nikolaevitch suddenly came to a halt, and, inhaling the air with avidity, he exclaimed passionately:

"Heavens, how I want to write! My brain is seething with images."

"Then why this delay, Lyeff Nikolaevitch?" inquired his companion.

"Time is lacking. I have work for a hundred years, and I have but three days to live."

That is the veritable artist, speaking under the stress of creative impulse. It was a pity that he had to explain to the excellent but somewhat dull friend who received the outburst that he did not literally mean "three days."

There is much more in Mr. Sergyeenko's book that calls for quotation and comment, but we must make an end. The descriptions of Tolstoy's life in the midst of his large and strenuous family are piquant and charming. The vitality of this household is marvellous, and the spring of it all is the old Count himself. We see him as a great man, actuated by a sincerity which is now comic, now terrible, but always fine—a great man not entirely without some of the pretty (not petty) little foibles of greatness.

### England's Patron Saints.

*Studies in Church Dedications; or, England's Patron Saints.*  
By Frances Arnold-Forster. In 3 vols. (Skeffington & Son. 36s. net.)

ENGLISH villages are often commonplace, and sometimes ugly. Many of them are undignified by historic association, and cherish no legend. But most of them possess at once a cabinet of antiquities and a mellow glory in their parish churches. It is, however, a noticeable fact that, while the explorer of a church usually cultivates a lively curiosity in its monuments, stained glass, and architecture, he seldom bestows half a thought upon the subject of its dedication. That this is a matter of interest second only to the fabric and its adornments has occurred to comparatively few. And yet what hints of quaint, tender, and splendid suggestion are vouchsafed by such dedications as those of St. Dunstan, St. Mary of Charity, St. Michael and All Angels! What a homely relish of Saxon England in that of St. Guthlac in the Fenlands, what a quick memory of our "spacious times" in that of St. Elizabeth at Tilbury! And to come both nearer home and to range farther afield, with what "a continuity of good," as Archbishop Benson said, do Rahere's solemn church and great hospital of St. Bartholomew in Smithfield link us to that island in the Tiber where rose the noble tower of St. Bartholomew upon the site of a temple of Æsculapius.

A book that deals with "all the known dedication names found in England, about six hundred in all," which are distributed among fourteen thousand churches, and treats of some of them in considerable detail, is obviously an undertaking which might foolishly result in the confounding of confusion. But these three volumes are a well-arranged and efficient guide to the wayfarer upon the retired track that they follow. It is true that they are largely a compilation, but they are an excellent compilation upon a theme which easily admits of a bad one, and the mass of information that they present with great readiness and lucidity must be sought elsewhere at the cost of time, trouble, and many books. For here are to be found biographies in outline of troops of holy historical personages, and dim legends of the films and shadows of sanctity—numerous little disquisitions on the developments and changes of the dedications of particular churches—comparative estimates of the popularity of certain dedications at various times, with expositions of the causes of that popularity, together with a world of minor odds and ends of local and general antiquarian interest.

To take a prominent example. We learn of St. George, "whose name," to alter slightly the words of Pope Gelasius as quoted by the writer, "is justly revered among men, but whose actions are known only to God"—we learn of St. George, our patron saint, that out of our

vast crowd of churches there are fewer than two hundred dedications in his honour. This paucity is a matter of some wonder. But the saintly patron who was superseded by this chivalric ideal is distinguished in this connexion to a still lesser degree, for it appears that not more than fourteen churches perpetuate the fame of St. Edward the Confessor, of which two only are later than the Reformation. It is instructive to note the ebb and flow in the number of dedications to St. George. The earliest remaining seems to be at Doncaster, and dates from 1061. But it is apparent that the martial days of Edward the Third were the shining age of our national saint. His name then rang upon many a bloody field—the Knights of the Garter were ranged under his triumphant banner—and the great chapel at Windsor was refounded and rededicated to the "Happy Warrior" whose sword lightened so balefully in the forefront of "England's War." In the days of the fiery fifth Henry St. George was raised to the pinnacle of his English ecclesiastical glory by Chicheley, Archbishop of Canterbury, who directed that his feast should be celebrated "with the same solemnities as Christmas Day." But when our British Solomon filled the judgment-seat, the Red Letters of St. George's Day disappeared from the Prayer-Book, and his name and fame began "to bate and dwindle." They were not revived until, in the irony of things, and in the absurdity of aural association, a wind of memory stirred the dead laurels of chivalry upon the advent of the procession of Georges from overseas.

Of the three other British national saints, St. Andrew, as might have been inferred from his position in the hierarchy of the Apostles, is best known among us. There are between six and seven hundred churches bearing his name. The genial and poetic St. Patrick has but nine, while St. David has some twenty-four, most of them being naturally upon that part of our soil that "marches nigh Wales."

But it would be an error to suppose that the interest of church dedications centres wholly in the personal histories or legends of their patrons, and in the appeals which these make to our hearts or imaginations. Not infrequently a careful study of a dedication will issue in the discovery of a scrap of minor history, and, as the author points out, this is more especially so in the case of ancient churches "lying within the sphere of Celtic influence," which, "as a general rule, we may assume were actually founded by the saints whose name they bear." Upon this assumption we may say that the footprints of a Celtic saint are often piously roofed over and indelibly preserved by the churches which he planted. But historical continuity is illustrated in other ways, and there are brand-new churches in London which should keep alive among the surrounding populations, were their dedications clearly understood, the memory of sacred edifices in the parent City, now demolished. Such, for instance, are St. Benet's, in Kentish Town, and St. Dionis, at Fulham, both deriving their foundation from the proceeds of the sale of churches so named which long stood under the shadows of St. Paul's.

To conclude with a typical example of curious change and verbal corruption in dedications. It is to be found in the case of St. Martha's-on-the-Hill, which commands miles and miles of Surrey heath and woodland near Guildford, and which must be a familiar landmark to many wandering Londoners. "Its original dedication to the Holy Martyrs" is believed to commemorate certain unknown local martyrs of very early date. The vagueness of this dedication was unsatisfactory to the priest-in-charge, and in the days when the chapel became a convenient halting-place for the pilgrims on their way to the shrine of St. Thomas at Canterbury, what more natural and easy than to adopt St. Thomas for an additional patron? The invocation then ran as follows—"St. Thomas of Canterbury and All Holy Martyrs"; but in course of time, when Becket's intercessions were no longer sought after, his name



ceased to be associated in the Chapel on the Hill. "The Martyrs" lingered for a while, then they, too, were forgotten, and "The Martyrs" became gradually corrupted into the present meaningless "St. Martha."

Enough has been said to show the wide scope and general interest of these volumes as books of reference. As such they should be exceedingly useful, and the writer modestly disclaims for her labours any attempt to "offer anything new to professed scholars." Three valuable appendices are included: the first being a "Statistical Summary of Dedications"; the second an "Index of Parishes, Alphabetically Arranged, with the Dedications of their Several Churches"; and the last an "Index of Saints, Alphabetically Arranged, with the Several Parishes in which their Churches are Found."

### "The Star."

*Tales of Space and Time.* By H. G. Wells. (Harpers. 6s.)

MR. WELLS'S new book is an assemblage of examples of his strange gifts. In one story, a man gazing into a crystal egg observes events that are passing in Mars: an idea of almost absurd grotesqueness when stated thus bluntly, but in the story itself touched with an eeriness and a persuasiveness that relegate scepticism to the back of one's mind. In another, we are whisked back to the Surrey of the Stone Age, where two young lovers hide amid the terrors of the jungle from the terrors of the tribe, and incidentally we are in at the birth of the first axe and observe it tasting its first blood. In its pendant we make an excursion into the far future of *When the Sleeper Wakes*, and find, done in smaller compass and with finer spirit, the more pertinent social predictions of that book, together with a description of much the same part of Surrey as that wherein our remote ancestors lurked and loved in the companion story, and a similar romance as the motive of the tale: the author's purpose being, we take it, to illustrate the permanence of human nature amid the flux of Time. The last story is a humorous fantasy in the manner of *The Invisible Man*, describing the embarrassments of a commonplace young fellow incident upon his discovery that he could work miracles. All of these tales are good: clearly and courageously thought out, fitted together expertly, straightforward and unhesitating; but, though technically perhaps brighter and more faultless than his earlier work, they mark no important advance in Mr. Wells's career.

We have, however, to speak at length of one contribution to this volume—a brief affair of but twenty pages, called "The Star," a masterpiece of dramatic progression. The idea, a very simple one, must have occurred to hundreds of people with any imagination—the sudden appearance within our system of a runaway star, bearing down on this little star which we call the earth. But to transfer the situation to paper; to describe rightly the appearance of the strange luminary; to record the progress of emotions from languid interest to apprehension and sickening foreboding as the menace grew nearer; in short, to make the thing as real as the nightmares which thrive on such dread possibilities—that is another matter. There are two ways of writing such a story as this: the artist might make it wholly terrible, or he might look farther and make it beautiful too. Mr. Wells has chosen the latter course. The mere experimentalist in gruesomeness would leave us shuddering. Mr. Wells keeps our mind also on the wonderfulness, the mystery, the appalling beauty of the invader. In fact, in "The Star"—after several excursions into more popular and profitable forms of writing—he rises again to the colder heights of poetical imagination on which he planned *The Time Machine* and wrote its concluding pages.

We quote a few passages:

The Winter's dawn it was, a sickly filtering accumulation of daylight, and the light of gas and candles shone yellow in the windows to show where people were astir. But the yawning policeman saw the thing, the busy crowds in the markets stopped agape, workmen going to their work betimes, milkmen, the drivers of news-carts, dissipation going home jaded and pale, homeless wanderers, sentinels on their beats, and in the country labourers trudging afield, poachers slinking home, all over the dusky quickening country it could be seen—and out at sea by seamen watching for the day—a great white star, come suddenly into the westward sky!

Brighter it was than any star in our skies; brighter than the evening star at its brightest. It still glowed out white and large, no mere twinkling spot of light, but a small, round, clear shining disc, an hour after the day had come. And where science has not reached men stared and feared, telling one another of the wars and pestilences that are foreshadowed by these fiery signs in the Heavens. Sturdy Boers, dusky Hottentots, Gold Coast negroes, Frenchmen, Spaniards, Portuguese, stood in the warmth of the sunrise watching the setting of this strange new star. . . . Round the world that day, two hours before the dawn, went the pallid great white star, fading only as it sank westward and the sun mounted above it. Everywhere men marvelled at it, but of all those who saw it none could have marvelled more than those sailors, habitual watchers of the stars, who far away at sea had heard nothing of its advent, and saw it now rise like a pigmy moon and climb zenithward, and hang overhead and sink westward with the passing of the night.

That is merely preparation. So far no one is disturbed. Interest is the feeling; the star must be glanced at as we glance at a comet or a shower of Leonids: they make good conversation. But that is only for a brief space. Something more serious than mere interest is in store:

And when next it rose over Europe everywhere were crowds of watchers on hilly slopes, on house-roofs, in open spaces, staring eastward for the rising of the great new star. It rose with a white glow in front of it, like the glare of a white fire, and those who had seen it come into existence the night before cried out at the sight of it. "It is larger," they cried. "It is brighter!" And, indeed, the moon a quarter full, and sinking in the west, was in its apparent size beyond comparison, but scarcely in all its breadth had it as much brightness now as the little circle of the strange new star.

"It is brighter!" cried the people clustering in the streets. But in the dim observatories the watchers held their breath and peered at one another. "It is nearer," they said. "Nearer!"

Uneasiness creeps abroad, insidiously, undeniably; and the strain upon the reader begins also to be unbearable. Not less so for this aside, wherein the difference between Mr. Wells and other toilers in the same field may be studied:

The light of that day went the way of its brethren, and with the later watches of the frosty darkness rose the strange star again. And it was now so bright that the waxing moon seemed but a pale yellow ghost of itself, hanging huge in the sunset. In a South African city a great man had married, and the streets were alight to welcome his return with his bride. "Even the skies have illuminated," said the flatterer. Under Capricorn, two negro lovers, daring the wild beasts and evil spirits, for love of one another, crouched together in a cane brake where the fire-flies hovered. "That is our star," they whispered, and felt strangely comforted by the sweet brilliance of its light.

One more passage and we leave "The Star" to the reader:

That night the star rose later, for its proper eastward motion had carried it some way across Leo towards Virgo, and its brightness was so great that the sky became a luminous blue as it rose, and every star was hidden in its turn, save only Jupiter near the zenith, Capella, Aldebaran, Sirius, and the pointers of the Bear. It was very white and

beautiful. In many parts of the world that night a pallid halo encircled it about. It was perceptibly larger; in the clear refractive sky of the tropics it seemed as if it were nearly a quarter the size of the moon. The frost was still on the ground in England, but the world was as brightly lit as if it were midsummer moonlight. One could see to read quite ordinary print by that cold clear light, and in the cities the lamps burnt yellow and wan.

And everywhere the world was awake that night, and throughout Christendom a sombre murmur hung in the keen air over the country side like the belling of bees in the heather, and this murmurous tumult grew to a clangour in the cities. It was the tolling of the bells in a million belfry towers and steeples, summoning the people to sleep no more, to sin no more, but to gather in their churches and pray. And overhead, growing larger and brighter, as the earth rolled on its way and the night passed, rose the dazzling star.

We have quoted enough to show the quality of this little story. It is not quite perfect; here and there we detect declensions from the mountain path which the author has chosen; but it is a great achievement, and when we compare the space to which he has confined himself with the amplitude and terror of his conception we are amazed at the effects which he has been able to produce.

### The Doctor.

*Johnson Club Papers.* By Various Hands. (Unwin. 6s.)

"To talk about Dr. Johnson has become a confirmed habit of the British race." Thus Mr. Birrell in his paper on "The Transmission of Dr. Johnson's Personality," which is the first of the sixteen tributes to Dr. Johnson's memory contained in this volume. It is quite true. By the Doctor's words you are still assailed, supported, placated, routed,



JOHNSON IN HIS TRAVELLING DRESS.

touched, or amazed in this our England. It would be good to speculate on the quality of the national acquaintance with Dr. Johnson's words. How much is second-hand and traditionary? An enormous proportion, no doubt. And the Johnsonian, or—to rise to the height of Mr. Lionel Johnson's rhythmic enthusiasm—the *Johnsonianissimus*, will be perfectly content if you go about to prove that for every thousand Britons who bring Dr. Johnson into their talk only one sits down to read Boswell's *Life*. This is fame. Just as Shakespeare is quoted of cabmen and

costermongers in moments of elevation, and is thereby glorified beyond all writers, so is Dr. Johnson honoured by that ignorance of his words and works which, dark though it be, cannot expel his name, and at least one of his replies, from the meanest memory. Precious as spikenard is the story which Mr. Birrell tells of an ignorance blander than this, which was yet so contrary to British fitness that at a touch it exploded, and became a white light of knowledge. It happened that at a dinner of the Johnson Club there was present Bonnor, the Australian cricketer. How he got there the gods know, but there he sat—among the *Johnsonianissimi*—in the big room at the Cheshire Cheese, in Fleet-street. And Bonnor confessed to the company that until that evening he had never heard of Dr. Samuel Johnson. Whereupon someone tittered. When you come to think of it, someone would titter. Bonnor, the bearded, the terrific, the clear-eyed, drew himself up to his full height of six-feet-six, and said: "Yes, and what is more, I come from a great country, where you might ride a horse sixty miles a day for three months, and never meet anybody who had. But

*Dear Sir*  
*When Mr Johnson and I arrived*  
*at Inveraray after our expedi-*  
*tion to the Hebrides, and there*  
*for the first time after many*  
*days renewed our enjoyment*  
*of the luxuries of civilized*  
*life, one of the most elegant*  
*that I could wish to find,*  
*was lying for me - a letter*  
*from Mr. Garrick.*  
*I hope Mr Johnson has given you an*  
*entertaining account of his Northern*  
*Tour. He is certainly to favour the*  
*world with some of his remarks.*  
*Edinburgh*  
*4 April 1771.*  
*James Boswell*

FACSIMILE OF A LETTER OF BOSWELL'S.

I have heard of him now, and can only say that were I not Bonnor the cricketer I would be Samuel Johnson." Even the *Johnsonianissimi*, even the good fellows who did not titter, must have reeled under this dynamic eulogy.

And the truth is that Dr. Johnson is worthy of such worship. You may begin by picking out his faults, but you will end in venerating the noble proportions of this most human, imperfect, and right-minded man. How infallible is such love! How wisely we select the friend whose claims are obscured by nothing worse than time! How bracing and drastic is the affinity between the sane Englishman and Dr. Johnson!

Well, these Johnson Club people are just the advance guard, or, if you like, the interior phalanx, of this Johnson-loving nation. They meet at the Cheshire Cheese in Fleet-street four times a year, and gorge, and orate, and explore the mind of Dr. Johnson. They have a Prior, Prior Unwin; the same publishes these Papers. They have a Poet, Poet Lionel Johnson, who sings their emotions—

When the *Scribe* gives the word for beginning the revel,  
 And everything dismal is sent to the devil:

When the *Chaplain* has murmured his brief *Benedicite*,  
And we sit on "the thrones of all human felicity"  
(Which is how, you must know, "tavern chairs" were  
defined

By the *Great Lexicographer's* accurate mind):  
When nobody bothers us, critic or creditor,  
Client, constituent, contributor, editor;  
When we've done for awhile with all worry and work,  
Free and easy as any unspeakable *Turk*:  
When for winter's worst weather we care not a jot,  
But the fogs and the winds and the rains are forgot  
In the pipe-bowl so ruddy, the punch-bowl so hot:  
When the firelight goes dancing around the old wall,  
And glows on our glasses and us, one and all,  
And our feast is the bravest for miles round *Saint Paul*!

Why labour to review this book? The book is good. We *shelve* it, and advise you to do the same. This is what it contains. First, Mr. Birrell birrells on Dr. Johnson; Mr. Gennadius writes on Dr. Johnson as a Grecian; Dr. George Birkbeck Hill takes us trippingly through Boswell's proof-sheets of the *Life* (this is new and illuminating); Mr. A. W. Hutton tells how Johnson as a young man wriggled into the staff of the *Gentleman's Magazine*; Mr. H. W. Massingham gathers "Some Johnson Characteristics." And for the rest there are papers on Dr. Johnson's politics; a humorous defence of the Doctor against a vague charge that he cared for music, by Mr. J. Sargeant; and a bright paper on "Dr. Johnson as a Traveller," by Mr. George Whale. There are other papers. There are also pictures and facsimiles, two of which we reproduce. We are sorry to end on process blocks, but this is to convey information when the heart is full.

## Other New Books.

### THE REALMS OF GOLD.

BY JOHN DENNIS.

THIS is "a book for youthful students of English literature," a literary Baedeker, as it were, for the lands beyond Darien. Mr. Dennis has a turn for edification, and, to be quite frank, he pulls us up several times in the first chapter, or "talk" as he prefers to call it, with the doubt whether he is not going the right way to repel precisely those readers whom he most desires to attract. He preaches the study of the classics, which is good; but he thinks it necessary to give point and antithesis to his sermon by a studied depreciation of certain modern writers whom he does not specify, but whom we fear the lad or lass into whose hands the book may fall will not be slow to identify with just those modern writers, whoever they may be, who are nearest to his or her own heart and imagination. And how shall the classics then be approached without prejudice? This is the kind of thing we mean. Mr. Dennis is dwelling on the prose of the English Bible:

It would seem impossible that any reader familiar with its dignity of style can fail to distinguish between majesty of thought and grandiloquence, between impassioned utterance and tawdry rhetoric, between the rhythmical flow of sentences which fall on the ear like music and the flowery and verbose style, by the help of which many a modern writer endeavours to conceal poverty of thought. And it would be possible, after listening to the enchanting music of Spenser or to the majestic utterances of Milton, the "God-gifted organ-voice of England," to prefer the thinner notes of versemen whose pretty knack of rhyming enables them to snatch a temporary fame.

Well, 1611 had not a monopoly of "dignity of style" and "majesty of thought": and 1899 has not a monopoly of "tawdry rhetoric" or "thin notes" or "flowery and verbose style." And our point is that the natural inlet of the budding mind to poetry is through the poets of its own day, and that the probable result of warning it off these will be to discourage it altogether, at the best of times no very difficult task. After all, the poets of each generation must be the nearest to that generation. They breathe its

atmosphere, voice its ideals, whisper its doubts and hesitations. They have for it not merely the preserved fragrance of literature, but the heady perfume and savour of life itself.

To our thinking, then, Mr. Dennis, though full of good intentions, shows himself a bit of a pedant at the outset. After that he proves himself a sympathetic and well-informed conductor in a somewhat breathless voyage across the centuries, which starts from Chaucer and winds up with Tennyson. A few closing pages are devoted to Christina Rossetti and William Morris and Coventry Patmore. Browning is markedly excluded, and we are left to conjecture whether Morris and Patmore are let in because Mr. Dennis makes an exception for them to his general condemnation of the moderns, or because he happened to have written in a magazine an article about them which lent itself to adaptation. It will be seen that the book has a somewhat patchwork character, and this is increased by the fact that Tennyson and Scott are dealt with on a much larger scale than anybody else. Scott, indeed, has a "talk" to himself, and after reading it we are inclined to think that if Mr. Dennis had treated half-a-dozen other great writers in the same way, and had suppressed to make room for them his chapters of rapid summary, he would have provided a much better introduction to the "Realms of Gold" than, as a matter of fact, he has done. (Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.)

### THE REVIVAL

OF ENGLISH AGRICULTURE.

BY P. ANDERSON GRAHAM.

This is an interesting, informing, and suggestive book. It is also refreshingly "up-to-date," being the record of inquiries made by the author, as Special Commissioner to the *Morning Post*, during the present year, into the recent development of English agriculture. Ten years ago Mr. Graham would not have spoken of a "revival" in farming. Indeed, he recalls in his introductory chapter the very different aspect which things wore when he was performing similar duties for two newspapers only ten years ago. At that time

the landlord looked on his estate as if it were the burden carried by Christian; the farmer cursed the hour in which he had taken to tillage; the labourer was piling his belongings on a cart and sullenly making for town.

The blackest hour did but herald the dawn. Free Trade, which seemed to make an end of the British farmer, is gradually showing itself his best friend. And the British farmer is beginning to perceive it and to take heart.

If prices are against him other conditions are in his favour. Not only does population expand, but prosperity has brought with it a greater consuming power and a taste for a higher quality of goods. The sort of man who had bread and cheese for his dinner forty years ago now demands a chop; and he who was content with a chop can afford a chicken. All sorts of cheap and black bread are practically obsolete, and no man is so poor that he cannot afford a wheaten loaf. Take, for instance, such a luxury as strawberries. Within our own memory only the well-to-do ever dreamt of buying them, but now millions of pounds are consumed in the dwellings of the working-man. A certain fastidiousness is the natural consequence of all this. People will no longer be content with fat mutton, coarse beef, or ill-cured ham—they have arrived at a stage when they criticise the quality of their food. Yet all that is good for the English farmer. He has, at his very door, immense town populations that must not only have food, but food of a high quality. Other nations have appreciated the fact sooner than he did, and have been rather in front of him in supplying what was wanted. But he is learning that he also can do so, and do it better than anybody else.

The chief directions in which the revival has begun are those of market gardening, poultry keeping, and the dairy; nevertheless Mr. Graham is convinced that farming, as a whole, and not merely in new developments, is

much better than it was seven years ago. It is with these improvements and the personal struggles they involve that Mr. Graham concerns himself. Essentially practical in its aims and contents, his book is yet poetically suggestive of green England and all manner of wholesome country toil. Milk, butter, eggs, poultry, cider, and bees, are all reviewed in turn. In almost every case Mr. Graham makes it clear that co-operation is the one thing needful to make small farming operations profitable. A very few hens, or a very few apple-trees, can be a source of income if only the small owner of the hens and apple-trees can sell his eggs and apples to a market agency on the spot. Co-operation, however, requires a good deal of unselfishness and breadth of view in those who attempt it, and in England it has been found that almost every co-operative agricultural scheme has depended on the energy, talent, and high-mindedness of one individual. Not yet, therefore, is co-operation easy to the English farmer. But its necessity is writ more plainly on his mind every year, and it is a singular thing that Ireland is in advance of England in this matter. The Irish Agricultural Organisation Society, headed by Mr. Horace Plunkett, has achieved wonderful things. But the necessary moral elements have there been enjoined and fostered by the Roman Catholic priests, who have given the organisation their effective support. In England the formation of co-operative centres in fruit-growing and dairying districts seems to depend on the wisdom and energy of landowners. It is much to be hoped that certain fine examples, duly mentioned and honoured by Mr. Graham, will be widely followed. The accent of this book is hope. (Jarrold & Sons. 3s. 6d.)

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET. EDITED BY EDWARD DOWDEN.

An edition of *Shakespeare*, by the author of *Shakespeare, His Mind and Art*, has long been desired. Here, for such as can afford to buy and shelve a volume to a play, is the beginning of an admirable one. The *format* of the book, weight, paper, print, size, and arrangement of page, are all just what they should be. The chief textual variants are at the foot of the page, and beneath these again such explanatory notes as the ordinary reader, who is not a specialist, will require. A good deal has already been written by way of explaining "Hamlet": but Prof. Dowden, "gleaning after the gleaners," has "perhaps brought together a slender sheaf." He somewhat naively details a list of his ears of corn in the Introduction, which is in other respects an excellent summary of the literary history of the play, fully up to the level of recent scholarship, both English and German. It is, of course, well known that the Second Quarto text of "Hamlet" is a good deal longer than the Folio, and it is generally said, as Prof. Dowden says, that "the Folio text was evidently cut for the purpose of stage representation." But why did it need cutting? Are we to give up the favourite modern theory which treats Shakespeare as before all things a "practical" playwright, and suppose that he wrote primarily for readers rather than for players, or that he had the literary but not the stage sense, and that his more "practical" fellow-managers of the Globe found it necessary to "arrange" his original text for the purposes of representation? Some such explanation Prof. Dowden suggests in the case of "Hamlet":

Shakespeare was attracted by the intellectual subtlety of "Hamlet," and was inevitably led by his genius to refine this subtlety, and to diversify its manifestations. He was caught in the web of its own imaginings, and became so absorbed in his work that he forgot to keep it within the limits suitable for theatrical representation; the tragedy has, perhaps, never been presented in its entirety on the English stage in consequence of its inordinate length.

An alternative theory suggests itself to us. Does the Quarto represent the play as performed at Court, where indeed the tradition was in favour of *longueurs*, and the Folio a "cut" version adapted to the truer dramatic instinct of the popular theatre? In any case, Prof. Dowden is not

quite accurate when he says that "the tragedy has perhaps never been presented in its entirety on the English stage." The Quarto text was performed by Mr. Benson at Stratford last April, and will be performed by him at the Lyceum next March. He treats it like a Wagner opera: gives half of it before dinner, and half after. One may doubt the success of the experiment, for the intruding element of a meal must surely destroy the unity of spiritual mood so essential to the appreciation of the constructive unity of a work of art. There can be no doubt whatever about the design of the Elizabethan Stage Society, who propose to play this season not the Second Quarto, but the so-called First Quarto of the play. Now the First Quarto is not a text at all. It is a bungled piracy of an early version of the play, based probably upon hasty shorthand notes taken at the theatre, and vamped up into makeshift lines by some hack poet in the bookseller's pay. To act it seems to us to be antiquarianism run mad. (Methuen.)

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

BY THE RIGHT HON. SIR RICHARD TEMPLE.

Books about the inner life of the House of Commons are a regular product of the book-market, and this one has no very distinguishing features. Though written by a member of great experience, it contains only a few anecdotes, and is valuable chiefly for the accuracy of its general descriptions. Here is a description of the cheering:

The management of the cheering in the Chamber forms a sort of science—the parliamentary cheer consisting of the words "hear, hear"—no applause—that is, by clapping of hands—is allowed. The cheer from a single member is not infrequent, but is not significant unless it comes from some leading personage. It is the cheering in chorus, like one mind and one voice from a number of members, that forms the demonstration. This is often managed by a tacit consensus, but more often arises from an impulse stirring a body of men at the same moment from some words that have been uttered. The tone of the cheering then varies according to the temper of those who cheer, exactly according to their mood and sentiment at the moment. First there is the hearty, full-voiced cheer of genuine approval or satisfaction, hearty, resounding, full of encouragement, rising to the roof of the Chamber and awakening the echoes. There is next the low subdued cheer, gradually spreading along the green benches, indicating the deep-seated agreement which does not seek vociferous or hilarious expression; this is used either on solemn occasions, or at moments of pathos, or in acknowledgment of some concession or confession on the part of an opponent. Then there is the ironical cheering, which cannot be described but must be heard to be appreciated; the tone of sarcasm is always unmistakable; generally it is the cruel greeting given to an argument or a statement by an opponent, for the formal denying of which there may not be an opportunity. So far it is bitterly hostile; but sometimes good-humoured enough, when applied to an opponent who has unwittingly uttered something that damages his own case. As an intensification there is the sarcastic cheer, which is still sharper and more incisive; this again must be heard to be realised, it cannot be described.

In separate chapters Sir Richard Temple deals with "The House of Commons as a Club"; "The Precincts and the Buildings"; "Life in Parliament"; "Scenes in the House"; "The Irish Nationalist Party," &c. It is a book that would have been much improved by illustrations. (John Long.)

THE TRANSVAAL UNDER THE QUEEN.

BY LIEUT.-COL. N. NEWNHAM-DAVIS.

The author of *Military Dialogues* has written a pleasant book of reminiscences—his life as a freelance officer in the Transvaal twenty years ago. He gazed at Oom Paul's rusty silk hat at Pretoria, and shot at glass bottles in competition with Piet Joubert. A gossiping and well-illustrated record, forming excellent reading at the present moment. (Sands & Co.)

## Fiction.

*The Slave.* By R. S. Hichens.  
(Heinemann. 6s.)

LIKE other novels from the same hand, *The Slave* is a pure fantasy, invented, with a subtlety more intellectual than imaginative, upon the basis of a single idea. Mr. Hichens must always be incarnating the abstract, though after a very different manner from Wagner's. In the present instance his basic abstract idea is the passion for jewels—jewels, of course, standing for all the futile luxuries of this world. He turns that idea into a young and beautiful woman. Lady Caryll Allabruth lives for jewels. She will sell her soul and her body for them. If she has them, and nothing else in the world, she is happy. If she has everything else in the world, but not jewels, she is unhappy. Lady Caryll was fortunate in meeting so early in life an Anglicised foreigner of Oriental tastes, who instantly comprehended her with a perspicacity which Mr. Hichens does not in the least explain. Sir Reuben's own analysis of his wife is as ingenious as anything in the book:

"She was born to live in a harem, petted as an animal is petted, adorned with jewels as a sultan's favourite is adorned. Such a life would have satisfied her nature. Her soul shines like a jewel and is as hard. Human sorrow will never touch her, for she cares for nobody. Ordinary pride will never uplift her, for I believe that social position, that great traditions, are as dust in her eyes. But she must have a life that glitters with jewels or she would die or become as nothing. There are certain foods. Lady Rangedcliffe, that give certain powers to men. Well, my wife, to reach her highest and most complete development, must be fed upon a diet of precious stones—not quite in Cleopatra's way, though. You realise, or perhaps, being so splendidly human as you are, you don't realise, that a certain class of women has breathed through so long a chain of years a fetid atmosphere of unintellectual selfishness, has sold itself, body, mind and soul, so repeatedly for hard things that glitter, for gold, for diamonds, for the petted slave-girl's joys, that humanity has absolutely dwindled in the race, just as size might dwindle in a race breeding in and in with dwarfs. In Caryll that dwindling light of humanity—though the light of a strange intellect burns—has gone out. My wife's not human."

When Sir Reuben dies, ruined by Caryll's monomania, she contrives to keep in her poverty the one superb emerald by which he had won her. This emerald is stolen from her by a burglar. She could not recover it, the burglar being far too astute, and so she married the fellow, and the emerald once more burnt its green fires upon her breast. All which is according to the strange idiosyncrasy of Mr. Hichens—at once logical and splendidly absurd. *The Slave* is clever, we might almost say, to excess. It has the final brilliance which perfected skill can give. But we should call it cold, and though we have enjoyed it, we should deny that it in any way convinced us. The apt fertility disclosed in the working out of the theme might easily be mistaken for imagination. We think the quality ought rather to be termed invention, philosophic and calculating. There is a great deal in the book heartily to admire. The enormous and elaborately painted scenes of London society show fine and original observation. The description of Lady Ormyn's Sunday party at Epsom is a sustained piece of distinguished and relentless satire. The burglary of the emerald is a little masterpiece of psychic analysis. One side of the novel we have not touched upon—that relating to Aubrey Herrick, the young man-about-town who honestly loved Lady Caryll. Aubrey found spiritual consolation for his loss amid the more decent ornaments of the variety stage. The scenes of music-hall life are very well done, but strangely sentimental. The death of Alf Klick is a rich feast of pathos and tears. We doubt if Mr. Hichens was in reality serious over this

matter. We deem him quite capable of accomplishing marvels of sentimentality in cold blood, sardonically, just in order to provide a piquant contrast to the main theme.

*The Slave* is neither a fine and serious novel, nor a novel for plain people. It is a literary *bouchée* (of 406 close-set pages) for those who have a taste occasionally for strange and exotic flavours. Judged as such, it is extraordinarily successful. Certainly it is the best book that Mr. Hichens has done. It has one obvious fault: Mr. Hichens, from what motive we cannot guess, has omitted the crucial scene in which Sir Reuben won Lady Caryll by means of his emerald.

*Even If.* By J. Morgan De Groot.  
(William Blackwood & Sons. 6s.)

THE critics of Mr. De Groot's former book, *A Lotus Flower*, of which *Even If* is the sequel, had an embarrassing task set them, for the book was indeterminate, leaving behind it a vague distress, a sombre omen partly engulfed in difficult mysticism. Yet the book fascinated them, and now that the threads are unravelled of the lives of Hilda, Emile and Gerard, one almost feels that the wisest thing is to praise unreservedly a talent so bright and tender and electric. Yet the book—which, to begin with, is absurdly entitled—has faults; good thumping ones if it comes to that. The portrait of Count Sandeberg, a *roué*, is ludicrously out of drawing. He is an abominable cad (pp. 92 *et seq.*) and at the close a Bulwerian hero. The long arm of coincidence is twice thrust deeply into the plot; at least twice, too, the sentiment rings false, and so marked is the tragic atmosphere in the book that the cheerful *dénouement* comes almost with the shock of a barefaced lie. Let one critic, however, be philistine enough to confess his relief at that lie sanctified by the ratification of the author's hand and eye. For Hilda, the beautiful Swede, passionate without sensuality, impatient of the cold, hard, practical prose of life, found her way into that critic's heart. Women will find uncanny her aversion from the healthy and honourable gentleman who married her when they were both in love, and will hold that the freshness of her affections grows stale by transference.

But for us the culminating episode in Hilda's love-life has the charm of a pathetic *naïveté*. It is one of those impossible idylls that young men weave as though thereby to escape for a moment from those walls of convention which at once imprison and protect. Hear his diatribes against being lady-like; hear how he worries and wrangles with a phrase like *comme il faut*. And for an illustration of that deeper discontent which, in fact, is pessimism (for it attacks the universe), correct your idea of Mr. De Groot as a "popular novelist" with this passage:

It is a curious fact that we are all able to keep our sorrows to ourselves, but as soon as there comes a breeze of happiness blowing over our grey ocean of monotonous misery we ripple into chatter. . . . [And then, changing the metaphor appropriately for a mean and bitter one, the author adds:] We are incapable of self-restraint so soon as Fate throws us a meagre bone from that coveted flesh-pot, happiness. Do we altogether forget that we have a constant right to it as our natural and life-long food? . . . I can scarcely refrain from laughter, not at the thought that all we mortals are unhappy, but because we accept so gratefully the bare bone which is tossed to us, instead of throwing it back into the face of Fate with compliments, and a reminder that we are men—men, and not dogs.

*Signors of the Night.* By Max Pemberton.  
(Pearson. 6s.)

ONE of the most fascinating figures in the history of Venice is the Servite monk Fra Paolo Sarpi. He was so great in science that Galileo called him "Padre and Maestro." He withstood Paul V. in his determination



"to bring Venice into a state of respect and humiliation to Papal orders and decrees" and "carried the whole of Venice with him." His courage was dauntless and it was put to the proof by three attacks on his life. His piety was equal to his other gifts, and when he passed away, in 1623, "Venice lost one of the best and greatest of her sons." The reader who has only gone so far as to extract thus much information from Miss Wiel's history of Venice will turn with curiosity to Mr. Pemberton's volume *Signors of the Night*, where he will find the great Friar figuring as Fra Giovanni, and he will gather from the "foreword" that Mr. Pemberton "hoped to portray something of that conflict of ideas which permitted a priest to wield so great an influence in a Republic which by no means loved priests." Mr. Pemberton's attempt to realise this praiseworthy "hope" consists in presenting the Friar as a sort of Sherlock Holmes with the logicity left out—a ubiquitous personage with a manner of immense significance. "If men question you, as assuredly they will, bid them look upon the waters, where they shall find the answer of Venice and of Giovanni the monk." "What does Nina, the daughter of Barbarino, do alone in a church at midnight?" That is the style of the dialogue when it means to impress, and this solemn deliberateness and rhetorical ambiguity fit in well with the never-failing effectiveness of the "curtains." But why so sedate a "foreword," one may ask? For the stories are just short stories (*Anglicé* clever anecdotes) in which swift generalisation, such as "beautiful women glittering in jewels" and "Bianca, dressed as she had never dressed before," &c., take the place of creative descriptions with a reader hungry for *dénouements*. A pretty idea, that of the Friar's fatherly affection for a clown's daughter, runs through the book and strengthens the unity supplied by his recurrent personality. The volume is quite readable. The vigorous and well-reproduced illustrations by Mr. [?] P. Hard add to its attractiveness. But why, when Mr. Pemberton tells us that Nina's "rags, black and sombre, matched the shadows so well that even the lantern did not betray her," does Mr. Hard exhibit her (p. 113) in a faultless white frock?

### Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final.  
Reviews of a selection will follow.]

#### THE LION AND THE UNICORN.

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

Eight short stories full of Mr. Davis's clear and radiant characterisation. The Lion and the Unicorn of the first story stand over a florist's shop in Jermyn-street and are the spectators of a delightful love drama through the middle window of the first floor. "The Man with One Talent" is a story of the Cuban war, and "The Editor's Story" is literary. (Heinemann. 6s.)

#### WHAT A WOMAN WILL DO.

BY LUCAS CLEEVE.

Will a good and pure woman allow herself to be divorced by her bankrupt husband, with the aid of a bogus correspondent, in order that he may marry an heiress and supply her with an income? The author says yes—for the sake of her children. Grant these premises, and you have a novel full of smart and bitter writing, readable and amusing in every page. (F. V. White & Co. 6s.)

#### THE JUDGMENT OF HELEN.

BY THOMAS COBB.

Helen's judgment led her to throw over Mr. Barbrook, the millionaire, in favour of Maurice Vaughan. The millionaire does not, however, lose a wife. The action takes place at a small seaside resort, and the whole story reads like a faithful account of actual conversations. In other words, the story is told by the characters rather than by the author. (John Lane. 6s.)

#### THE GOLDEN IDOL.

BY JOYCE EMERSON MUDDOCK.

Mr. Muddock once wandered in New Guinea, dodging death by sharks and miasma. This stirring tale of adventure is founded on his youthful experiences. The Golden Idol was a mythical treasure said to have been taken from Japan in the seventeenth century to New Guinea by pirates, who were wrecked and served up by the natives in stews and steaks. (Chatto & Windus. 3s. 6d.)

#### AN UP-TO-DATE PARSON, AND OTHER STORIES.

BY HARRY LINDSAY.

Mr. Lindsay's *Methodist Idylls*, and *More Methodist Idylls*, were keen and humorous delineations of the phases of life with which they dealt. Here we are on the same ground. The new parson arrives for the first time at his chapel not, as was expected, in the circuit van but on his bicycle. Seth Chess could only gasp: "Be yo' th' praicher what be planned, or be yo' on'y a supply?" (Bowden. 3s. 6d.)

#### JUST JANNOCK.

BY EYRE HUSSEY.

Jannock is a North-country word, and means straightforward, honest, trustworthy, &c. Mr. Hussey's tale is a Thames riverside story, in which the jannockness of the various characters is tested and measured. The author is particularly satirical of young ladies who swagger about their really insignificant attainments in rowing, golf, &c. A pleasant, well-written story. (Macqueen. 6s.)

#### BY WEeping CROSS.

BY LADY LAURA RIDDING.

A short story, compact of love and religious persecution, laid around a Cistercian abbey in Southern France. Forests, vineyards, spacious seigneuries, and the abbey bells—these lend colour and sentiment. (Hodder & Stoughton. 3s. 6d.)

#### ROSE AND CHRYSANTHEMUM.

BY CARLTON DAWE.

In this little story the author of *A Bride of Japan* once more deals picturesquely with the theme of love between an Englishman and a dainty Japanese girl. There are seven other stories of Japanese life, all vivid and readable. (Sands & Co. 6s.)

#### A VIRTUE OF NECESSITY.

BY HERBERT ADAMS.

A young doctor and the son of an earl are friends. The doctor's envy of his friend's blue blood is such that he exclaims: "Were I gifted with the charm and talents of an Admirable Crichton, the beauty and courage of the hero of a penny novelette, the fascination and manner of its villain," &c., "we should walk along separate planes, yours the superior, mine the inferior." Which the heir to the earldom correctly describes as "dismal drivel." The story of a doctor's wooing of an earl's daughter. (Greening. 6s.)

#### THE ENCHANTED TYPEWRITER.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

The typewriter is manipulated by a spirit, the spirit of Jimmy Boswell, editor of the *Stygian Gazette*; and the owner of the typewriter soon becomes possessed of a great deal of gossip about Hades and its more illustrious inhabitants. This kind of thing must be done exceedingly well to be amusing, and we confess that the humour of Jimmy Boswell's communications escapes us. The book is printed from American plates; hence calibre is spelt *caliber*. (Harper Bros.)

#### THE BLACK TULIP.

BY S. J. ADAIR FITZGERALD.

"Write it," said the King. "I will," said Dumas. The King of the Netherlands had told the story of the Black Tulip to Dumas at Amsterdam. Dumas wrote the story, and a dramatisation of it is now being presented at the Haymarket Theatre. This new "Haymarket" translation is dedicated to Miss Winifred Emery. (Greening. 6s.)

## THE ACADEMY.

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## The Dumas "Discoveries."

## A Mistake.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI possessed a complete set of "Les Œuvres Complètes d'Alexandre Dumas, Publiées dans la Collection Michel Lévy"—those green paper-covered books at a franc which comprise 297 volumes. Who now among us has them all on his shelves? Although few of us have read through this Lévy garnering, incomplete as it is, those who care for Dumas have been eagerly looking forward to the publication of "two genuine romances by Dumas père, the very existence of which was never surmised by his relatives, publishers, or literary heirs." It was in these terms that the *Outlook* heralded the coming of *The Snow on Shah-Dagh* and *Ammalat Bey*, translated by Mr. Home Gordon.\*

The discovery seemed to be a most remarkable one; and when we read Mr. Home Gordon's judiciously composed articles in the *Outlook* and *Sketch*, with which from time to time he was good enough to whet our appetites, and when, moreover, we saw with our own eyes samples of Dumas' beautiful little script in facsimile published by those journals, we rejoiced exceedingly. Certainly, the *Outlook* was amply justified in saying that widespread interest had been aroused. Shortly told, Mr. Home Gordon's story amounted to this: that M. Stylianos Apostolides, "a wealthy Greek gentleman extremely well read," having come into possession of the MS., had presented it to a public library in Cyprus; but, it occurring to him that he would do better to publish it, he withdrew it and took it with him to Paris. There he called on M. Calmann-Lévy, who, in his presence, declared the MS. to be "an absolutely authentic and entirely genuine work of the elder Dumas." M. Apostolides was also fortunate in obtaining from Dumas' legal heir a declaration of his perfect satisfaction that it was "an unpublished and hitherto unknown work by his illustrious ancestor." M. Apostolides then came to London and placed the document in Mr. Home Gordon's hands for translation. A careful examination showed that the MS. consisted of two complete romances, "not a single page being missing," as Mr. Gordon triumphantly declared in the *Outlook*.

Picture, if you can, the feelings of an Englishman who, having read of the publication in France of a totally unknown work by Thackeray, purchases it to find the great discovery to be, say, *Lovel the Widower* or *Catherine*. What words in compliment of the discoverer, the translator, and the publisher would he be likely to select in the first moments of his astonishment, and in what terms would our literary press notice the appearance of the book! The simple statement which we have to make concerning the true history of the stories which Mr. Home Gordon has taken the pains to translate sounds so incredible and, we fear, so unkind, that we almost hesitate to say that both stories are contained in the Lévy collection of Dumas' works. *The Snow on Shah-Dagh* is there called *La Boule de Neige*. *Ammalat Bey* is there called *Sultanetta*. Both are well known, therefore, all over the civilised world.

\* *The Snow on Shah-Dagh* and *Ammalat Bey*. Posthumous Romances by Alexandre Dumas père. Translated by Home Gordon. (Simpkin, Marshall & Co.)

It is true that we believe neither story to be by Dumas. The first is in all probability by Pushkine,\* and the second by Marlynsky. Mr. Home Gordon is aware of the latter fact, for he translated Dumas' preface, in which Marlynsky is credited with the authorship of the story. Rather curiously Mr. Gordon gave no hint of the matter in the *Outlook*, nor does he do so in his "Translator's Preface" to the book. That *The Snow on Shah-Dagh* was translated by Dumas is clear from a footnote by him. We are sorry that we must proceed to disillusionise Mr. Gordon further. He says, as we have seen, that his, or rather M. Apostolides' MS., is complete. But such is not the case. Mr. Home Gordon's MS. lacks the final leaf, and we are happy to be able to tell his readers that Mollah Nour, so far from being drowned in the Caspian Sea—where Mr. Gordon leaves him while his pursuers shout: "He is lost! Drowned! Dead!"—was saved. Here are Dumas' final sentences, following immediately on that exclamation:

Un formidable éclat de rire répondit à ces cris, et un hurra poussé par une douzaine de voix, sur une petite île qui s'élève à une quart de verste de Derb-nd, annonça aux poursuivants désappointés que non seulement Moullah Nour était sauvé, mais même qu'il se retrouvait au milieu de ses compagnons.

Les portes sont bien fermées dans la maison d'Iskander. Tout est bien tranquille dans sa chambre; à peine y entend-on un faible chuchotement.

La gaieté cherche le bruit: le bonheur aime le silence et la solitude!

This is highly satisfying. The Mollah Nour is too great a creation to be idly drowned.

Mr. Home Gordon does not say in his Preface whether the MS. gives titles to the stories. It may interest him to learn that *The Snow on Shah-Dagh*, which forms two volumes of the "Collection Hetzel," is there called *Moullah-Nour* (Bruxelles; Meline Cans et Compagnie). A copy of this pretty little book is before us. Rolandi's catalogue actually contains *Ammalat Bey*, by Alexandre Dumas. We have not yet had an opportunity of looking at the book—no doubt another Brussels publication. It remains for someone able to read Russian to turn to Pushkine's and Marlynsky's works, and, having found our two stories to be among them, to compare them with Dumas' versions and then write to the ACADEMY. Some admirers of Dumas would expect to hear that he has freely powdered the prose of those writers with gold dust, just as he scattered gems over the stories which his clever young apprentices prepared for his master-hand.

And we should not be surprised to learn, say, from Mr. Dent, that Mr. Gordon cannot even lay claim to be the first translator into English of both of the two tales. We sincerely hope, however, for his sake, it will prove that one at least of them has not before appeared in this country. In any event, Mr. Gordon has, it seems to us, done his work as translator well, and *The Snow on Shah-Dagh* in particular is worthy of Dumas or Scheherazade.

"OH! if I were only you!" I would say to him [Heine]. "You hold a lever in your hand with which you could bodily raise this little world, and you don't know how to use it!" Heine would listen, flattered and irritated at the same time by my words; for there is no doubt that he would have liked to play a part of this kind. But he knew as well as I did that he had neither the necessary energy nor force of character. Scoffers are not made to be leaders of the people, nor to point out the way to others. They cannot even start a revolution. Faith alone can remove mountains.

From "Literary Reminiscences" by Edouard Grenier.  
Translated by Mrs. Abel Ram.

\* See Maurel's *Les Trois Dumas*.

## Criticism by Semaphore.

A LITTLE book, in a red paper cover, hailing from the Midland Railway Institute at Derby, and entitled *Handbook to Fiction*, beggars all our experience of eager culture. For it appears that in Derby he who runs to the library may not only read, but, while running at top speed, may be taught what to read. He has only to pull from his pocket this *Handbook to Fiction* to find a flashlight criticism on any novel which he "fancies."

With abbreviations more ignoble than any which we ever adventured in a telegram, the Derby critic hits off novel after novel. The effect is appalling, and we are glad to surmise that this method of criticism is merely a concession to railway-readers accustomed to the jerky action of the semaphore. Not otherwise can we pardon such grotesque abbreviations as Sir Wa. Scott, Thdr. Watts-Dunton, G. Alf. Henty, Arth. Conan Doyle, Tob. G. Smollett, Ant. Trollope, Maur. Hewlett, Hub. Crackanthorpe, Ara. Kenealy, Ctte. Ma. Yonge, Ja. Matt. Barrie, and Gilb. Parker.

But, as we have hinted, abbreviation and forty miles an hour are the note of the book, and what seems crude and almost indecent mangling of critical speech in London may pass for expert literary signalling in Derby. Thus, suppose Mr. T. H. Hall Caine's *Shadow of a Crime* has taken the eye of a Derby fitter. Well, it is signalled to him as:

An imaginative romance of self-renunciation on a great scale, pivoting on a false suspicion of murder; noble and inspiring as a study of char., and essentially true to human nature. The Lake mountains are an effective theatre for the play of passion, and the people and manners are treated w. hist. accuracy.

Or he may recollect that he has never read Sir Wa. Scott's *Rob Roy*. It is signalled as:

A picturesque romance, containing several of Scott's raciest chars., and dealing incidentally w. the Jacobite agitation in Northumberland and the Highlands,

a description that will probably decide him to read the book, if his eye does not fall on the far more alluring description of Rob. L. Stevenson's *Catriona*:

No more fascinating narrative was ever wr.; the dramatic suspense is absorbing, the char.-painting good, and the wild highland scenery realized in masterly fashion.

Char.-painting suggests a branch of spring-cleaning. Tob. G. Smollett's novel *Humphrey Clinker* is said to contain several of his "most irresistible chars." But these phrases have doubtless lost their terror in Derby, where Ctte. Brontë's *Villette* is understood to be "semi-biôg," where John Oliver Hobbes's *The Gods, Some Mortals, and Lord Wickenham* is allowed to be "a thoughtful bk. gracefully wr.," and where *Trilby* maintains its place as a "very pop. novel." But, for ourselves, give us chars.! We must read H. James's *Bostonians* again for its "calm portraiture wh. represents the chars. w. silhouette-clearness." Fes. Burney's *Evelina*, too; can we wonder that new editions still arrive? We know now that this novel is loved in Derby as the "hist." of a young lady's entrance into the world, abounding in "original char. sketches." A more tragic "hist. of a maid deceived" is *Adam Bede*, and it contains three of this auth's. choicest chars. But let Derby's voice be heard alone. G. Meredith's *Ordeal of Richard Feverel*:

The ordeal arises from the collision betw. the philosopher-father's system and the son's first love. No lit. can show a finer love-story; and the lyrical passion, the tragical intensity of certain scenes, and the supreme beauty of the style, make this prob. his greatest work.

T. Hardy's *Far from the Madding Crowd*:

Tragi-comedy of the pastoral life; crowded w. diverse chars. and "humours"; the title is ironical, and the views of char. and conduct are saddening to a thoughtful reader.

Thdr. Watts-Dunton's *Aylwin*:

The simple plot of a lover's quest for his beloved is ennobled by the distinction of the chars. (Rossetti and other celebrities are portrayed). The pure style and eloquent sayings, the pervasive glamour that makes the common-place beautiful, and the delectable humour tempering scenes of acutest pathos, are rarely found so closely wedded. The gypsy passages are worthy of "Lavengro": Sinfi overtops even the heroine.

Har. Frederic's *The Market-Place*:

The career of a daring, unscrupulous financier who by a deal wins a colossal fortune chiefly at the expense of the rogues. His char. is a bold and interesting conception, and the study of the methods and morals of the financial world is exhaustive and clear-sighted; but to paint vice so brilliantly is hazardous.

Sa. Grand's *Heavenly Twins*:

Deals cleverly and seriously, but at too great length, w. the marriage question, chiefly by advocating greater freedom for women. The bk. is inchoate, but full of various interest; the chars. are eccentrically humorous. Read, at least, Bk. IV.—The tenor and the boy.

Ant. Hope's *God in the Car*:

Deals w. smart, "up-to-date" society. The leading char. "Juggernaut," a man of immense will, promotes a company to take over vast estates in S. Africa. Plenty of sparkling, epigrammatic dialogue; the love int. well worked out.

The critic might have added that this is not Juggernaut's first appearance as a leading char.

Fs. Prevost's *False Dawn*:

The inherent chastity and strength of the prin. chars., an ambitious politician and the woman he loves, who is another's wife, make this a serious and wholesome bk. In psychol. method it resembles some French wks. The dialogue ambitious, but not quite a success.

Jer. Klapka Jerome's *Three Men in a Boat*:

Comic hist. of a picnic up the Thames. The fun is rather watery.

Rudyard Kipling's *Jungle Book*:

Two series of fables of man and beast in India by a 19th cent. Æsop, full of humour and wisdom, and of a charming tenderness for every living creature. The dramatic faculty which makes even the animals talk naturally is almost unique.

G. Washington Cable's *Bonaventure*:

The development of a saintly char. out of a nature originally selfish is worked out w. rare delicacy and tenderness as a phase of ethical history. The love-story is a perfect idyll; the char.-sketches of the primitive Acadians are humorous and lifelike.

Mrs. Marg. Oliphant's *Miss Marjoribanks*:

A delicate and sympathetic piece of anal. and char.-drawing.

It is neither fair nor wise to tell the raw novel reader what he ought to think of a novel before he opens it. To whisper to a library borrower that a novel is "depressing to thoughtful readers" is to take steps to make each new reader of that novel an empty prig. To waylay the reader of Mr. Howells's *A Modern Instance* with the warning that "flaws have been found in it, chiefly as regards his moral attitude towards the husband in his aberrations," is merely to quench the smoking flax of thought. No. The semaphore is an excellent instrument for guiding trains, but we hope that the general reader will refuse its guidance when he goes to the Free Library—where, of all places, choice should be free.

## The Amateur Critic.

### Tod Lapraik and *Prince Otto*.

A RE-READING of *Wandering Willie's Tale*, induced by Mr. Cornford's mention of it in his book on Robert Louis Stevenson in connexion with Tam Dale's Warlock story in *Catriona*, brought to my notice for the first time an interesting circumstance which may have escaped the attention of some readers. Tod Lapraik is the name of the chief person in Tam Dale's story; and, curiously enough, the name of the neighbour from whom Steenie, Willie's "gudesire," borrowed most of the money to pay his rent is Laurie Lapraik, who is described as "a sly tod." Of course this can hardly be mere coincidence. Stevenson must have known the Tale very well, and no doubt had the name and epithet in his mind, consciously or unconsciously, when he came to name his Warlock.

Perhaps you will let me enter at once a mild protest against Mr. Cope Cornford's treatment of *Prince Otto*. "We turn the last page with a feeling not far from disappointment," he says. It appears that "we had been led to expect so much, you see." Surely a second reading with chastened expectations would set this right. Indeed, Mr. Cornford, on a later page, recommends us to read the book twice, "once for the story, and again [and presumably finally] for the landscape." A third reading might be a good idea. The diligent reader might then perhaps succeed in the "endeavour to combine the two," that is, story and landscape; although it is apparently to be expected as the result of such an endeavour that he will "spoil the effect of both." Really all this seems rather absurd to those who have lost count of the number of times they have read the book, and who hope to read it many times more. Plainly, Mr. Cornford does not care much for *Prince Otto*. If it be the *Cruz Stevensoniana*, as some hold, no true Stevensonian is he. C.

### Paul Déroulède.

It is twenty-one years since *An Inland Voyage* was given to the public. The little book has come of age. A day or two ago I was looking through it and lit on the name of Paul Déroulède, lately sentenced to three months' imprisonment. R. L. S., at Origny Sainte-Benoîte, comments on the hawker's collection of patriotic songs:

There was a number in the hawker's collection called *Conscrits Français*, which may rank among the most dissuasive war-lyrics on record. It would not be possible to fight at all in such a spirit. The bravest conscript would turn pale if such a ditty were struck up beside him on the morning of battle; and whole regiments would pile their arms to its tune.

Stevenson believes the mood will pass, and that "a sound-hearted and courageous people" will weary at length of "snivelling over their disasters."

Already [he goes on] Paul Déroulède has written some manly military verses. There is not much of the trumpet note in them, perhaps, to stir a man's heart in his bosom; they lack the lyrical elation, and move slowly; but they are written in a grave, honourable, stoical spirit, which should carry soldiers far in a good cause.

He concludes: "One feels as if one would like to trust Déroulède with something." S. B. T.

### The Good Executor.

THE publication of R. L. Stevenson's letters has once more revived that hackneyed question of how soon after a writer's death should his letters be made public. As regards Stevenson the answer is tolerably easy, for he himself enjoined Mr. Colvir to edit a selection of his

correspondence, a responsibility which, with fitting zeal, he was quick to discharge. The literary executor who best realises his duties acts without delay; one can better approve the prompt deed of John Wilkes in destroying Churchill's papers than that of a person of less decision. An author's death is now followed by the inevitable publication of his letters. It is too late to protest against a course which has been regularly practised for over a century. When letters are full of personal allusions—such as Horace Walpole's—a judicious selection should first be put forth, which might be supplemented at a later date with such letters that were withheld out of consideration to living persons. Talfourd followed this practice with regard to Charles Lamb's correspondence, in giving his first selection in 1837, five years after Lamb's death, and his *Final Memorials* some twelve years later. But not every editor can afford to wait seventeen years before discharging his obligations, and early publication with a good editor is better than late publication with a bad editor or no editor at all. R. I.

### A Georgian New Testament.

THE production of the *Twentieth Century New Testament* reminds me that last century an attempt was made by Dr. Harwood, a Bristol divine, "to diffuse over the sacred page the elegance of modern English." I have never been fortunate enough to see a copy of what Dr. Harwood styled his "Liberal Translation," but in the memorial volume containing the autobiography and selections from the writings and addresses of the late Hugh Stowell Brown, of Liverpool, edited by Mr. W. S. Caine, there is an extract from Mr. Brown's *Commonplace Book*, in which he gives some curious quotations from this revised Testament. Everyone can appreciate the beauty of the lines beginning "Consider the lilies"; but can the same be said of Dr. Harwood's translation: "Survey with attention the lilies of the field, and learn from them how preposterous it is for beings who are endowed with natural natures to cherish a solicitous passion for dress"? John the Baptist's words: "Behold the Lamb of God," &c., are rendered: "Behold, yonder is the amiable object of the Divine love, who is appointed to reform the world." How truly Georgian, too, is Dr. Harwood's description of the prodigal's father as "a gentleman of a splendid family and opulent fortune"; or of the daughter of Herodias as a "young lady who danced with inimitable grace and elegance." Perhaps most typical of all is the alteration of Christ's question: "Whom say the people that I am?" into "He asked the disciples what opinion the vulgar entertained of Him." F. GLOVER ANDERSON.

### Elia with Illustrations.

A Dainty edition of Lamb's *Essays*, illustrated by Mr. C. E. Brock, is now in the bookshops. To the true Elia the book will be something of a shock. It is too much to expect us to accept any version of the face of Mrs. Battle other than the one our imagination has contrived. And to have Lamb's text searched for pretexts for pictures is disconcerting. "He casually looketh in about dinner-time," says Lamb of the Poor Relation, and straightway the artist gives us a wrought picture of the intrusion. Again, in the "Detached Thoughts on Books and Reading," a full-page drawing is tacked to Lamb's quite incidental remark on newspaper reading: "In barbers' shops and public-houses a fellow will get up, and spell out a paragraph, which he communicates as some discovery." Obviously this is not sufficiently organic to the essay to call for illustration, and the drawing becomes, like the poor relation, "an impertinent correspondency." I must add that Mr. Brock's illustrations are most clever and sympathetic. But Elia and illustrations is rather like Elia and water. S. S.

## Memoirs of the Moment.

"I AM willing to—outlive you." That was Browning's expression of the final sacrifice he was willing to endure for his wife; and it comes to the mind in the case of Lord Salisbury, who must have felt himself in that last pang at any rate the associate of Lord Beaconsfield. Fate was kinder in this to Mr. Gladstone than to his two opponents; but the three men had at least the common fortune of a long and affectionate partnership with women whose temperaments were exactly suited to their own. It is a pity when men who undertake to manage the affairs of the public fail in the conduct of their own. That large irony of life was spared to these three politicians, who owed in each case an astonishing portion of their perseverance in public life to the initiative and partizanship of their wives. Lord Beaconsfield and Mr. Gladstone married women of fortune, and there was real and material meaning in the public witness borne to Lady Beaconsfield by her husband comparatively late in life: "I do think I owe to that lady all that I possess." It was more in accordance with the temper of Lord Salisbury that he should marry a woman who brought him little, and whom he even made sacrifices to win. He braved his father's displeasure and the cutting down of his allowance. But to his own income—calculated cunningly to suffice for a bachelor younger son—his wife did, as a matter of fact, add a little *dot* she received from her father, who died just six months before she became a bride.

LADY SALISBURY had a deep admiration for her father, a man of quite singular piety and good sense. Among the little souvenirs he left behind him were some which she would not have exchanged for all the great possessions that came to her when her husband inherited the Salisbury title and estates, and when his great position brought every advantage within her reach. There was a memento of royal favour, earned on her own family's account, a little gilt drum and fife, which the Queen of William IV. gave to Baron Alderson at dessert when he dined with her and the King at Brighton, and which he promised to give to his children as a relic, whereupon the Queen sent them a packet of bon-bons, which the children, after wondering whether they, too, should be preserved as memorials of her Majesty's favour, finally fell upon and ate—a doubt and a *dénouement* that will be reproduced this Christmas in South Africa in the case of her present Majesty's "chocolate soldiers."

ANOTHER relic of her father, with which Lady Salisbury would not have parted for a king's ransom, was the little Prayer-book in which, on his daughter's birthday, before her confirmation, he wrote lines that bear copying out three-quarters of a century later, on the day of death:

Dear child, ere yet that covenant is renewed,  
Which those who loved thee dearly made for thee,  
When thou wast grafted in the Heavenly tree  
Of Christ Himself—then first with life endued—  
Thy father brings to thee a precious gift—  
This little book with holy counsels fraught,  
With humble prayers, by saints and martyrs taught,  
And hymns sublime, that can the soul uplift  
Heavenward from earth. O in this sceptic age,  
If aught of doubt perplex thy simple mind,  
Here turn for refuge. Here thy soul shall find  
A safe, sure home. So, midst the flood's wild rage  
The wandering dove, with flagging wings distressed,  
Perched on the ark at last, and found her rest.

The reader, who does not look for poetry in a judge's lines, will perceive, however, that Baron Alderson was a High Churchman at that date, when High Churchmen were few and only feeling their way. The inference is,

and it will not be an inaccurate one, that Lord Salisbury was taught and confirmed in the Higher Anglicanism by his wife, not she by him.

A LONG illness preceded the death of Lady Margaret Howard. It was a rather mysterious illness too, consisting in part of a lethargy, mild and flitting moods of which had visited her during her otherwise active and useful life. A great deal is unnecessarily written about the devotion to the poor of this or that person, who has done no more or less than is barely decent under the circumstances. But the words have a real significance in the case of Lady Margaret Howard. She took care of the charities of her life, and left the pleasures to take care of themselves—not a bad programme in the midst of a society bored by its pursuit of the amusing, yet one that brought her the perpetual condolences of acquaintances. She herself at moments—at sad moments—was almost persuaded of the hardship of her lot, with the ultimate result that she submerged herself more entirely than before in her charitable work. For two years she went into residence in the East End; and that involves no light sacrifice. For, if she did not find much profit in the ordinary "caller" in Wilton-place, she was keenly alert to intercourse with men and women of talent. Nine dinner parties out of ten might be tiresome; but at the tenth she met someone whose talk was her delight. "Get me something to eat," she would say when she got home; "I ate nothing at dinner for fear I should miss a word."

Now that the correspondence has reached home about the battle of Elands Laagte, something remains to be said about the death of Colonel Chisholme. He had ridden hither and thither before the fight, and seemed to have grown indifferent to the bullets that fell about him and did not hit him. One shell fell between his horse's feet and did not explode. The inference that you bear a charmed life comes easily and flatteringly at such a time, and Colonel Chisholme had the pleasure of danger in his blood when at last he rode forth at the head of his Light Horse, and this time rode forth to death. His last words were of that inconsequence which becomes haunting. "Mind you stick in my whistle," he said to Mr. Melton Prior, as that artist made a sketch of him on the field just before the final and fatal charge.

SOMEBODY said that "good wine needs no bush" when Bismarck's Biography, by Dr. Moritz Busch, was the book of its hour in 1880. But Busch certainly needed his Bismarck from first to last; and, now that he has just died at Leipzig, one scarce remembers his very good journalism, or his book on America, or his work in the Foreign Office at Berlin, but thinks of him only as the Boswell of the Man of Blood and Iron. The book of revelations that he printed after his master's death was sufficiently sensational to be much more than a nine days' wonder; and his name cannot even now be mentioned in certain circles without calling forth disdainful gestures from the otherwise dignified and impassive dwellers within the shadow of thrones.

DR. THOMAS MACKNIGHT, who spent thirty of the seventy years of his life in the editor's chair of the *Northern Whig*, was a journalist of the old school. Not only journalistic methods had changed in his time; but the very face of politics had altered its complexion and expression, so that he looked out at it with a pathetic lack of recognition. Like Sir William Harcourt later, he, in earlier life, had set forth like a young Goliath to slaughter Disraeli. He slung ink at the sphinx, with this only result, that the sphinx said his book was rather dull. The lapse of years has sufficed to give it a new interest now, when the old Whigs are all Tories and have taken into their temple the sphinx as chief idol.



## Studies in Contemporary Style.

## IV.—Idioms: Sound and Unsound.

IN your issue of November 11, "T. A. B.," who is courteous, opposed my objection to the phrase "his brother President," on the principle that one must not challenge an idiom. On reading his letter I realised that, if I could find a contemporary article carelessly sprinkled with idioms, "T. A. B.'s" principle could be proved uncritical. An idiom is an idiom, no doubt; it is a phrase in common use; but, whilst an apple is an apple always, one apple is rotten and another sound. Similarly, certain idioms are good and others bad. Common usage in the matter of phrases is not a proof that idiom is good invariably.

The contemporary writing which I was seeking I found in the *Times* of Tuesday. The writing, which was the leading article, began thus:

*For the moment the movements of our transports continue to be the most important feature of which we have news in the military situation.*

Now, movements cannot be called a feature. The characteristic quality of any feature is its permanence. Movement and permanence are contradictions in terms, in fact, and in thought. Thus, it is obvious that the writer in the *Times* is slack in his method of expression. He is a person of the sort who, not knowing that *phase* can properly be applied to the moon only, would speak of the *phases* of a subject, instead of speaking about the aspects. The words *feature* and *phase* are often used by illiterate writers and speakers. As most writers and speakers are illiterate, both words are put frequently to base uses.

The writer in the *Times* goes on:

*The fact should convince the Government, as it has convinced the country, that only the best and swiftest ships should be chartered where the lives of our soldiers and the success of our arms are at stake.*

Why *where*? In the thought which he is endeavouring to express, the writer is not dealing with a matter of place. He is dealing with a matter of time. Instead of *where* he should have written *when*. This confusion of the adverbs of place and those of time so much annoyed Mr. Delane, a famous editor of the *Times*, that in his day a law in the office of the great journal was, I am told, that any writer who used the phrase *takes place*, or *took place*, should be dismissed. That was a sound law. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, at the least, the person who writes, or says, "takes place" is not meaning to draw attention to the place of a happening. He is meaning to draw attention to the time. Therefore he must be reprimanded. I say this despite the knowledge that *takes place* is an idiom in France. Although certain persons in France are reputed to excel in art, I cannot allow that France is superior to England in the matter of expressing thoughts.

Thus saith the writer in the *Times*:

*In a few days more Sir Redvers Buller will have at his disposal a force sufficient to enable him to assume the offensive in Natal.*

Note the word *assume*. It is idiomatic. It is soundly so. When Shakespeare says

Assume a virtue if you have it not

he is not inciting to hypocrisy. He is expressing an imperative wish that a certain virtue should be acquired. Thus, although there is a slight difference between the use of the word *assume* by the poet and that by the writer in the *Times*, the journal is justifiable in this case. The poet applies the word to a moral state, and the prosaist applies it to a tactical stage; but the word fits into both cases.

Judging from this concession as to the flexibility of certain idioms, "T. A. B." will perceive that these brief

essays about style are not those of a grammarian clad immovably in iron. Still, there are some considerations concerning which the grammarian must needs, by stress of thinking, be iron-clad. There are usages in expression, idioms, that are slack and bad. Here, from the article in the *Times* that we have been examining, is one of them:

*Father Matthews has given our Correspondent an explanation of the disaster which renders that event rather less intelligible than it was before.*

The sentence might have stopped at *intelligible*. All that is implied by *than it was before* was affirmed. The writer may have felt that if he had stopped at *intelligible* he would have left the sentence abrupt; but that feeling would have arisen from an imperfect sense of euphony. Certainly there is no reason why he should not have struck out *before*, the meaning of which is implied in the tense of the verb immediately preceding. The word is a concession to idiom in the consciousness of a writer who, not content with being clear, is resolved upon being euphonic also. Euphony is often the thief of time and space.

E. H.

## Correspondence.

## "The Knowledge that Was."

SIR,—Just before reading "Y.'s" article on "The Knowledge that Was," in the *ACADEMY* of November 11, I had been drafting, and re-drafting a preface to a little historical text-book I have been perpetrating. (It's my fourteenth offence, and I'm old enough to know better; but you will remember that it was the Judge, not the Accused, who "couldn't see the necessity.") Well, in one of my W. P. B. Prefaces I had penned some words which struck me as harmonising with "Y.'s" plaints. Here followeth a suppressed passage from that Unpublished Atrocity:

No one is expected to remember the examples in a text-book of arithmetic or algebra; no one ought to be expected to remember the multitude of details contained in a text-book of history. It suffices to read and understand, then forget. Of course this is but a counsel of perfection; while examiners expect one to remember *what historical events are associated with the names of Banaster, Berkeley, Felton, Pleshey, and Pularoon!* But my solemn advice to the reader of this book is: use the facts contained herein as a child does a box of bricks; play with them; learn how to make them into all sorts of pretty patterns; and, when you take them into the examination room, pelt the examiner with them. (Pelt him *hard*, for there is a certain reciprocity even in the examination room; if you mark him well, he'll mark you well.) And, when you've finished throwing your bricks about, don't trouble to collect them; leave them there and come away, a lighter and a gladder man.

All I want you to remember of this book is contained in the first three pages. If you read the other three hundred pages of the book, you will be able to understand the summary of English history contained in the first three pages. And if you remember that summary because you have worked through the data on which it is based, you will have gone through an historical training which will enable you to consult intelligently the reference books which will tell you more accurately than your memory the date of the Great Boer Trek or the parentage of Guy Fawkes.

Sorry to quote myself at such portentous length; but if you follow the argument (remembering that it is a W. P. B. Preface, not the Finished Product of a Fourteen-Fold Book-maker) you will perceive how the passage partly sympathises with, and partly answers the argument of "Y." Granted that too much stress is still laid on storing the mind with useless knowledge, and too little on training the mind to "go and find out and be damned"; but is not the cultivation of the memory better than no mental training at all? Are we not really growing a little less instruc-

tional, and a little more educational than in the school-days of "Y." and myself? (I couple our names together because I, too, was "a clever chap." You will find my name high up in the Cambridge Local Lists somewhere in the early eighties. I would give the year and place if I could remember them.) And is it not possible that doing all those grim sums, and—not *knowing* but—*learning* exactly where "ivory, apes, and peacocks" were grown, helped to lift "Y." to his present position of writing for several reputable papers? Is it not mean of the man to leer at the *lad's* ladder? Is it not probable that the process of acquiring "the knowledge that was" has helped to endow "Y." with "the power that is"?—I am, &c.,  
STRANKS.

## Our Prize Competitions.

### Result of No. 9 (New Series).

In the *Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson* is this abstract of an imaginary novel by Fielding:

"I am enjoying *Solomon Crabb* extremely; Solomon's capital adventure with the two highwaymen and Squire Trecothick and Parson Vance; it is as good, I think, as anything in *Joseph Andrews*. I have just come to the part where the highwayman with the black patch over his eye has tricked poor Solomon into his place, and the squire and the parson are hearing the evidence. Parson Vance is splendid. How good, too, is old Mrs. Crabb and the coastguardman in the third chapter, or her delightful quarrel with the sexton of Seaham; Lord Conybeare is, surely, a little overdone; but I don't know either; he's such damned fine sport. Do you like Sally Barnes? I'm in love with her. Constable Muddon is as good as Dogberry and Verges put together; when he takes Solomon to the cage, and the highwayman gives him Solomon's own guinea for his pains, and kisses Mrs. Muddon, and just then up drives Lord Conybeare, and instead of helping Solomon, calls him all the rascals in Christendom—O, Henry Fielding, Henry Fielding! Yet perhaps the scenes at Seaham are the best. But I'm bewildered among all these excellences."

We asked our competitors to apply a similar effort of fancy to Jane Austen, and the result has been excellent and a proof of the closeness with which that author is still read. Altogether we like best the following contribution by Miss Evelyn Underhill, 3, Campden Hill-place, W.:

I am revelling in *Affection and Affectation*, which Jane Austen, alas! did not live to complete. The Rev. Dr. Pervis, with his pomposity, his snuff, and his "responsible position as shepherd of a flock," equals Mr. Collins. Mrs. Pervis, too, in whom a plump and placid exterior hides an astute and calculating mind, and who revises her husband's sermons with an eye to the failings of his congregation—how well she is drawn! I don't know which of their daughters I prefer: Maria, elegant and accomplished, who "knows several Latin quotations, and loves to assist the aged and distressed," or Eliza, all impulse, energy, and affection. That is a good scene where the gouty old squire, whom Maria visits and waits on like a devoted grand-daughter, surprises her by an offer of marriage, and adds (being in the habit of soliloquising aloud): "The young woman would make an excellent nurse." Eliza's love affair, too, with the squire's bashful son, who is finally led to declare himself by Mrs. Pervis's judicious allusions to his gallant reputation, and Miss Bemrose, the genteel spinster from London, are as good as anything in *Pride and Prejudice*. Mordaunt, perhaps, is a poor villain, and the device whereby he is unmasked a little weak; but much can be forgiven the creator of Captain Vincent, the breezy old salt whose blunders are so necessary to the plot, and whose son, the inevitable curate, was obviously intended to console the disconsolate Maria.

Among the best of the others are these:

Have you read *Passion and Propriety* yet? I am finding it most delightful. I particularly enjoy the discussion on the merits of the sprigged muslin and the white and silver poplin between Miss Delany and Louisa Fairfield. I must own that Louisa is, perhaps, "too good, too excellent, a creature" for my taste, but then, what an admirable foil to the impulsive Isabella! I hope you will sympathise with me in my partiality for Miss Delany, with her profound respect for all that is *comme il faut*. How charming, too, is old Mrs. Gubbins: the scene in which she and Miss Gunnery cap malades against each other is inimitable.

Captain Everett is one of Miss Austen's very best men, and, on the whole, I think I prefer him to Captain Wentworth in *Persuasion*. But, of course, Mr. Hutchings is the best character in the book; his self-complacency is so convincing, and his remarks

upon "the gallant defenders of our country" so admirably suited to the man. No wonder that Isabella rebelled!

I have just reached the description of the rout at Lady Ellison's. I tremble to think what will happen to Isabella and Desborough: surely she must see how worthless he is!

But what a misfortune that the book was never finished. However, let us rejoice that we have rescued even this slight fragment by the gentle Jane.

[S. H. H., London.]

I have made some new friends lately, and one of them already rivals Elizabeth Bennet in my affections. Why have I never read *Barland Towers* before? Sophia Meldrum is simply adorable! Also she has more spice of devilry than Elizabeth. In those inimitable conversations with Colonel Pettigrew, so demure she is that the sharpness of her wit quite escapes him. The incident of the spectacle case is not convincing; but, of course, if Miss Inches had not looked out then, Mr. Liddell would never have heard of it at all. But we all know plot is not Miss Austen's strong point. I long to meet a Mrs. Lebrun in the flesh. The very thought of her will henceforth cheer my dullest moments. When she and Betsy arrange newspapers on all the drawing-room chairs, and a sheet on the carpet, do you not think of *Cranford* and the paper paths to the chairs at Miss Jenkyn's party? Could anything be more delightful? I don't think much care for the men, and cannot think what Mary Lebrun saw in Mr. Liddell; but the Miss Inches, Mary herself, and Mrs. Pettigrew will keep me happy for a month. And dear Sophia Meldrum! Fickle though I am, my affection for you will never wane, for you are always charming. In my garden at night I often think of the paste buckles you bought at the fair, and see them flash as you run past me like a hare in the dark.

[M. M. B., St. Andrews.]

What do you think I have found? Why, a MS., positively a rejected MS. of Jane Austen's. The story, which is entitled *Honour and Humility*, is delightful—fresh, humorous, demure. Caroline Ashton is the only daughter of the Lady Maria Ashton. You can imagine the charming sort of heroine, with the *naïveté* of a Catherine and the natural timidity of an Anne Elliot. She has met, at a dancing-party in the county-town, James Watson, "a beggarly apothecary's son," as Lady Maria calls him. True the young man is a paragon of virtue, quotes Gray's "Elegy," and is excessively gentleman-like. But Caroline's mother tramples on his aspirations and tries in many spirited conversations to stir up her lethargic spouse to forbid his approaching her daughter. She proceeds herself to active measures, and sends to Ireland for her distant cousin, a young Mr. Edward Fitzgerald, who is heir to an unencumbered estate, and who falls an easy prey to Caroline's charms immediately on his arrival at Ashton Chase. Caroline is somewhat carried away by her kinsman's dash, but her affections are still definitely engaged by Watson's superiority of intellect, and well knowing that the ending will be a happy one for all parties (for never does Miss Austen harrow our feelings by blighted hopes or broken hearts) I am anxiously awaiting a solution of the riddle. Possibly it may be found in the arrival of the new parson's three daughters, one of whom is reported to have a lively tongue."

[R. M., Brighton.]

\* \* We hope to give more of these interesting abstracts next week.

Replies received also from W. M., Berlin; W. M. A., Clevedon; W. C. C., Cork; G. H., Didsbury; E. W., St. Leonards; F. P. W., Ilminster; St. H. B., Dumfries; E. S. B., Brentford; R. G. W., Richmond; G. R. G., Stoke-on-Trent; S. A. B., Hanwell; J. D. A., Ealing; F. R. C., London; E. S. C., Redhill; L. H., York; J. G., Killiney; W. F. K., Dublin; A. M., London; J. L., Chesterton; E. L., Burton-on-Trent; J. D. W., London; M. A. C., Cambridge; L. K., London; E. S. H., Bradford.

### Competition No. 10 (New Series).

A correspondent draws our attention to one or two well-known lines which can be transposed so as to convey an opposite sense without suffering any injury from the process. "Thus," he says, "Milton's

'New Presbyterian is but old Priest writ large'

should plainly read

'Old Priest is but New Presbyterian writ large.'

The New Presbyterian was not much to brag about, but he was an advance upon his predecessor. Or Pope's

'One truth is clear—whatever is is right'

should be read with the last word altered to 'wrong'—or evolution is a mistake."

Without committing ourselves to heart-and-soul agreement with our correspondent, we think that, at any rate, the game of transposition as outlined in his letter may employ our readers' ingenuity

rather amusingly, and we therefore offer a prize of a guinea to the competitor who sends the best example. The lines chosen for treatment must, we should add, be well known.

#### RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, The ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, November 28. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found in the first column of p. 612 or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. We wish to impress on competitors that the task of examining replies is much facilitated when one side only of the paper is written upon. It is also important that names and addresses should always be given: we cannot consider anonymous answers.

## New Books Received.

[These notes on some of the New Books of the week are preliminary to Reviews that may follow.]

RECOLLECTIONS, 1832 TO 1886. BY SIR ALGERNON WEST.

Sir Algernon West has led a busy life as a civil servant of the Crown, and he was the private secretary and friend of Mr. Gladstone. Born in 1832, he can look back on a long and interesting past. His "recollections" fill two volumes and abound in anecdote. (Smith, Elder & Co. 21s.)

THAT REMINDS ME. BY SIR EDWARD RUSSELL.

The busy editor of the *Liverpool Daily Post* says: "A working newspaper editor of a good many years' experience, I find that numerous occurrences or statements which come before me in my daily work remind me of incidents and conversations which live in my memory." (Unwin.)

THE HIGHEST ANDES. BY E. A. FITZGERALD.

This is Mr. FitzGerald's record of the successful attempt made by himself and his colleagues, Mr. Stuart Vines, Mr. Arthur Lightbody, and Mr. Philip Gosse, to climb to the hitherto untrodden summit of Aconcagua, the highest mountain in the Andes and in America. In all its outward appearance the book is worthy of the importance of its subject, the illustrations being particularly fine. (Methuen.)

GREEK TERRA-COTTA STATUETTES. BY MARCUS B. HUISH.

"Exquisite and fragile marvels, on which the genius of expiring Greece amused itself." Such is the quoted description of Greek statuettes on the title-page of Mr. Huish's comely and alluring volume. These beautiful, homely productions of ancient Greece, which stood on the housewife's shelves or were placed on the tombs of the dead, have been curiously neglected by English students. Mr. Huish's work throws a flood of light on the subject. (Murray.)

A NEW RIDE TO KHIVA. BY R. L. JEFFERSON.

Mr. Jefferson rode from Catford to Khiva, mainly "because so many people said it was impossible." Out of the whole journey of six thousand miles less than a hundred were covered by other means than the bicycle. This is Mr. Jefferson's well-illustrated record of his journey. (Methuen. 6s.)

IMPRESSIONS OF SOUTH AFRICA. BY JAMES BRYCE.

This new edition of Mr. Bryce's work, carefully revised, and containing reflections on the present war with the Transvaal, will be useful to a great many readers who wish to form or renew just conceptions of the South African problem. For Mr. Bryce's disapproval of the war does not interfere with his clear and statesmanlike view of the large questions involved. (Macmillan.)

A CRITICAL HISTORY OF THE DOCTRINE OF A FUTURE LIFE. BY R. H. CHARLES, D.D.

Dr. Charles is Professor of Biblical Greek at Trinity College, Dublin, and this book is the fruit of many years' study. The doctrine of a future life is examined historically in connexion with Israel, Judaism, and Christianity, and Dr. Charles's whole line of study and investigation has been one of original

scholarship. The conclusions embodied in this book were communicated by Dr. Charles in the Jowett Lectures of 1898-99. (A. & C. Black.)

ON BOOKS AND ARTS.

BY FREDERICK WEDMORE.

Mr. Wedmore was ever a fastidious critic; and his own writings do not escape his scrutiny, for in a prefatory note he tells us that he has gathered up only those of his contributions to various Reviews and to the *Standard* which he is "least unwilling" to preserve within the covers of a book. Mr. Wedmore's subjects are: "The Short Story," "Balzac," "George Eliot," "Siddons and Rachel," "Rembrandt," "Dutch Seventeenth-Century Drawings," "Velasquez," and other dainty and distinguished subjects. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

THE ESSAYS  
AND MORE ESSAYS OF ELIA.

BY CHARLES LAMB.

This is a very pretty edition, in two volumes, of the *Elia* essays. So far as we are aware, it is the first serious attempt to illustrate Lamb's writings. Old lovers of Lamb may be impatient of illustrations, but the unfledged *Elia* will doubtless delight in Mr. Charles E. Brock's dainty and often highly expressive drawings. The introduction is by Mr. Birrell. (Dent.)

\* \* Owing to great pressure on our space, acknowledgments of other New Books are held over. New Novels are acknowledged elsewhere.

Special cloth cases for binding the half-yearly volume of the ACADEMY can be supplied for 1s. each. The price of the bound half-yearly volume is 8s. 9d. Communications should be addressed to the Publisher, 43, Chancery-lane.

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## The Literary Week.

RUMOURS as to the condition of affairs in the American firm of Harper & Brothers are somewhat exaggerated. There are heavy debts, it is true, but the assets, although not realisable at once, more than cover them. The assignment will mean reorganisation, with Mr. Harvey, of the *North American Review*, at the head. Says the *New York Evening Post*: "The changes in progress are merely preparatory to a career of renewed vitality, increased energy, and extending influence for the house without materially changing its character." Meanwhile the Harper-McClure combination has been dissolved.

THE fact is, the magazine war in America has lately been very acute, and some of the older and infinitely better periodicals, such as *Harper's*, have suffered. At the present moment America has too many magazines. Among them are the *Century*, *Harper's*, *Munsey's*, *McClure's*, *Scribner's*, *The Cosmopolitan*, *Frank Leslie's Monthly*, *Demorest's*, *Lippincott's*, *The Strand*, and many others, mostly at ten cents. It is the ten-cent. magazine, packed with pictures and reading matter, and very well done indeed, which has injured the highest class, to which *Harper's* belongs.

MRS. CRAIGIE'S new poetical play, "Osborn and Ursyne," was produced with great success at the Empire Theatre, New York, on Wednesday night.

THE death of Dr. Charles M. Hyde, of Honolulu, which occurred recently, has escaped general notice; yet, at a time when Stevenson's Letters are being read everywhere, attention should certainly be drawn to it, for thereby passes away the man to whom the most famous letter of all was addressed—that which, under the title "Father Damien," first appeared in the *National Observer*, and was afterwards reprinted as a pamphlet. The *Boston Literary World*, which describes Stevenson's letter as vindictive, states that it has it "upon very high authority that Stevenson was led before his death to see the subject in a somewhat different light, and even went so far as to admit that in his treatment of Dr. Hyde he had laid himself open to very heavy penalty." We should like to have further information concerning this matter.

No appointment has been yet made to the editorship of the *Daily Chronicle*. Two prominent members of the staff have also sent in their resignations. The conduct of the paper is, at present, in the hands of Mr. Fisher, who occupied the editorial chair with ability during Mr. Massingham's illness in the summer. It was Mr. Massingham who first gave to the literary page of the *Daily Chronicle* its special distinction.

APROPOS the publication of the huge *Encyclopædia Biblica*, the first volume of which we review this week, we may not unfittingly quote a passage concerning the

Bible of Cromwell's day from Mr. Morley's essay on Cromwell in the *December Century*:

Cromwell's Bible was not what the Bible is to-day. Criticism, comparative, chronological, philological, historical, had not impaired its position as the direct word of God, a single book, one and whole, one page as inspired as another, one text as binding as another . . . The God to whom Cromwell in heart as in speech appealed was no "stream of tendency," no "supernaturalistic hypothesis," but the Lord of Hosts of the Old Testament. The saints and Puritans were the chosen people. All the denunciations of the prophets against the oppressors of Israel were applied to the letter against bishops and princes. And Moses and Joshua, Gideon and Barak, Samson and Jephthah, were the antitypes of those who now in a Christian world thought themselves called, like those heroes of old time, to stop the mouths of lions and turn to fight the armies of the aliens.

IN the same number of the *Century* we find the following reversed maxim, which is more or less in keeping with our Prize Competition this week, and has some bearing on the present situation:

We're reversing old maxims of late, or  
We're getting exceedingly near it.  
To heroes in action we cater,  
And this is the way that you hear it:  
"He that taketh a city is greater  
Than he who just ruleth his spirit."

MR. FREDERIC MINES writes: "I have just received from Genoa the local newspaper, *Caffaro*, in which is a beautiful translation of Mr. Kipling's popular war-poem. The title is rendered 'Il mendicante distratto.' Passing over the adjective, which is a curious enough translation of 'absent-minded,' what are we to think of 'mendicante'—mendicant, or literally 'beggar'? The poor translator is evidently not well versed in English colloquialisms. And what will Italians think of our soldiers, and of our opinion of our soldiers, that we should consider them distracted mendicants? There are many funny things in the translation; I will trouble you with only one more. Against 'Son of a Lambeth publican' ('Figlio d'un liquorista di Lambeth') there is an asterisk, denoting an explanatory footnote, which is—would you believe it?—'Krüger.'"

IT may be worth while pointing out, that while the sum of £775, which is the total sum paid for Mr. Rudyard Kipling's poem, "The Absent-Minded Beggar," is very large, it is not the greatest ever given for a piece of verse. For example, James Smith, one of the authors of the famous *Rejected Addresses*, happened to meet Mr. Strachan, the King's printer, at a dinner party, and found him suffering much from gout. In spite of this the old gentleman enjoyed Smith's brilliant conversation extremely, and they parted with many good wishes. Next day the author sent Strachan a *jeu d'esprit* of eight lines, which so pleased the recipient that he added a codicil to his will the same day, leaving the author the sum of £3,000. A brief calculation will show that this payment is at the rate of £375 a line.

AN illustrated edition of Matthew Arnold's poems, no matter what its merits, is probably not among the more pressing needs of any admirer of the poet. Arnold does not require illustrations. But if, following the law which dictates that certain books must be illustrated for Christmas presents, pictures are provided for "The Forsaken Merman," and "Requiescat," and "The Scholar Gipsy," we could wish them to be simpler and clearer and less dreary than those which Mr. Henry Ospovat has put to an edition of Arnold published by Mr. Lane. It is time, indeed, that the convention which Mr. Ospovat pursues so relentlessly was killed. In Rossetti's hands it was rich and satisfying, but it is not so with his distant followers.

WE are, however, glad to have this edition of Arnold for Mr. A. C. Benson's interesting Introduction. We quote the opening passage :

It is but a few weeks since I stood in the churchyard at Laleham; the inconspicuous church with its massive ivy-grown tower, the cool gloom of the branching yews, the little precinct crowded with tasteless graves, the dust of traffic on the fringing hedges, made an allegory. The place seems meant for sober peace, and yet it misses the charm of tranquillity. This ancient river-side hamlet, after its centuries of solitude, invaded by a careless, pleasure-loving throng, appears to strive for a compromise, a reconciliation. It seems tired of faithful silence, and yet bewildered by the incursion of triflers whom it cannot win to acquiescence in its grave solemnities. Was that not true of its famous son?

MR. BENSON refers thus to his own personal recollections of Arnold :

The present writer had the good fortune, when a young man, to meet him several times, and each time to have been treated with the same exquisitely gracious semi-paternal *bonhomie*, to have been listened to with serious attention, and to have been met with a melancholy respect which had in it no touch of undue condescension. . . . Quite apart from his writings, but in virtue of them, he fulfilled the almost sacerdotal function of upholding in a high degree the dignity of the literary character. To the uninitiated barbarian this dignity was viewed as a mere donnishness; but to any that understood him, the grace, urbanity, and loftiness of his whole attitude was unmistakable. Every moment passed in his presence confirmed the spectator in this belief: one felt that, in whatever society he might find himself, he would always be a great personage. This atmosphere of dignity rose not from any restless wish to enforce his claims to respect upon the circle that surrounded him, but from a certain native princeliness which, without obvious or irritating conceit, made him regard his own mind in somewhat the same fashion that Napoleon regarded his destiny—as holding a kind of natural dictatorship over other minds.

The last time Mr. Benson saw Arnold was at Windermere Station. "Somehow he seemed more congenial to the bristling human throng than if one had seen him striding alone among the fells."

THE protest recently raised in this paper by "Z." against the use of Gray's "Elegy" as an "elocutionary whetstone" in schools is the text of a long article in the Chicago *Dial*. Our contributor's position seems again to be needlessly misunderstood. In dismissing Gray's "Elegy" from the schoolroom he by no means sought to banish all masterpieces of literature from the rough usage of the reading-class. On the contrary, he particularly recommended Shakespeare's plays and any other masterpieces in which the average boy might find a foothold for his attention. But he denied that Gray's "Elegy" gives to the average boy this foothold. He contended (rightly or wrongly) that this particular poem is not merely difficult, but is very distasteful to the average boy, and that the effect of its present excessive use in the reading-class is,

in most cases, to ruin the poem as a comforter in after life. The *Dial* quotes a passage from Robert Louis Stevenson's *Ebb Tide* to show how the half-grasped lines of Virgil persist in the mind, and irradiate it, through life. Of course this gradual and persisting efflorescence is exactly what "Z." affirmed was to be aimed at in introducing classics to the schoolroom. He only contended that it rarely follows the introduction of Gray's "Elegy."

Two more volumes in the "New Century Library" of fiction, which Messrs. Nelson are issuing, have reached us—*Nicholas Nickleby* and *Vanity Fair*. The India paper on which they are printed—and printed in quite a good-sized, clear type—enables them to be slipped into the pocket without the least inconvenience, although the Dickens volume runs to 880 pages and the Thackeray to 784.

THE following scrap of autobiography is extracted from Mr. Lang's "Sign of the Ship" in the December *Longman's Magazine*:

I wish I had kept my own unsuccessful Newdigates! They would not sell for £115, but they would amuse their author. I had a try at "Marie Antoinette," about 1867, beginning with a rapt description of the Lisbon earthquake, which happened about the time when the poor lady was born. I did it as much as I could like Mr. Swinburne: examiners did not rise to it. I rather think Mr. Courthope was the winner. At all events, the winner was not Swinburnian. I also did Mexico, in the manner of Captain Mayne Reid, but did not send it in. Ah! and how I wish I had kept my first novel on Queen Mary! The plot was adequate. Queen Elizabeth, entering Scotland in male costume, is mistaken for Darnley, and is blown up in the Kirk of Field. Darnley escapes to England, and passes the rest of his life disguised as Queen Elizabeth. That was why Queen Elizabeth was never married. At that time I did not know that Sir James Melville had proposed to Elizabeth to come to Scotland with him, disguised as his page. I remember that Shakespeare attended the disguised Elizabeth (about 1565!), and always spoke in blank verse.

WE find in the *Magnet*, the little periodical belonging to University College, Bristol, an entertaining paper on "Life in a Mediæval University," by Dr. Hastings Rashdall. The Statutes of the Oxford Hall, as revised about the year 1480, have recently come to light, and they yield some amusing details, particularly concerning fines. Among them we note these: For lateness at meals, 1d.; for laughing or talking at grace, 1d.; "unhonest jubulations," or scurrilous words, 1d.; preventing others from studying by clamour, vociferation, or musical instruments, 1d.; revealing the secrets of the Hall, 12d.; bringing a friend to meal or lecture without leave, 2d.; bringing an unsheathed knife to table, 1d.; wearing arms, 12d., with forfeiture of weapons; assaulting fellow, but without effusion of blood, 3s. 4d.; ditto, with effusion, 6s. 8d.

DR. RASHDALL has drawn up the following table of student routine in those days:

- 5.30 a.m. Rise, drink a flagon of beer at the buttery; no other breakfast.
- 6—8. Ordinary Lecture in the Public Schools (no fire; rushes on floor).
- 8. Mass (in early middle ages optional—later, compulsory).
- 9—11. Study in room with three companions—perhaps "repeating" to each other morning's lecture. No fire; no glass in windows.
- 11. Dinner. Bible read in Hall. Menu: Soup thickened with oatmeal, beef, bread, cheese, small beer.
- 11.30. College Disputation.
- 12. The idle man takes a walk, or plays dice at the tavern; the studious returns to his books.
- 1.30. Nunchions, i.e., a drink of beer in Hall.
- 2—3.30. Extraordinary Lecture.

- 3.30—5. Ditto.  
 5. Supper. Much as at dinner.  
 5.30—8. Study for the serious; roaming about the streets for the frivolous.  
 8. Curfew rings. "Potations" in Hall.  
 9. Run round quadrangle to warm feet. Bed.

We find in the Boston *Literary World* an account of the Stout Free Travelling Library, which is an organisation by

**Stout  
Free Travelling Library.**

**BOOK MARK.**

"Once upon a time" a Library Book was overheard talking to a little boy who had just borrowed it. The words seemed worth recording, and here they are:

"Please don't handle me with dirty hands. I should feel ashamed to be seen when the next little boy borrowed me.

Or leave me out in the rain. Books can catch cold as well as children.

Or make marks on me with your pen or pencil. It would spoil my looks.

Or lean on me with your elbows when you are reading me. It hurts. Or open me and lay me face down on the table. You wouldn't like to be treated so.

Or put in between my leaves a pencil or anything thicker than a single sheet of thin paper. It would strain my back.

Whenever you are through reading me, if you are afraid of losing your place, don't turn down the corner of one of my leaves, but have a neat little Book Mark to put in where you stopped, and then close me and lay me down on my side, so that I can have a good, comfortable rest.

Remember that I want to visit a great many other little boys after you are through with me. Besides, I may meet you again some day, and you would be sorry to see me looking old and torn and soiled. Help me to keep fresh and clean, and I will help you to be happy."

which the scattered farm-houses and cottages in the neighbourhood of Menomonie, Wisconsin, are supplied with reading. The Travelling Library is an offshoot of the Mabel Tainter Memorial Library at Menomonie, and the books are circulated in a number of cases, each capable of holding thirty books, which are continually being changed. These cases are stationed in various centres, and each is presided over by someone willing to act as librarian. As some of the readers are not too well acquainted with the duty which is owed to a book, the quaint little book-mark which we reproduce was prepared by the late Rev. Henry Maxson.

THE second volume of Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co.'s edition of the works of Charlotte Brontë and her sisters is *Shirley*. To this novel, as to *Jane Eyre*, Mrs. Humphry Ward contributes an introduction in which

nothing like appreciative gush finds place. Mrs. Humphry Ward says:

There can be no question . . . that *Shirley*, from a literary point of view, suffered seriously from the tension and distraction of mind amid which it was composed. It has neither the unity, the agreeable old-fashioned unity of *Jane Eyre*, nor, as a whole, the passionate truth of *Villette*. In the very centre of the book the story suddenly gives way. The love-story of Robert and Caroline has somehow to be delayed; and one divines that the writer—for whom life has temporarily made impossible that fiery concentration of soul, in which a year or two later she wrote *Villette*—hesitates as to the love-story of Shirley and Louis. She does not see her way; she gropes a little; and that angel of imagination, to which she pays so many a glowing tribute in the course of her work, seems to droop its wing beside her, and move listlessly through two or three chapters, which do little more than mark time till the divine breath returns. These are the chapters headed "Shirley seeks to be saved by works," "Whitsun-side," "The School-Feast." They are really scene-shifting chapters while the new act is preparing; and the interval is long and the machinery a little clumsy.

In the last sentence of her Introduction, Mrs. Ward prepares her readers for the pæan of praise which she is intending to sound when *Villette's* turn comes. "*Shirley* is not so good a story, not so remarkable an achievement as *Jane Eyre*, but it contains none the less the promise and potency of higher things than *Jane Eyre*—of the brilliant, the imperishable *Villette*."

WHAT the popularity of Mrs. Elizabeth Turner was in her own day—that is, at the beginning of this century—we cannot say, but it was probably nothing to warrant the new editions of her little books of cautionary stories, *The Daisy* and *The Cowslip*, which the past few years have brought forth. The first reprints were made, we believe, by Mr. Walsh for Messrs. Griffith & Farran. Then came a selection from these books and others in an anthology of verse for children published by Mr. Grant Richards; then came *Mrs. Turner's Cautionary Stories*, in a tiny volume from the same publisher. Then Mr. Tuer's *Pages and Pictures from Forgotten Children's Books* referred to Mrs. Turner again, and a further instalment is to be found in his *Stories from Forgotten Children's Books* this year, while he now sends us fac-simile reprints of *The Daisy* and *The Cowslip*. Messrs. Cornish, of Birmingham, have also issued reprints this autumn, not in fac-simile but, with prettier effect, in a new form. In case there should be anyone still unacquainted with Mrs. Turner's muse, we quote one of her poems:

**HONOUR.**

As Dick and Bryan were at play  
 At trap, it came to pass  
 Dick struck the ball so far away,  
 He broke a pane of glass.

Though much alarm'd, they did not run,  
 But walked up to the spot;  
 And offer'd for the damage done  
 What money they had got.

When accidents like this arise,  
 Dear children! this rely on,  
 All honest, honourable boys  
 Will act like Dick and Bryan.

For economy of words and satisfactoriness of metre Mrs. Turner cannot be beaten.

MR. D. J. O'DONOGHUE, author of *The Life of Carleton*, and other works, has been preparing for some years a new, revised, and greatly enlarged edition of his *Dictionary of Irish Poets*, the first edition of which is now almost exhausted. The new edition will include biographical notices of about 3,500 writers, and will be published in five parts by the author himself, at 19, Lincoln-place, Dublin. The first part will appear early in the new year. The price of each part will be two shillings, but to subscribers in advance the price of the whole work will be six shillings.

In referring in a recent paragraph to the late Col. Scott Chisholme's last words we omitted to mention that the telegram containing the account of his death, in which those words were first recorded, was despatched to this country by the war correspondent of the *Morning Leader*.

THE *Hampstead Annual* for 1899-1900, edited by Mr. Greville E. Matheson and Mr. Sydney C. Mayle, will be published early this month. The new volume contains articles by Canon Ainger, Dr. Richard Garnett, Prof. Hales, Mr. Arthur Waugh, and others.

AT a public library in the north of London (writes a correspondent), the management, whose policy of enterprise has won recognition in many quarters, seems of late to have developed an over-anxious solicitude for the moral welfare of its clients—or at least for such of them as have reached years of indiscretion. The malice and wickedness of Messrs. Stalky & Co., for instance, are hidden from the unwise and imprudent adult, that they may be revealed to babes. My ticket, I was told, would not avail me: the book had been assigned to the "Juvenile Department."



MR. A. B. WALKLEY, writing in the *Chronicle* on the attitude of the reviewed to the reviewer—or, as Stevenson puts it in the letter which forms Mr. Walkley's text, the attitude of "the grateful critickee" to the critic—contrasts English ways and French ways in this connexion. The French author who has been reviewed favourably either calls on the reviewer or sends his card. "We English," says Mr. Walkley, "are too shamefaced about these things. When critic and critickee belong to the same club, their next meeting is apt to be a painful ordeal. Between the soup and the fish the critickee musters up courage to murmur (indistinctly) that 'he read a very charming article about a certain little book this morning,' and the critic innocently replies: 'Oh, that? Glad you—h'm—h'm—hang it! why *doesn't* the waiter bring my toast?' And both sigh with relief over the burial of the awkward subject. Their relations are somewhat strained for at least a fortnight."

APROPOS of perpetual copyright, to which we return on another page of this number, the American publishing firm of Messrs. Rand, McNally & Co. have expressed themselves entirely in its favour. They say: "We consider the present limitation of copyright is an injustice to the author, and would most heartily commend the substitution of a perpetual copyright. The result of a man's brain should no more be stolen from him after a stated period of time than his house, his land, or any other of his real or personal property."

## Bibliographical.

AN amusing book could be written on the paternity of jests. It would be very interesting to trace anecdotic "chestnuts" to their earliest ascertainable origin. Sir Algernon West, I fear, cannot be a man of very wide reading; had he been so, surely he would have refrained from repeating in his *Recollections* such an old story as that (Vol. I., page 237) about Saunders and Otley and the indignant subscriber to their library, of which much better versions are in type, or that of Luttrell and Lady Holland, which was recorded by Tom Moore in his *Diary*. It is notable, by the way, how many of the "good things" now current were first printed by Moore. Sir Algernon represents the late Lord Granville as saying that he had taken the chair at so many gatherings that he ought to be dubbed "Père la Chaise." That reminds me of a story told by Gronow about D'Orsay: "General Ornano, observing a certain nobleman in a bath chair, which he wheeled about, inquired the name of the English peer. D'Orsay answered, 'Père la Chaise.'"

In view of the new *Life of Wellington* promised to us by Sir Herbert Maxwell, it may be interesting to glance at what may be called the Wellington literature of the last decade or two. In 1888 we had a *Life* from Mr. Latham Browne. Then, in 1889, came a monograph from the pen of the late George Hooper. This was followed in 1891 by a small memoir by Prof. C. D. Yonge. In 1895 Lord Roberts discoursed to us—first in a magazine and then in book form—about *The Rise of Wellington*. From Major Arthur Griffiths we received, in 1897, *Wellington: his Comrades and Contemporaries*; and, in 1898, *Wellington and Waterloo*. Nor is this all. In the period named there have been new editions of the standard biographies of the Duke by Gleig, Maxwell, and Macfarlane; while to 1889 belongs the publication of the Duke's *Letters to Miss J., 1834-51*. On the whole, the public has not been badly served in this matter.

Mr. Clement Scott, whose book on *The Drama of Yesterday and To-day* is issued to-day (Friday) by Messrs. Macmillan, has already published so many of his reminiscences that he can hardly have many more to give us. There

was, to begin with, his little work called *Thirty Years at the Play and Dramatic Table Talk* (1891), then, in the same year, we had his annotations on E. L. Blanchard's *Diary*. Later he wrote for a weekly paper "a few memories and recollections," republished a year or two ago as *The Wheel of Life*, of which a second series is promised. Add to these items all the articles of a reminiscent nature which Mr. Scott has contributed from year to year to the *Theatre* magazine, to the *Daily Telegraph*, and to various other miscellanies and journals, and it will be seen that the world is already in possession of much data about his connexion with players and with playwrights.

I have more than once in this column protested against the modern mania for "introducing" reprinted classics to the public—for engaging living men of letters to write prefaces, eulogistic or otherwise, to the works of standard authors. No one, probably, has penned more such "introductions" than Mr. Andrew Lang, and I am therefore proportionately glad to find him saying, in the December number of *Longman's* (with especial reference to the works of Scott and Dickens): "What business had I, what business has anybody, to come, with objections and criticisms, between the author and his public? I hope that readers to whom these great classical novels are new will always read the novel before they read the preface." Mr. Lang goes on to say: "Perhaps the Introduction ought to be purely biographical and bibliographical, an account of the conditions in which the author composed his book." To which I add—Why, certainly.

The new edition of ex-Prof. Masson's *Chatterton* will be acceptable to many. The book dates from 1875, I fancy, and has, no doubt, been revised for the reprinting, though, in the interval, there has been no further literature about "the marvellous boy." Nine years ago there was a reproduction of Dr. Skeat's edition of the *Poems*, and that is about all. Talking of Dr. Masson, there is an allusion in the newly-published *Journal* of the P.R.B. (*Pre-Raphaelite Diaries and Letters*) to the Miss Orme who became Mrs. Masson and the mother of Miss Rosaline Orme Masson.

Another announced new edition which may fairly be said to be wanted is that of Mr. Le Gallienne's *George Meredith: Some Characteristics*, not only on account of the critical text, but also for the bibliography by which it is supplemented. The latter—which, as most people know, is by Mr. John Lane—would now bear expansion, being nine years old. Since 1890 Mr. Meredith has given us *The Amazing Marriage*, *Chloe and Other Stories*, *The Empty Purse and Other Poems*, *Lord Ormont and His Aminta*, *One of Our Conquerors*, and *Selected Poems*, besides publishing his essay on Comedy in book form. Then there is the revised edition of his novels to chronicle. Will Miss Hannah Lynch follow on with a new edition of her *George Meredith: a Study*, which came out shortly after Mr. Le Gallienne's volume?

Another welcome reproduction is that of *England's Helicon*, promised by Mr. A. H. Bullen as a companion volume to his popular editions of *Lyrics*, from the Song-Books and from the Dramas of the Elizabethan age.

The announcement of a new book of verse by Mr. C. W. Dalmon reminds me that he is already the author of two such volumes—one, called *Minutiae*, published in 1892, and another, entitled *Song Favours*, issued in 1895. It is understood that Mr. Dalmon originally cultivated the Muse in uninspiring circumstances, being, as a point of fact—so I am told—in domestic service. All the more credit to him for what he has achieved in the way of literary work.

The *Anglo-French Recollections* of Miss M. Betham-Edwards are supplementary, of course, to the *Reminiscences* which she published in the spring of last year. It seems almost a pity that the former were not embodied in the latter, which were somewhat disappointingly slender in their proportions.

THE BOOKWORM.

## Reviews.

## The Latest Bible Dictionary.

*Encyclopædia Biblica.* Vol. I. (A—D). Edited by the Rev. T. K. Cheyne and J. Sutherland Black. (A. & C. Black. 20s. net.)

THE first volume of this monumental work is, it must be confessed, rather disappointing. The articles of the ordinary encyclopædic character are well and carefully done, and go, at the least, sufficiently far afield. Anyone, for instance, wishing for information about the Ant of the Psalmist can learn, in an article that has taken two Cambridge lecturers to write it, that the ant belongs to the order *Hymenoptera* and to the family *Formicidae*, together with such facts about its slave-holding and grain-storing propensities as most people have managed to acquire for themselves. Whether it was worth the while of the editors to devote some two columns to this subject, and nearly the same space to a similar article on the Bee, remains to be seen. It certainly seems that to persons uninformed enough to be in need of such instruction most of the remaining articles in the *Encyclopædia*, consisting as they do of dry and heavy disquisitions upon the more subtle points of the higher criticism, must not only seem out of place, but positively offensive. If some town-bred Biblical student (most countrymen know quite enough about the subject already) in the course of his researches into the natural history of the ant were to let his eye stray over Canon Cheyne's article on Abraham, would he not be both puzzled and shocked by the remark that "the real existence" of "this supposed hero is as doubtful as that of other heroes"? Nor would he be much reassured by discovering, after wading through many arguments for and against, that Canon Cheyne is of opinion that "not only religiously, but even in a qualified sense, historically also, the narratives of Abraham have a claim on our attention."

To take a more detailed instance, let us look at the article "Creation," upon which Prof. Zimmern (of Leipzig) and Canon Cheyne have laboured in conjunction. Prof. Zimmern first strikes the keynote in the words that it is "an axiom of modern study that the chapters of Creation contained in the Biblical records . . . are permanently valuable only in so far as they express certain religious truths which are still recognised as such. To seek [the italics are ours] for even a kernel of historical fact in such cosmogonies is inconsistent with a scientific point of view." He then gives an account of the cuneiform legends, which he assumes to be earlier in date, and concludes his part of the article by the assertion that "the Israelitish cosmogony must have been borrowed directly or indirectly from the Babylonian." This is a sweeping assertion even from a Professor of Assyriology, and Canon Cheyne comes forward to qualify it, which he does in thirteen columns to his brother professor's three. The result is so typical of the method of this *Encyclopædia* that it must be given at some length.

Canon Cheyne begins with a table of "parallelisms" between the Babylonian and the Genesis stories seven times greater than that already given by Prof. Zimmern; he follows it up with the so-called "Phœnician" cosmogony of post-Christian writers like Philo Byblius and Damascius, and with one out of the many Egyptian Creation legends. Then he devotes some space to the Iranian (*i.e.*, Zoroastrian) account of the beginning of things, only to suggest that this, too, is derived from the Babylonian, and that "the details of the Jewish Creation story arose independently of Persia," and touches upon the Polynesian myth of the bird-god Tangaloa, which he brings into line by suggesting that in the "mythic original" of the Genesis story the deity was "probably represented" as a bird. This brings him to the conclusion that the Creation story in Genesis i. 1 and ii. 4 "has a considerably mythic substratum," that such substratum is

"mainly Babylonian; but Egyptian and even Persian influence is not excluded." He then sets himself to examine why the "Priestly writer," whom he credits with "a purified theology," should have "adopted so much mythology," and gets over the difficulty by the comfortable theory that there *was* a different version of the Genesis story, also "with strong Babylonian affinities," due to a "second Jehovistic" writer, but used by the Priestly one, which variant has somehow dropped out. He then returns to give an account of other Creation stories to be found in the cuneiform and late Greek texts, which brings him to the conclusion that "we cannot presume that we have recovered the exact form of the Babylonian myth on which the narrative in Genesis i. (or the earlier narrative out of which that in Genesis i. has grown) is based." He next goes into the date at which these "legends" may have been introduced to the Hebrews, and finds that "it is in the highest degree probable" that the Babylonian myths penetrated into Canaan before the fifteenth century B.C., and that as soon as the Israelites became settled in Palestine they would have opportunities enough of absorbing them. Later, we are told that the other periods at which their introduction is historically conceivable are the times of David and Solomon, the eighth and seventh centuries B.C., and the Exilic and post-Exilic periods. There is some further discussion to show that other Creation myths than that preserved in Genesis may have been current among the Hebrews, and then we come to what appears to be the pith of the article. This is the proposition that it was the second Isaiah, "living after the collapse of the ancient State, and amid new scenery and other men," who invented the doctrine of Creation *ex nihilo*, or, in Canon Cheyne's words, "made the creatorship of Yahwé a fundamental Jewish belief."

Here, then, is a perfectly intelligible proposition, which the present writer, at any rate, has no intention of disputing; but has there ever been, since the death of a late distinguished statesman, a plain statement so buried under a mass of irrelevant detail? That Canon Cheyne is in accord with Prof. Zimmern as to the source of the Genesis story we should have taken for granted from the collaboration of the two. That the Phœnician, Egyptian, and Persian cosmogonies may have influenced the author (or authors) of Genesis is a theory that might have been stated in so many lines with a reference to the passages on which it rests. In any case, it can only go to suggest that some slight qualification of Prof. Zimmern's loan theory is suggestible. The enumeration of the different periods, covering as it does all but a small fraction of the whole known period of Hebrew history at which the borrowing was possible, does look, indeed, as if the author were about to show by the method of exclusion that the borrowing must have taken place at some time convenient for his main proposition. Yet he allows it to rest like Mohammed's coffin suspended in the air, hanging from nothing, and with nothing dependent on it. On the other hand, the proofs that he gives of his proposition that the second Isaiah was really introducing or reviving a novel doctrine in the Creation *ex nihilo* are exclusively taken from the text of Isaiah himself. And he goes out of his way to suggest that the Priestly writer's "retention of chaos in his cosmogony" was "simply due to educational considerations," or, as he afterwards puts it, was "a concession to popular superstition." Canon Cheyne would, no doubt, consider us uncharitable if we suggested that he is here saying in a periphrastic way that the Priestly writer deliberately wrote for ulterior purposes what he knew to be false.

Such a gloss, however, would hardly be more destructive in its tendency than much of the criticism to be found in this volume. With regard to the Song of Solomon—said by Canon Cheyne to be the remains of a Hebrew marriage song—he says "that the mistake of a Jewish synod cannot be perpetually endorsed by Christian common sense and

scholarship"—which means, if it means anything, that it should be cast out of the Canon. The account of the death and burial of Ahaziah in the Second Book of Chronicles is, we are told, on the authority of Mr. Addis (of Manchester College, Oxford), of "no historical value." The description of the wars of Israel against Amalek in Samuel is, according to Prof. Noldeke (of Strasburg), "not trustworthy." The rebuke of Nathan to David is treated by Mr. Addis to be a later simplification, made with a view to edification; while Canon Cheyne thinks it was "imagined by an editor in the interests of reverence and edification," and that "nowhere is the impossibility of upholding the saintliness of this king more apparent than here." Nor does the New Testament fare much better than the Old. The speeches of Paul in Acts, says Prof. Schmiedel (of Zurich), "embody a theology quite different from that of his Epistles. Apart from the 'we' sections, no statement merits immediate acceptance on the mere ground of its presence in the Book." Two of the accounts given in the same Book as to the sin of Ananias, "cannot," says Mr. Addis, "possibly be reconciled." "The Star of Bethlehem," says Prof. von Soden (of Berlin), "shines only in the legend," and both this and the murder of the innocents are treated as "suspicious circumstances" in the narrative of Matthew, from whom, we are told, "we cannot infer more than that Jesus was probably born shortly before or after the death of Herod." One begins to wonder whether such critics consider any part of the Bible trustworthy.

This does not blind us to the fact that there are many excellent articles in the present volume. Such are Mr. Charles's studies of Apocalyptic literature, a subject which he has made peculiarly his own. Such, too, are Mr. King's articles on Assyria and Babylonia, although exception might, perhaps, be taken to a few trifling details which seem erroneous. But the greater part of the book is taken up with criticism of the kind of which we have given example, and we cannot see whom it is intended to benefit. Not the Higher Critics themselves, for they must be supposed to be already in possession of it. Still less the "general reader," for it is dealt out with so faltering a hand that it could only induce in his mind a general distrust of Scripture, without giving him anything in exchange.

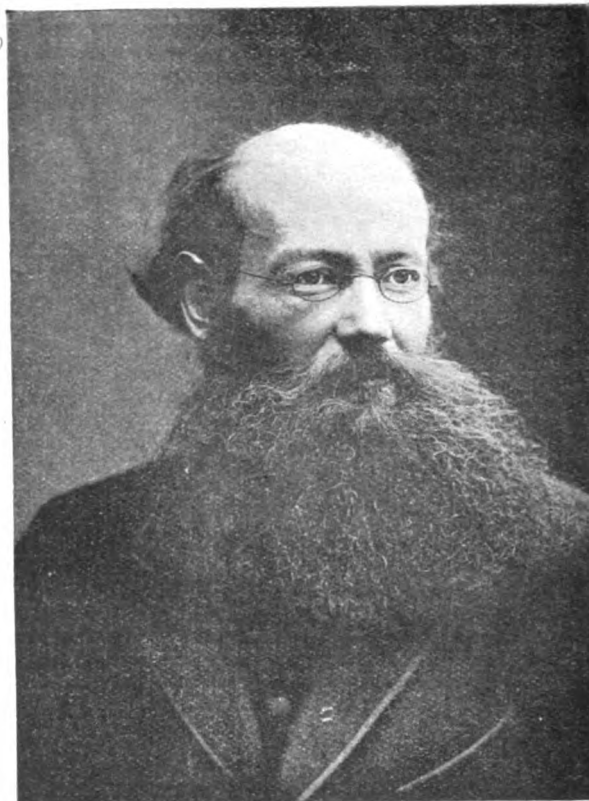
### Prince and Socialist.

*Memoirs of a Revolutionist.* By P. Kropotkin. With a Preface by George Brandes. (Smith, Elder & Co. 2 vols. 21s.)

To read Prince Kropotkin's Memoirs is to learn how very far a man may travel in this world. To-day Prince Kropotkin lives in London, intent on all the newest ideals of social life, breathing and purveying the air of liberty and free thought. No need to define Kropotkin, the alert but gentle revolutionist—quiescent now, but foreseeing the battles of to-morrow. On the last page of these Memoirs Kropotkin disabuses his readers of any lurking idea that he regards his life work as over, and is now content merely to write about it. Kropotkin recognises the lull that has fallen on Socialistic agitations since the noisy days of 1886-90; but he sees that a quiet infiltration of Socialist ideals is producing effects more real than those which were born in the clamours and riots of Trafalgar-square. Yet this calm at home and abroad finds Kropotkin, in his fifty-seventh year, "even more deeply convinced than I was twenty-five years ago that a chance combination of accidental circumstances may bring about in Europe a revolution far more important and as widely spread as that of 1848; not in the sense of men fighting between different parties, but in the sense of a deep and rapid social reconstruction." Thus, while most of us forget the fierce war cries of twelve years ago, and toil for the conventional

gains and rewards of the moment, Kropotkin stands on his watch-tower, believes that vast shapes will soon vary the horizon, and inhales the mountain air of hope.

All the more striking is it that this man, who was not born when Queen Victoria ascended the throne, can look back to years in Russia when opinions were denied



KROPOTKIN.

to the rich and liberty to the serf. It is this incredible emergence, within fifty years, from golden chains to liberty, and from an empty principedom to an intellectual, that form the dramatic wealth of Prince Peter Kropotkin's career. Fortunately we have here more than fine materials; we have them in artistic fusion, adorned and recommended by a moderate style and by urbane and wise reflections. To read Kropotkin's life is to ascend to the roof of our age and take in the view on a clear and genial day.

Kropotkin not only comes of a princely family, but was reared in an orchid house of aristocracy—the old sacrosanct Equerries' Quarter at Moscow. His descriptions of his childhood there, and of the life lived by his elders, have a classical simplicity and clearness. He does not spare his rather morose, but completely hide-bound and etiquette-ridden father, whose ambition to see his sons in the army was the ambition of a courtier rather than of a soldier. His own exploits had been less than epical. Sometimes, when his temper was good, he would tell how he won the cross of Saint Anne "for gallantry," and the story is characteristic of much:

The officers of the general staff were lodged in a Turkish village when it took fire. In a moment the houses were enveloped in flames, and in one of them a child had been left behind. Its mother uttered despairing cries. Thereupon Frol, who always accompanied his master, rushed into the flames and saved the child. The chief commander, who saw the act, at once gave father the cross for gallantry.

"But, father," we exclaimed, "it was Frol who saved the child!"

"What of that?" replied he, in the most naïve way. "Was he not my man? It is all the same."

This treatment of a brave serf was perfectly characteristic of Russian life fifty years ago, and it prepares us for descriptions of a more moving kind. Serfs were whipped mercilessly. They were also married by force to women of the same establishment. "Why is it, General, that the number of the souls on your estate increases so slowly? You probably do not look after their marriages," said one landowner to another. On the next Sunday but one there were five marriages on that estate; "the women crying with loud voices, as they are wont to cry during burials." A man servant could be sent by his master to the recruiting board for the slightest fault. This meant twenty-five years' service in the army at a time when even noblemen's sons often received a thousand blows with birch rods in the way of punishment. Common soldiers ran the gauntlet of a thousand men armed with sticks of the thickness of the little finger, and if the victim died under the torture the punishment was completed on his corpse. Nor was the aristocratic life, thus supported and ministered to by serfs, of a noble kind. Nothing could be more petty and sordid than some of the scenes which young Kropotkin witnessed in his father's home. Here is part of a scene where the General is going through his domestic accounts, and servants are trembling all over the house. It shows what serfdom was like under a master who was both more merciful and more moral than many.

He thinks about the hay. Frol is sent to weigh what is left of that, and our stepmother is sent to be present during the weighing, while father calculates how much of it ought to be in the barn. A considerable quantity of hay appears to be missing, and Uliána cannot account for several pounds of such and such provisions. Father's voice becomes more and more menacing; Uliána is trembling; but it is the coachman who now enters the room, and is stormed at by his master. Father springs at him, strikes him, but he keeps repeating, "Your highness must have made a mistake."

Father repeats his calculations, and this time it appears there is more hay in the barn than there ought to be. The shouting continues: he now reproaches the coachman with not having given the horses their daily rations in full; but the coachman calls on all the saints to witness that he gave the animals their due, and Frol invokes the Virgin to confirm the coachman's appeal.

But father will not be appeased. He calls in Makár, the piano-tuner and sub-butler, and reminds him of all his recent sins. He was drunk last week, and must have been drunk yesterday, for he broke half-a-dozen plates. In fact, the breaking of these plates was the real cause of all the disturbance: our stepmother had reported the fact to father in the morning, and that was why Uliána was received with more scolding than was usually the case, why the verification of the hay was undertaken, and why father now continues to shout that this "progeny of Ham" deserve all the punishments on earth.

Of a sudden there is a lull in the storm. My father takes his seat at the table and writes a note. "Take Makár with this note to the police-station, and let a hundred lashes with the birch rod be given to him."

Terror and absolute muteness reign in the house.

Kropotkin *père* had the joy of seeing his son enter the Corps of Pages. In this privileged corps one hundred and fifty picked sons of the nobility of the court were educated and passed into the army with the highest opportunities of the Czar's favour and promotion. In due time Kropotkin became Sergeant of the Corps, and was in close attendance on Alexander II. One day at a parade of the St. Petersburg garrison an incident occurred which has now a fine dramatic and ironical flavour. Kropotkin observed that somehow the Czar had been left unattended. He therefore resolved to keep close to his royal master:

Whether Alexander II. was in a great hurry that day, or had other reasons to wish that the review should be over as soon as possible, I cannot say, but he dashed in front of the troops, and marched along their rows at such a speed, making such big and rapid steps—he was very tall—that I had the greatest difficulty in following him at my most

rapid pace, and in places had almost to run in order to keep close behind him. He hurried as if he ran away from a danger. His excitement communicated itself to me, and every moment I was ready to jump in front of him, regretting only that I had on my ordnance sword and not my own sword, with a Toledo blade, which pierced coppers and was a far better weapon. It was only after he had paused in front of the last battalion that he slackened his pace, and, on entering another hall, looked round, to meet my eyes glittering with the excitement of that mad march. The younger *aide-de-camp* was running at full speed, two halts behind. I was prepared to get a severe scolding, instead of which Alexander II. said to me, perhaps betraying his own inner thoughts: "You here? Brave boy!" and as he slowly walked away he turned into space that problematic, absent-minded gaze that I had begun often to notice.

And the "brave boy" was Kropotkin, for whom England was soon to be the only shelter! And the Czar was really flying from his assassin, though it took his unknown pursuer twenty years more to accomplish his fateful and fearful errand. On both occasions Irony was present. In the height of his power he is attended by a fervent youth who is destined to become the enemy of his House; but when, twenty years later, he lies in the snow, stricken down by Grinevetsky's bomb, not one of his followers remains by his side; it is the terrorist Emeliánoff who, "with a bomb wrapped in a paper under his arm, and at the risk of being arrested on the spot and hanged, rushes with the cadets to the help of the wounded man."

From the Court Kropotkin passed into the army. But he astonished his comrades by choosing as his regiment the mounted Cossacks of the Amur. The Amur! Siberia! Was the boy mad? Not so. Kropotkin was a student at heart, and if he had possessed the means would have used his little liberty to go into the University. Failing money, he would go to Siberia, and verify the scientific observations of his dear Humboldt. "Besides, I reasoned, there is in Siberia an immense field for the application of the great reforms which have been made or are coming." Thus, even as a loyal soldier of the Czar, Kropotkin was fulfilling his destiny. Nothing is more striking in this wonderful book than the ease, the slowness, the consistency, and the inevitability of the processes and events by which Kropotkin put off the courtier and the soldier to become the scientist and the revolutionist. We are not surprised—we are fully prepared—when, after Kropotkin's return to St. Petersburg, we find him in a cab, vainly trying to induce an officer of the Third Section to answer his questions. The cab followed a significant route

When we went over the Palace Bridge I understood that I was being taken to the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul. I admired the beautiful river, knowing that I should not see it again. Thick grey clouds were hanging in the west above the Gulf of Finland, while light clouds floated near my head, showing here and there patches of blue sky. Then the carriage turned to the left, entered a dark passage, the gate of the fortress.

"Now I shall have to remain here a couple of years," I remarked to the officer.

Kropotkin's story of his escape from this fortress is one of the best things in the book. Indeed, it ranks as one of the finest pieces of writing of its kind in literature. The interest of most escapes from prison—Latude's for instance—depends on the friendlessness and self-reliance of the prisoner. But here we are thrilled by the courage and self-sacrifice of friends, who organised the whole adventure, and passed signals along miles of streets to the carriage near the prison door, where a staunch Socialist played the final signals on a violin, and another held the last sentry in conversation about—what do you think? About the wonders of the microscope. Nor is the savour of a sublime impudence wanting to the story; for that evening, while detectives scoured St. Petersburg, and the Czar stamped and exclaimed, "He must be found," Kropotkin was dining in public at Donon's. A few days

later he saw a steamer in Christiana harbour. "As I went to the steamer I asked myself, with anxiety: 'Under which flag does she sail—Norwegian, German, English?' Then I saw floating above the stern the Union Jack. . . . I greeted that flag from the depth of my heart."

And so Kropotkin came to England and added his fine talents to the evolution of Western thought and civilisation. We wish we could indicate one-tenth of the significance and poignant interest of these Memoirs. And yet poignancy, violence, and martyrdom are not their persistent notes. Not for nothing did Kropotkin search out the principles in the disposition of the mountains of Asia and reveal the harmony of their formation. Not for nothing has he experienced the scientist's joy of generalisation. All the silent peaks of a continent, and their everlasting ravines and infant rivers are pictures in the mind's eye of this revolutionist who has seen serfs scourged with whips, and scorns sharper than whips. It is not Russia now, but the world, he would save. "A revolutionist without emphasis and without emblem," Dr. Brandes calls him in the preface he contributes to these Memoirs. And the phrase registers the calm of a man whose life has been a storm and the centre of storms.

### Hazlitt's First Death.

*Lamb and Hazlitt.* Edited by W. Carew Hazlitt. (Mathews. 4s. 6d. net.)

MR. CAREW HAZLITT'S labours in connexion with Lamb may have been ill-starred (as he admits sadly in *The Lambs*), but that they are valuable is beyond doubt. The zeal with which he has pursued trails and examined evidence deserves the highest praise; although in a complete Lamb, such as Mr. Carew Hazlitt seems to be preparing, we shall not want everything. By the other camp, at the head of which is, of course, Canon Ainger, Mr. Carew Hazlitt's enthusiasm is held to have carried him already too far; but when we balance against the paltriness of some of Mr. Carew Hazlitt's discoveries the seriousness of such an omission from Canon Ainger's edition of Lamb as "Juke Judkins," we are disposed to withhold our sympathy from either side. We are, however, disposed to consider Canon Ainger's disregard of "Juke Judkins" more deplorable than Mr. Carew Hazlitt's affection for trumpery three-line letters; because Canon Ainger's action is in connexion with a "complete edition," whereas in *The Lambs* and *Lamb and Hazlitt*, Mr. Carew Hazlitt simply has collected material towards a complete edition. It is to be hoped that the Canon has given "Juke Judkins" his due in the *édition de luxe* now in progress.

Mr. Carew Hazlitt's latest batch of Eliana, in *Lamb and Hazlitt*, is unimportant but interesting—as everything that concerns Lamb is interesting. The nucleus of it is the correspondence relating to a practical joke played upon William Hazlitt by Charles Lamb and his friend Joseph Hume in 1807-8. The humour therein displayed may not be of the highest quality, but it was very well worth preserving. The first document is a letter from Lamb to Hume telling the sad news of Hazlitt's suicide. Lamb begins:

Alas, sir, I cannot be among you. My fate is still not to know on which side my bread is butter'd. I hang between two Engagements perpetually, and the worst always comes first. The Devil always takes care to clap in with a retainer when he sees God about to offer a fee—cold bones of mutton and leather-roasted potatoes at Pimlico at ten must carry it away from a certain Turkey and a contingent plumb-pudding at Montpellier at four (I always spell plumb-pudding with a *b*, p-l-u-m-b—I think it reads fatter and more suetty).

The story of Hazlitt's death, by cutting his throat with

a palette-knife, is then told. Thirteen days pass, in which Hazlitt seems to have meditated upon and enjoyed the *canard*; and then Hume sends to Lamb Hazlitt's demonstration that he is still a living man. This manifesto, which is the kernel of the present book, is too long to quote entire, but we give an extract here and there:

This petition sheweth that the best way of proving clearly that a man is not dead is by setting forth his manner of life. . . .

Secondly, that every day about twelve or 1 o'clock he has got up, put on his clothes, drank his tea, & eat two plate-fulls of buttered toast, of which he had taken care to have the hard edges pared off as hurtful to the mouth & gums, & that he has then sat for some hours with his eyes stedfastly fixed upon the fire, like a person in a state of deep thought, but doing nothing. . . .

Fifthly, that growing tired of his sedentary posture, he has occasionally got up from his chair & walked across the room (not as an *automaton* or a dead man pulled with wires might be supposed to do, but with an evident intention to [sic] his manner of rising, & an inequality in his gait, resembling a limp). At one time he turned the front of his great picture to the light, but, finding the subject painful to him, he presently turned it to the wall again. Also, that he has twice attempted to read some of his own works, but has fallen asleep over them. . . .

It should also be especially noted that within the last three weeks he has borrowed money of his friends, which was at all times his constant custom. . . .

These are only a few of Hazlitt's proofs. He then appoints as executor and administrator of his effects Mr. Joseph Hume, "the only person he knows who will not be witty on the occasion," and enumerates these effects:

The said effects & valuables should be principally appropriated to pay his apothecary's & washer-women's bills.

Here follows a schedule of those of the greatest account:

1. A picture of an old woman, painted in strong shadow, nearly invisible. Valued at 5 pounds.
2. Sketch of a large picture of Count Ugolino, the canvass as good as new. Valued at 15s.
3. A nymph and Satyr.—As there is something indecent in the subject, it is suggested that, if a prosecution could be procured against it by the Society for the suppression of vice, it might then be disposed of by raffle to great advantage.
4. Three heads of the father of Dr. Stoddart, in naval uniform, done from description. It is supposed they will do equally well for any other naval officer, deceased, who has left behind him pious relatives. Their value will depend on the fancy of the purchaser. . . .
- 7, & lastly, a small Claude Lorraine mirror, which Mr. Lamb the other evening secretly purloined after a pretended visit of condolence to his sick friend; & which will doubtless be found shamelessly hung up in the chambers of the fraudulent possessor as a final trophy & insult over the memory of the deceased. It is probable that when charged with this irregular transfer of property he will say that it was won at a game at cribbage. But this is an entirely false pretence.

Lamb's comment on Hazlitt's ridiculous temerity in rising from the dead is not quite what the situation seems to have merited; but there is good chaff here:

I for my part always looked upon our dear friend as a man rich rather in the gifts of his mind than in earthly treasures. He had few rents or comings in, that I was ever aware of, small (if any) landed property, and by all that I could witness he subsisted more upon the well-timed contributions of a few chosen friends who knew his worth, than upon any Estate which could properly be called his own. I myself have contributed my part. God knows, I speak not this in reproach. I have never taken, nor indeed did the Deceased offer, any *written acknowledgments* of the various sums which he has had of me, by which I could make the fact manifest to the legal eye of an



Executor or Administrator. He was not a Man to affect these niceties in his transactions with his friends. He would often say, Money was nothing between intimate acquaintances, that Golden Streams had no ebb, that a Purse mouth never regorged, that God loved a cheerful giver but the Devil hated a free taker, that a paid Loan makes angels groan, with many such like sayings: he had always free and generous notions about money. His nearest friends know this best.

A very lengthy letter from Hume, answering each proof of Hazlitt's *seriatim*, follows, and the thing is over. It is good enough fooling in its way, and Mr. Carew Hazlitt deserves our thanks for giving it so careful a setting.

The rest of the book deals with Lamb and Hazlitt in about equal proportions, and is of value to students of both men.

### The Son of His Father.

*The River War.* By Winston Spencer Churchill. Edited by Colonel F. Rhodes, D.S.O. In 2 vols. (Longmans. 36s.)

THERE is a good deal in Mr. Winston Churchill that reminds one of his father, the late Lord Randolph; but as he is still extremely young, he exaggerates all the qualities and all the defects of that statesman, and reproduces them somewhat out of drawing. He has already



MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL.

From a Photograph by Elliott & Fry.

seen much and done much—with the Malakand Field Force, up the Nile, and now in Natal—so that, as might have been expected, the book before us bears the impress of a distinct personality. *The River War* is called by its author "an historical account of the reconquest of the Soudan." It is hardly that; but though it will not live as history, it may win lasting appreciation as a personal contribution to the record of the great deeds which led up to the fall of the Khalifa's power. Mr. Churchill begins at the beginning. He gives us five chapters of the geography, aspect, and history of the Soudan, with an attempt to show its connexion with Egypt and Great Britain. Even nowadays, perhaps, this summary is necessary; and, at any rate, it has its excuse in the fact that it is lucidly and cleverly done, and shows in Mr. Churchill a remarkable faculty for mastering and assimilating a subject.

The military chronicle begins with Chapter VI., and in it is described every incident which exercised an appreciable influence on the course of the campaigns. This part of the book is, in many respects, the best. It is a compilation of the writings of Slatin Pasha, Father Ohrwalder,

Colonel Wingate, General Gordon, Sir Alfred Milner, Count Gleichen, and many other correspondents and compilers of Blue Books; and we are assured that all statements of fact are based upon the written evidence of independent, disinterested eye-witnesses. This part lasts until the end of Chapter XIV., and carries us down to the Battle of the Atbara, and the pause in the operations which then ensued.

With the second volume Mr. Churchill ceases to be compiler from other men's writings, and comes upon the stage in person. When the final concentration for the advance on Khartoum began, Mr. Churchill was attached to the 21st Lancers, on condition that he paid his own expenses to and from Egypt, and, in addition, he acted as the correspondent of a morning paper. He therefore speaks of things at first hand; and as he took part in the famous charge of the Lancers, he missed no opportunity of being in the thick of the "fun." His writing is spirited, but unequal, and the following extract will give a good idea of his style at its best. It describes the charge of the 21st Lancers:

Two hundred and fifty yards away the dark blue men were firing madly in a thin film of light blue smoke. Their bullets struck the hard gravel into the air, and the troopers, to shield their faces from the stinging dust, bowed their helmets forward like the Cuirassiers at Waterloo. The pace was fast and the distance short. Yet, before it was half covered, the whole aspect of the affair changed. A deep crease in the ground—a dry watercourse, a *khôr*—appeared where all had seemed smooth, level plain; and from it there sprang, with the suddenness of a pantomime effect and a high-pitched yell, a dense white mass of men nearly as long as our front and about twelve deep. A score of horsemen, and a dozen bright flags, rose as if by magic from the earth. Eager warriors sprang forward to anticipate the shock. The rest stood firm to meet it. The Lancers acknowledged the apparitions only by an increase of pace. Each man wanted sufficient momentum to drive through such a solid line. The flank troops, seeing that they overlapped, curved inwards like the horns of a moon. But the whole event was a matter of seconds. The riflemen, firing bravely to the last, were swept head over heels into the *khôr*, and jumping down with them, at full gallop and in the closest order, the British squadrons struck the fierce brigade with one loud furious shout. The confusion was prodigious. Nearly thirty Lancers, men and horses, and at least two hundred Arabs, were overthrown. The shock was stunning to both sides, and for perhaps ten wonderful seconds no man heeded his enemy. Terrified horses wedged in the crowd; bruised and shaken men, sprawling in heaps, struggled dazed and stupid to their feet, panted, and looked about them. Several fallen Lancers had even time to remount. Meanwhile the impetus of the cavalry carried them on. As a rider tears through a bullfinch, the officers forced their way through the press; and as an iron rake might be drawn through a heap of shingle, so the regiment followed. They shattered the Dervish array, and, their pace reduced to a walk, scrambled out of the *khôr* on the further side, leaving a score of troopers behind them, and dragging on with the charge more than a thousand Arabs. Then, and not till then, the killing began; and thereafter each man had the world along his lance, under his guard, or through the back-sight of his pistol; and each had his own strange tale to tell.

This gives an idea of Mr. Churchill at his best and most picturesque. It has the great merits of describing action and containing no criticism. In fact, the criticisms are the weak point of the book. Mr. Churchill does not love the Sirdar, but he appears to hold him in wholesome awe. Seldom is a chance missed of saying something sneering about Lord Kitchener, sometimes with grotesque effect, as, for example, where he says that at a critical point in the Battle of Omdurman "Sir Herbert Kitchener began to throw his brigades about as if they were companies. I discern no wonderful skill in the manœuvres, but they were certainly those of a man entirely unmoved either by the emergency or the scale of the event." Lord Kitchener has to undergo a running fire of

criticism all through the book, but no one is spared. Nothing is sacred to the young lieutenant, and he is evidently willing to teach the generals and their staff their business. Egotism and "cocksureness" disfigure whole pages of this book, and it is with a positive feeling of relief that we find that Mr. Churchill is considerate enough to quote Napoleon's *dicta* with approval. But the book is the work of what the Americans call a "live" man, and when he is old enough to smile at these youthful criticisms on men who were training for The River War when he was in petticoats, great things may be expected of Mr. Winston Churchill.

### Thackeray at His Worst.

*The Hitherto Unidentified Contributions of W. M. Thackeray to "Punch."* Edited by M. H. Spielmann. (Harper. 6s.)

MR. SPIELMANN'S justification for this invincibly dreary book is the hypothesis, ingeniously set forth in the Introduction, that an author is "most himself—that is to say, most honest and least self-conscious—in his anonymous writings." This being so, and everyone being interested in the true Thackeray, these odds and ends of his comic journalism have been rescued from the oblivion in which their author left them and are here offered to the students of the Great Cynic. But the fact that the hypothesis has not been fairly stated vitiates the whole scheme. It may be true that an author is most natural and candid when he is writing anonymously—provided he is writing to please himself, and writing without restriction. But it is certainly not true when he is writing for a paper of very decided character of which he himself is not the editor. Why Thackeray, the journalist, carrying out *Punch's* instructions, or at least cutting his cloth to suit Mr. Punch's proportions and deformity, should be more the real Thackeray than the novelist signing his name to *Pendennis* we cannot begin to understand. On the other hand, it is perfectly easy to see why Mr. Spielmann felt obliged to erect some such argument behind which to shelter.

For the truth is, this is a deplorable book. Whatever Thackeray wrote in *Punch* that was worth preserving is to be found in his works. The residuum is mere journalism and not very good at that. Moreover, the self-righteousness that runs through all can and does become very wearisome. Of the high-spirited, incomparable Thackeray of "The Battle of Limerick" and "The Pimlico Pavilion" there is hardly a trace, nor of the hand that wrote "Coddingsby" and the *Book of Snobs*, and the other good things collected in the complete edition under the title *Papers from "Punch."* Thackeray at his poorest is all that Mr. Spielmann has to offer; or, at least, so we suppose, for on many occasions, by summarising or merely describing an article, he deprives us of the power of judging for ourselves.

We quote two passages. This is Thackeray at his worst and most hurried, Thackeray falling into the error (which is continually menacing professional comic writers) of mistaking a convention of humour for humour itself. At the time of writing, the clock of Marylebone Church was behaving very erratically. Hence:

#### THE CLOCKS AGAIN.

[We are authorised to publish the following Extract of a Letter from a Young Gentleman who lives in the New Road, opposite Marylebone Church.]

"16th May, 1844.

"Great heavens! how long is the clock influenza to continue? Invited to dine yesterday with Lady Mary Scramjaw, at half-past seven, in H-rl-y-street. I entered that street, via New-road, precisely as the Clock of M-ryl-b-ue Church indicated the hour to

be twenty-five minutes to eight. Two minutes afterwards I knocked at Lady Mary's door—'twas opened, not by the page, that youth attired in green all over yellow buttons like the cowslip meadows in May—not by her footman, a large man with scarlet whiskers and powder—not by her butler, a person whom I have frequently known to be mistaken for a dean;—but by a maidservant—a person in curl-papers and red elbows, who stared at me from either side of her smutty nose as she bade me ascend to the salon.

"I did so, unannounced; and what was my astonishment on entering the drawing room, to find a female in a camisole with no front of hair, standing on the centre table and picking out the bits of wax-candle from the chandelier that hangs in the middle of the room!

"Heavens! how she screamed as she saw me. It was Lady Mary Scramjaw herself!!

"When her fainting form was carried out of the room by the footman (who had his hair in papers) and the butler (without his coat), I found, on glancing at the ormolu clock on the mantelpiece, that it was only Six o'Clock. I had come too early. I had been misled by the Marylebone impostor. Is this not too bad—too gross? What are we to trust, if even Church Clocks deceive us?

"Adieu—Your distracted, but affectionate

"FREDERIC DE MONTMORENCY.

"P.S.—Saturday. I shall never be asked by Lady Mary again. The clock is still at 35 minutes past 7 (hang it!)."

What a thing to reprint! but Mr. Spielmann calls it "characteristic." Much better is the sonnick, by Jeames, of Buckley-square, suggested by Prince Halbert gratuitously killing the Staggs at Sacks-Cobug-Gothey:

Some forty Ed of sleek and hantlered dear  
In Coburg (where such hanimmles abound)  
Were shot, as by the nusepapers I hear,  
By Halbert Usband of the Brititish Crownd.  
Britannia's Queen let fall the purly tear;  
Seeing them butcherd in their silvin prisms;  
Igspecially, when the keepers, standing round,  
Came up and cut their pretty hinnocent whizns.

Suppose, instead of this pore Germing sport,  
This Saxu wenison which he shoots and baggs,  
Our Prins should take a turn in Capel Court  
And make a massyker of English Staggs.  
Pore Staggs of Hengland! were the Untsman at you,  
What avoc he *would* make and what a trimengus battu!

The rest of the volume is given to the regular work of the member of a comic paper staff. There is political satire, much concerned with Brougham, literary satire, levelled largely at Bulwer, a very poor parody of Wordsworth, a plea for Sunday opening of galleries, and all kinds of miscellaneous copy. "Copy" is the word—copy of a great author writing more or less to order and never within shouting distance of his best. Not even at the time it was written was it particularly good, but now it is stale and flat and very often meaningless. As a book for people who want to read, this was certainly not worth publishing. As a contribution to inferior Thackerayana it is worthy, but dismal. And even then, as we have shown, it is incomplete.

SIMPLIFICATION is the key-word to the Reformation, as it is to every other revolution with a moral core. The vast fabric of belief, practice, and worship which the hosts of popes, doctors, schoolmen, founders of orders, the saints and sages in all their classes and degrees, had with strong brains and devout hearts built up in the life and imagination of so many centuries, was brought back to the ideal of a single simplified relation—God, the Bible, the conscience of the individual man, and nothing more nor beyond.—From *Mr. John Morley's Essay on Cromwell in the "Century."*

## Economical Nonsense-Verse.

*A Moral Alphabet.* By H. B. and B. T. B. (Arnold. 3s. 6d.)

*A Child's Primer of Natural History.* By Oliver Herford. (Lane. 6s.)

BETWEEN the nonsense-verse of Edward Lear and Lewis Carroll and that of the most acceptable practitioners of the art at the present moment a wide gulf is set. It is the gulf between creativeness and criticism. In Edward Lear we find high spirits and a rich flow of irresponsible fun. His exquisite rubbish poured from him. In Lewis Carroll is more attention to form and not quite so much rollick, but his springs of fun are inexhaustible. Perhaps for Edward Lear nonsense is the word, and for Lewis Carroll absurdity; but both have the wish to make children laugh and both have the rare gift of abundance.

Comparing these twain with H. B. and Mr. Oliver Herford—two representative so-called nonsense versifiers to-day—we find that the new note is restraint. Abundance is no more, rollick is no more; the wish to please children is no more. The new nonsense-verse is economical and self-conscious. The points are carefully led up to; the whole affair is well calculated, well groomed. (It is the same, of course, in other departments of literature: abundance is to seek there too. In fiction, for example, we miss it. We have copiousness, it is true, but not the abundance which distinguished Dickens and Thackeray. But this is no place to enlarge on such a large subject.)

Of the two writers whose names are at the head of this article H. B. is the cleverer. His technical skill is very considerable, reminding one continually of classical models studied humorously; and he has the comic-satirical-critical quickness for oddities and inconsistencies. An ordinary man sees an elephant, and it is nothing more: H. B. notes how LARGE a trunk it has before, how small a tail behind. The *Moral Alphabet* is H. B.'s fourth annual volume, and the strain is beginning to tell a little. The first of the four, *The Bad Child's Book of Beasts*, was the best. *More Beasts* was an attempt to repeat a success. *The Modern Traveller* would have been better had the author let himself go. *The Moral Alphabet* has very agreeable things; but, taken as a whole, it is a little heavy. For children, of course, it will have no attraction; but probably it was never intended to have. We quote two passages. This is A:

A stands for Archibald, who told no lies,  
And got this lovely volume for a prize.  
The Upper School had combed and oiled their hair,  
And all the Parents of the Boys were there  
In words that ring like thunder through the Hall,  
Draw tears from some and loud applause from all,  
The Pedagogue, with Pardonable Joy,  
Bestows the Gift upon the Radiant Boy:  
"Accept the Noblest Work produced as yet"  
(Says he) "upon the English Alphabet;  
Next term I shall examine you, to find  
If you have read it thoroughly. So mind!"  
And while the Boys and Parents cheered so loud,  
That out of doors a large and anxious crowd  
Had gathered and was blocking up the street,  
The admirable child resumed his seat.

## MORAL.

Learn from this justly irritating Youth  
To brush your Hair and Teeth and tell the Truth.

And this is N:

N stands for Ned, Maria's younger brother,  
Who, walking one way, chose to gaze the other.  
In Blandford-square—a crowded part of town—  
Two People on a tandem knocked him down;  
Whereat a Motor Car, with warning shout,  
Ran right on top and turned him inside out:  
The damages that he obtained from these  
Maintained him all his life in cultured ease.

## MORAL.

The law protects you. Go your gentle way;  
The Other Man has always got to Pay.

The pictures by B. T. B. are still very droll, and very much cleverer than at first they seem to be.

Mr. Oliver Herford has little of H. B.'s metrical skill, but he has more genuine fun. That is to say, he is not wholly a critical mind, although it is more critical than not. He has comic ideas, which are sometimes mischievously fresh, as when he gives us a thumbnail group of Eve, a mongoose, and a dead serpent. But here again children's pleasure is not really the objective of the author's ingenuity. We quote three of the best of Mr. Herford's rhymes:

## AN OSTRICH.

This is an Os-trich. See him stand:  
His head is bur-ied in the sand.  
It is not that he seeks for food,  
Nor is he shy, nor is he rude;  
But he is sen-si-tive, and shrinks  
And hides his head when-e'er he thinks  
How, on the Gains-bor-ough hat some day  
Of some fine la-dy at the play,  
His fea-thers may ob-struct the view  
Of all the stage from me or you.

## A PENGUIN.

The Pen-guin sits up-on the shore,  
And loves the lit-tle fish to bore;  
He has one en-er-vat-ing joke  
That would a very Saint pro-voke:  
"The Pen-guin's might-i-er than the *Sword-fish*,"  
He tells this dai-ly to the bored fish,  
Un-til they are so weak, they float  
With-out re-sis-tance down his throat.

## THE CHIMPANZEE.

Chil-dren, be-hold the Chim-pan-zee,  
He sits on the an-ces-tral tree  
From which we sprang in a-ges gone.  
I'm glad we sprang; had we held on,  
We might, for aught that I can say,  
Be hor-rid Chim-pan-zees to-day.

"I'm glad we sprang" is another of the unexpected turns which make us grateful for Mr. Herford's humour; but he must cultivate the art of blotting; some of the verses in this book are very thin and strained. His drawings, too, are often unworthy of him.

Put concisely, the difference between the fathers of nonsense-verse and H. B. and Mr. Herford is the difference between making fun and making fun of; or, in other words, the difference between creativeness and quizzing. H. B. and Mr. Herford are quizzes.

## A Library for Busy People.

*International Library of Famous Literature.* 20 Volumes.  
(The Standard Office.)

UNDER the title "A Great Undertaking" we gave some account, in our issue for October 7, of the *International Library of Famous Literature*, published by the *Standard* newspaper. Since then we have had an opportunity of looking more closely into these twenty well-bound, well-printed volumes, and particularly at the excellent Index that fills seventy packed pages of the last volume. The work is a remarkable example of judicious and enterprising publishing. The extracts, many of which run to twelve and more pages, are well chosen, useful biographical notes are appended to each selection, and the various portraits and pictures add to the interest of the work. For those who have not time for much reading, which means the bulk of the population, these volumes make an excellent basis for a small library. They include something of everything,

and something for everybody in all departments of intellectual effort from the earliest times to the present day. The editor-in-chief is Dr. Garnett, and each volume is prefaced by an introduction, dealing with a particular branch of literature by such writers as Dr. Edward Dowden, Mr. Henry James, Mr. Andrew Lang, Mr. Edmund Gosse, Sir Walter Besant, MM. Zola, Ferdinand Brunetière, Paul Bourget, Maurice Maeterlinck, &c., &c.

These volumes are not intended for those who make literature the business or the chief recreation of their lives. They are for that much larger class—three-fourths of the public—to whom books do not call with any great persistence, but who are quite willing, if the road be made smooth, to give their minds a fair opportunity of assimilating the best. It is better to know something of a writer than to know nothing. Busy people can only become acquainted with the literature of the world by means of a compilation such as this. We do not say it is perfect, but we do say that the reader who makes a judicious use of these volumes will obtain, at first hand, a knowledge of the literature of the world which would otherwise be impossible to him. In an hour's honest reading he can become acquainted with the thought, the style, the method of half-a-dozen authors of repute. Let us suppose a non-reading man dumped down in some remote country district, with a week of leisure evenings, and the inclination to know something of living writers. He could make his selection from the following. The extracts in many cases extend to twelve pages:

Tolstoi. *Anna Karenina*.  
 Ibsen. *A Doll's House*.  
 Meredith. *Beauchamp's Career*.  
 Hardy. *Under the Greenwood Tree*.  
 Ruskin. *The Queen of the Air*.  
 Swinburne. *Erechtheus*.  
 Henry James. "The Future of the Novel."  
 W. D. Howells. *April Hopes*.  
 Rudyard Kipling. "Recessional."  
 J. M. Barrie. *A Window in Thrums*.  
 W. E. Lecky. *History of European Morals*.  
 Leslie Stephen. *Horace Walpole*.  
 Anatole France. *The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard*.  
 Emile Zola. *L'Assommoir*.

And so on through the wide range of modern literature, including such various writers as Dr. Jessopp, Maarten Maartens, F. W. H. Myers, Ouida, G. W. Cable, Stephen Crane, Austin Dobson, Lanoe Falconer, and the author of *Vice Versa*. Of those who are dead—poets, scientists, novelists, travellers—he could pick and choose where he listed. He could read Huxley on *The Physical Basis of Life*, one of Lowell's *Biglow Papers*, a chapter from Stevenson's *Kidnapped*, Darwin on *The Descent of Man*, Browning's *Any Wife to Any Husband*, chapters from Lord Beaconsfield's *Lothair* and Miss Burney's *Evelina*, some of Horace Walpole's *Letters*, a selection of Rousseau's *Confessions*, a long extract from *Romola*, and so on back, back to the great writers of the past—of the East and of Greece and Rome.

The Index, which contains over 10,000 entries, has been prepared with care. Every author, the subject on which he writes, the title of his story, history, sketch, or poem, the first lines of every poem, every proper name or character, special and individual topics, are all indexed and cross referenced.

The world at large, unfortunately, is quite content to leave the classics alone. But since a slice of bread is better than no bread at all, we can confidently recommend this library of selections. Half an hour a day spent on these volumes will furnish the reader with a very workable knowledge of the literature of the world, foster a taste for reading, and should inspire him to seek the originals from which these interesting samples have been gathered.

## Other New Books.

DON QUIXOTE. (SPANISH TEXT.) VOL. II.

EDITED BY J. FITZMAURICE-KELLY.

It was a happy circumstance when the act of a forger compelled Cervantes to break off from his favourite, but unreadable, *Trabajos de Persiles y Sigismunda*, and to give to the world the genuine second part of the adventures of Don Quixote. Far from being inferior, this is, in some respects, superior to the former part. If there is less broad farce, there is more true comedy and a finer humour. The ladies especially, the kind but laughter-loving Duchess and the witty Altisadora, are more fitting companions for the renowned knight than any in Part I. It is from Part II., rather than from Part I., that painters choose their subjects. The second part has another advantage over the first: we are much more sure of the genuine text. The work has no longer the air of a piecemeal composition, of MSS. lent about to read or to copy, and then hastily gathered up and sent to the printer without due arrangement. In this second part the author evidently knows beforehand how long it is to be and what will be its end. Hence there is much less for the most strenuous editor to effect. He can do little more than take the edition of 1615 as his basis, and mark, without adopting them, the better variants of later editors. Mr. Fitzmaurice-Kelly and his printers have done their work excellently. It is a delight to have these pages open before one. There is one slight blemish. Instead of giving us something new and welcome in Spanish, Mr. Fitzmaurice-Kelly has printed in English, and slightly recast, his Spanish introduction to Part I. and subjoined it to Part II. Thus, the edition is no longer homogeneous, but piebald and bilingual. Notwithstanding, this British edition of Cervantes will, we believe, long remain a favourite one for all who know Spanish and can afford the price. It is an honour equally to British publishing enterprise and to the sound scholarship of its joint editors, Jaime Fitzmaurice-Kelly and Juan Ormsby. (Nutt.)

LITERARY REMINISCENCES.

BY MRS. ABEL RAM.

M. Edouard Grenier's name is not familiar in England. M. Grenier belongs to a past age, the age of Lamartine, Heine, and George Sand. He is now eighty years of age, but he still throws off a sonnet and spends a cheerful hour with literary friends. Anon he leaves Paris (Mrs. Ram tells us) to escape its turmoil, and muse and ponder and create. Sometimes also to remember. These, his memories, play round such figures as Lamartine, Heine, George Sand, Musset, Sainte-Beuve, Ponsard, and Augier. On the whole they are kindly memories, but they have an honest acidity too. The book is supplemental, in effect, but, of course, not in intention, to the journals of the Goncourts and of Maxime du Camp. Its backward reach into time is magnificent, for M. Grenier saw Chateaubriand and cheered him on the Pont-Neuf; he encountered Béranger in the Louvre; and he hob-and-nobbed with Heine many times in the first years of the Queen's reign. His account of his first sight of Heine is amusing. The meeting occurred in a little news-room whither Grenier went to see the German newspapers:

One day I was sitting at the green-baize table strewn with papers, between two readers whom at first I did not look at. At last one of them aroused my attention by an incessant cough, which was almost as irritating to his neighbours as to himself. My other neighbour presently grew impatient, and, during a fit of coughing more prolonged than usual, gave utterance to a loud "Sh——!" Another fit soon came on, followed by a still more imperative "Sh——!" The unfortunate sufferer turned to my neighbour and asked sharply whether the "Hush!" was meant for him? The latter, thus taken to task, lowering the newspaper which he was holding

close to his eyes as though he was short-sighted, gave his interrogator a look of amazement which, whether real or feigned, was comical in the extreme, and answered in a tone of the utmost surprise: "Oh! Monsieur. I thought it was a dog!" I burst out laughing and turned with curiosity to the author of this astonishing repartee. He was a man of about forty, rather stout, and of middle height. He wore no beard and had long fair hair, a high forehead, half-closed eyes which kept perpetually blinking, especially when he was reading. There was nothing about him of the poet or the artist, much less of the man of the world. In fact, he looked like a good northern *bourgeois*, with a slight German accent. It was Heinrich Heine!

M. Grenier had but one meeting with Hugo. He called on him to solicit his vote for the Academy. Hugo refused it, but Grenier seems to have held his own in the interview. A pleasant, truthful book. But why does M. Grenier pride himself (in his introductory chapter) on his resolve to "avoid Boswellism" in his descriptions, and confine himself to the "personal intercourse" he had with his friends? This is beyond us. (Black.)

#### PICTORIAL PICKWICKIANA.

EDITED BY JOSEPH GREGO.

These volumes consist mainly of pictures, and designs for pictures, made by the various artists who illustrated the *Pickwick Papers*. The collection is very large, and it is soldered together by a number of explanatory papers. But pictures and papers are alike for the Dickens scholar. Mr. Joseph Grego is rather a successful collector than a successful editor. His style is early Victorian. Mr. Grego thus fearfully and wonderfully explains his purpose:

In a deferential spirit it is suggested that the execution of this project—in collecting together so much that might otherwise have escaped being brought to a focus, or incorporated in an accessible form—is neither utterly worthless in the eyes of the public at large, nor devoid of popular interest, if the ever-potent attractions of CHARLES DICKENS have solid significance, and the enduring humorous qualities which made PICKWICK "the book of the time" continue popular factors in the present generation.

We leave this book to its predestined readers, whose existence we do not deny, and whose literary appetites fill us with awe. (Chapman & Hall.)

#### HEROES OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY G. BARNETT SMITH.

Of the making of books like these two portly volumes there is no end. In the one volume we have Wellington, Garibaldi, Grant, and Gordon, with portraits and illustrations. In the other volume we have Nelson, Napier, Roberts, and Livingstone, with portraits and illustrations. To neither volume is there a preface. None is needed, for the *raison d'être* of these volumes is as plain as the approach of Christmas. (Pearson Ltd.)

#### SAUNTERINGS IN BOOKLAND.

EDITED BY J. SHAYLOR.

Mr. Shaylor is an indefatigable and discerning collector of the praise of books. Here, as in his *Pleasures of Literature*, he brings together in small compass and tasteful form the testimonies given by a number of great men to the value of reading. Indeed, we like this book better than its predecessor, which was of a more "snippetty" order. Here we have complete writings, and it is good to have a sheaf of essays so famous and illuminating as De Quincey's answer to the question, "What is Literature?"; Sainte-Beuve's answer to the question, "What is a Classic?"; and the essay on "Success in Literature a Test of Merit," by G. H. Lewes; Hazlitt's "On Reading Old Books"; a paper by the late Mr. James Payn, on "The Blessedness of Books"; "The Philosophy of Limited Editions," by Mr. Richard Le Gallienne. Every young book-lover should put this little volume on his shelves. (Wells Gardner. 3s. 6d.)

## Fiction.

*Some Experiences of an Irish R.M.* By E. C. Somerville and Martin Ross. (Longmans. 6s.)

*The Real Charlotte* and *The Silver Fox* have excited an inexhaustible appetite for more Irish stories by the same authors. *Some Experiences of an Irish R.M.*, a series of episodes linked together by a faint thread of plot, is, if possible, even better written and more pressed down and running over with humour than either of its predecessors.

The book was originally published chapter by chapter in the *Badminton Magazine*, and it has a breezy out-of-door atmosphere about it, much of the action passing, as it were, on horseback and after the fox. Major Yeates, who tells the story, is resident magistrate at Skebawn, a small village in the county Cork. But the real hero is Flurry (Mr. Florence McCarthy Knox), the local M.F.H., who "looked like a stable-boy among gentlemen, and a gentleman among stable-boys." Flurry will sell you a horse at any hour of the day or night, and his fertility and resource in conceiving and executing a lark, especially a lark on the shady side of the law, are unparalleled. Equally delightful is his grandmother, old Mrs. Knox, of Aussotias—"eighty-three if she's a day, and as sound on her legs as a three-year old." Her habitual wearing is a purple velvet bonnet and diamonds, and dinner at her house is heterogeneous.

She talked with confounding culture of the books that rose all round her to the ceiling; her evening-dress was accomplished by means of an additional white shawl, rather dirtier than its congeners; as I took her in to dinner she quoted Virgil to me, and in the same breath screeched an oburgation at a being whose matted head rose suddenly into view from behind an ancient Chinese screen, as I have seen the head of a Zulu woman peer over a bush.

Dinner was as incongruous as everything else. Detestable soup in a splendid old silver tureen that was nearly as dark in hue as Robinson Crusoe's thumb; a perfect salmon, perfectly cooked, on a chipped kitchen dish; such cut glass as is not easy to find nowadays; sherry that, as Flurry subsequently remarked, would burn the shell off an egg; and a bottle of port, draped in immemorial cobwebs, wan with age, and probably priceless.

The cheerful and high-spirited squalor of Irish country life gives its character to the book. Poverty and gentility go hand in hand, and accept dirt and dilapidation as a matter of course. Your Irishman is as chivalrous as he can be to women, but he gets drunk at a dance. Yet the brilliant Celtic imagination rises superior to the most distressing conditions; and the Celtic readiness and presence of mind in the most ticklish moments fairly paralyses the slower witted Saxon. Philippa Yeates was a Saxon, and the account of her struggles with her entirely amusing and quite incapable Celtic domestics is highly entertaining.

She regarded Shorelane and its floundering, floundering *ménage* of incapables in the light of a gigantic picnic in a foreign land; she held long conversations daily with Mrs. Cadogan, in order, as she informed me, to acquire the language; without any ulterior domestic intention she engaged kitchenmaids because of the beauty of their eyes, and housemaids because they had such delightfully picturesque old mothers, and she declined to correct the phraseology of the parlourinsaid whose painful habit it was to whisper: "Do ye choose cherry or clarry?" when proffering the wine. Fast-days, perhaps, afforded my wife her first insight into the sterner realities of Irish housekeeping. Phillips had what are known as High Church proclivities, and took the matter seriously.

"I don't know how we are to manage for the servants' dinner to-morrow, Sinclair," she said, coming into my office one Thursday morning. "Julia said she 'promised God this long time that she wouldn't eat an egg on a fast-day,' and the kitchenmaid says she won't eat herring."



'without they're fried with onions,' and Mrs. Cadogan says she will 'not go to them extremes for servants.'"

After all, sheer unadulterated laughter is one of the best things that even literature can give, and we are hard put to it to remember a book of these latter days to which we owe more of it than we do to the Irish R.M.

### Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

VIA CRUCIS.

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD.

A new story by the author of *Dr. Claudius* and *Sarracinesca* is an event in many homes. In *Via Crucis* Mr. Crawford once again goes to ancient times for his material. "The sun was setting on the fifth day of May, in the year of our Lord's grace eleven hundred and forty-five," is his first sentence. The date and the title together are, perhaps, a sufficient indication that Mr. Crawford's hero is a Crusader. Old England (in the time of Stephen), old France, love, fighting, and piety form the book. (Macmillan. 6s.)

DART VELL.

BY BENJAMIN SWIFT.

A return to the author of *The Destroyer's* earlier manner. The title is psychological, moves in good society, and touches love and politics. Sir Charles Dartnell is done in the author's best inhuman vein. Having married a beautiful woman, "he presented her with a magnificent black velvet dress, and, when she put it on, she looked so adorable that he said that he wished to hold her thus in his arms all night." (Heinemann. 2s. 6d.)

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

A bright love-story laid chiefly in a quiet Irish village, with pretty landscape touches. "See how rosy the peak is, but the woods are purple at the base. If we were over there where the road winds round the hill-foot, we should hear nothing but the singing of little streams. They are chattering through the bracken everywhere, and spilling into the road, where they make little channels for themselves, clear as amber." (Smith, Elder. 6s.)

THE KING'S DEPUTY.

BY H. G. HINKSON.

A romance of Dublin life in the last century, revolving round the court of the Viceroy. Duelling, social and political intrigue, and a first-class murder trial are among the ingredients of this spirited story, which is told in the first person. (Lawrence & Bullen. 6s.)

ONE YEAR.

BY DOROTHEA GERARD.

A romance of Polish life, by the author of *The Impediment*. The heroine, a governess, receives at the registry office a slip, bearing an address in East Galicia, whither she goes to enter a Polish family. The governess's "year" is sufficiently eventful to seem quite unreal in retrospect. A moving story. (Blackwood. 6s.)

A VOYAGE AT ANCHOR.

BY W. CLARK RUSSELL.

"'What is your idea?' my wife asked. 'To accept my friend's loan of his ship, the *Calenture*, for a couple of months; to furnish her cabins comfortably, and to anchor her off the prettiest and safest piece of scenery that our coasts have to offer.'" The *Calenture* was an old sailing ship of the East India trade, and the anchorage chosen was a spot off the South Downs, near Sandwich. This is the story of the holiday, which proved adventurous. (F. V. White & Co. 6s.)

SIR PATRICK, THE PUDDOCK.

BY L. B. WALFORD.

A well-conceived story showing how Sir Patrick, the Puddock, a simple-hearted, modest baronet in the Hebrides, won the heart of an heiress and prevailed over all her pushful London admirers. (Pearsons. 6s.)

A DESPERATE CHARACTER.

BY IVAN TURGENEV.

The penultimate volume in Mrs. Garnett's translation of Turgenev. The stories are six in number, covering thirty-four years of their author's life. Mr. Edward Garnett contributes a critical Introduction, and the volume is dedicated to Mr. Joseph Conrad, "whose art in essence often recalls the art and essence of Turgenev." (Heinemann. 3s. 6d.)

WHEN GEORGE III. WAS KING.

BY AMYOT SAGON.

Smuggling and murder in Cornwall. The sea is always near. "'Amen,' murmurs the old lawyer," at the end, "and the thunder of the surf upon the rocks echoed back the old man's prayer." A good story of love and adventure. (Sands & Co. 6s.)

THE RED-HEADED MAN.

BY FERGUS HUME.

A conventional detective story, turning on the murder of a banker in Drury-lane, a Peruvian secret society, and a Blue Mummy. (Digby, Long & Co. 6s.)

THE QUEEN OF THE WORLD.

BY LUKE NETTERVILLE.

The hero is projected forward in time to the year 2179 A.D., when he finds the world groaning under a Chinese tyranny after a great Anglo-Chinese conflict, in which the Chinese had used marvellous air-ships and had been victorious. The action passes in South America. (Lawrence & Bullen. 6s.)

JOCelyn ERROLL.

BY CURTIS YORKE.

"Curtis Yorke" is a popular family novelist; and here we have a love-story spiced with just as much agnosticism and wickedness as her readers desire, the whole being "moralised" with correctness and fervour. There is much writing of this kind: "'I live in this street. And you—do you live here?' 'I have rooms at No. 89,' he answered. 'And I live at No. 90,' she said, looking faintly pleased. 'So, you see, we are opposite neighbours.' . . . 'Good-bye,' he said, lifting his hat. 'Good-bye,' she returned. 'And again, thank you so much.' 'Oh, that was nothing,' he said smiling. He crossed the street, and their latch-keys rattled simultaneously." (Jarrold. 6s.)

WISE IN HIS GENERATION.

BY PHILIP DAVENANT.

"If you see a man happy, as the the world goes—contented with himself and contented with what is around him—such a man may be, and probably is, decent and respectable; but the highest is not in him, and the highest will not come out of him." The hero of the story, a young solicitor, is a man of the above type, and his wisdom and his love affairs are carefully studied. (John Long. 6s.)

A TREBLE SOLOIST.

BY HARLEY RODNEY.

The interest of this novel, if it exists, is musical; but there is no surer sign of mediocrity than extravagant names like Dr. Theophilus Thumper, Mr. Cornet-à-Piston, Mr. Alexander Spanker, Mrs. Basher, Mr. Con Moto, and Lady Sugartongs. (Digby, Long & Co. 6s.)

VENGEANCE IS MINE.

BY ANDREW BALFOUR.

In this romance, by the author of *By Stroke of Sword*, we are in Scotland and in France in the Napoleonic age, and the "vengeance" is wrought upon the field of Waterloo. There is fighting by sea as well as by land, and a family feud, and an early type of the American girl. (Methuen. 6s.)

THE FORSAKEN WAY.

BY PHILIP LAFARGUE.

"It was Founder's Day at the Celibatory of the Good Shepherd . . . in one of the most hopelessly derelict quarters of Essex." The time is the end of the twentieth century, and the celibates are young men who are resolved to refrain from marriage owing to defects which they refuse to transmit. (Hurst & Blackett. 6s.)

## THE ACADEMY.

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## Dumas in the Caucasus.

## The Story of the "New Stories."

LAST week we established the identity between the supposed posthumous romances of Dumas père and *La Boule de Neige* and *Sultanetta*, two well-known volumes of his vast repertory. The interest created has encouraged us to pursue our researches somewhat further. As the result we offer to our readers not only some details concerning Marlynsky, the original author of the stories, and his characters, but an account of how the MS. came into Dumas' possession, and we will show him and his Russian amanuensis at work upon it.

Always eager to leave Paris, to which his eternal work bound him, Dumas was one night informed by his friends the Kouchaleffs that five days hence they would take him to St. Petersburg. Dumas, astonished, replied nevertheless that if he went to Russia, than which nothing seemed more improbable, it would not be to see the city of St. Peter only, but to visit Nijini-Novgorod, Kasan, Astrakan, and Sebastopol, and return by the Danube. The Kouchaleffs assured him that, having a seat near Moscow, an estate at Nijini, steppes at Kasan, a fishery on the Caspian Sea, and a country house at Isatcha, nothing could be more convenient, and they gave him two minutes in which to make up his mind. Dumas, who had been a great traveller, reflected that journeying in Russia under such conditions had always been one of his desires, and that if the expedition was a folly it would be one which he should never repent. He accordingly consented within the time prescribed, and five days later the party was en route.

We find Dumas at Nijini, which he reached after visiting St. Petersburg, Finland, Moscow, and descending the Volga. He was dining with General Alexander Mouravief when the door was thrown open, and he was snatched in the embrace of two totally unknown persons. "We are your Alexis and Pauline," they cried to Dumas' speechless surprise. Slowly he remembered. Alexis and Pauline were no other than the hero and heroine of his novel *Le Maître d'Armes*, written some twenty years before. The material for the novel, which had an enormous success in Russia, had been supplied to Dumas by the Maître d'Armes himself, the famous swordsman Grisier, who had lived for eighteen months in St. Petersburg. Alexis Annenkof had taken part in the Republican conspiracy of 1825 which led so many men, including Marlynsky's brother, to the scaffold. Annenkof was condemned to exile for life in Siberia. There, at the Petrovsky mines, Pauline, although not his wife, obtained leave from the Emperor to join him, and there they found Bestuchef, afterwards known as the novelist Marlynsky, who had taken part in the same conspiracy. Twenty-seven years later the Annenkofs were pardoned. Bestuchef had left long before to re-enter the army as a soldier in the ranks. Thus it happened that it was the hero and heroine of *Le Maître d'Armes* who, in relating their own adventures, introduced Dumas for the first time to Bestuchef-Marlynsky.

Some few months later, in a Tartar cemetery in the Caucasus, a little monument painted red and green was

pointed out to Dumas. "It is the tomb of Sultanetta, the beloved of Ammalat Bey," said his companion. "Who were they?" asked Dumas. Their story, a history well known among the Tartars, was told to him, and on his arrival at Derbend, where Marlynsky had spent a year in the fortress after leaving Siberia, the writer's MS. of *Ammalat Bey*, found in his room after his death, was given to Dumas. He now learnt the history of Marlynsky's life in all its details, and visiting the tomb of his ill-fated mistress, Oline Nesterzof, he wrote a poem for inscription at its foot.

On the journey from Derbend to Tiflis, Dumas observed his amanuensis, Kalino (an idle young man whom he had taken from the University of St. Petersburg), absorbed in the perusal of a little Russian book. It proved to be Marlynsky's *La Neige du Mont Chakh-Dague*. As they went Dumas learned the story, as it was intended he should do by the person (Prince Bagratione) who had placed it in the young man's hands. Not content with gathering up every scrap of information concerning the unfortunate novelist, whose history is too long and perhaps too painful to relate here, Dumas decided that he would try to repair in France the ingratitude of Russia towards a man who, it seemed to him, had genius. He was told that during the reign of Nicholas no critic was bold enough to write in favour of the works of one who had been found guilty, as Marlynsky was, of high treason, and as years elapsed he had been much forgotten. It appears, however, that both *Ammalat Bey* and *Moullah Nour* (the identical stories translated by Mr. Gordon) were actually published under Marlynsky's name, and that they obtained some success in Russia.

At Tiflis, where he made a stay of six weeks, Dumas set himself to write. His happiest hours were ever those spent with his pen. Work was sweet after months spent in travelling. He had endured many privations, had sometimes gone without the common necessities of life, but what he had most suffered from was his separation from his pen. So he plunged into a sea of ink, and wrote until his travelling stock of paper, his large blue sheets on which he had written uniformly for some twenty years, and which have been celebrated by so many of his biographers, was exhausted. This was terrible to Dumas. Like indifferent spellers who never can write with the pen which one hands to them, Dumas was lost without his blue paper. He ransacked Tiflis in search of sheets resembling his own, but no one there had ever felt the want of large blue MS. paper. He was obliged to content himself with some of a sickly yellowish hue, called by the vendor white. Perhaps Mr. Home Gordon will tell us whether the paper of the famous MS. corresponds with this description. Supplied with materials of a kind, Dumas returned to his table, which he had placed in a window overlooking all Tiflis, the streets of which were filled with a ceaselessly moving throng of Egyptians, Tartars, Kalmucks, Russians, Greeks, Persians, Kabardians, French, Germans, and representatives of many other countries. Never when at work had he looked on a more interesting or beautiful scene. Work, however, entranced him. He wrote oblivious of time and frequently of food, which his friends sent him from a neighbouring shop, placing the dishes on the corner of his table for his consumption between the composition of two chapters. The idle amanuensis caught the fever of industry from the author of *Monte Cristo*. He, too, became chained to his desk, and day after day sat translating from Marlynsky, from Pushkin, and from Lermontoff. Had Dumas asked him to translate from Chinese he would have done it. In the meantime snow fell in great quantities, and the writers became weather-bound. It was at Tiflis, then, on December 31, 1858, that Dumas added the signature to the last leaf of *Ammalat Bey*, which Mr. Gordon has reproduced, together with the concluding lines of the story, in facsimile.

## How Long Should Copyright Last?

THIS question was asked, and discussed in a tentative way, in the ACADEMY of November 18. The new Copyright Act (still to be passed) proposes to make copyright in every book endure throughout the author's lifetime, and for thirty years afterwards. Is this period—which may cover, in all, seventy, or possibly eighty, years—long enough? In France fifty years are added to the author's lifetime; in Spain and Italy eighty years. In these countries, therefore, copyright may easily extend to one hundred and twenty years or more.

It was pointed out that copyrights often lapse at a point of time when their cessation seems to press hardly on an author's heirs. The heirs of Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray would still be enjoying a harvest of royalties if our copyright law were that of Spain. The heirs of Charles Reade, George Eliot, and Robert Louis Stevenson will soon lose royalties which it is permissible to think they ought to enjoy for many years to come.

From America comes the proposal that copyright should be *perpetual*; and Sir Walter Besant, writing in the *Author*, supports this revolutionary idea. The difficulties and objections which beset this proposal are many and obvious, and are not disguised by Sir Walter Besant.

The question still arises, How long—thirty years, fifty years, eighty years, or perpetually—should copyright last? We have ventured to put this question to a few writers whose opinions we value; and below we give the replies we have received.

### Mr. HERBERT SPENCER :

In 1877, when a Commission on copyright was sitting, I argued in favour of the duration now proposed—the author's life and thirty years after his death. Certainly I think fifty years after his death would be better, since it would nearly always cover the possible life of his widow. The question of perpetual copyright I have not considered.

### Mr. FREDERIC HARRISON :

In my opinion, the proper period for the duration of literary copyright should be seven years from registration.

### Dr. F. J. FURNIVALL :

I think copyright is quite long enough now, and that authors ought to be grateful to the public for making their rights last so much longer than those of patentees, who deserve just as much protection as authors. It is only writers' conceit that makes them think themselves so valuable; and nothing should be done to encourage their delusion.

### Mr. G. BERNARD SHAW :

The proposal of perpetual copyright is a piece of rapacious impudence. Would it benefit anybody if the heirs of John Bunyan were now wallowing idly in royalties on *The Pilgrim's Progress* instead of working honestly for their living?

Considering that an inventor who enriches the world is granted patent rights for fourteen years only, it is not clear why an author, who possibly debauches it, should get from thirty to over one hundred years' copyright. The present term is too long, except in a very few special cases, for which extension should be granted on application to the courts. If the descendants of authors want copyrights, they can earn them by writing books.

### Mr. W. L. COURTNEY :

I do not think perpetual copyright is desirable—because a book, being a national possession, ought to be made accessible to the nation. Nor can I think it feasible, because an author's descendants will be either lost or drift into other families.

I think copyright should extend for two generations—

say sixty years roughly. And I feel that its duration in the hands of any single publisher should be limited, say, to six or ten years.

### Mr. RIDER HAGGARD :

I imagine that most people interested would be satisfied with "during the author's lifetime and thirty years." This, in the vast majority of cases, would mean a copyright of at least sixty years, and in many cases of eighty or one hundred—after that—.

### Mr. EDWARD CLODD :

The books needing protection under copyright are not so much those whose success is rapid, but those for which, after long years of neglect and slow sale, a demand, with steady and often increasing sale, arises. Take, e.g., Meredith's works, FitzGerald's *Omar Khayyâm*, &c. Hence I would grant copyright for at least three generations.

### Mr. ALFRED NUTT :

That copyright should be perpetual is the counsel of perfection; permanent possession of an artistic product is far more defensible than permanent possession of land, of raw materials of manufacture, or of the manufactured article. But it is a counsel of perfection which lies outside the range of practical politics. At the very least, however, the term of copyright should be extended so as to profit, should the right be a source of profit, the descendants of the holder to the third generation. Many works only become profitable from half a century to a century after the author's death, because then only are they recognised as classics and benefit by a forced sale consequent upon their introduction into the educational curriculum of the country; it is scandalous that the writer should not be able to leave this chance of wealth to his descendants, or should not be able to discount it during his lifetime, which he can only do if the purchaser of his right has the assurance of a lengthened term during which to enjoy it. It now happens that almost the only writer who can sell his copyright to advantage is the one who, from the standpoint of the permanent interests of literature and humanity, deserves the least consideration and protection—viz., the ephemeral novelist.

### Mr. ANTHONY HOPE :

In reply to your questions, I think :

That perpetual copyright is not desirable. It would be compatible with the public interests only under the most stringent safeguards, and would not be a good form of hereditary property, as it would entail neither duties nor responsibility.

That the term proposed in the new Bill is satisfactory, and should, for the present at least, be accepted by authors. In the great majority of cases it would give a material increase on the present term, and it covers the time during which a man's immediate descendants are naturally dependent on the results of his labours.

It might be, however, that some slight extension of the term would be found desirable for the sake of making the law of various countries uniform. I have not looked into this point.

### Dr. W. ROBERTSON NICOLL :

The idea of perpetual copyright seems quite impracticable, but I feel that an author ought to be able to leave his books as a heritage to his children. I do not think that any author's books should be out of copyright till his last child is dead. It would be easy to adduce instances of the great hardships that have resulted from the absence of any such rule. In my opinion it is not sufficient that copyright should be during an author's lifetime and thirty years. Suppose Charles Dickens had died in the year after he wrote the *Pickwick Papers*, would it have been just that his children should have failed to reap any benefit from the achievement of their father's genius during half their lives? I cannot imagine that any reasonable person would say so.

It will be seen that every writer we have consulted rules that perpetual copyright is impracticable or undesirable. But there is a strong feeling that the period of copyright contemplated by Lord Monkhouse's Bill, which will be before Parliament next year, is too short. Mr.

W. L. Courtney is in agreement with Sir Walter Besant in his view that a *publisher's* enjoyment of a copyright should be rigorously shortened in point of time. Our own opinion is that authors' copyright should be given a longer life than is proposed by the Bill, and we shall return to the matter.

## Paris Letter.

(From our French Correspondent.)

THE lay pontiff of the Reactionary Party has just delivered a very eloquent sermon from the presidential chair of the Academy. I had never heard M. Brunetière speak until then, and I will own at once that I was greatly surprised by his admirable delivery. He read his discourse in such a way that if you did not see the MS. in his hand, and note how regularly he turned over the pages, you would have been convinced he was uttering an extempore oration upon virtue. The great man is himself extremely small and frail and insignificant-looking. His features are of a common mould, in a short, lean, pallid visage; the brow is narrow and low; the mouth, under a slight dark moustache, is wide and thin, with a singular twist upon one side which, in the movements of speech, shortens the profile and effectively deepens the expression. It is a face in repose that means nothing, but which, from its very mobility, responds eloquently to the command of utterance, and to the superficial observer then appears to mean a great deal.

Watching his mediocre exterior with attention, and listening with no less eager attention to the clear and commanding voice that held us all with an almost ecclesiastical imperiousness, I came to understand the secret of M. Brunetière's power and success. There is just the amount of insincerity and dogmatism in the editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* to insure him success with a social party whose attitude towards sincerity is rather that of contempt than of admiration, and which likes to hear the opinions that maintain its prestige expressed with conviction by the outsider it condescends to adopt. There is something about him of a second-rate diplomat and a first-rate Jesuit, a little of the charlatan and a very strong dose of the literary Tartufe. And being a pedant, he clothes the poverty of his style in the massive folds of the mantle of erudition. M. Brunetière, being a sage as well as an erudite, attained glory the day he was advised to discover Bossuet, a genius in exquisite harmony with his own narrow and dogmatic talent. His attitude the day he made this discovery, and resolved to offer Bossuet for the admiration and wonder of the polite world of Paris, was as impressive as that of Columbus exclaiming "*Tierra!*" when he saw America upon the horizon. Bossuet was to make M. Brunetière, to carry him on a wave of fashionable homage to an armchair among the living Immortals, and ordain him the mouthpiece of fashionable and snobbish patriotism. Years ago he had begun to wage his bitter war against Zola, on the ground of naturalism. Here he was in his right as a literary critic, and his fierce hostility to modern French pornography is to his honour. But when he carried this same hostility into the Nationalist camp, and offered it as a weapon of war to Zola's political enemies, we were able to measure the man's sincerity. Not content to espouse openly a criminal cause, he placed a great, large-minded review (become under his narrow editorship a dull, pedantic, and soporific organ, in which you may expect to find everything except wit, humour, charm, or gaiety) at the service of falsehood, injustice, and calumny, and started a society to enable the ladies and gentlemen of the Faubourg to shout at will "*Vive l'Armée!*" in the intervals of gathering subscriptions for the noble Henry's widow

and plotting to spoil M. Loubet's hat while awaiting the opportunity of relieving him of his head.

And so it comes to-day that M. Brunetière rivals M. Arthur Meyer, the reckless editor of the Royalist organ, *Le Gaulois*, in guiding aristocratic Paris and interpreting in reactionary style its noble sentiments. He is on the side of clericalism and militarism. In this speech he made a fervent reference to sainted kings. He despises science, and naturally could not lose so fine an occasion to give another of his violent digs at the "intellectuals"—that is, at all the writers, Academicians, thinkers and savants who elected to walk behind M. Zola during the past two years, rather than behind the eminent M. Brunetière. He informed them that they were less necessary to the State than the virtuous humble whose eulogy he was intrusted to utter on behalf of the Academy; and hinted that, perhaps, of all classes they comprised the one which is the least indispensable to the prosperity and happiness of a land. Such a statement, like the honour of the Army, has become too decided a *cliché* of his party not to shock us by its hollowness. I am of opinion that the virtue, the disinterestedness, the endurance and unconscious nobility of the humble class of society, is of far more infinite value to society to-day and to posterity to-morrow than all the learning and art of men of talent and of men of genius. The illiterate life-boatman who braves the midnight storm to rescue his drowning fellows is for me a far nobler and more useful creature than the man of erudition who sits in his study and discovers the origin of languages, or the poet who reveals the travail of his soul. But I am too well aware that this is M. Brunetière's war-cry to be convinced of its sincerity upon his lips at this hour of the day. If M. Brunetière were so sure of the nothingness of literature, and so enamoured of martial glory that he even discovers it in the Staff Cabinet athwart the dishonour of forgery and perjury, how comes it that he has devoted his manhood to books and pen and ink when he might have been leading his country to another Sedan, or helping General Mercier and the gallant Henry to add to their poor little collection of fifteen forgeries which even did not succeed in proving the guilt of their unfortunate victim? Who knows, if M. Brunetière had elected to wear the kepi he so passionately admires, instead of the humble palm-embroidered coat he so evidently despises, Dreyfus might have been sent back to the Devil's Isle, where certainly M. Brunetière would be delighted to have him again.

And yet, despite its insincerity, it would be impossible to deny the impressiveness of M. Brunetière's sermon at the Academy. He speaks admirably, far better than he writes, thanks to his warm and clear utterance, to his large and restrained gesture, to the mobility of his expression. As a writer he is too much of the professor—heavy, sententious, mediocre, and second-rate. As a speaker his style is brightened by his personality, and becomes more supple—I may not say wittier, but more pointed and suggestive. In fashionable and reactionary circles he is hailed as a second Bourdaloue; but this is the exaggeration of gratitude and admiration. Still, as a preacher he would have proved a force, for he was born to preach. His sermon on the "Prize of Virtue" is a masterpiece of its kind, with just enough irony to please fastidious ears, just enough sentiment to delight the sentimental, just enough false humility to flatter the unintellectual. It was a lesson to hear idle and luxuriously dressed women, unvirtuous males in the best of tailoring, applaud such a statement as this—"The virtues of the humble are the real force which counterweights, and in consequence equilibrates the eternal and increasing press of misfortune, of poverty, and vice." I hope they understood it, but I doubt it. This sounds like unconscious irony on the lips of M. Brunetière: "Remember that the true measure of the value of men—what makes men really great and nations prosperous—is their devotion to the interests of humanity."

H. L.

## The Amateur Critic.

[To this page we invite our readers to contribute criticism, favourable or otherwise, of books new and old, or remarks on striking or curious passages which they may meet with in their reading. No communication, we would point out, must exceed 300 words.]

### A Promising Debut.

WILL you allow me—merely as an “Amateur Critic”—to invite your readers’ attention to a new novel by—as I suppose—a new writer? I refer to *The Enchanter*, by U. L. Silberrad. U. L. Silberrad—whoever he [or she] may be—splits his infinitives and uses “aggravating” when he means “irritating”; also he drags into his story much superfluous and unconvincing melodrama. But, if you separate these errors and superfluities, there remains a really fine story—fresh, original, and strong—with a hero who is worth following, and, in pp. 232-263, moving on the heights of romance. I should be sorry if this story missed its welcome, for if it be a first performance it seems to me a remarkable one, of quite unusual promise.

A. T. QUILLER COUCH.

### “The King of the Golden River.”

EVERYONE must be sorry for the mistake about the new Dumas stories, although in making those stories accessible to English readers the book is to be valued irrespective of the genuineness of the discovery. My own debt to *The Snow on Shah-Dagh* is twofold, for it is not only very entertaining itself, and the Mollah Nour a great thing in robber chiefs, but by reminding me of Mr. Ruskin’s *King of the Golden River* it gave me the impulse to read that most satisfactory fairy tale once more. The two stories have this in common, that in both of them there is a good youth and a difficult enterprise involving a mountain ascent. In Dumas, Iskander must brave the Mollah Nour and, fetching snow from the summit, convey it safely to the Caspian Sea; in Ruskin, Gluck has to succeed in casting three drops of holy water into the source of the golden river. Few stories can so take the child’s imagination as Mr. Ruskin’s does. It should have the widest circulation.

R. M.

### For an Anthology of Parody.

I SEE that Sir Algernon West, in his *Recollections*, states that as a child he had Miss Fanshawe for a neighbour, and then, to recall Miss Fanshawe to the reader’s mind, he quotes her famous acrostic on the letter H:

’Twas whispered in Heaven, ’twas muttered in Hell,

and so forth. But why is it that Miss Fanshawe is never credited with anything else when her name is mentioned? Her “Fragment in Imitation of Wordsworth” is far more entertaining, and has a quality, to my mind, much superior to the acrostic; which any ingenious person could have written nearly as well. I copy out the Wordsworth parody:

There is a river clear and fair,  
’Tis neither broad nor narrow;  
It winds a little here and there—  
It winds about like any hare;  
And then it takes as straight a course  
As on the turnpike road a horse,  
Or through the air an arrow.

The trees that grow upon the shore  
Have grown a hundred years or more;  
So long there is no knowing.  
Old Daniel Dobson does not know

When first those trees began to grow;  
But still they grew, and grew, and grew,  
As if they’d nothing else to do,  
But ever to be growing.

The impulses of air and sky  
Have reared their stately stems so high,  
And clothed their boughs with green;  
Their leaves the dews of evening quaff,  
And when the wind blows loud and keen,  
I’ve seen the jolly timbers laugh,  
And shake their sides with merry glee—  
Wagging their heads in mockery.

Fix’d are their feet in solid earth,  
Where winds can never blow;  
But visitings of deeper birth  
Have reached their roots below.  
For they have gained the river’s brink,  
And of the living waters drink.

There’s little Will, a five year’s child—  
He is my youngest boy;  
To look on eyes so fair and wild,  
It is a very joy:—  
He hath conversed with sun and shower,  
And dwelt with every idle flower,  
As fresh and gay as them.  
He loiters with the briar rose,—  
The blue belles are his play-fellows,  
That dance upon their slender stem.

And I have said, my little Will,  
Why should not he continue still  
A thing of nature’s rearing?  
A thing beyond the world’s control—  
A living vegetable soul,—  
No human sorrow fearing.

It were a blessed sight to see  
That child become a willow tree,  
His brother trees among.  
He’d be four times as tall as me,  
And live three times as long.

In a footnote to these verses, in *The Literary Remains of Catherine Maria Fanshawe*, we are told that one lady, a friend and admirer of Wordsworth, on seeing this poem, admired it exceedingly, and wondered how it was that Wordsworth had never read it to her.

K. H.

### Introductions.

THE habit of the reading public, or perhaps one should say its publishers, has of late years grown to such an absurd length of gentility that it is hardly possible to approach any of one’s old favourite authors in a new edition without the tedious ceremony of an introduction. It is true that if a reader doesn’t like introductions he can skip them, but one can’t skip a title-page when it is branded (in the same size type as the author’s) with the name of the introducer. There are, of course, occasions when an introduction is useful; it is always pleasant to read intelligent praise of a great book, but it is too often looked upon as a fit opportunity for the writer of the introduction to show how consumedly clever he or she is, and how much better written the book might have been. I wonder why introductions are sometimes written by persons who are clearly out of sympathy with their subjects. One does not care to see one’s author belittled; on the other hand, one looks for something more than fulsome praise. Books that will not bear a critical examination hardly deserve introductions, but an appreciation which will help the reader to enjoy or benefit by the book before him, should in my opinion, be the chief object of an introduction.

REBECCA SHARP.



## Things Seen.

### The Higher Patriotism.

"They had shouted 'Rule Britannia,' they had sung 'God Save the Queen.'"

SOMEBODY had recited the poem from which the above line is quoted. The "little tambourine" had gone round to the accompaniment of a cheerful clink of coin and full-throated cries expressive of entire confidence in the present Government. The young men of the "Literary and Debating Club" were all agreeably stirred to a sense of their own patriotism. Certainly, it had been a most successful meeting; but, once the "Absent-Minded Beggar" had been recited, all felt that the great moment had come and gone; and the last item on the programme, vaguely described as "Poem XXV.," excited but languid interest. The smart young shopmen, who formed the bulk of the club, prepared to listen politely, but coldly, to the stranger who was mounting the improvised platform.

He had a fine voice, this stranger; at his first words, the languid audience leant forward with that common instinct of suddenly aroused interest that runs through a crowd:

What have I done for you,  
England, my England?  
What is there I would not do,  
England, my own?

As the strenuous lines rolled out, the young faces, so flushed and triumphant a moment before, grew grave and somewhat pale. But for the brave voice speaking brave words, the hush was intense—absolute. "Poem XXV." ended—still silence for a full minute! Then applause, rapturous and long, but differing in some subtle, intangible fashion from what had preceded it.

They all trooped out, and I—firmly wedged in the crowd behind two especially resplendent youths, who spent a large part of their day in suggesting wants to undecided women—heard this: "It's all very well to fling one's shilling in a 'at, but that last chap . . . I don't know that I quite liked it—it makes one so jolly discontented; but . . . I wish I could do something for—for . . ."

### On the Road.

THERE were very few people living at S—, in Worcester-shire, who ever passed Job White, the roadman, without speaking to him, for he always had time enough to stop working while ordinary greetings were exchanged. One day, however, my conversation with him was more than usually prolonged.

"Good morning, Job. How are you to-day?" I said.

"I'm fair to middlin', myself," he replied, "but my missis 'er says 'er be nation bad. I've sent for the doctor to see 'er, 'er be seemingly that bad."

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"Well, 'er's been queer, sort of like, this several week. Awful tryin' it's been for me along with it. Some mornin's 'er gets up and some mornin's 'er don't, but just lies and groans for all the world like a dumb animal in pain. And some nights 'er's in bed when I go 'ome, and not a bit of vittles to eat nor nothing; and some nights 'er be up and as cheerful as a cricket, so to speak. It's nation tryin', and makes a sight of a mess of me."

"Was she worse this morning?"

"Ah, this mornin' 'er was somethin' tremengus for groanin'; groaned so Bill Saunders's wife next door 'eard, so I up and says: 'The doctor 'ull see you, Ann'—and off I sends for 'im. 'E's gone along some 'our back, and rightly ought to 'ave come back by this time. Seemingly it's a long job."

"He'll make her all right, I hope."

"'E'll give 'er sommut or t'other, tho' their stuff is mostly blarmed rubbish, fitter for a pig than a 'uman bein', when all's said and done. 'Ere 'e comes, to be sure."

The doctor rode down the hill slowly and stopped by us.

"Well, 'ow's the old un now?" Job asked.

"No more pain, Job, she's done with that. Her troubles are over, she died an hour ago."

"Well, I'm blarmed," said Job, dropping his rake on to the road. "And 'ere be I scrapin' mud. Dead, poor old ooman. 'Er was ill after all, then. Lor' bless me, what a cantankerous old fool I've been all these weeks. Dead, did you say? Why, I thought 'er was only lazy. I'll shuffle off 'ome as fast as I know 'ow, and see to things a bit. Poor old ooman, poor old ooman, poor—"

Job's murmurs became inaudible as he slowly mounted the hill to the village.

## Memoirs of the Moment.

LIEUTENANT FRANCOIS OWEN LEWIS, who was killed on Friday last week while in charge of the armoured train sent out to reconnoitre at Enslin, was a particularly fine specimen of the young British officer. He joined the Militia after leaving Beaumont School, and in 1890 passed out into the Durham Light Infantry—a regiment in which his grandfather served early in the century. Transferred to the Indian Staff Corps, he had some rather terrible experiences during the Plague time in Poona. The British Government decided that the natives should not die, and Lieutenant Owen Lewis was one of the officers appointed to stamp out the disease by an interference with domestic and religious habits that stirred the natives to indignation. They preferred to die, and why should anybody intervene? The Christian might not have a very strong opposition to the argument which assured him that death was a visitation of God, that submission to such visitation was the mark of a righteous man, and that death meant life in heaven. The refrain of a favourite hymn of the young Lieutenant's—"I do so long to die"—surged in his ears; but it was drowned by the order from Pall Mall. He did his duty, and another "Plain Tale from the Hills" might be written by the one hand framed to write it. Lewis's own death was intended by a people to whom death meant nothing. He and his friend, Lieutenant Ayerst, and Mr. Rand, the Plague Commissioner, had been to a reception at Government House, Poona. In the confusion of departure, Ayerst took Owen Lewis's carriage by mistake. Owen Lewis, who took Ayerst's, owed his life, and very grudgingly owed it, to the error. Both Mr. Rand and Lieutenant Ayerst were killed on the homeward drive, the native bullet intended for Lieutenant Owen Lewis entering the brain of his best friend.

LIEUTENANT OWEN LEWIS was glad enough to leave India and its uncanny tragedies, when he became *aide-de-camp* to his brother-in-law, Sir Alfred Moloney, Governor of the Windward Islands. There he encountered the great hurricane of last year, and took a large part in the administration of relief. Then news reached him from South Africa, where his younger brother, Mr. C. A. Owen Lewis, had been already appointed by Mr. Rhodes secretary of the South African League. He knew what was in the air; and was found visiting his brother at the Cape and being one of the last to leave Johannesburg for Lorenzo Marques—which he did in a cattle-truck. Of course he offered his services as a soldier, and, of course, they were accepted. Attached to the Loyal North Lancashire Mounted Infantry, he took part, without disaster, in the Battle of Belmont last week, but the next day was killed by a Boer bullet. He himself was a splendid shot,

as well as an athlete all round. He married the daughter of the late Sir C. F. Shand, Chief Justice of Mauritius, and leaves a son and a daughter. His father—who survives his adventurous son—sat in Parliament as member for Carlow in days before Home Rule seriously was. He has always had a turn for journalism, contributing to the London daily press a large amount of matter, chiefly in opposition to the National movement in Ireland. The son whom he now mourns had the same facility with his pen, and on one or two occasions acted, while abroad, as special correspondent of the *Times*.

MR. HENRY VAUGHAN did not wait until his death, which took place in Cumberland-terrace the other day, to present to the nation his unique collection of Michael Angelo drawings. They have already long enriched the British Museum Print Room; while the South Kensington Museum had from his generous hand the studies of Constable—and to part with these cost him the greater pang of the two. The most representative picture of the same British master to be found in the National Gallery, the "Hay Wain," was Mr. Vaughan's gift—a picture which was exhibited in Paris in 1824 (when Henry Vaughan was thirteen), and which, more than almost anything else, took French painting from the Classic to the Romantic. Henry Vaughan (who was no kinsman of the Roman Cardinal or of the Anglican Dean, but was of Quaker connexions) was the son of a rich City man, and, being a bachelor, he was able to devote an easy fortune to the pleasures of collecting. A club man, in its easy sense, he could hardly be called, although he was a frequenter of the *Athenæum*; nor did his name ever figure on the lists of men prominent in Society or in the semi-social public movements of the day.

THE writer of an interesting notice of Henry Vaughan in a morning paper alludes to the fact that he was at school with Lord Beaconsfield. Unlike most of the mentions of the boyhood of Disraeli this particular one is perfectly accurate. The school was at Walthamstow and was kept by a Dr. Cogan, a Unitarian. Disraeli was then fifteen, and his father's wish had been to send him to Eton. But Eton did not love Jews; and a Jew Benjamin D'Israeli still remained to schoolboys, though his name already appeared upon the baptismal registers at St. Andrew's, Holborn. Disraeli made one of his heroes say, in later life, that "he detested school more than he ever hated the world in the darkest moment of experienced manhood." Henry Vaughan's account of his old class-mate easily made you read the passage autobiographically. Certain it is that the boy, whose cleverness as a storyteller in the dormitory most impressed his fellows, made a very brief stay at Walthamstow; and that he afterwards referred to the place as one where you were taught everything you did not want to know.

NORTH BORNEO is to afford Mr. Hugh Clifford a new field for the observation that has gone to make many a pleasant sketch of life among the Malays. That the British agent at Pahang has been appointed Governor of British North Borneo will shortly be apparent enough to that public in particular which follows his agreeable lines in the pages of *Macmillan's Magazine*.

THE ribald caricatures of Queen Victoria, over which Paris consents to smile, afford sufficiently damning proof of the continued lack, among a section of Frenchmen, of "that generous loyalty to rank and sex" which Burke has indicted in a passage that still stirs the pulses of Englishmen. But a word may perhaps be permitted here in

reprobation also of some of the war pictures now published in our own papers—pictures which profess to portray the slaughter of Boers, fleeing before the foe, and in the act of being transfixed by the bayonet of a grinning Tommy Atkins. No soldier who has himself faced death with fortitude but loathes these indecent presentations. The dying Boer is shown with a beard and hat that would provoke the street's derision. He is made ignominious; it is a figure of fun that is pierced with steel. The ultimate decencies of humanity, yielded on the field by the victor to the vanquished, are denied him in Fleet-street; he is denied the last dignities in death. Such barbarous illustrations are an offence against the instinct of the brute to hide away blood and to give decent burial to the corpse.

## Correspondence.

### The Dumas Romances: The Translator's Statement.

SIR,—Will you allow me to put myself right with the public in reference to the Dumas romances, of which my translation has just been published in London? Following up the suggestions in the current issue of the *ACADEMY*, I find that these romances have already been published under other titles in Brussels. The titles written on the Dumas MSS. in my possession are "La Neige du Mont Chakh-Dague" and "Ammalat Bey." Under other titles I find these stories were published by M. Calmann-Lévy, in 1862, and translations into English were subsequently issued by Messrs. Dent.

I have only to-day discovered these facts, and wish at once to make them public; though, for myself, I have no responsibility in the matter beyond my commission to translate the romances. The articles I contributed to the *Outlook* were based on information supplied by Mr. Apostolides, who is not only responsible for the entire publication, but has defrayed all the expenses. Mr. Apostolides is now residing at 42, Brunswick-terrace, Brighton, and he will no doubt be able to throw further light on the matter.

He based his belief that these MSS. were the only unpublished posthumous romances by Dumas upon (1) the source from which he obtained the documents; (2) the statement of their complete authenticity after careful examination by M. Calmann-Lévy, the publisher of all the works of Dumas; (3) the statement by the son-in-law and legal heir of Dumas that it was an unpublished and hitherto unknown work of his relative; (4) the fact that the MS. was all in one handwriting, which was identified by publisher and relative as that of Dumas himself. This last fact disposed of Dumas' own preface ascribing one tale to Marlynsky, who was presumed to be one of the fictitious personages with which both Scott and Dumas delighted to vivify their introductions.

A prefatory note of explanation, signed by me, will be appended to all future copies issued by the publishers of my translation, Messrs. Simpkin & Marshall, who will refund the money expended by anyone who bought the book under erroneous statements.

My own responsibility ceased, as I have said, with the translation, and it has been so kindly received by critics and public that, though it is now on a different basis, I can only express my personal regret that it should have been first presented under any misapprehension, however natural that misapprehension was, seeing the certificates of M. Calmann-Lévy himself and of the representative of the Dumas family.—I am, &c.,

13, Ovington-square, S.W.:  
Nov. 29, 1899.

HOMER GORDON.

## Mr. Henty's Books.

SIR,—We were pained to read in Mr. Henty's letter, which appeared in your issue of the 18th inst., a reaffirmation of the statement (denied by us in a previous letter which appeared in your columns) that we wrote to him asking permission to change the title, and that we did so notwithstanding his letter of protest to us.

We have written to and interviewed Mr. Henty on the matter, and he admits the truth of our statement that *we neither wrote a letter to him asking permission to change the title, nor received a letter from him protesting against our doing so.*

Our negotiations for the purchase of the copyright, and permission to change the title, were conducted exclusively with Messrs. F. V. White & Co. Thanking you for your courtesy,—We are, &c. S. W. PARTRIDGE & Co.

8 & 9, Paternoster-row: Nov. 29, 1899.

## ‘As Idle as a Painted Ship——.’

SIR,—Do not Mr. Bullen in *The Log of a Sea Waif* and your reviewer, in his notice of it in the ACADEMY for November 18, miss the point of Coleridge's lines? Apart from the misquotation, which your reviewer leaves uncorrected (for Coleridge wrote *idle* and not *silent*), it surely is a little hard upon Coleridge to say that his simile is “only a poet's licence.” Does it require much licence to conceive of a ship painted on canvas, on a sea painted upon the same material, as about as idle a thing as this world knows?

And even in the other alternative, that seaman's sensibility must be very tender upon which the lines would grate. I cannot claim such wide experience of the sea as Mr. Bullen can, but mine is certainly sufficient to assure you that a ship on a calm sea, without enough breeze even to cause the drooping sails to flap, is the most aggravatingly idle thing possible. I fancy Coleridge must have been at sea in a dead calm and knew.—I am, &c.,

The College, Bala:

RICHARD ROBERTS.

Nov. 20, 1899.

## Studies in Contemporary Style.

SIR,—Your contributor “E. H.,” while engaged in pointing out inaccuracies of expression, has committed the more grievous fault of making erroneous statements.

He says “*movement and permanence* are contradictions in terms in fact and in thought.” This statement contains two fallacies. (1) Movement and permanence are not contradictions in terms. The opposite of movement is not permanence, but rest; and the opposite of permanent is transitory. (2) They are not contradictory in fact. Everything that we are accustomed to look upon as permanent (such as the earth, sun, stars) is not at rest, but in a constant state of motion. Even to the untutored savage these things had apparent motion, and we now know they have real motion. Then, again, there is molecular motion, which is going on in everything; and in the realm of metaphysics also—mind, soul, spirit, intelligence, all of which are looked upon as permanent—cannot be conceived as otherwise than in movement. In the same way it may be shown that they cannot be contradictions in thought.

Again, “E. H.,” in his rather contemptuous remarks about “illiterate writers and speakers,” commits himself to the rather doubtful statement that “*phase* can properly be applied to the moon only,” and that in speaking of a subject the word to be used is *aspect*.

Will “E. H.” kindly give his authority for this statement about *phase*? It is new to me, and *phase* is used in physics quite apart from the moon. Perhaps he will also kindly enlighten us as to the difference in meaning—*i.e.*,

real meaning—between *phase* and *aspect*, except that the latter connotes a person beholding, which the former does not: they both equally mean “an appearance.”—I am, &c., J. W. K.

Coatham: Nov. 27, 1899.

SIR,—In “E. H.'s” courteous reference to my letter I regret that he has misunderstood me. I did not oppose his objection to the phrase “his brother President” on the principle that one must not challenge an idiom. I opposed it because it was based on what I consider a faulty argument, into which “E. H.” may perhaps have been led by pushing too far his analogy between apples and idioms. We may cut a piece out of an apple and the remainder may be unsound. We may take away part of a phrase in common use and the remainder may be nonsense. But here the similarity ends. Imperfection is proved in the apple but not in the phrase. I opposed the use of this mode of attack, not the challenge.—I am, &c.,

Nov. 28, 1899.

T. A. B.

SIR,—May I ask whether you consider it allowable to employ the preposition “to” (instead of “than”) as used by “E. H.” in the ACADEMY of this week—(“I cannot allow that France is superior to England”)? Information upon this point will be appreciated by—Yours, &c.,

52, Park-road, Loughborough: C. L. HODGKIN.

Nov. 25, 1899.

[Mr. Hodgkin seems to feel that *superior* is an adjective in the comparative degree. It sounds as if it were; but it is not. To write *superior than* would be absurd.—E. H.]

## Poem Wanted.

SIR,—A customer of mine has asked me to get for him a poem relating to Florence Nightingale, which has as its first verse:

Old Roy, the village veteran,  
Was sitting at his ease  
Once more within his cottage home,  
His children round his knees.

His children ask him about the war he was engaged in, and how he got his scars. He was among the wounded in the trenches before Sebastopol, and found himself being attended to by Florence Nightingale, whom he at first, in his delirium and semi-unconsciousness, took for an angel.

If you can answer me in your Correspondence column I will be very much obliged.—I am, &c.,

Dunoon: Nov. 28, 1899.

THOMAS SMITH.

## Our Prize Competitions.

## Result of No. 10 (New Series).

WE asked last week for examples of well-known lines in English poetry the sense of which might be transposed to convey a meaning totally opposite to that intended by the poet, without, however, becoming nonsense. Thus Pope's

One truth is clear—whatever is right,  
might be altered by an evolutionist to

One truth is clear—whatever is wrong,

and defended with perfect success. Among the examples submitted the best seems to be this, sent by Mr. R. F. McCausland, Hawsker Vicarage, Whitby:

The famous line out of Swinburne's *Hymn to Proserpine*—

A little soul for a little bears up this corpse which is man,  
might have a spiritual meaning given to it by transposition:

A little corpse for a little bears up this soul which is man,

Other examples follow :

A transposition of

Beasts, urged by us, their fellow-beasts pursue,  
And learn of man each other to undo,  
Pope's "Windsor Forest,"

to

Men, urged by us, their fellow-men pursue,  
And learn of beasts each other to undo,

seems truer, and a good exposition of the modern scientist's doctrine of the survival of the fittest. "Us" would, of course, be the aforementioned scientists. [A. H. W., Westward Ho!]

In these days of workmen's strikes and Employers' Liability Bills, &c., &c., one can imagine that many would prefer to exclaim

He is well satisfied that is well paid,  
rather than

He is well paid that is well satisfied.  
Merchant of Venice.  
[H. G. H., Ruswarp.]

An honest God's the noblest work of man.

"No irreverence in this—simply the corollary to 'Man made God in his own image.'"

[A. G., Gourock.]

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting,

to

Our birth is but awakening and remembrance.  
[G. M. P., Birmingham.]

All the world's a stage, &c.,

to

The stage should be a world,  
And all the players mostly men and women.  
[J. D. A., Ealing.]

Dr. Watts' once familiar line—

The mind's the standard of the man,  
would express an equal truth if it read :

The man's the standard of the mind.  
[J. P., Fenton.]

Pope, and following him Hayes, the American, have said :

He serves his party best who serves the country most.

Is it not truer of the modern Cabinet system, and especially of politicians like Lord Rosebery, to transpose the words "party" and "country" in Pope's line, and say,

He serves his country most who serves his party best?  
[R. N., Cambridge.]

Wisdom is oftentimes nearer when we stoop  
Than when we soar,  
Wordsworth's "The Excursion,"

may be transposed to

Wisdom is oftentimes nearer when we soar  
Than when we stoop.  
[S. E. M., Edinburgh.]

I should alter Milton's line :

Better to reign in hell than serve in heav'n,

to

Better than reign in hell, to serve in heav'n.  
[E. T. S., Reading, and M. E. R., Hertford.]

He makes no friend who never made a foe,  
Tennyson's "Idylls of the King,"

to

He makes no foe who never made a friend.  
[F. B., Cambridge.]

Art is long and time is fleeting,

to

Time is long and art is fleeting.  
[J. B. N., York.]

There may be heaven ; there must be hell,  
R. Browning's "Time's Revenges,"

to

There must be heaven ; there may be hell.  
[E. J. H., Bradford.]

Answers received also from : W. S. R., Moffat ; E. R., London ; J. J. P., Oswestry ; T. V., Edinburgh ; W. S., Carmuncock ; A. B., Ilkworth ; H., Rustington ; W. C. F., Dumbreck ; H. T. F., Cambridge ; M. O'M., Folkestone ; L. H., York ; E. L. C., Redhill ;

A. H. C., London ; H. M. S., Fallowfield ; F. B. B. ; M. S., Brighton ; J. N. P., Cambridge ; A. S. M., Holywood ; F. M., Sheffield ; F. R. C., London ; G. H., Didsbury ; T. C., Buxted ; M. A. C., Cambridge ; E. P. S., Leicester ; E. T. P., London ; G., Reigate ; T. M., Oundle ; M. P. H., Hanwell ; G. S., Aberdeen ; G. R., Aberdeen ; S. B., Great Malvern ; A. S., Edinburgh ; W. N. B., Ascot ; W. H. B., Dumfries ; L. R. G. W., Kirkby-Ravensworth.

## Competition No. 11 (New Series).

The abstracts of imaginary novels of Miss Austen, some more of which are printed below, were so good and amusing, that we are repeating the competition this week, substituting the author of *The Christmas Carol* for the author of *Pride and Prejudice*. We offer a prize of a guinea for the best abstract of an imaginary Christmas story by Charles Dickens. Competitors are restricted to 250 words, and we may remark that, in judging, some emphasis will be laid upon the Dickensian quality of the characters' names.

### RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, The ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, December 5. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found in the first column of p. 614 or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon ; otherwise the first only will be considered. We wish to impress on competitors that the task of examining replies is much facilitated when one side only of the paper is written upon. It is also important that names and addresses should always be given : we cannot consider anonymous answers.

We give a few more of the abstracts of imaginary novels by Jane Austen which were prepared for Competition No. 10 :

I have just read *Pliability*, and find Jane Austen as delightful as ever. Poor little Miss James, striving to please everybody and never quite succeeding because of her unfortunate propensity to say the wrong thing, is a creation hardly inferior to Miss Bates. How I enjoyed her encounters with that self-important gentleman of respectable means but humble origin—Mr. Morris! To hear her complimenting him on the affability of his manners, "so far superior to those of many gentlemen of position ; but of course," thinking of her kind friend Sir John Mather, "pride of birth is quite permissible, indeed commendable." Edward Pendlebury is no more interesting than most of Jane Austen's heroes ; but his meeting with Lucy in the Pump Room at Bath, and the way in which the marriage is made up by his kind-hearted, managing mother, I find quite charming. This morning I read the last chapter, with the wedding over which Mrs. Pendlebury benignly presides, smilingly receiving compliments, and, with busy brain, wondering whom she shall settle next. There also Sir John moves about with dignified courtesy, whilst Miss James flits hither and thither with smiles and well-meaning words for all ; and Mr. Morris condescends to patronise the assembly, even making a few heavy jokes. It grieves me that I have finished this last book of Jane Austen's. Would that another might be discovered!

[E. L., Burton-on-Trent.]

I am enjoying *Wendover Priory* amazingly, and am got to the chance meeting between Letitia and Captain Stuckley, in Mileom-street. He had thought her still in Derbyshire with her aunt, and was surprised to see Letty and Catherine come out of the milliner's (where they had been to buy "the sweetest hat"). What a charming girl Letty is : Emma's wit, Lizzie's liveliness, and a saucy sweetness all her own. Stuckley is well enough, but wants a dash of the devil to make him "a pretty man." Eh, man, Alan, but ye'd have despised the Captain. Old Dr. Maynard is capital ; a genial, cheery old fellow, and devoted to whist. When the parson and his other cronies are come, and the candles are lit, and the tables set, it does one's heart good to see him draw in his chair and begin the serious business of the evening—whist. He and Mrs. Sarah Battle are kindred spirits. What a charming scene that is looking through the card-room to the long drawing-room where the young folks are dancing—only the Ellises from the Grange, the young Maynards, and Frank Phillips, who is staying with the Misses Hurst at Elmfield. Letty is at the instrument, and they can't persuade the Captain to dance, he's so busy watching her. All the Hampshire scenes are good. Do you remember that morning when Letty is walking in the shrubbery, and Henry and little Charles come rushing out with a letter for her, from Stuckley. She tears it open ; his regiment is ordered to York ; and she hears Ellen thrumming "La Sonnambula" in the morning-room hard by, and thinks the harp music the dreariest in the world.

What do you think of that picnic expedition to Alton Castle? I like it all, from the start at ten (the day *was* fine, in spite of Aunt Maria's forebodings) in the barouche, the chaise, and Edward's curricle, till when late in the afternoon poor Ellen sprains her ankle on the turret stair.

My favourite chapter of them all is XVIII, where Dr. Maynard meets his early love at the Pump Room at Bath. Mrs. Goulding is inimitable. But read *Wendover Priory* yourself, my dear fellow, and when you come to Chapter XVIII, think of your friend R. L. S.

[J. D. W., London.]

*Abington Manor* is delightful, reminding me of *Persuasion* more than any other of Jane Austen's stories. Mary Selwyn recalls sweet Anne Elliot, and her troubles, like the gentle Anne's, are aggravated by the interference of well-meaning relatives. Do you remember the evening party at the Manor House, where the simpering Miss Burtons sing sentimental ditties and Captain Ellaby plays the flute, the old people meanwhile enjoying a rubber of whist and a gossiping discussion of their new neighbours, the Sandfords, who have just taken the big house on Waltham Hill? How excellent is the episode of the accident on the ice of the Rectory pond and the gallant rescue by Captain Ellaby of little Tommy Burton! Mary, with quiet presence of mind, sends for gardeners, ropes, and a ladder, superintends the warming of beds, &c., whilst the Burton girls, Jane and Selina, do nothing but scream and go into hysterics. Sir William Sandford's behaviour on the outbreak of fire in the book-room is most ludicrous; his pompous manner quite deserting him when his precious memoirs are endangered. Mrs. Selwyn (a feminine Mr. Woodhouse) makes poor Mary's life somewhat a trying one, though matters improve when the scene changes to Bath. Here, however, that black sheep James Burton turns up again—Mary refused him, you remember, in the second chapter—and by his manoeuvres brings about a coolness between Mary and the Captain. What a pity that the fragment breaks off at such an interesting point.

[M. A. C., Cambridge.]

*William* seems to me the cleverest of all Miss Austen's books. Her touch makes the interest of the neighbourhood in William's matrimonial affairs and the ever-changing rumours about them—which might be both dull and farcical—into brilliant comedy. How characteristic it is of her infallible judgment, that, having had the boldness to make a young man her central figure, she expresses him always in terms of the Winfield ladies!

"William is not merely handsome," remarked his elder aunt.

"No, indeed! He thinks of going into Parliament," supplemented the younger. His mother . . . remarked modestly that "she believed he was steadier than many young men."

"He will make some young lady an excellent husband," sighed Mrs. Weekes; whereupon each of the unmarried ladies present felt herself directly indicated, and blushed.

No one but Jane Austen could have drawn busy Mrs. Weekes. "She was so good-natured that she could not praise either Emily's growth to Mrs. Newton, or Anne's colour to Mrs. Fairfield, without adding, 'and I suppose we shall soon see her Lady Bullen'; and so vigilant that poor Sir William could not salute an acquaintance in passing but she knew the degree and meaning of his bow."

One feels really sorry for all the fair aspirants and their supporters, and for William's relatives—so obligingly ready to bestow the prize on the worthiest—when he suddenly installs the bold, though immature, coquette from the other side of the county (how well she is done and how little her authoress likes her!) at Bullen Hall.

[L. K., London.]

I find *Mereham Park* very entertaining. How amusing the evening party at the Tempests, where Matilda Lawrence is introduced to the eligible Mr. Crofton, much to the satisfaction of her mother, who in her own mind sees her securely established at Crofton Court, and the dissatisfaction of Mrs. Gresham, who yawns behind her fan, and thinks an arch manner of saying witty things is not altogether ladylike, and unlikely to prove attractive in the eyes of the fastidious Mr. Crofton, and, at any rate, not what her daughters, Jane and Caroline, would be guilty of! Then the self-complacent Mr. Briarley is so good, with his suave manner and air of superiority. His astonishment when Matilda refuses his offer point blank, and his ill-concealed vexation when Mrs. Lawrence, thinking he has stayed quite long enough to have had matters settled, comes in with her congratulations, his abrupt departure, Matilda's explanations to her mother, and Mrs. Lawrence's fainting fit—it is all very telling. What an amiable old gossip Mrs. Knight at the Rectory is, and how she manages the mild, benevolent Vicar, and tries to arrange other people's affairs for them! Is it not amusing when she asks Mr. Crofton to stay to dinner, so that she may get some information from him about his uncle's will for the benefit of her dear friend Mrs. Lawrence! But, on the whole, Matilda is the most captivating, with her sincerity, gaiety, and good humour.

[E. S. H., Bradford.]

## New Books Received.

[These notes on some of the New Books of the week are preliminary to Reviews that may follow.]

FROM THE ALPS TO THE ANDES. BY MATTIAS ZURBRIGGEN.

Zurbriggen, the famous Alpine guide, was the companion of Mr. FitzGerald in 1897, when that explorer was foiled by sickness in his attempt to reach the summit of Aconcagua. Zurbriggen was able to push on to the summit. He saw "the whole of South America" extended below him, and the hotel keeper at Inca gave him enough champagne to make his head ache for two days afterwards. Zurbriggen's account of this great climb is published, curiously enough, a week later than Mr. FitzGerald's narrative of his 1898 expedition. (Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)

THE DRAMA OF YESTERDAY  
AND TO-DAY.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

This is Mr. Clement Scott's autobiography as a dramatic critic. In two large and handsome volumes Mr. Scott assembles all the stage-lore and reminiscences which his observation and memory hold. Mr. Scott plights his love to the stage once more. "My love for the dramatic art, new or old, is only equalled by the comprehensive passion of a Juliet:

My bounty is as boundless as the sea,  
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,  
The more I have, for both are infinite!"

The volumes are well-illustrated and indexed. (Macmillan. 36s. net.)

PAOLO AND FRANCESCA.

BY STEPHEN PHILLIPS.

The tragedy in four acts, commissioned by Mr. George Alexander, and accepted for production at the St. James's Theatre, is now published. Readers are therefore permitted to discover its beauties in advance of playgoers. Mr. Alexander retains the entire acting rights. (John Lane. 4s. 6d. net.)

PRÆ-RAPHAELITE DIARIES  
AND LETTERS.

EDITED BY  
WILLIAM MICHAEL ROSSETTI.

These are unpublished miscellaneous records of the Præ-Raphaelite Brotherhood, about whom many people, we fancy, would like to hear the last word. The present collection consists of letters, diaries, &c. Scrappy but very human records, they are likely to fulfil the editor's modest hope that they will inform in some parts, and in parts amuse. (Hurst & Blackett. 6s.)

THE ENGLISH CHURCH (597-1066).

BY WILLIAM HUNT.

This volume signalises the beginning of a large literary enterprise. It is intended to write the history of the English Church in seven volumes, written by competent scholars, agreed in their general principles, each being responsible for a period to which he has devoted special attention. The work will be carried out under the general editorship of the Dean of Winchester, and the story will be carried far enough to include the Evangelical Movement in the eighteenth century. (Macmillan. 5s. net.)

ENGLISH ELEGIES.

BY J. C. BAILEY.

A collection of the finest Elegies in English Literature, prefaced by a carefully thought-out essay on the Elegy in general, its definition and true qualities. Mr. Bailey presents no fewer than eighty-eight examples drawn from English literature. (John Lane. 5s. net.)

VICTORIAN NOVELISTS.

BY JAMES OLIPHANT.

Books about novels and novelists are increasing in number. Here we have an attempt to illustrate "the outstanding features of the English novel during the period of its most noteworthy development." The novelists studied in detail include Scott, Jane Austen, Thackeray, George Eliot, Stevenson, Mr. Kipling, and Mr. Zangwill. (Blackie. 2s. 6d.)

THE EARLY MARRIED LIFE OF  
MARIA JOSEPHA, LADY STANLEY.

EDITED BY  
JANE H. ADEANE.

Readers of *The Girlhood of Maria Josepha Holroyd* will be glad to see this sumptuous record of the early married life of the same lady. Both she and her husband were brought up



among the makers of history. On the title-page of this new volume are printed these lines:

The grace of God and a quiet life,  
A mind content and an honest wife,  
A good report and a friend in store—  
What need a man to wish for more?

(Longmans. 18s.)

In addition to the above we have received:

#### THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

Dewhurst (E. M.), <i>The King and His Servants</i> .....	(Stock)	5/0
Forayth (P. T.), <i>Rome, Reform, and Reaction</i> .....	(Hodder & Stoughton)	6/0
Ramsay (W. M.), <i>Historical Commentary on the Galatians</i> .....	(Hodder & Stoughton)	12/0
Switzer (B. N.), <i>The Mystery of the Ages</i> .....	(Stock)	7/6
Collingwood (M. O.), "Lord, I Believe".....	(Wells Gardner)	2/6
Charles (R. H.), <i>A Critical History of the Doctrine of a Future Life</i> .....	(Black)	15/0
Mason (A. J.), <i>The Five Theological Orations of Gregory of Nazianzus</i> .....	(Cambridge University Press)	6/0

#### POETRY, CRITICISM, AND BELLES LETTRES.

Blackburn (Vernon), <i>Bayreuth and Munich</i> .....	(Sign of the Unicorn)	
Wagner (H. Q.), <i>The Dream of Osino</i> .....	(Hodder Bros.)	
Bain (F. W.), <i>A Digit of the Moon</i> .....	(Parker & Co.) net	5/0
Arber (Edward), <i>The Pope Anthology. 1701-1744 A.D.</i> .....	(Frowde)	2/6
Arber (Edward), <i>The Dryden Anthology</i> .....	(Frowde)	2/6
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[Registered as a Newspaper.]

## The Literary Week.

ON page 685 will be found a statement in reference to our Awards to Authors. Full particulars will be given in our next issue.

IBSEN's new play is to be published in Copenhagen on the 19th of this month. Its title has been badly translated by such journals as have paid any attention to the event. It is not "When we are dead we awake," as people seem to think, but "When we dead awaken"—"Naar vi Døde Vaagner."

ON another page we give an interesting list of books, principally new, which have most pleased and interested certain well-known public persons and men and women of letters during 1899. Other replies will be printed next week; but, meanwhile, it is worth noting that the order of popularity is as follows:

1. *The Letters of R. L. Stevenson.*
2. *Mr. Lecky's Map of Life.*
3. *Mr. Phillips's Paula and Francesca.*  
(*Mr. Phillpotts's The Human Boy.*)
4. { *Duchess of Sutherland's One Hour and the Next.*  
    *Mr. Gosse's Life of Donne.*  
    *Miss Cholmondeley's Red Pottage.*

With the exception of *The Human Boy*, all these books belong to the last three months.

UNDETERRED by the chequered career of his *Appreciations and Addresses*, Lord Rosebery has given permission for his essay on Peel, in the first number of the *Anglo-Saxon Review*, to be issued as a small book by Messrs. Cassell. Lord Rosebery's monograph on *Chatham*, a literary heritage from Mr. John Morley, is now in the press.

THE new editor of the *Chronicle* is Mr. W. J. Fisher, whose connexion with the paper began some eighteen years ago. Mr. Fisher is one of the old school of journalists. That is to say, he knows every department of his work. Mr. Fisher has occupied various posts on the *Chronicle*, including that of foreign editor, leader writer, and latterly assistant editor. During Mr. Massingham's illness he acted as editor, assisted by Mr. L. F. Austin. Mr. Fisher's politics, which are Liberal and Imperialist—or certainly not the reverse of Imperialist—may be considered to be those of the *Chronicle* of the immediate future.

MR. MASSINGHAM's retirement from the *Chronicle* was followed at once by that of two of his colleagues, Mr. Harold Spender and Mr. Vaughan Nash, and now we learn of the resignation also of Mr. Charles Williams, the war correspondent. Mr. Williams's daily article, entitled "The Diary of the War," will henceforth be found in the *Morning Leader*.

THESE are not the only changes in journalism. Mr. Crook, of the *Echo*, is about to retire owing, we understand, to some difference concerning the Boer War between him-

self and one of the directors of the paper. Another change, but this time not in editing but publishing, is the transfer of the *Contemporary Review* from Messrs. Isbister to the Columbus Publishing Co., which will also issue the *Topical Times*. Mr. Bunting will continue at the head of the *Contemporary*; but it is hard to reconcile so close a union between that respected review and the sprightly sheet which is known to its Corinthian admirers as the "T. T."

THE *Nova Anthologia Oxoniensis*, a collection of Latin and Greek versions representing contemporary Oxonian scholarship, edited by Prof. Robinson Ellis and Mr. A. G. Godley, is being issued from the Clarendon Press for the Christmas season. Among the living translated poets are Mr. George Meredith, Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Lang, Mr. Watson, Sir Lewis Morris, and Mr. Alfred Austin.

THE first volumes of Messrs. Methuen's "Little Library" are now published—three volumes of *Vanity Fair* and one of Tennyson's *Princess*: the second *Princess*, by the way, to reach us this week, for it has just been added to Messrs. Macmillan's "Golden Treasury" series. The *Vanity Fair* is particularly satisfactory. The hue of red chosen for its cover is warm and attractive, the books are well-printed, the frontispieces, by Mr. Jacomb-Hood, well chosen and executed (but there ought to be a word or two referring to their place in the text), and Mr. Stephen Gwynn's introduction is informing and direct. The "Little Library" has made an auspicious start.

THE serial publication of Tolstoi's *Resurrection*, which has been interrupted owing to the author's irregular work upon the novel and his continual desire to make important organic alterations, will be resumed after Christmas and go on to the end without another hitch. But already, we fear, there has been enough tinkering and irresolution to ruin it as a work of art.

IT is not generally known that Cromwell published a *Soldiers' Catechism* for the use of the Commonwealth Army as a companion to the *Soldiers' Pocket Bible*. Two copies only of the Catechism are known to exist. One of these is in the possession of the Rev. Walter Begley, and is about to be republished by Mr. Elliot Stock in facsimile. Mr. Begley will add a short preface to the reprint.

THE new Sunday magazine that is to contain the "Life of Christ" which Ian Maclaren has written may be expected at the middle of the month. It is to be called the *Sunday Strand*. The title, taken in connexion with the popularity of the *Strand Magazine*, is a good one, but had that periodical not paved the way, it would be quite meaningless, or worse.

MR. WILLIAM ARCHER's lecture on an ideal theatre, delivered to the members of the Playgoer's Club last Sunday night, has already borne some fruit, for a correspondent of the *Chronicle* has come forward with an offer of £100 to the funds.



MR. LESLIE STEPHEN has prefaced the collection of James Payn's last essays, entitled *The Backwater of Life*, with a little biography and character-sketch of his life-long friend which is in its way perfect. Therein the man is revealed just as he was. One passage is particularly interesting to other writers, where Mr. Stephen comments on Payn's remark: "If I were to live twenty lives I would choose no other profession [than the literary]. It is the brightest and most genial of them all, and so far at least as my experience goes, the most free from jealousies and acrimonies." Says Mr. Stephen:

Yet the profession has its characteristic temptations; as, for example, to superficiality, to craving for notoriety, and to cynical indifference to truth. The problem whether you should do your best or do what pays best for the moment occurs with painful persistency, and too often leads, if not to the wrong choice, to an unsatisfactory compromise. Payn's remarkable freedom from some of these characteristic weaknesses was due above all to a quality which he rightfully claimed; whatever else he might have been, he said, he was "natural." That was indisputably true. He had taken to literature as some people take to drink, simply because he could not help it. It was his nature. But he was also much too simple to take his impulse for a proof of supereminence, or to set down failure to the malignity of critics or the stupidity of mankind. He accepted the position for which experience proved him to be fitted, learned to understand his own powers, and did them full justice by good, honest, hard work.

Mr. Payn was also to a large extent protected. He led a sheltered life although in the midst of literary activities. And he was not gifted, or cursed, with that excessive imaginative sympathy which can lead to so much suffering—and so much rapture.

THE following account of his methods of work which Mr. Stephen gives is sufficient explanation of Payn's extreme satisfaction with the literary life and blindness to its paltrinesses:

When a story struck him as specially suitable, it was worked up into an episode, or perhaps became the plot, of one of his novels. I often had the opportunity of watching the process. I would look in upon him at his office, and be greeted with some quaint narrative which had come in his way. . . . Then it would be gradually elaborated. He would write down the names of the imaginary characters on a sheet of cardboard, each at the head of a column. Then the necessary dates and facts would be inserted in the appropriate columns, till a full scheme was drawn out and all points of genealogy and so forth made abundantly clear. A writer who was liable to fits of lofty inspiration might perhaps be trammelled by so methodical a procedure. For Payn's purpose—the clear-cut possible development of an ingenious situation—is answered, I think, very well; and, whatever limits there might be to his talent, the reader might at least be sure of having a thoroughly clear, bright narrative, written with unflagging spirit.

In other words, James Payn did not take literature seriously. But he wrote charmingly and genially, and the world was the better for him.

THIS week we notice elsewhere a selection of *Tales from Boccaccio* which Mr. Joseph Jacobs has made and Mr. Byam Shaw has illustrated. Such transcripts have, of course, been made before—among others, in verse, by the late James Payn. Mr. Leslie Stephen, speaking of this little book, with which Payn's career was beginning, says that George Brimley praised it, and Payn said of the review that it was "like ten thousand tonics in a single dose." He always called it to mind when himself reviewing a young author.

MR. FISHER UNWIN, who has always been enterprising and ingenious, is now issuing an annual entitled *Unwin's*

*Chap-Book*. It serves both as an advertiser and a magazine, for though only the books that are published by Mr. Unwin are drawn upon and described, the extracts which they afford make for good mixed reading. Among the original matter is an interview with a publisher's reader of ten years' experience, among whose pronouncements we find these:

Delicate work sells worst, because very few people understand delicate work. In general the great public will buy anything that is not too individual in its sensationalism, crudeness, or vulgarity. For clever work, not unconventional in the ideas it brings, there is a fair market.

The nervous temperament of the artist is betrayed, to a certain extent, by the character of his handwriting. There are certain common forms of commonplace or mediocre handwriting, which are never seen to express delicate or original work.

The publisher's reader's aim should be to let nothing that he holds is good go unpublished. The expenses of delicate and original work, especially of the work of beginners, should be paid out of the sales of the popular and successful works.

In connexion with this sentiment, in which we believe, we may say that Mr. Leslie Stephen, when palliating James Payn's mistake of rejecting *John Inglesant* for Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co., remarks that the only point for Payn's consideration when reading the MS. was its chance of commercial success.

PORTRAITS by telegraph are among the new discoveries of science. At the Philadelphia International Exposition this year a wired portrait of Mr. Zangwill was given away by the *Philadelphia Inquirer*. The portrait, which is not



A TELEGRAPHED PORTRAIT OF MR. I. ZANGWILL.

a good one, we reproduce from *Unwin's Chap-Book*. It is described there as a portrait without prejudice, but we seem to detect prejudice, none the less. Mr. Zangwill is not quite like that.

THE happy notion of collecting from various well-known writers the history of the way in which they earned their first guinea has occurred to Miss Maud Churton, and the result of her inquiries may be found in *Pearson's Magazine* for December. Mr. Conan Doyle earned his by a story in *Chambers's Journal* in 1878, called "The Mystery of Sarsassa Valley," for which he was paid three guineas. "Sarah Grand" also earned her first guinea—which was thirty shillings—from *Chambers's Journal*, with an essay on the binding of Chinese women's feet. Mr. Bernard Shaw's first guinea was fifteen shillings, but he does not say how he earned it. Mr. H. G. Wells's first money came from

the *Family Herald*; Mr. Crockett's from a Glasgow newspaper; Mr. Rider Haggard's from the *Gentleman's Magazine* for an account of a Zulu war dance; Mr. Clement Scott's from Tom Hood's weekly, *Saturday Night*; and Mr. Alfred Harmsworth's from an article in one of the *Illustrated London News*' publications. Miss Churton has not always met with complaisance. Mr. Jerome and Mr. Anthony Hope declined politely to enlighten her, while Ouida wrote: "If Miss Churton do not succeed in literature, her failure will certainly not be due to want of effrontery."

An opportunity for enterprising authors comes from Sierra Leone. The Board of Education there offers a prize of £20 to be given to the writer of a small history of Sierra Leone which shall be considered by a committee the most suitable as a text-book to be used in the schools of the Colony. This is not all. The history must also be approved by the Governor. It would be very hard on a competitor if the committee approved his history and the Governor did not. If no book is approved by the committee a prize of £10 will be given to the author of the best, but it will not be published. The book should not contain more than 75,000 words, and it should be sent to the Clerk to the Board of Education, Freetown, Sierra Leone, by July 31, 1900. The copyright of the work belongs to the author. Further particulars may be obtained from the Clerk.

THE pastime of selecting the best books for children, which occupied some of our readers very pleasantly in the past summer and has lately been a popular amusement in America, is now brought to the notice of the readers of the *Daily News*. That paper offers a prize of £10 for the list of the hundred best books for children. Lists must be sent in on or before Monday, December 11.

MR. BIRRELL has already written of Charles Lamb as well as any man living—indeed, we fancy that the passages in his books which relate to Elia may endure longest of all his work—and now, in his Introduction to the illustrated edition of *The Essays of Elia*, a picture from which we reproduce elsewhere, he writes once again sympathetically and penetratingly of that frail being whom Thackeray called Saint Charles. We quote a notable passage:

Lamb, like his own child-angel, was "to know weakness, and reliance, and the shadow of human imbecility." He went with a lame gait. He used to get drunk somewhat too frequently. Let the fact be stated in all its deformity—he was too fond of gin-and-water. He once gave a lady the welcome assurance that he never got drunk twice in the same house. Failing all evidence to the contrary, we are bound to believe this to be true. It is a mitigating circumstance. Wordsworth's boundless self-conceit, Coleridge's maddening infirmity of purpose, Hazlitt's petulance, De Quincey's spitefulness, knew no such self-denying ordinance. Lamb was also a too inveterate punster, and sometimes, it may be, pushed a jest, or baited a bore, beyond the limits of becoming mirth. When we have said these things against Lamb we have said all. Pale Malice, speckled Jealousy, may now be invited to search the records of his life, to probe his motives, to read his private letters, to pry into his desk, to dissect his character. Baffled, beaten, and disappointed, they fall back. An occasional intoxication which hurt no one but himself, which blinded him to no duty, which led him into no extravagance, which in no way interfered with the soundness of his judgment, the charity of his heart, or the independence of his life, and a shower of bad puns—behold the faults of Elia! His virtues—noble, manly, gentle—are strewn over every page of his life, and may be read in every letter he ever wrote.

AND this also is good and well put:

The lives of authors, if only written with a decent measure of truthfulness and insight, are, generally speaking, better reading than their works. It would be hard to explain why the lives of men so querulous, so affected, so centred in self, so averse to the probing of criticism, so blind to the smallness of their fame as most authors stand revealed in their biographies and letters to have been, should yet be so incessantly interesting. They succeed one another quickly enough—these biographies; doing each one of them its bit of iconoclastic work: yet the reader never tires of them, nor, unless he is very young, does he wreak an empty wrath upon the fragments of another broken idol. Far otherwise: he picks up the pieces reverently, and remembering how hard and self-engrossing is the labour of carrying out any high plan of literary excellence, how furious the fever occasioned by the thought of perfection, how hot the hell of failure—puts them carefully away, and thanks God his mother bore him as destitute of genius as of clothing.

But none the less we pine after the ideal. We want our favourite authors to be our best-loved men. Smashing idols is an irreverent occupation endurable only in our wilder hours. A time comes in most men's lives when the bell rings for prayer, and unhappy are they who, when it does, have nowhere to carry their heart's supplications.

It is, therefore, a pleasant thing when we find ourselves saying of Charles Lamb, that it is impossible to know whether we most admire the author, or love the man.

A MINNEAPOLIS caricaturist offers the accompanying drawing, which we reproduce from the *Literary Digest*,



THE POETS' GOOSE-STEP.

From the "Minneapolis Journal."

in proof that the pen is mightier than the sword. The proof is not established.

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH's new book, *The United Kingdom: A Political History*, which is to be published immediately by Messrs. Macmillan & Co., recounts in broad outline the steps by which England has taken the lead of the world in solving the problem of constitutional government. Beginning with the Teutonic conquest, it follows gradually the growth of the kingdom's functions—of throne, Church, laws, Parliament, municipalities, commerce, Navy and Army—up to the final establishment of the Constitution as we know it to-day. The first volume, which is occupied chiefly with tracing origins, takes the history down to the close of Cromwell's protectorate; the second follows out

the working and development of political forces from the Restoration to the overthrow of the Whig party after the Reform Act. The last chapter, which surveys the Empire as it now exists, has a special interest at this moment. In tracing the political history of Canada—as the oldest and most typical of our great Colonies—the historian records the solution, hitherto successful, of a problem closely resembling that which now confronts us in South Africa.

THE *Daily News* has discovered a real treasure, in the shape of a volume of Portuguese sonnets, translated into English by Señor Flavio Pinto Leite. We borrow a few quotations from our contemporary. This is from a love poem:

It misgives me that mine absence and ill-luck  
Mav in thy engagingly smitten soul  
Garble the grist of self-control  
And nip the transports of my duck.

The lady's name is Marilia, in whose "skittish eyes sweet loves their torches kindle." Elsewhere Marilia is assured that she is "Heaven's mash most beaming," which suggests that the Señor has not always been to the best sources for his English. In his more rhetorical manner we have this:

What greater, what arranter confusion  
Than in distraction's murk to wander,  
Balking disenchantment's notion?

What, in leed?

To Captain Mahan, it seems, we are indirectly indebted for Sir Herbert Maxwell's huge *Life of Wellington*. Had not Captain Mahan's *Life of Nelson* seemed to the publishers to need a companion this book might never have been written. Thus book begets book.

In future the *Badminton Magazine* will be published by Mr. Heinemann. Mr. Alfred E. T. Watson remains as editor. A new series of articles by Mr. F. C. Selous will represent that hunter's experiences in the Rocky Mountains. Among the fiction will be a new story by the authors of *Some Experiences of an Irish R. M.*

## Bibliographical.

THE *Bibliography of Omar Khayyâm* promised by Mr. Temple Scott will be very welcome; for, though something of the sort is included in the volume published by Mr. Heron-Allen last year, it "does not pretend to anything like completeness." The bibliographical information brought together by Mr. Haskell Dole, in his "Multi-variorum" Edition of FitzGerald's poem, would probably satisfy most people, but then that edition is not on sale in this country—more's the pity. It is to be hoped that Mr. Scott may be allowed to include in his *Bibliography* references to the original verse, in celebration of Omar, recited at successive dinners of the Omar Khayyâm Club. (I hear there is some chance of those poems being brought out by and by.) At the Club Dinner on Friday last the bard was Mr. William Sharp, who in his last two quatrains (there were fourteen) contrived to be "topical," declaring that Omar, had he been present that night,

Remembering Youth and War, a cup would plight  
To where our Brothers drink a redder wine  
And fight our long, slow, patient, world-round Fight.

Said Mr. Sharp:

Undaunted still our World-round war we wage;  
From Asian Chitral to the Yellow River  
The Kin of Omar write a Death's Page!

It was notable that in all the speeches that evening there

was only one reference to FitzGerald, the man to whom the Omar Khayyâm Club clearly owes its existence.

A new story by the author of *Olive Varcoe*—that *does* carry the memory back a long way! Why one should remember *Olive Varcoe* I do not precisely know, for, so far as I can recollect, it was a work of no great consequence. Still, the title, at any rate, remains familiar! The writer, Mrs. Notley, has been silent for some time. There is no record of any book from her pen since 1888, though, of course, she may have published anonymously. She issued a three-volume novel in 1883 (*Red Riding Hood*), and another in 1885 (*Mind, Body, and Estate*). The new story is to be called *Good Luck*; but surely that title has been used before, and more than once? I fancy Mrs. L. T. Meade has utilised it within recent years. Another jog is given to the memory by the publication of *The Finger of Fate*, by Captain Mayne Reid. The tale so called first appeared early in the 'seventies. The present edition, however, is a re-written version of the original, prepared by the author just before his death. The best title that Mayne Reid ever invented was that of *The Headless Horseman*. What a thrill it gave!

I see that Mr. J. T. Grein proposes to call his forthcoming volume *Dramatic Criticism*. Apart from the fact that no criticism can properly be described as "dramatic," the title is a little vague and indeterminate. Curiously enough, the phrase "dramatic criticism" forms the headline of every page in the book which Mr. Joseph Knight published, in 1893, under the name of *Theatrical Notes*. Mr. Knight's work covers the ground between November, 1874, and December, 1879. Mr. Grein did not come to the front in theatrical matters till the battle of criticism began to be fought over the unlucky form of Dr. Ibsen. He has been for some time the correspondent in London of *La Revue de l'Art Dramatique*, writing in French, which he handles with as much freedom and dexterity as English. He now contributes signed notices of the theatre to a London Sunday newspaper.

Talking of the theatre, I fear there may be controversy over the title-page of a little book just issued—*The Story of Lewis Carroll, Told for Young People by the Real Alice in Wonderland, Miss Isa Bowman*. I don't suppose that Miss Bowman means to convey that she was the Alice to whom the story was originally told; but if she desires it to be understood that she was the first to represent Alice on the stage, then the desire is disingenuous, for the first impersonator of Alice on the boards (Prince of Wales' Theatre, London, December, 1886) was a little girl named Phœbe Carlo. The part was not played by Miss Isa Bowman till December, 1888 (at the Globe Theatre).

Mrs. Henry de la Pasture, whose *Adam Grigson* is, I suppose, one of the successes of the season, is saluted by a monthly contemporary as a "new writer," and, as such, discoursed of. New she is no doubt, in a sense, but she produced *The Little Squire* just six years ago; in the following year came *A Toy Tragedy*; and at the end of '97 she gave us *Deborah of Tod's*. There is some chance that she may make a reputation as a writer for the stage. "The Modern Craze," the one-act piece which she contributes to the afternoon programme at St. George's Hall, is of unquestionable cleverness, though suggestive of "A Pantomime Rehearsal."

Scarcely a month passes but there is some addition to Dickens literature. If nothing new occurs to a devoted Dickensian, he goes and does again what has been done by somebody else. Eight or nine years ago there appeared a book called *Dickens-Land: A Week's Tramp*. Now we are told to expect a volume entitled *Rambles in Dickens-Land*, by R. Allbutt. Dickens-Land, one would think, had already been sufficiently explored by the faithful—especially that part of it contained within *The Pickwick Papers*. I fancy, by the way, that this *Rambles in Dickens-Land* is a new edition of *Rambles in London with Charles Dickens*, with country matter added. THE BOOKWORM.

## Reviews.

## Mr. Stephen Phillips's Tragedy.

*Paolo and Francesca.* A Tragedy in Four Acts. By Stephen Phillips. (John Lane. 3s. 6d. net.)

THE publication of Mr. Stephen Phillips's tragedy is in itself a notable thing and derives a peculiar interest from the special circumstances attending it. As Mr. Phillips tells—we might rather say reminds—us in a note prefixed to the book, *Paolo and Francesca* was written for Mr. George Alexander, and though its production has been delayed, is still held in reserve for performance. Under the circumstances of this delay, and with Mr. Alexander's assent, it is now laid before the reading public. It is an unusual thing to have the opportunity of mastering a new play previous to its performance; and in the case of literary drama, it is, we think, a precedent which might be followed without loss to the manager, and with gain both to author and public. A first-night verdict might, under such conditions, be a more reliable thing than it is at present. The critics, at least, would be able to pronounce a more deliberate and considered opinion when the play came to be acted. But apart from this adventitious interest, the commissioning by a prominent manager of a poetical play from a young writer of very recent distinction, as yet untried in the field of drama, is a notable act of enterprise, encouraging to those who hope for the advancement of the English stage. One has to go back to Macready and Browning for a like instance.

Here, of course, we are concerned with *Paolo and Francesca* primarily as literature. Its fitness for the stage cannot be confidently or fairly gauged without the test of performance. Yet it cannot be merely excluded. The divorce between "poetical drama" and "acting drama" has wrought harm alike to stage and drama itself. One may have plays, like Browning's, based on a convention which eschews the stage, because it eschews action as the main interest. But the true poetical drama has no such opposition to stage requirements. On the contrary, the first necessity of a good poetical play is to be a good acting-play. So the Elizabethans understood their art, and their plays are the greater for it. Mr. Phillips has honestly accepted this cardinal law, and would be the first to ask that his play should be judged as a play first, and a poem second. Nay, in the greatest dramas there is neither first nor second: play and poem are an integral whole, and the poetry is but the play in blossom. The stage-necessity which weaker dramatists lament becomes life-giving law to the poem.

Yet it is needful to make much allowance for Mr. Phillips on this score, and we shall endeavour to do so. He has not to face the stage of Shakespeare, but a stage with new requirements, imposing a new law on the poet. And that law has to be ascertained. The modern stage is intolerant of long speeches, of anything which defers the swiftness of the action. In many acting-plays the written part is a mere skeleton, left for the actor to fill in by his performance. And he is apt to prefer it so. A modern poet must take account of this, to a due extent, and endeavour to create an art adapted to it. Yet it has this grave drawback: it cramps the full and subtle development of character. Modern scenic conditions, again, limit the poet, who must contrive to make few scenes suffice for each act. With these and many other difficulties it is clear that Mr. Phillips has thoughtfully and courageously grappled. It is equally clear that he has not escaped some of their disadvantages.

Making all allowances, then, Mr. Phillips seems to us to have produced a play of much beauty, of frequent power; a play which deserves admiration and respectful study, as it will certainly obtain them. Yet—at any rate, judged in

the closet—it does not fulfil all our expectations from this promising young poet. Perhaps that was hardly to be expected. There seems something lacking. And that something is movement. Whether the stage would supply what appears lacking in the study is an interesting question to which we may hope for a practical answer. It is not that Mr. Phillips wastes time in speeches. Each act, taken on its own merits, is animated enough. But during a considerable portion of the play there seems to us a lack of developing action, incident arising progressively and constructively out of incident, so as to keep the attention strained upon the evolution of the story. There are carefully devised dramatic effects; but they do not evolve and culminate, and, in their turn, lead on to further culmination. They are not led up to, and there is a deficiency of consequence from them. They are isolated explosions which fire no train. Take the first scene of the third act, where Giovanni, hidden in the drug-seller's shop, hears his brother Paolo avow his love for Giovanni's wife, Francesca, and sees him go forth to end the struggle between love and fraternal duty by taking poison. It is highly dramatic and effective, leaving us looking eagerly for the development of the situation in the next scene. But there is no development. The stone rolled towards the summit falls back, the situation evaporates. Giovanni is called away without seeing his brother, and Paolo is discovered reflecting that he would like an interview with Francesca before going out of the world. So he postpones the poison, and we have the scene in which the lovers fall; after which he wants no more poison. It is very natural, but not dramatic. The reader feels that the poison plays no structural part in the action, and was introduced merely to provide an effective scene. Again, the second scene of the second act is an elaborate superfluity. All Mr. Phillips has to show is that Paolo, quitting Rimini with his soldiers for Florence, is unable to persist in his flight from Francesca; and ends the inward struggle by resolving to return and poison himself. There is essentially no dramatic action in this: it is a mere matter of soliloquy, explaining the following scene in the drug-shop. But it is padded out with an interlude of village-girls, and soldiers, and the parting of maidens from their fickle military lovers; neither girls nor soldiers having any connexion with the plot, and none of them appearing again. Even in the final scene there seems to us a lack of dramatic development. Giovanni's sudden hysterical outburst, coming without any previous preparation of passion on his part from the time he is discovered behind the curtain, has a jerky and spasmodic effect inappropriate to his grim soldierly character; it seems to terminate the play with an awkward and hurriedly introduced climax.

So much we feel wanting in construction. But there are fine scenes. The parting between Paolo and Francesca, before his departure from Rimini, is full of beautiful and tender passion. The scene in which Francesca softens the haughty and childless Lucrezia reaches a very high level indeed, such as justifies great hopes for Mr. Phillips; and the famous fall of the two lovers is enlarged (so to speak) from Dante's great sketch with a delicate, sweet, and reticent prudence that could not well be bettered. Finally, the concluding scene (in spite of the blemish we have noted) is full of power, and reaches a really dramatic thrill at the moment when Giovanni is discovered behind the curtain. There should be great stage possibilities in this.

In character-drawing Mr. Phillips does not show himself strong. His best achievement is the childless Lucrezia. All the speeches put in her mouth are dramatically strong, and, poetically, among the best things in the play. His poetic execution is unexpectedly uneven. Evidently the ordinary give-and-take of dramatic dialogue hampers him. Something must be allowed, too, for the fear of over-poetising his speeches—the wish to keep them clear and intelligible to a London theatrical audience. He has certainly erred on the side of discretion in this difficult

matter. But we fancy that dramatic dialogue itself is at present rather crippling to Mr. Phillips's poetical gift. The blank verse in the level passages often lacks vitality and movement. When he writes:

Paolo, this is an ill  
Beginning to our marriage, and I loathe  
That you should put me off,

it needs only to be printed without a break to appear what it is—plain prose. That unlucky phrase, "put me off," redolent of the modern drawing-room, completes the effect. Of course, this is an extreme example. Still, Mr. Phillips does not really find his feet in this blank verse until he finds his wings—if we may be excused such an Hibernicism. In other words, he needs impassioned dialogue or monologue, which gives him lyrical or semi-lyrical opportunity, in order to display his poetic mastery. Then we have the Stephen Phillips that we know:

Ah! can you think it is not sweet to breathe  
The delicate air and flowery sigh of you,  
The stealing May and mystery of your spirit?

That is poetry such as has been long unheard on our stage. "This is the stillest time of night or day," says Francesca's maid in the hour before dawn. "Know you why?" answers Francesca.

Now  
Day in a breathless passion kisses night,  
And neither speaks.

A lovely utterance, worthily prelude to the scene of the fatal kiss which Dante has made immortal. Or, in another kind, take the passionate speech of the barren Lucrezia:

Have I not in my thought trained little feet  
To venture, and taught little lips to move  
Until they shaped the wonder of a word?  
I am long practised. O those children, mine!  
Mine, doubly mine; and yet I cannot touch them.  
I cannot see them, hear them—does great God  
Expect I shall clasp air and kiss the wind  
For ever? And the budding cometh on,  
The burgeoning, the cruel flowering:  
At night the quickening splash of rain, at dawn  
That muffled call of babes how like to birds;  
And I amid these sights and sounds must starve—  
I with so much to give, perish of thrift!  
Omitted by His casual dew!

The burning beauty of this speech is truly dramatic, and discloses in every line the poet of "Marpessa." We wish the splendid scene between Lucrezia and Francesca were not too long for quotation. Whatever Lucrezia speaks has this strong poetic fervour. And wherever, indeed, the conditions of the dialogue really give Mr. Phillips an opportunity for emotion, he seizes it with the same sureness of elevation. In impassioned lyricism he is never found wanting. The approach of a strong situation wakens his blank verse like a trumpet; it is in the level passages only that it sleeps. We must needs quote the antiphony of the two lovers at the close:

PAOLO. O face immured beside a fairy sea,  
That leaned down at dead midnight to be kissed!  
O beauty folded up in forests old!  
Thou wast the lovely quest of Arthur's knights —  
FRANC. Thy armour glimmered in a gloom of green.  
PAOLO. Did I not sing to thee in Babylon?  
FRANC. Or did we set a sail in Carthage Bay?  
PAOLO. Were thine eyes strange?  
FRANC. Did I not know thy voice?  
All ghostly grew the sun, unreal the air,  
Then when we kissed.

To hear that, and much more like that, on the stage will be a glorious anticipation with many of us, for this play has strength, passion, and beauty to spare. Its faults of structure are faults which experience will mend. The same may be said of its partial inequalities of

execution; and whether this play succeed or not, if a poetical play can succeed on the modern stage, we believe Mr. Phillips is capable of writing it. We hesitate to think *Paolo and Francesca* quite a success, so far as can be judged off the stage. But it is remarkable work. And the last scene, take it all in all, has an imaginative strength which lives in the memory. It might save a weaker play. We do not think Mr. Phillips at his best as a dramatist. But that he has dramatic stuff in him he clearly shows, and the stage may justify what fails to hold us in reading.

## Two Men's Memories.

*Recollections, 1832 to 1886.* By the Right Hon. Sir Algernon West, K.C.B. 2 vols. (Smith, Elder. 21s.)

*That Reminds Me.* By Sir Edward Russell. (Unwin.)

SIR ALGERNON WEST was born in 1832, and Sir Edward Russell in 1834. Both men have lived the political life, and the same events and the same social changes have been witnessed by them and have moulded their opinions and careers. But their "reminiscences" are as different as the standpoints from which they have surveyed the arena. Sir Algernon West is the typical permanent official, snugly berthed in Government offices, surveying life from a window in Whitehall, and receiving the world on a Turkey carpet. Sir Edward Russell is the typical journalist, bustling, investigating, and wielding the sudden potencies of the Press; at home in a mob, yet arriving often on the Turkey carpets of the ruling classes. As are the men so are their books. Sir Algernon West's reminiscences hardly touch the man in the street; Sir Edward Russell's are for everybody; yet they, too, will find and exclude readers. One comparison may be made at once. The secretary easily beats the journalist in discretion. There are no indiscretions in Sir Algernon West's pages; there are several in Sir Edward Russell's. You have only to compare Sir Algernon West's gentle reference to the breakdown of Lord Randolph Churchill with Sir Edward Russell's coarse particularity to appreciate this difference. We do not give the double quotation, because we have no wish to multiply pain. Again, Sir Edward Russell's account of the doubts which beset the completion of Mr. Onslow Ford's famous statue of Shelley, nude and drowned, is a passage which Sir Algernon West would blush to write, and, probably, to read. It is an unnecessary record of Mrs. Grundy's emotions. But both books are readable. How could it be otherwise?

One kind of interest need never be absent from the reminiscences of a man well advanced in years—the interest of mere long-reaching memories. Sir Algernon West's drawing-room and bureaucratic chit-chat is relieved by passages of this kind. Thus, Sir Algernon can remember seeing poor debtors looking through the bars of Dover Castle and begging alms; he can remember the time when chained lunatics were shown for twopence; he has seen the Foot Guards wearing white duck trousers, cross-belts, and large white cotton epaulettes; he has stood beneath the rowdy hustings in Covent Garden; he recalls the time when hosts sent their smoking guests across the yard into the harness room, after dinner, to enjoy the all but forbidden weed; he remembers the starting of *Punch* as if it were yesterday. But there are more bewildering passages than these. Invited to the salon of the Misses Berry, in Curzon-street, young West met the lady who, Thackeray says, "had been asked in marriage by Horace Walpole, who himself had been patted on the head by George I. This lady had knocked at Dr. Johnson's door, had been intimate with Fox, the beautiful Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire, and that brilliant Whig society of the reign of George III.; had known the Duchess of



Queensberry, the patroness of Gay and Prior, the admired young beauty of the reign of Queen Anne." A Socialist, if he be honest, must admit that aged aristocrats remember what is worth remembering.

It is odd, too, what small matters a book like this will clear up. Only the other day the present writer was wondering whence came those two delicate stags which decorate the pillars of the Albert Gate. Sir Algernon remembers them in front of Lady William Gordon's ice-house attached to her residence in the Green Park, when the Green Park contained this mansion and also a large reservoir at its north-east corner.

We cannot accuse Sir Algernon West of having written a dull page; but his natural readers will be found only in the politest circles. There is a power of writing like this: "I often dined with Alfred Buckley at his aunt's, Mrs. Lane Fox . . . Marochetti, whom I often met at Sir John Leslie's house at dinner. . . . It was at Lady Sydney's hospitable table in Cleveland-square that I gained my first experience of what was then called *diner à la Russe*. . . . I was sometimes at Lady William Russell's house in South Audley-square. She had broken her leg and was on her sofa, but this did not dull her wit." There is so much dining, and Turkey carpet, that we are grateful for every foil. Once when Lord Sydney, an ideal aristocrat, went to a Mansion House dinner, the Lord Mayor, who bore the same name, came up to him and said affably: "Oddly enough, my lord, there are three of us 'ere to-night; there's me, and you, and Sidney 'Erbert." One likes, too, the story of Lord Malmesbury, who, when driving up the Mall to a Drawing Room, saw some wild ducks flying from St. James's water to the Serpentine. Accustomed to shoot with his coachman in the country, he could not resist letting down the window and shouting to that bewigged functionary, "John, John, ducks over!" Of isolated stories there are not a few worth quoting. Bobsy Meade of the Colonial Office was anxious to have executions in Malta carried out more humanely. So he consulted Marwood. Marwood strongly advised the "long drop," and explained his own process thus: "There was Mr. Peace, a small man; I gave him a six-foot drop, and I assure you, sir, he passed hoff like a summer heve." Of course Mr. Gladstone's weighty personality and affairs lend solidity to a book written by his trusted private secretary. But Sir Algernon West's opinion of Mr. Gladstone, that he was "probably the greatest man who ever lived," makes us flee the subject.

Sir Edward Russell's volume with the colloquial title is scarcely autobiographical; it is a budget of objective memories jotted down by "a working newspaper editor." Mr. Gladstone's name meets us more frequently than any other. But Sir Edward Russell's range is wide. He analyses John Bright's oratory, and describes Corbett, the pugilist, in training at San Francisco; he defines the Lord Dunderreary stammer, and relates the burning of the Liverpool landing stage; he lays down the proposition that "there is less sneering in the United States than anywhere else," and he quotes Maeterlinck on "Goodness for its Own Sake." The reader soon learns to expect all things in these pages of stories with little headings like "Of Mr. Childers," "Of John Wesley on Tour," "Of Words that Disappear Across the Atlantic," "Of Mr. Justice Hawkins on the Stage," and so on. Here, again, there are no dull, though, as we have said, there are some unkind pages. We will quote a capital appreciation of Dr. Parker, and a question which we hope that fine preacher can answer in the affirmative:

He secretes originality as naturally as breathing, and having no *mauvaise honte*, and no doubts of himself, says and does things which would be impossible to other men. It is a commonplace of conversation that if there is a vein of something else in the always striking and piquant and colossal preacher of the City Temple, there is undoubtedly genius. Is the following true? Reading from one of

the Epistles in his pulpit, Dr. Parker came to a place in which St. Paul speaks of one person as dear and another as most dear, or makes some such distinction. Dr. Parker looked up from his Bible, paused, and then in his most sententious manner said, "There would be an unpleasantness in that Church." Another pause, and long, solemn nodding of the head: "There would be a huff." Another pause, and more sage noddings: "Shall I show you what a huff is?" Then the doctor turned right round, showing his back to the congregation. And in every fold of his gown, every line of his head, every *finesse* of his attitude, this consummate actor conveyed the idea of huff to his startled audience.

Of the two classes into which the best stories can be divided—those which have intellectual point, and those which have descriptive vitality—the second is excellently represented by this tale of the City Temple. Talking of stories, one is impressed by Sir Edward Russell's tribute to A. K. H. B. as a story-teller. He says:

I once lunched with Dr. Boyd at the house of a St. Andrew's professor, and I came to the conclusion that he was almost, if not quite, the greatest *raconteur* I had ever known . . . I testify that I had not heard before a single one of the excellent stories that he told, and I admired them, not only because I did not find a "chestnut" among them, but because they had a quality of responsibility, which is rare in the stories of *raconteurs*. He had an eye for everything—not so good an eye for cynicism (which bulks so largely in table-stories) as for other things, but still an eye for cynicism, as for other things. But what you felt was that, in all the tales, no one was given away more than he ought to be, and that every narration or reminiscence was in due relation to the proportions of the characters concerned.

That is good criticism. There is plenty of such within these blue covers, though, to be sure, a writer who says that cynicism "bulks largely" in table-stories illustrates the—alas!—wearing action of journalism on style.

## Tanagra.

*Greek Terra-Cotta Statuettes.* By Marcus B. Huish. (Murray. 16s.)

THE Greek figurines have been familiar to archaeologists since the discoveries at Tanagra a quarter of a century ago, and have already given rise to a considerable literature in Germany and France, including the magnificent volumes on *La Necropole de Myrina*, by MM. Pottier and Solomon Reinach. But the present treatise, based upon a thorough study of the Continental monographs and periodicals, is the first in which an adequate account of the subject has been put before the English reader. Mr. Huish is, perhaps, a collector rather than a researcher. His treatment of the archaeological problems raised by the figurines lacks something of the lucid, orderly, and scientific method so characteristic of the best French work. Nevertheless, it is a full and useful collection of *data*, and should attract many students to this most fascinating branch of inquiry. And for the well-chosen and reproduced illustrations we have nothing but praise. These are about a hundred and twenty in number, mainly taken from the British Museum, the Louvre, the Ionides, and the Salting collections; and they range well over every period from the archaic to the decadent.

Nothing can be more charming, and nothing more significant of the widespread artistic feeling of ancient Greece, than these statuettes. Things of beauty as they are, they are not the workmanship of great artists, only of common potters, craftsmen of no exalted order, whom the Greek writers speak of somewhat contemptuously as *koroplastai*, "makers of dolls." They were turned out, on a commercial scale, either by hand or from moulds, and were probably sold from trays at the gates of cemeteries and

temple precincts. Their motives were, no doubt, borrowed, as Mr. Huish points out, from more ambitious works of sculpture and painting. And yet how utterly free they are from all the qualities which we associate with modern commercial design! Look at "The Three Graces," or "The Conversation at the Tomb," in the South Kensington Museum; or Mr. Ionides' "Aphrodite and Eros"; or Mr. Huish's own "Seated Lady": you would vow them the masterpieces of a lifetime, designed to grace a king's cabinet.

The origin and use to which such statuettes were put has greatly puzzled the archaeologists. It is thought unlikely that they were intended merely for household decoration, for the modern taste for *bric-à-brac* was not one which the Greeks shared. Some of them were doubtless *ex votis* deposited at temples; others were possibly dolls for children; but the majority of them are found in tombs, and evidently had some definite connexion with the sepulchral ritual. Unfortunately the Tanagra tombs were despoiled of their contents before the days of scientific archaeology, and the nature of the deposits must, therefore, be matter of conjecture. The second great find, however, which took place at Myrina, in Asia Minor, was the outcome of deliberate exploration, and the records show, firstly, that only some seven per cent. of the five thousand tombs examined contained figurines at all; and, secondly, that nearly all the figurines were broken. Judging from the way in which the pieces lay, the heads had been deliberately broken from the bodies by bystanding mourners, and the two fragments thrown, one with each hand, into the tomb. It also became evident that the character of the figurines bore some relation to the age and sex of the corpse:

In that of a woman were found nothing but statuettes of women and of such divinities as Aphrodite, Eros, Demeter, and Nike. In that of a man would be found, in practically equal proportions, statuettes of either sex, but among those of divinities would be Dionysos, Heracles, and Atys. In those of children the large number of representations of Eros or of children would be unmistakable, but there would be also those of men and women. In addition to this, the statuettes often clearly agreed in age with that of the child, and the toys and the games were probably those which it had enjoyed during life.

The favourite theory is that this use of figurines is a survival from a primitive type of civilisation, and that they represent the slaves and women slain, according to a widely spread custom, for the use of the dead in the shadowy land. This view is to some extent supported by the fact that the tombs also contained bottles, plates and saucers to hold food, the mirrors, strigils, ointment-boxes and jewels of women, and a copper coin between the teeth of the corpse to pay his fare over Styx. On the other hand, it seems impossible upon this theory to understand why nearly all the most primitive and archaic types of figurine should represent divinities. If, however, we look upon the figurines as personal amulets buried with the dead, then why should they be broken? We do not find that Mr. Huish or anyone else has quite solved the problem. The third and late fourth century figurines of Tanagra, in Boeotia, show distinctly later phases of development than those of Myrina. The old types are subtly transformed from divinity to humanity.

The goddess tranquilly seated on her throne has practically disappeared, except in rare cases, where one encounters Kourotrophos seated; but even then the infant is shown at the breast, a human and natural motive which ancient Greek Art never presumed to introduce. The same applies to standing figures, in which the goddess entirely disappears. Aphrodite, as the special goddess of beauty, more and more usurps the place of the ancient funerary deity. Artemis is still met with occasionally, but no additions are made to the funerary rôle. Demeter and Persephone take a fresh shape. They now become two young and gracious girls, of which one is veiled and has a

certain aspect of austerity, the other is bathed in sweetness; they either hold apples or flowers. Demeter, too, has usually Eros as her attendants. Grotesques were not much the mode, and the grosser forms are laid completely aside, but tradition permits Seilenos, whom wine makes festive and malicious, to be represented in that rôle. Among figures of old women the Tanagræans had a special predilection for one occupied with the duties of a nurse. The pedagogue with his pupils also allows of burlesque treatment. Among the figures carrying an offering to the dead the motive of the hydria is frequently used, and a new creation appears in the girl who carries a libation in the funereal lecythos. Those with castanets or tambourines are survivals of tradition, and the goddesses who used to carry flowers or apples in their hands are transformed into girls with baskets of flowers or fruit. Even the children, who formerly carried offerings, are now turned into boys with every kind of object which will furnish them with amusement. The youths, with strigils, or lightly armed; the girls, with their favourite pet—a dove or a hare—or playing with a ball, or with knuckle-bones—all have had their divine prototypes; but these are lost, and they have become nothing more than ordinary individuals.

Finally, with the mysteries yet another series of motives comes in, and we find, presumably from tombs of the initiate, figurines bearing symbols, Dionysiac masks, crowns of ivy and the like, which seem to designate participation in those cults by which the later Greek mind attempted to gloss over for itself the certainty of death with hints and whispers of immortality.

### Lewis Carrolliana.

*The Lewis Carroll Picture Book.* Edited by S. Dodgson Collingwood. (Unwin. 6s.)

ONE lays aside this book more than ever impressed with the uncanny ingenuity of Lewis Carroll's brain. To the ordinary man it is given to see the familiar side of a thing: Lewis Carroll was always more concerned with the other. Intellectually he resembles that juggler who, needing a light, first takes a match in his hand and then so throws up the match-box that in its fall its side will rub against the match's head and ignite it. To change the metaphor, where ordinary men have brains which prefer hard ground, Lewis Carroll's walked the tight-rope.

This book—which, by the way, has much less right to be called *The Lewis Carroll Picture Book* than *The Lewis Carroll Scrap Book*—is filled with testimonies to the bewildering mental agility of the author of *Alice in Wonderland* and *Symbolic Logic*. The fact that his genius for absurdity—for what Mr. Collingwood happily calls splendid fits of midsummer madness—and his scrupulously thoughtful reverence for children's happiness are represented too, makes this book, although it is a mere jumble and contains no sustained effort of its author, a more complete personification of the complete Lewis Carroll than anything else to which his name is joined.

When only a small boy he could write like this, in the family magazine, "The Rectory Umbrella":

Half of the world, or nearly so, is always in the light of the sun: as the world turns round, this hemisphere of light shifts round too, and passes over each part of it in succession.

Supposing on Tuesday, it is morning at London; in another hour it would be Tuesday morning at the West of England; if the whole world were land we might go on tracing Tuesday morning, Tuesday morning all the way round, till in twenty-four hours we get to London again. But we know that at London twenty-four hours after Tuesday morning it is Wednesday morning. Where, then, in its passage round the earth, does the day change its name? where does it lose its identity?

Practically there is no difficulty in it, because a great part of its journey is over water, and what it does out at

sea no one can tell; and, besides, there are so many different languages that it would be hopeless to attempt to trace the name of any one day all round. But is the case inconceivable that the same land and the same language should continue all round the world? I cannot see that it is: in that case either there would be no distinction at all between each successive day, and so week, month, &c., so that we should have to say, "The Battle of Waterloo happened to-day, about two million hours ago," or some line would have to be fixed where the change should take place, so that the inhabitant of one house would wake and say, "Heigh-ho, Tuesday morning!" and the inhabitant of the next (over the line), a few miles to the west, would wake a few minutes afterwards and say, "Heigh-ho, Wednesday morning!"

We find the same boy, a little later, offering "Hints on Etiquette." Here are two:

In proceeding to the dining-room, the gentleman gives one arm to the lady he escorts—it is unusual to offer both.

Proposing the health of the boy in buttons immediately on the removal of the cloth is a custom springing from regard to his tender years, rather than from a strict adherence to the rules of etiquette.

And, to complete the examples from boyhood or youth, here is a passage from the undergraduate to his brother and sister:

My one pupil has begun his work with me, and I will give you a description how the lecture is conducted. It is the most important point, you know, that the tutor should be *dignified* and at a distance from the pupil, and that the pupil should be as much as possible *degraded*.

Otherwise, you know, they are not humble enough.

So I sit at the further end of the room; outside the door (*which is shut*) sits the scout; outside the outer door (*also shut*) sits the sub-scout; half-way downstairs sits the sub-sub-scout; and down in the yard sits the *pupil*.

The questions are shouted from one to the other, and the answers come back in the same way—it is rather confusing till you are well used to it. The lecture goes on something like this:

TUTOR. What is twice three?

SCOUT. What's a rice tree?

SUB-SCOUT. When is ice free?

SUB-SUB-SCOUT. What's a nice fee?

PUPIL (*timidly*). Half a guinea!

SUB-SUB-SCOUT. Can't forge any!

SUB-SCOUT. Ho for Jinny!

SCOUT. Don't be a ninny!

TUTOR (*looks offended, but tries another question*). Divide a hundred by twelve!

SCOUT. Provide wonderful bells!

SUB-SCOUT. Go ride under it yourself!

SUB-SUB-SCOUT. Deride the dunder-headed elf!

PUPIL (*surprised*). Who do you mean?

SUB-SUB-SCOUT. Doings between!

SUB-SCOUT. Blue is the screen!

SCOUT. Soup-tureen!

And so the lecture proceeds.

Such is Life.

Of the "Notes by an Oxford Chiel," which form an interesting chapter of this book, much has already been said in the ACADEMY. But there is an account of a little girl's visit to Oxford which is so charming that we should like to quote it entire. It is, however, so long that we must confine ourselves to one extract:

On Friday morning (after taking her medicine very amiably), went with the A.A.M. (who *would* go with her, though she told him over and over she would rather be alone) to the gardens of Worcester College (built in 1714), where they didn't see the swans (who ought to have been on the lake) nor the hippopotamus (who ought not to have been walking about among the flowers, gathering honey like a busy bee).

After breakfast Isa helped the A.A.M. to pack his luggage, because he thought he would go away, he didn't know where, some day, he didn't know when—so she put a lot of things, she didn't know what, into boxes, she didn't know which.

After dinner they went to St. John's College (built in 1555), and admired the large lawn, where more than 150 ladies, dressed in robes of gold and silver, were not walking about.

Then they saw the Chapel of Keble College (built in 1870) and then the New Museum, where Isa quite lost her heart to a charming stuffed Gorilla that smiled on her from a glass case. The Museum was finished in 1860. The most curious thing they saw there was a "Walking Leaf," a kind of insect that looks exactly like a withered leaf.

Then they went to New College (built in 1386), and saw, close to the entrance, a "skew" arch (going slantwise through the wall), one of the first ever built in England. After seeing the gardens, they returned to Ch. Ch. (Parts of the old City walls run round the gardens of New College; and you may still see some of the old narrow slits through which the defenders could shoot arrows at the attacking army, who could hardly succeed in shooting through them from the outside.)

They had tea with Mrs. Paget, wife of Dr. Paget, one of the Canons of Ch. Ch. Then, after a sorrowful evening, Isa went to bed, and dreamed she was buzzing about among the flowers with the dear Gorilla; but there wasn't any honey in them—only slices of bread-and-butter and multiplication-tables.

Finally, we may quote one of the mathematical curiosities which Lewis Carroll occasionally discovered:

Put down any number of pounds not more than twelve, any number of shillings under twenty, and any number of pence under twelve. Under the pounds put the number of pence, under the shillings the number of shillings, and under the pence the number of pounds, thus reversing the line.

Subtract.

Reverse the line again.

Add.

Answer, £12 18s. 11d., *whatever* numbers may have been selected.

We fancy, however, that Mr. Collingwood has not stated the case quite fully enough. For instance, he should have inserted a clause to bar the same figure being chosen for pounds, shillings, and pence, as £10 10s. 10d., which leads nowhere, and also to stipulate that the pence figure must not be greater than the pounds figure, as £10 10s. 11d., which also leads nowhere.

The book is exceedingly readable, and, to the mathematical mind, suggestive. But the non-mathematically-minded reader may occasionally express a sigh of thankfulness that Lewis Carroll was an exception and not the rule.

## The Game of Talk.

*Conversational Openings.* By Mrs. Hugh Bell. (Edward Arnold. 2s. 6d.)

Not all of us are compelled to write when we have nothing to write about; but every one of us is continually compelled to talk when we have nothing particular to say. And even the cleverest, when suddenly confronted with a person of unknown antecedents, pursuits, and prejudices, must often have felt, like Addison, that, though he had as it were a handsome balance at the bank, he had but a pitiful ninepence in his pocket. It is very doubtful if the art of conversation can be taught; the good talker is born, not made; and the various attempts to make him have not been very successful. Lord Chesterfield advised his son in this matter, as in others, bidding him avoid prolixity, taking people by the button, swearing, speaking ill of the clergy, and so forth. This, however, is merely negative counsel, and a man might eschew all these errors and yet be a dull companion. Mrs. Hugh Bell aims at an easier mark, and hits it true and full. She does not profess to teach us to talk brilliantly, only to avoid that deadly silence during which two stranger souls, seated side by side at a dinner party

grope blindly for a point of contact. She does not teach us how to play the game out, but only how to begin it, and the beginning is the most difficult part.

Now, as Mrs. Bell plainly sees, the number of possible openings is limited. It would sound very abrupt if you said as you dropped into your seat, "How very grey St. Paul's used to be!" The openings then can be tabulated. They are not very important; but the reply should suggest the further course of the game. It should be noted that Mrs. Bell adopts the terminology of chess. *Black* is the male, *White* the female. They are seated at the dinner table:

If the players are equally matched, the game ought now to be of the greatest interest. If, however, as is often the case, they are entirely unequal, the more skilful player will find any original or unconventional attack, any direct opening, quite useless. By the direct opening I mean a plunge at once into a discussion of the personal opinions or proclivities of either of the players, instead of some general platitude. Assuming this inequality, we will suppose *Black* to begin.

#### SOUP OPENING.

*Black.*

*White.*

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| 1. Do you say drink soup, or eat soup? | 1. I really don't know—I don't think I say either.   |
| 2. What do you say, then?              | 2. I really don't know—I don't think I say anything. |

This is entirely unfavourable to *Black*, who will find that his scheme has been thwarted by *White's* want of originality, and that he will have to try something else.

Well, he may try the "bread opening." That, we imagine, is one of the commonest. "Is this your bread or mine?" asks *Black*. If *White* replies simply "Mine," the game drops again, and the point of the game is to keep the game alive. Of course *Black* was not in need of information, for there is always a reserve of rolls at a dinner-party. *White* should say, "Yours, I think; I always keep mine on my left." This gives *Black* the chance to reply, "Really! I always keep mine on my right." "On your right! do you? That is a sign of an original mind," exclaims *White*. And so a good game is in prospect. The "gourmet opening" is another which is in common use. *Black* hands *White* the *menu*. "Are you interested in this document?" he inquires. Now mark the reply; for it is the crucial point in the game. "Thank you" would lead nowhere. Let *White* retort: "Do you think women ought not to be?" and the pair float safely out on the flood-tide of a discussion upon the most interesting subject in the world. Even a remark upon the weather may lead to an interesting game—if the reply is skilful. "How very cold it has been to-day!" says *Black*. "Yes, indeed," replied *White*, "almost as cold as my native Yorkshire." It is then *Black's* fault if no development follows; for Yorkshire is a very big place, and everybody knows something about it.

On the whole, we are inclined to welcome Mrs. Hugh Bell's suggestion for conversational formula, which shall be recognised as such, and used universally to open the way to acquaintanceship. We have already one or two such, as she points out, such as "How do you do?" "Good-bye," "Thank you," and so on. And what an amount of thought they save! What a strain upon our invention if we had to devise a fresh form of greeting for every friend we encountered! Wherefore we have taken Mrs. Bell's conversational openings much more seriously than she takes them herself; she is, indeed, rather inclined to joke about them. We prefer to recommend them in all gravity to unimaginative diners-out. They will serve to launch the most cumbersome of us upon the shallows of talk. Whether we afterwards sink or swim must depend on ourselves.

#### Small Reasonablenesses.

*The Decay of Sensibility.* By Stephen Gwynn. (John Lane. 5s. net)

WHEN a writer reprints articles from the newspapers and magazines under titles like "Domesticity," "A Plea for Apple Dumplings," "A Theory of Talk," &c., it must be assumed that he is willing to have these articles criticised as essays. It is a bold challenge. The critic's palate is not staled in essays as it is in fiction; and he may be depended on to be fastidious. We have no wish to be unduly fastidious, but we may as well say at once that we cannot hail Mr. Gwynn's book as more than a stepping-stone to the restoration of the Essay. So many qualities of the true essayist are lacking in Mr. Gwynn—as he reveals himself in these pages. He prattles cleverly. There is any amount of safe, facetious small-thought in these papers; but there is no hidden fire, no pressure of the hand, no intimacy. Mr. Gwynn talks to you like a visitor who is the more at his ease because he remembers exactly where he left his umbrella in the hall. You are never privileged, never really valued. Mr. Gwynn hazards nothing on your discretion or your friendship; what he says to you he will say to another. His papers are the distilled talk of many drawing-rooms.

There is no surer symptom of the lack of those human and engaging qualities which make an essayist than a conscious appeal to readers who possess class prejudice and money. That the rightly-written essay will appeal to readers of this order is highly probable, but a conscious selection of such readers is fatal. Mr. Gwynn makes this mistake. He assumes that you keep a gardener. He says that "a man's self resides principally in his work or his play; if he talks of himself, it means generally that he tells you of his career in the House of Commons, or his big days on a Scotch lough." And in another place Mr. Gwynn speaks of "the class to which most readers of these lines belong." This is probably a relic of the *Spectator*; the retention is a slip which almost amounts to a fault of taste. The weakness goes deeper. Mr. Gwynn is too much the mere spokesman of polite, literary, slightly advanced circles; he does not fuse or transfuse what he has learnt there. An essayist should do all this. One does not want to read in an essay:

I have heard a lady suggest (and it seemed an admirable idea) that one of the lady's clubs should try the experiment of organising a large *crèche* with a competent staff, where members of the club could deposit their children upon reasonable terms when they wanted to go off for a tour with their husbands.

Nor do we desire pages and pages of small reasonableness like this:

Generally speaking, no one cares to shoot a thing sitting, because anybody could hit it; the conditions in the contest between man and beast are too unequal.

The only show of solidity in Mr. Gwynn's book is derived from the first essay, which is his well-known (and justly resented) attack on Jane Austen. Mr. Gwynn says he does not wish to meet Miss Austen in Paradise (which will surely prolong his own stay in Purgatory); and he thinks she must have been a most unlovable woman (which notoriously she was not); and he "cannot away with" her prudent Elinore, her sententious Edmunds and Edwards, her vacillating Anne Elliot. If he went on to establish these positions he would have shown more gallantry to Miss Austen and more courage to his readers, but Mr. Gwynn presently tells us that what he *really* dislikes in Jane Austen's novels is the swooning propensities of her heroines; their absurd "sensibility," their ever-ready tears and sobs, and their dependence on salts and lavender-water. "The modern young woman," we are reminded, "does not swoon promiscuously. If she falls off

her bicycle she may get concussion of the brain, just like her brother on the football field; if she gets an unusually severe blow on the nose with a hockey-stick she may faint, as she might under a surgical operation; but she does not faint from sheer emotion." She does not, and therefore Mr. Gwynn—who makes no drawing-room mistakes—"cannot away with" Miss Austen's heroines. Swoon is a rather comic word, and Mr. Gwynn achieves some tentative fun by throwing it about his pages. But it is all a question of pitch or key. The swooning habits of the Austen lot of girls are no more essential to them than their poke bonnets. The heart of woman remains the same, though the point at which her eyes overflow alters with time and training. Mr. Gwynn might as reasonably call on us to revise our estimate of Dumas because his men were afflicted with a sensibility which led them to draw their rapiers in the moonlight, when they should have been content to gird at each other in the papers.

We do not for an instant deny Mr. Gwynn a welcome into the band of possible essayists. He has wit and learning and a pretty style. By the way, some of his London sketches, particularly "Nightfall in Kensington-gardens," are very good. But into these, as into all his essays, Mr. Gwynn must put more work, more patience, and more of his heart's blood.

### A Drawing Room Playwright.

*Polite Farces.* By E. A. Bennett. (Lamley & Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

"DUMAS père," Mr. Bennett remarks in his prefatory note, "once said that all he needed was 'four trestles, four boards, two actors, and a passion.' For myself, I have dispensed with the trestles, the boards, and the passion, since none of these things is suitable for a drawing room." Instead of the passion he gives us *contrétemps*, embarrassments, which the three or four self-conscious, humorous persons of these farces play with whimsically for half-an-hour and then forget. In "The Stepmother," a famous woman novelist is in perplexity partly because her stepson has made love to her typist, and has, therefore, had to be sent away, partly because a doctor living in the flat below has proposed to her and is coming for his answer at noon, and partly because she suspects that it is he who wrote an article attacking her use of medicine in her novels. In "A Good Woman" a previous and not absolutely rejected lover turns up an hour before it is time for his lady to start for the registry office to be married to his successor, and the case has to be argued out between the three of them. In "A Question of Sex" an uncle has promised £10,000 to his nephew's first child if it is a boy. It happens to be a girl, and the gift has still to be extracted from the unwilling relative. There certainly are no passions here, but the substitute is agreeable enough, and Mr. Bennett has worked out his little plays with a very acceptable lightness and dexterity. If now and then we are reminded of "The Importance of Being Earnest" and "You Never Can Tell," it is less, we fancy, because Mr. Bennett has gone to Mr. Wilde and Mr. Shaw of set purpose than because at the present moment a writer of farcical comedy who chooses his puppets from a certain section of society must naturally make them humorously ready to give themselves away and to avoid taking anything seriously. That pose is in the air, and an observant critic of his kind, such as Mr. Bennett is, cannot neglect it.

Mr. Bennett's plays, as we have indicated, are three in number: "The Stepmother," "A Good Woman," and "A Question of Sex," and the order in which we have placed them—the same order that they have in the book—indicates their respective merit. "The Stepmother" is the best alike in humour and in technique, partly because Mr. Bennett is there dealing with matters which he knows as well as

anyone: Cora Prout, the stepmother in question, being a successful novelist; Christine Feversham, her typist, a journalist in a small way; Adrian Prout, Mrs. Prout's stepson, a journalist too—and Mr. Bennett himself a novelist, a journalist, and the author of *Journalism for Women*. This is how the play begins:

CHRISTINE. Good morning, Mrs. Prout. I'm afraid you are still sleeping badly.

MRS. PROUT. Do I look it, girl?

CHRISTINE. You don't specially look it, Mrs. Prout. But I observe. You are my third novelist, and they have all taught me to observe. Before I took up novelists I was with a member of Parliament, and he never observed anything except five-line whips.

MRS. PROUT. Really! Five-line whips! Oblige me by putting that down in Notebook No. 2. There will be an M.P. in that wretched thirty-thousand word thing I've promised for the Christmas number of the *New York Surpriser*, and it might be useful. I might even make an epigram out of it.

We quote another passage:

CHRISTINE. Which will you do, Mrs. Prout? [*Consulting a diary of engagements.*] There's the short story for the *Illustrated Monthly*, six thousand, promised for next Saturday. There's the article on "Women's Diversions" for the *British Review*—they wrote for that yesterday. There's the serial that begins in the *Sunday Daily Sentinel* in September—you've only done half the first instalment of that. And, of course, there's *Heart Ache*.

MRS. PROUT. I think I'll go on with *Heart Ache*. I feel it coming. I'll do the short story for the *Illustrated* to-morrow. Where had I got to?

CHRISTINE. [*Choosing the correct notebook, reads*] "The inanimate form of the patient lay like marble on the marble slab of the operating-table. 'The sponge, Nurse,' said the doctor; 'where is it?'" That's where you'd got to.

MRS. PROUT. Yes. I remember. New line. "Isabel gazed at him imperturbably." New line. Quote-marks. "I fear, Doctor," she remarked, "that in a moment of forgetfulness you have sewn it up in our poor patient." New line. Quote-marks. "'Damn!'" said the doctor, "so I have." Rather good, that, Christine, eh? [*Christine writes in shorthand.*]

CHRISTINE. Oh, Mrs. Prout, I think it's beautiful. So staccato and crisp.

This gives the note of the piece. Mr. Bennett keeps steadily on this plane of raillery, with now and then a comic idea standing out, as in the following comment of Christine during a passage of arms between the returned stepson and his stepmother:

ADRIAN. Need I defend myself, mamma? Consider what you had done to me. You had devastated my young heart, which was just unfolding to its first passion. You had blighted the springtime of the exquisite creature [*looking at Christine, who is moved by the feeling in his tones*—the exquisite creature who was dearer to me than all the world. In place of the luxury of my late father's house you offered me—the street. . . .

CHRISTINE. Yes . . . and Gower-street.

We can recommend Mr. Bennett's plays as being excellently adapted for their purpose. If only tolerably acted, the audience will still have a more stimulating time than forty-nine out of fifty of the ordinary drawing-room farces can offer them.

### The Gospel of the Witches.

*Aradia; or, The Gospel of the Witches.* By Charles G. Leland. (Nutt.)

THE survivals of pre-Christian observance and belief in the traditions of witchcraft are a happy hunting-ground for the historian of culture. The male divinity of occult worship generally takes form, under the influence of



current theology, as Satan or Lucifer; but side by side with him may often be traced a female being, the ancient mother goddess of the Aryan peoples. She has, as Latin myth knew, a threefold aspect—heavenly as the moon, earthly as mother earth herself, infernal as Hecate. In Italy the witches still know her by her Roman name of Diana, and many tremendous charms are wrought in her power. Fragments, however, from other than Aryan sources have been woven into the occult circle; amulets and rites probably of still earlier European origin, Etruscan, Siluric, Iberic; names and notions certainly of Talmudic or other Oriental *provenance*. Thus Diana has a doublet in the spirit Herodias, who is sometimes substituted for her, sometimes treated as her daughter. She is generally supposed to be derived from that daughter of Salome whose connexion with the murder of St. John the Baptist impressed the mediæval imagination, and the fact that the male divinity is occasionally called Herodes seems to bear this out. Mr. Leland, however, would find in her another Herodias, who is the same as Lilith, the first wife, according to Talmudic tradition, of Adam. Wherever she came from, she plays a considerable part in the legends and traditions of the Italian witches or *streghe* (the *strigas* or *strias* of Latin writers), and notably in the curious document which Mr. Leland now for the first time publishes. This was discovered for him near Siena by one Maddalena, herself a votary of *la vecchia religione*, whom he employs as a collector of folklore. It goes by the name of the *Vangelo*, or Gospel of the Witches, and consists partly of charms of a not uncommon type, partly of legends embodying a kind of witch mythology. First comes a story of how Diana and Lucifer had a daughter Aradia, and how, seeing the oppression of the poor by the rich, they sent Aradia to earth to teach witchcraft to men and spread the cult of her mother. Then follows a ritual for a witches' supper, or sabbat, with "conjurations" for the meal and salt, out of which are to be made crescent-shaped cakes whereby to conjure Diana herself. Then a story of "How Diana made the Stars and the Rain"; then charms for stone amulets, for winning love, for nullifying the effect of the gift of a lemon stuck full of pins, for success at market, for a good vintage, and the like. Finally, two other myths, one of which, "Tana and Endamone," is an obvious variant of the "Diana and Endymion" of classical lore.

The interest of the document—of which, of course, we assume the genuineness—from the folklore point of view, is apparent. What is a little surprising is to find that it is mainly written in verse, and in verse by no means devoid of poetical qualities. Here, for instance, is a fragment from the "Conjuration of Salt" in Mr. Leland's very fairly close rendering:

I conjure thee, O Meal!  
Who art indeed our body, since without thee  
We could not live, thou who (at first as seed)  
Before becoming flower went in the earth,  
Where all deep secrets hide, and then when ground  
Didst dance like dust in the wind, and yet meanwhile  
Didst bear with thee in fitting secrets strange!

And yet erewhile, when thou wert in the ear,  
Even as a (golden) glittering rain, even then  
The fireflies came to cast on thee their light  
And aid thy growth, because without their help  
Thou couldst not grow nor beautiful become;  
Therefore thou dost belong unto the race  
Of witches or of fairies, and because  
The fireflies do belong unto the sun.

This is certainly not the style of the ordinary *grimoire*, and if a *strega* wrote it she must have been far more literate than the members of her confraternity outside Italy generally are. In any case, however old a tradition it may represent, the *Vangelo* in its present form must be a comparatively modern *remaniement*. Perhaps some competent scholar could put an approximate date to the Italian text?

### "Gossip About Jane."

*Jane Austen: Her Contemporaries and Herself.* By Walter Herries Pollock. (Longmans.)

BETWIXT "Chatter about Harriet" and "Gossip about Jane" a wide gulf is set. Of the first we can hardly have too little, of the other we do not care how much is supplied, provided that it is eulogistic and genial. Not that there is anything new to say; but every gossip can say it afresh, in his own way, and where he has such reverence for Miss Austen and such a passion for accuracy as Mr. Pollock possesses, one may easily acquire from his pages, if not new facts, at any rate new points of view, and perhaps a better sense of the unity of Miss Austen's work. For those who esteem all appreciative writing about the six novels the saddest thing in the whole matter is Macaulay's failure to write that essay on Miss Austen for which he collected material, and which he looked forward to with such eagerness. Macaulay knew the novels through and through, and he would have come to this essay so well furnished with sympathy and enthusiasm as to place it probably among his finest work. But it was not written, and all we have from its projection is the incidental criticism in the essay on Madame D'Arblay, and a number of references in his diary and letters.

We said just now that new facts about Miss Austen are not to be looked for; but three points which Mr. Pollock makes or records are new to us. He notes the circumstance that in the last chapter of Miss Burney's *Cecilia* Dr. Lyster remarks: "The whole of this unfortunate business has been the result of PRIDE AND PREJUDICE." Now, Miss Austen was a great reader of Fanny Burney, and her name appears as one of the subscribers to *Cecilia*, in 1796. Hence it may fairly be assumed, it is argued, that Dr. Lyster's phrase gave her the title of her most famous novel. Its first title was, of course, "First Impressions," and a very good title, too, so far as Elizabeth Bennet was concerned. "Pride and Prejudice" has the advantage of including and characterising Darcy too. Another of Mr. Pollock's theories is that Highbury, in *Emma*, is not, as some commentators have thought (in spite of the fact that it is stated to be sixteen miles from London), a Hampshire town, but may be identified with Esher, especially as Miss Austen knew Esher. Her uncle, Mr. Cooper, lived at Bookham, hard by. But the discovery which is really valuable is the copy of a letter written to Miss Charlotte Warren by Miss Caroline Austen, the niece of Jane Austen, concerning an amusing slip in *Emma*. Strawberries, it will be remembered, are described as being eaten from the beds of Donwell Abbey at the same time that the Abbey Mill Farm orchard was in blossom. This is the kind of slip which all novelists make now and then. The letter tells of the mischievous pleasure of Jane Austen's brother, Edward (who became Edward Knight), in detecting the anachronism. "Jane," he said, "I wish you would tell me where you get those apple-trees of yours that come into bloom in July."

For the rest, Mr. Pollock passes all the novels in review, gives the outline of Miss Austen's life, and has some pleasant comparative criticisms on Miss Austen's contemporaries—Miss Burney, Miss Edgeworth, Mrs. Radcliffe, and so forth. His little book leads us to hope that Mr. Austin Dobson may see his way to reprint, in a separate volume, the admirable prefaces to the novels which he wrote for Messrs. Macmillan's edition; and in the interests of all those for whom there cannot be too much good "Gossip about Jane," some publisher should try to persuade Prof. A. W. Verrall to reduce his elaborate studies in Miss Austen to book form.

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## Christmas Literature.

### I.—Gift Books.

IN the matter of Christmas Gift-books adults come off this year with less success than children. Apparently most of the labour of authors, artists, binders, printers, and engravers has gone towards the beguilement of the nursery. But it is quite possible that, as the case stands, the adults are not getting too few books but the children too many.

Among the more considerable achievements among pictorial volumes we must mention prominently the noble work on *Rubens* (Heinemann) by Mr. Ernest Michel, a magnificent monument to the great Flemish painter. Mr. Malcolm Bell's *Rembrandt* (Bell), Lady Dilke's *French Painters of the Eighteenth Century* (Heinemann), Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse's *British Contemporary Artists* (Heinemann), Mr. C. A. Hutton's *Greek Terra-cotta Statuettes* (Seeley), *The Art Journal* for 1899, and *Fifty Years of Art*, both issued by Messrs. Virtue, the late Grant Allen's edition of *White's Selborne* (Lane), with illustrations by Mr. E. H. New, Mr. Nicholson's *Twelve Portraits* (Heinemann), Bunyan's *Life and Death of Mr. Budman* (Heinemann), with pictures by the Brothers Rhead, and Mr. C. D. Gibson's *Education of Mr. Pipp* (Lane)—all these deserve attention.

An illustrated edition of the *Essays of Elia* is, we believe, a departure for publishers of Lamb. The "Dissertation on Roast Pig" has been illustrated fully in a separate book, and other essays may have suggested pictures now and then, but a complete edition of the *Essays and More Essays*, with many pictures throughout, is a novelty. Mr. C. E. Brock is the artist in Mr. Dent's choice edition.



"My little ones creep about me."

"DREAM CHILDREN."

FROM MR. C. E. BROCK'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO "THE ESSAYS OF ELIA."

Perhaps the most charming of this year's illustrated novels is Charles Reade's *Peg Woffington* (Allen), with



"LAYING THE CLOTH."

FROM MR. HUGH THOMSON'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO "PEG WOFFINGTON."

drawings by Mr. Hugh Thomson. We give one of these, depicting Mrs. Woffington's romps with Triplet's children. Another illustrated novel is George Eliot's *Silas Marner*



"SHE'S FONDEST O' YOU."

FROM MR. REGINALD BIRCH'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO "SILAS MARNER."

(Blackwood), with dexterous drawings by Mr. Reginald Birch.

## II.—Children's Books.

Turning from these books to books for children, the making of which has become so considerable an industry, we are confronted by a multitude too vast to deal with adequately. Already in two or three articles an attempt has been made in the ACADEMY to pick out the more striking examples, but many necessarily slipped through. If we were asked to name the twelve best nursery books of the season we should suggest these :

## FOR BOYS' READING.

Stories from Froissart ... .. Edited by Henry Newbolt.  
Tommy Smith's Animals ... By E. Selous.

## FOR GIRLS' READING.

The Little Browns ... .. By Mabel E. Wotton.  
The Other Side of the Sun ... By Evelyn Sharp.

## FOR MIXED READING.

The Treasure Seekers ... .. By E. Nesbit.  
The Red Book of Animal Stories By Andrew Lang.

## PICTURES AND RHYMES.

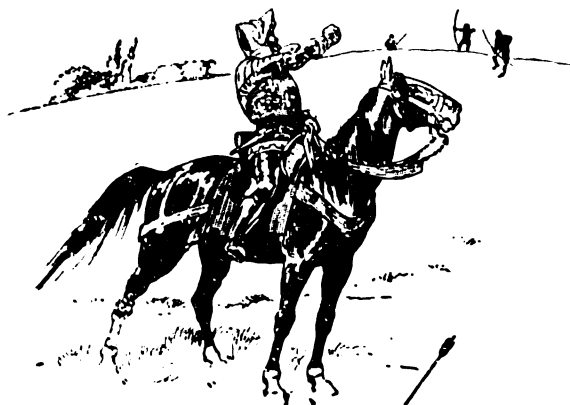
The Golliwogg in War ... .. By the Misses Upton.  
The Book of Penny Toys ... By Mrs. Dearmer.  
The Book of Shops ... .. By F. D. Bedford.

## FOR VERY SMALL CHILDREN.

Two Well-Worn Shoe Stories By J. Hasall and  
Cecil Aldin.  
The Story of Little Black Sambo By Helen Bannerman.  
Mother Duck's Children... .. By "Gugu."

This list, it will be seen, aims chiefly at younger children, stopping, say, except in the case of Froissart and Miss Nesbit, at about thirteen. There are, of course, countless other excellent story books, a few only of which we can enumerate: Mrs. Molesworth's *This and That* (Macmillan), Mrs. L. T. Meade's *The Odds and the Evens* (Chambers), Mr. Henty's *A Roving Commission* and the two collections of stories edited by him—*Yule Tide* (Longmans) and *Peril and Prowess* (Chambers), Mr. Manville Fenn's *Fix Bay'nets!* (Chambers) and *Ned Leger* (S.P.C.K.), Mr. Harry Collingwood's *The Castaways* (Griffith & Farran), Miss Evelyn Everett Green's *Priscilla* (Nelson), and Mr. A. H. Miles's new *Fifty-Two* and *Twenty-Six* volumes (Hutchinson).

The practice of extracting stories for children from the Classics is observable in full swing every Christmas. This year the author of *Admirals All* makes his first appearance in this connexion with a volume of *Stories from Froissart* (Wells Gardner), for which Mr. Gordon Browne has made drawings, one of which we reproduce. No book



FROM MR. GORDON BROWNE'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO  
"STORIES FROM FROISSART."

could be more timely, since the war spirit is now supreme. Mr. Newbolt has chosen well, and his Introduction is an excellent piece of work. The translation used is Lord Berners', with slight modifications.

Mr. Joseph Jacobs, who possesses a name honoured in the nursery for his collections of fairy tales, has this year gone to Boccaccio as Mr. Newbolt has gone to Froissart, and has brought away a sheaf of stories suitable for certain boys and girls. These are published by Mr. George Allen under the title *Tales from Boccaccio*. The tales are four in number, beginning with the sad history of patient Grissel, and ending with that of Isabel and the pot of basil. The illustrator is Mr. Byam Shaw, whose peculiar method could hardly have more suitable material. We reproduce



"NOW HE . . . FELL IN LOVE."  
FROM MR. BYAM SHAW'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO  
"TALES FROM BOCCACCIO."

one of Mr. Shaw's drawings. Now and then, in this book, he rises to greater heights than we remember, particularly in the fine picture facing page 90.

The child who has Mr. Andrew W. Tuer's *Stories from Old-Fashioned Children's Books* (The Leadenhall Press) will do well to ask someone older to select passages for reading aloud. Taken throughout it is somewhat stodgy. But read by a humorously-minded uncle, say, it might keep a room in a roar of irreverent laughter. Most of the stories, to-day, are less interesting than quaint. This is a passage that no longer could be written, from *Dangerous Sports*, 1808:

Always be careful to avoid any dog which you see running along, looking heavy and lowering, seemingly inattentive to everything, his eyes looking red and watery, and his tail hanging between his legs, lest it should be mad. If at any time you should be bitten by a dog, though ever so slightly, endeavour to ascertain whose dog it is, and immediately apprise your parents of the circumstance, since they will be the fittest to carry on the inquiry further, and even if the dog should have been mad, can prevent its being of the least ill consequence to you, if you give them early information.

Probably very old people will form the most grateful section of Mr. Tuer's public.



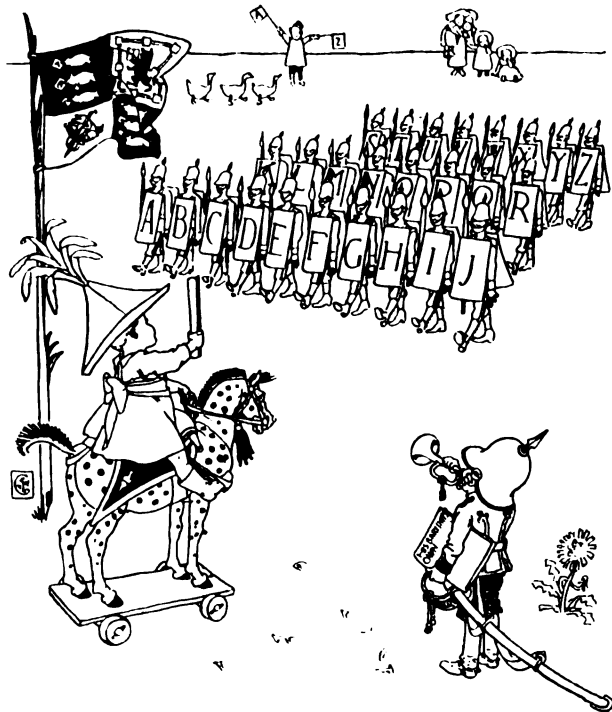
A new illustrator of unusual gifts is to be found in *Mother Goose in Prose* (Duckworth), new renderings of the old stories by Mr. Frank Baum. This is Mr. Maxfield Parrish, an American artist with a remarkable grotesque fancy and great power of hand. We reproduce an



FROM MR. MAXFIELD PARRISH'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO  
"MOTHER GOOSE IN PROSE."

excellent specimen of Mr. Parrish's manner. It depicts the Man in the Moon stepping to earth.

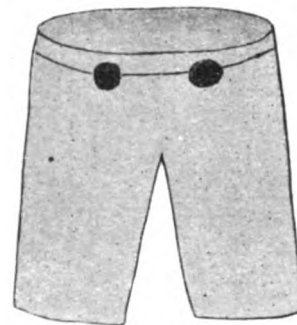
Mr. Walter Crane's 1899 Christmas Book is entitled *Blue Beard's Picture Book* (Lane), and it consists of three of this artist's toy books bound in one: "Blue Beard," "The Sleeping Beauty," and "The Baby's Own Alphabet."



AN END-PAPER  
FROM MR. WALTER CRANE'S "BLUE BEARD'S PICTURE BOOK."

In the end-paper which we reproduce Mr. Crane makes a concession to the militarism of the moment.

Small in size (it belongs to Mr. E. V. Lucas's "Dumpy Books for Children") and simple in its illustrations, *The Story of Little Black Sambo*, by Helen Bannerman (Grant Richards), takes a very high place among the children's books of the year. It is really funny, and really a child's book. Little Black Sambo has articles of clothing given to him one by one by his parents, and has them taken from him one by one by the tigers he meets in the jungle. We depict his trousers and also the fate of his umbrella. How Sambo recovered his possessions, and what became of the tigers, we shall not set forth; but we commend this book to everyone who



BLACK SAMBO'S TROUSERS.  
A RETURN TO PRIMITIVE ILLUSTRATION.

"You could tie a knot on your tail, and carry it that way," said Little Black Sambo. "So I could," said the Tiger. "Give it to me, and I won't eat you this time." So he got poor Little Black Sambo's beautiful Green Umbrella, and went away saying, "Now I'm the grandest Tiger in the Jungle."



TWO PAGES REDUCED FROM "LITTLE BLACK SAMBO."

wishes to find a child's book that will fill a home with laughter, and unite adults and infants in admiration.

Among the original fairy stories, or whimsical stories, of the year, we should put Miss Evelyn Sharp's *The Other Side of the Sun* (Lane) easily first. Miss Sharp, as *Wynns* and *All the Way to Fairyland* have before proved, has a bright and winsome way. Also, she has an unfailing instinct for the social condition of fairyland. She knows fairyland, knows exactly what it is like and what kind of people one meets there. And then she has the prettiest thoughts and a gay sense of fun, and her stories are stories first and not, as in so many cases nowadays, merely the medium by which their author's cleverness can be best displayed. Miss Nellie Syrett's drawings are not so good as the text.

Other new fairy story-books for children include *The Crock of Gold* (Methuen), by Mr. Baring-Gould, wherein several well-known tales are retold by a Devonshire school-master named Jeremiah Toope, who plays Scheherazade to the distressed Queen of the Pixies in order, by his stories, to divert her mind from the death of her pet hedgehog. Mr. Toope tells them exceedingly well. Other old stories retold will be found in *In the Chimney Corner* (Harpers), by Seumas MacManus, a collection of Irish folk tales served up afresh in a pleasant brogue, with a few curious illustrations in bright colours. In this connexion we would also mention, with recommendations to perusal, *The Princess of Hearts* (Blackie), by Sheila E. Braine, and *The Elephant's Apology* (Blackie), by Alice Talwin Morris, with illustra-

tions by Alice B. Woodward. Mr. Norman Garstin's *The Suitors of Aprille* (Lane) is a more conscious literary effort, but it is a pretty story with much delicate fancy interwoven.

Mr. Kenneth Grahame's *Golden Age* being a classic, it is unnecessary to say more of it here, except to recommend the illustrated edition which Mr. Lane has just published. We reproduce the frontispiece in the middle of this page. The artist, Mr. Maxfield Parrish, is the same who illustrated *Mother Goose in Prose*, referred to on another page. He is perhaps less happy with Mr. Grahame than with the old nursery rhymes, but his dexterity is remarkable.

Among the books primarily interesting to girls which can be cordially commended are two brisk and moving stories of families. Stories of families must be very bad indeed to be dull; but these are good. One deals with the Browns, the other with the Bastables. *The Little Browns* is by Miss Mabel E. Wotton, is illustrated by Mr. H. M. Brock, and is published by Messrs. Blackie. As a story of children for children it has hardly a fault, and the pictures are exactly what they should be. The Brown father was a professor (an old convention with writers of such books), and the culminating incident of the story is the discovery by Drusilla of an impending burglary and her gallant mission to give the alarm. The adventures of the Bastable children are to be found in *The Treasure Seekers* (Unwin), by E. Nesbit. Being reduced to comparative poverty, they set to work in various ways to gain riches. Among their devices is journalism, and the specimens of the paper which the historian gives are very choice. This is one item, under the heading "Curious Facts": "If you take a date's stone out and put in an almond and eat them together, it is prime. I found this out.—SUB-EDITOR." The book is really amusing, and it should be now beginning, not merely a Christmas life, as in the case of so many of the works before us, but a steady existence as a nursery history. To the family books which have been named might be added *The Boys and I*, by Mrs. Molesworth (Chambers), one of several stories by this favourite author which reach us this winter. Whether or not they are all new we cannot be certain, but *The Boys and I* is to be recommended.

A popular nursery author who would be missed if he did not produce an annual volume is Mr. G. E. Farrow, the creator of the Wallpug. Mr. Farrow's new book is called *The Little Panjandrum's Dodo* (Skeffington), which shows no falling off in high spirits and comic invention. Mr. Farrow's fun is inexhaustible, and his buoyant good humour unflagging. In Mr. Allan Wright he has found a sympathetic and humorous illustrator. Other new fairy tales, or whimsical tales, which are certain of a welcome are those contained in *The Scarlet Herring*

volume by Judge Parry, published by Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. The author of *Katawampus* and *Butter Scotia* has his steady public. The new book contains tales in Judge Parry's familiar and acceptable manner, and a sprinkling of high-spirited verse. Here is a scrap from the "Druid's Geography":

An Island's a piece of land surrounded by the sea,  
A Lake's a Water Island in the land,  
A Strait's a piece of water as narrow as may be,  
And an Isthmus is a Strait that's made of sand.

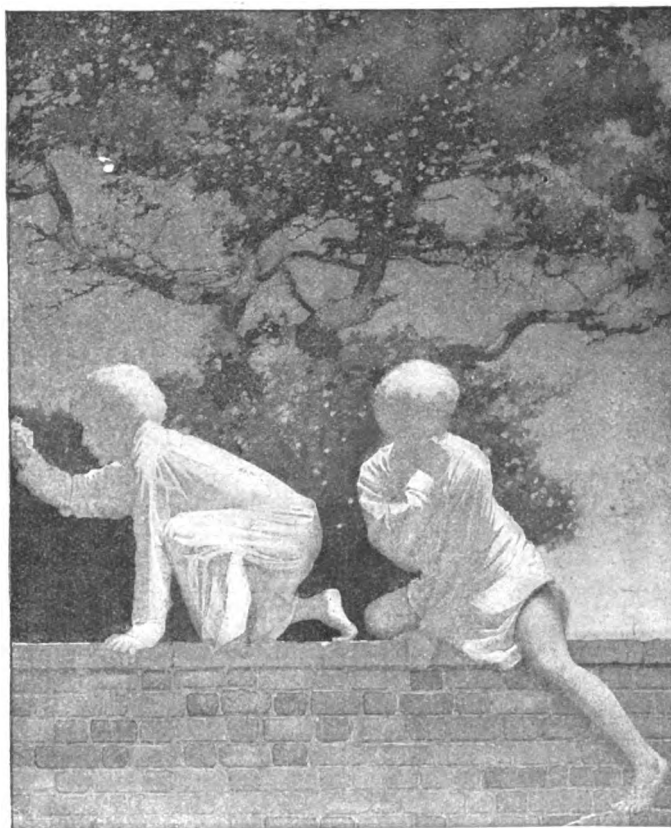
Judge Parry's work has always a strong family flavour: one feels that he is writing primarily for the children he knows best; but he is clever enough to make others interested too. For *Pierrette* (Lane), a volume of fairy stories by Mr. H. de Vere Stacpoole, we have no praise. The author does not take himself seriously, and therefore his readers will not believe in his work. In writing fairy stories one cannot be too single-hearted and self-forgetful.

Among the large illustrated books—in the difficult oblong shape which convention demands and which is so hard to negotiate in a house—one of the most satisfactory is *Two Well Worn Shoe Stories* (Sands & Co.), by Mr. J. Hassall and Mr. Cecil Aldin. Mr. Hassall chooses the story of the old woman who lived in a shoe, and his treatment of it is excellent. The shoe house is a triumph of architectural cobbling, but one does not quite see why the nationality of the family should be Russian, as we gather it to be in Mr. Hassall's imagination. That does not, however, matter two pins. The point is that his draughtsmanship is strong and sure, and he has brought a very agreeable fancy to bear upon his work. Mr. Aldin is making great advances. One or two clever drawings to the story of the dame who lost her shoe suggest that he has better claims to the post of

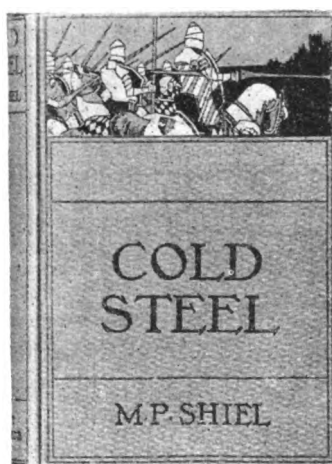
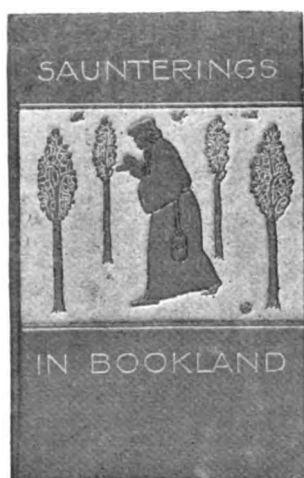
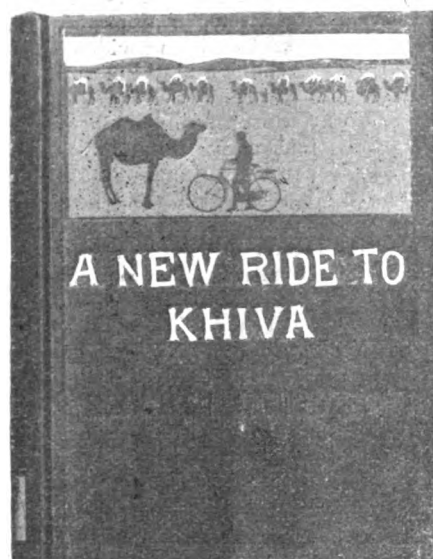
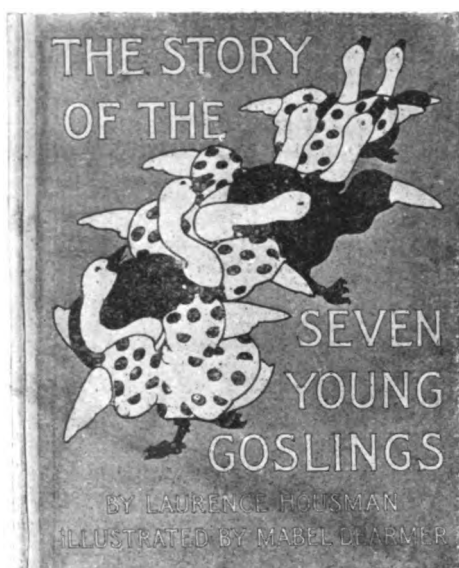
Caldecott's successor than anyone. Caldecott, however, would have spared us the realism with which Mr. Aldin has treated the old dame's foot.

### Some Book Cases.

On the next page we give reproductions of eight of the more striking pictorial book covers of the season. The *Tales from Boccaccio*, designed by Mr. Byam Shaw, is published by Mr. George Allen; *Gulliver's Travels* and *The Other Side of the Sun*, designed respectively by Mr. Herbert Cole and Miss Nellie Syrett, are Mr. John Lane's; *The Story of the Seven Young Goslings*, designed by Mrs. Dearmer, is issued by Messrs. Blackie; and *Cold Steel* and *Majuba*, both designed by Mr. Kimborough, are Mr. Grant Richards's. The designers of *Saunterings of Bookland* (Messrs. Wells Gardner) and *A New Ride to Khiva* (Messrs. Pearson) we are not able to give.



"THE BURGLARS."  
FROM MR. MAXFIELD PARRISH'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO  
"THE GOLDEN AGE."



Some New Book Covers.

## Other New Books.

LORD LYTTON'S  
INDIAN ADMINISTRATION. BY LADY BETTY BALFOUR.

Time is bringing about its revenges, and giving us the perspective needful for the true appreciation of the statesmen who, like Lord Lytton and Sir Bartle Frere, were so venomously and ignorantly attacked in the dark, unhappy days of the early eighties. Lord Lytton was abused because he was not understood, but to-day, after the lapse of twenty years, all the world sees that he adopted the true policy, and that he possessed that prescience in which his opponents have proved so sadly lacking. In his will the Viceroy requested Lady Lytton "to endeavour to obtain the assistance of some statesman or writer, in whose ability and character she has confidence, for the production of a complete record of my Indian administration." Sir John Strachey began the work, but ill-health obliged him to abandon it, and finally Lady Betty Balfour took up the task of recording the years of her father's Indian administration. The two principal points of Lord Lytton's viceroyalty were the Great Assemblage at Delhi and the proclamation of the Queen as Kaiser-i-Hind on January 1, 1877, and the Afghan negotiations and war. Of the former it need only be said that it provided a feudal head for the great princes of India, and did more to satisfy them than years of good government have done. The Afghan War of 1879 was the outcome of events which took place before Lord Lytton's arrival in India, and really dated from 1870, when General Kaufmann sent a complimentary letter to the Ameer, and began the long series of Russian intrigues with Afghanistan. 1873, however, was the turning-point, as then Sher Ali made a last effort to obtain from the British Government more definite and practical protection from the unsolicited patronage of Russia. This Lord Northbrook, the Viceroy, was inclined to give, but the Duke of Argyll and Mr. Gladstone would only permit vague and empty promises, with the result that Sher Ali, in despair, naturally listened to Russia, and made an Afghan War merely a question of time. The book emphasises what those who have studied the matter have long known, and is, perhaps, all the more valuable for that reason. If Lord Lytton needed any justification it would be found in the map at the end of the book. In 1876 the north-west frontier of India was an absurd line zig-zagging across a plain, and intersected by rivers running at right angles to it: a hopeless position. Nowadays, thanks to Lord Lytton, it is among easily defensible mountains, and only the fact that it is drawn east of Kandahar recalls the craven fears of 1880. Lady Betty Balfour, who has been aided by Sir Alfred Lyall, Sir Charles Elliott and Sir Stuart Bayley, has produced a work which is invaluable as a record of a very crucial period in the history of British India. (Longmans & Co.)

LUTON CHURCH. BY THE LATE REV. HENRY COBBE.

He who faithfully writes the history of one old English Church achieves far more than a local work. Thus the late Mr. Cobbe's book is justified of its 662 large pages. These present record after record which illuminates not only Luton, but England. Luton is described as Lygeanburgh, "the fort upon the Lea," by a Saxon chronicler, c. 571. A royal manor under Saxon and Norman kings, Luton, says Mr. Cobbe,

has seen in its streets, or heard in its fanes, many of the notables of both mediæval and modern times; while it can show in the history and present aspect of its venerable parish church, with its well-authenticated succession of clergy dating from Saxon times to the present hour, an evidence as well of the continuity of the National Church, alike through changes of race and dynasty, of policies and creed, as of the still-existent beauty of one at least of her mediæval fanes, notwithstanding both royal and fanatical despoilers.

In the Domesday Book Luton Church appears as a well-established church in "the king's demesne," endowed with five hides of land. On this basis of fact Mr. Cobbe made a scholarly study of the earlier history of the church and its lands, and their probable connexion with the first Christian rulers of Mercia. After the Norman Conquest the story of the church becomes clearer, and Mr. Cobbe follows it tenaciously, and displays it with an extraordinary wealth of detail through the Plantagenet, Reformation, and Act of Uniformity periods. The architectural and monumental features of the church, which is one of thirty-seven churches in the county all dedicated to St. Mary, are the subject of a long chapter. The magnitude and interest of the subject may be judged by the fact that Mr. Cobbe's list of known rectors and vicars of Luton Church extends back to the reign of Stephen. Among the patrons of the living have been Edward III., Cardinal Wolsey, Queen Elizabeth, and King George III. In his untiring efforts to elucidate every point and period, Mr. Cobbe has made investigations which extend to the township of Luton and the county. His appendixes fill 300 pages. A work like this does not touch the popular imagination, yet historians and antiquarians are not the only readers who will value Mr. Cobbe's labours. This book has the undying interest of thorough work rightly directed. (Bell & Sons. 12s. 6d. net.)

THE STORY OF TRISTAN AND ISEULT.

RENDERED INTO ENGLISH BY JESSIE L. WESTON.

This is the second instalment of Miss Weston's "Arthurian Romances Unrepresented in Malory." There can be no question as to the value of the text which serves it as a basis. This is the German version of the story of Tristan begun by Gottfried von Strassburg about 1210. It belongs to the smaller group of Tristan stories, in which the legend is quite disconnected from the all-embracing Arthurian legend which, in so many writers, from Beroul to Malory and from Malory to Tennyson, has absorbed it. As literature it is probably the best version of all. Gottfried was a considerable poet, and told the immortal tale with a sympathetic understanding of its emotional possibilities, and with a skill in narrative art which was beyond the reach of many writers of romances. We are not altogether pleased with Miss Weston's abridged prose rendering. Perhaps Mr. Lang and Mr. Bourdillon and Dr. Sebastian Evans have spoilt us for more pedestrian work; but certainly this English is undistinguished, and fails to reproduce the colour and quality of mediæval writing. And in abridging at all has not Miss Weston rather sacrificed the scholar to the general reader, who, after all, will imperfectly appreciate the sacrifice? A few repetitions hurt nobody, and modern taste hardly requires the softening of mediæval manners and customs. At the same time, Miss Weston's introduction and notes show her to be herself a scholar well acquainted with the intricacies of Romance problems, and we venture to take it that she has left out nothing very material. Miss Caroline Watts has contributed some pleasing initials and chapter headings, in which she makes good use of the interlaced ornament which Christian Ireland borrowed from Byzantium. (Nutt.)

OLIVER CROMWELL:  
HIS LIFE AND CHARACTER.

BY ARTHUR PATERSON.

Mr. Paterson's idea, in adding one more to the many biographies of Cromwell, is to eschew the historical background, and confine himself strictly to the personal life of his hero. For hero he is to Mr. Paterson. Mr. Paterson is firmly imbued with the conviction that the Protector was an honest and straightforward-minded man, guided throughout his career by the most patriotic and unselfish motives. This contention has been upheld by one writer after

another since Carlyle published his eloquent defence of the greatest of the Puritans. Mr. Paterson is conspicuously quiet and moderate in his tone, for all his thorough-going advocacy. There is no vituperation of adversaries, and he seeks to establish all his conclusions by reason. But, in the main, does he present to us anything new? Does he shed any fresh light on the character of the Protector? Do we rise from the book feeling that we have a glimpse of another or a more intimate Cromwell than was revealed to us in the many previous biographies? We think not. Essentially, it is the Cromwell of Carlyle. In detail we glean little that has not been stated in other lives, and those recent. It is chiefly in the studious moderation of tone that this book has, we think, an advantage over its immediate predecessors. But that it brings us closer to Cromwell we do not feel.

Of course, this attempt to reconstruct a great historical character is always a fascinating exercise, having some kinship to the imaginative sympathy of the historical novelist. But, in the main, it must always reduce itself chiefly to motive-mongering; and motive-mongering is but an unsatisfactory business. It is tinged by the notions of the person who engages in the game. What were Cromwell's motives in the great crises of his life—whether he were wholly sincere in the open protestations of disinterested religion which he made throughout his career—make very pretty matter for speculation and defence. But only Cromwell knew—or did he know? To us the great interest lies in his certain and indisputable achievement: the way in which the organisation which he devised for his troop of horse was rapidly extended, first to the army of the Eastern Counties, and finally to the entire Puritan host; the spectacle of one man moulding to his will an army and a nation, in the face of a hostile or inert majority, and raising England—in her own despite—to a position she had not known since Elizabeth. Of these things there is no dispute. Nor are they the privilege of any individual historian. Mr. Paterson's *Life* is sound, sensible, well and moderately written; but it scarcely takes the place he would seem to desire for it. (Nisbet & Co.)

## Fiction.

*Miranda of the Balcony.* By A. E. W. Mason.  
(Macmillan & Co. 6s.)

A STORY, a story pure and simple, free of divagations, digressions, and all other literary embroideries! But there is little to be said about it, except that the author handles English like a craftsman, and has a fine natural instinct for direct and vivacious narrative. *Miranda* calls for neither argument nor exposition. Mr. Mason's descriptive powers are now mature. It is improbable that he will ever reach up to any height of the verbal magic; he seldom, if ever, writes under the spell of an inspiration; but what a man of talent can do with his native tongue that Mr. Mason does. Here is a specimen of his best, the scene being the sea round about the Scilly Isles:

He made no attempt to land upon the Lighthouse. The relief men were hoisted up in the slug, the head-keeper and one of his assistants were lowered, and the lugger started upon its homeward run before the wind. The fog thickened and lightened about them as they threaded the intricate channels of the western islands. Now it was a thin grey mist, parting here and there in long corridors, driven this way and that, twirling in spires of smoke, shepherded by the winds; now again it hung close about them an impenetrable umber, while the crew in short quick tones and gestures of the arms mapped out the rocks and passages. About them they could hear the roar of the breaking waves and the rush of water up slabs and over ledges, and then the "glumph glumph" as the wave sucked away. At times, too, the fog lifted from the

surface and hung very low, massed above their heads, so that the black hillocks of the islets stood out in the sinister light like headstones of a cemetery of the sea, and at the feet of them the water was white like a flash of angry teeth.

This is dignified and worthy work. Though Mr. Mason's tale is strictly of to-day, it passes in many lands. He can describe Tangier and Plymouth and Spain and the Scillies with an equal facility and felicity, and he has some touch of "the true romance." Mixed up with wild adventure and strange, uncanny happenings are swift hints of the Strand's actuality, which serve their double purpose of piquancy and verisimilitude:

The lights of a theatre attracted him. He paid his money, took a seat in the stalls, and was at once very worried and perplexed. He turned to his neighbour, who was boisterously laughing.

"Would you mind telling me what this play is?" he asked.

"Oh, it's a musical comedy."

"I see. But what is it about?"

Charnock's neighbour scratched his head thoughtfully.

"I ought to remember," he said, "for I saw the piece early in the run."

The four principal characters are convincing enough, and it is in the heroine's favour that she is not offensively heroic, though she can bring a riding-whip across a man's face with the best. The villain, "Major" Wilbraham, with his aspirations towards rendering Horace, is excellent. *Miranda of the Balcony*, in fine, is a thoroughly satisfactory book.

*The Barrys.* By Shan F. Bullock.  
(Harpers. 6s.)

OF all human failings that versatility of the heart which is paradoxically known as heartlessness is the most intelligible and the least excused. It is not in an Englishman's nature to write scientifically of the amorist: his blood boils. But *The Barrys* is remarkable in this, that it puts before us an amorist who stands self-revealed, with "humanity" written as it were all over his baseness. Mr. Shan Bullock has indeed a remarkable talent for imbuing unconventional narrative, which is not autobiographical, with the very spirit of his characters. He is like some first-rate reporter who can hear people think. One knows that his own style is clear, straight, eloquent; but he is so nearly the stage manager, pure and simple, that one forgets all about him. Regarded as a story *The Barrys* is deeply interesting. The reader is face to face with the element in male nature which was the inspiration of Salt Lake City, and he cannot help a furtive sympathy for the young man who was thrown into the company of Irish Nan after he had plighted troth to English Marian. Our own sympathy subsided when we perused the journal kept by this poor creature after his rupture with his wife. A literary man who, we are given to understand, became famous would surely not have committed himself to such trash. It is a pity that Mr. Bullock should have adopted this threadbare device for revealing human nature. For, as we have indicated, it is his special talent to be independent of such devices. Again, the *dénouement* is very pathetic, yet the reader instinctively resents the sacrifice of Frank Barry's child in order to teach Frank Barry that he was not a man. The figure of the other Barry, the rugged and upright old man, who in his lonely farmhouse watches with stern disapproval the shiftiness and insincerity of a beloved nephew, is admirably drawn; so, too, is the hopelessly loquacious Irishman, John Butler, and the naturalness of the dialogue throughout is much to be commended. The horrible condescension of the literary mind towards nature and man is one of the more odious traits of the amorist; one feels he is incapable of bleeding.



*Wine on the Lees.* By John A. Steuart.  
(Hutchinson & Co. 6s.)

MR. STEUART'S book has the solidity and knowingness of good reporting. It has style too, and a good idea at the bottom of it. The thing one regrets is that the story is not a natural growth, but a sort of realistic fantasy with a violent and improbable termination. Mr. Steuart describes the way in which a sense of the evils of the drink traffic steals into the mind of a rich brewer's only surviving son. The situation suggests terrors which escape Mr. Steuart, but the immediate pathos of it he grasps. The ineffectiveness of the book lies rather in its over-elaboration than its perfunctoriness. We hear a great deal of picturesque slang, but somehow we don't "hear the East a-callin'." The ex-soldier and brutal husband who accompanies the hero on his journey through Drinkland is full of vitality, but once he addresses Lady Twickham, the brewer's wife, in language fatally reminiscent of the comic stage, and once he sentimentalises. Similarly a gentleman doffer is differentiated from the roughs by an exaggerated bookishness of speech. It is the unexpected pathos that tells. The proverb says it also "arrives." And there lies the trouble with Mr. Steuart. He is the slave of the obvious. He is adroit in writing, but bad in composition. Still, Mr. Steuart is highly instructive and sometimes quite human and sympathetic.

### Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final.  
Reviews of a selection will follow.]

FOLLY AND FRESH AIR. BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

An extended new edition of one of the most genial books by the author of *The Human Boy*. It is the good-humoured happy-go-lucky narrative of a holiday on Dartmoor, somewhat in the manner of *Three Men in a Boat*, but nearer to life. Mr. Phillpotts's is essentially a holiday book. (Hurst & Blackett. 6s.)

THE PRINCESS XENIA. BY H. B. MARRIOTT-WATSON.

A romance by the author of *Diogenes in London* and *Galloping Dick*. The story is of romantic deeds in modern life, and there is the inevitable German State. "'Good,' ejaculated Christopher. 'But there will be no dying. We shall carry it as a jest. The Margrave rides with an escort of the Palace Guards—three in number. You see I am frank with you. We may have a brush, but there will be more danger when the affair is over.' 'You mean of discovery?' asked Kreiss. 'I mean that the outrage will most likely be treated as of international importance.'" (Harper. 6s.)

ANYHOW STORIES. BY MRS. W. K. CLIFFORD.

An enlargement of a book published several years ago. Mrs. Clifford has added, among others, "Wooden Tony," and there are new illustrations by Lady Stanley (Miss Dorothy Tennant) and the Hon John Collier. The book, which has been revised for this edition, contains some of the most charming stories of children that have been written. (Duckworth. 3s. 6d.)

ONE QUEEN TRIUMPHANT. BY FRANK MATHEW.

A pleasant historical romance. "Queen Elizabeth sat in the garden by the river," is the first sentence. "On my left the red walls of Hampton Court had a deepened tint. The garden was shining with multitudinous roses. All was quiet as if the day was a Sabbath." But the story is not all Sabbath calm: it includes a vivid picture of the execution of Mary Queen of Scots. (Lane. 6s.)

DONNA TERESA.

BY FRANCES MARY PEARD.

Donna Teresa is the young English widow of an Italian nobleman. We are here concerned with her later loving, and with that of her sister Sylvia. The story is a tragedy, and is laid in Rome, which, in Mrs. Peard's experienced hands, yields attractive backgrounds. (Macmillan. 6s.)

IN CONNECTION WITH THE DE WILLOUGHBY CLAIM. BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

In this story, by the author of *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, we are in the States after the War of Secession, when claims for compensation were being put before the Government. The story on which the De Willoughby claim is founded is vouched for by Judge Rutherford as the "Lord's truth"; but Farquhar reminds him that "as a rule it isn't the Lord's truth that carries a big claim through." A good novel of national life and love's young dream. (Warne & Co. 6s.)

ALLAN DARKE. BY CHARLES DONNEL GIBSON.

An American novel. Allan Darke, a young Virginian, is the sole survivor of a shipwreck, and is astonished to find himself thrown among personal enemies, of whose existence he had no previous knowledge. To these shore-dwellers his name is hateful, and some mystery of the past can alone explain their feelings toward him. The story is concerned with this mystery, from which love is evolved in due time. (The Macmillan Co. 6s.)

THE UNDOING OF JOHN BREWSTER. BY MABEL HOWARD.

"John pulled himself together. . . . 'I have asked Donna Carmella to marry me'; and he paused. The next words came with great difficulty. 'I am going to become a Roman Catholic.' For some minutes there was silence—a heavy, intense silence, broken only by the burning of the fire and the ticking of the clock. Then a cry broke from his mother: 'Oh, John! my boy! my boy!'" This is one of the central situations of the story. (Longmans. 6s.)

MANY WATERS. BY K. RHODES.

"For one moment earth, sea, and sky became a blank, a feeling of death came over Stella." Presently she said—but "her voice sounded far away and unreal": "So he is engaged! To Miss Brandon, of course. I have expected it for some time." (Digby, Long & Co. 6s.)

THE SIREN'S WEB. BY MARY THOMAS.

A story of London society. Sir Vyell Tremaine succumbs to the dazzling and voluptuous charms of Stella Gascoigne after he has become engaged to Patience Wainwright, a pretty Bristol Quakeress. This story of his entanglement is very readable. (Chatto & Windus. 6s.)

MORA. BY T. W. SPEIGHT.

A rather farcical love-story laid at the Palatine Hotel in the Lake District. Lady Renshaw—"the old she-dragon"—is the butt of the story. She "dotes on nature," and observes that a landscape is "quite Ruskinian." (Greening. 6s.)

THE PRINCE'S FEATHERS. BY MRS. LEITH-ADAMS.

A story of old Warwickshire. "Who was Bessie, 'the flower of Leamside,' and what noble house harks back to the blue-eyed fledging, Robin, as its ancestor? In whose veins flows the blood of the little clear-starcher of Bidcombe village—she whose dainty fingers goffered the snowy furbelows for the great ladies who graced the hostelry of the Prince's Feathers?" The question is not answered, but is interestingly stated in this story. (Digby, Long & Co. 6s.)

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## Literature in : 1899 a Retrospect.

THE lover of fine letters must often long for the days of Grub-street. Such genial optimists as Sir Walter Besant are never tired of reminding us how in these latter days literature has become a lucrative profession; how the copy-rights of the successful novelist are "property"; and how he may own his bank-book and his man of business. The truth is, of course, that to art of whatever kind prosperity is far more dangerous than adversity. So long as a competency at the most was to be gained, the artist went on his solitary and flowery way rejoicing: let but the mirage of a fortune gild the distance, and straightway the road is crowded with adventurers, questing for the new Klondike. The artist himself is caught with the fever. The undeniable good things that wealth can give dazzle his vision. After all, he, too, is human: he has his wife and child to take heed for: the lust of life runs riot in his veins. What wonder if the subtle temptation too often prevails, and he loses his high ideals?

To break his fall there are sophistries. What is art, he may plead, if it is divorced from life? Is not the power to reach the great heart of the public, to move a multitude

to tears and laughter, a real criterion of greatness? Are greatness and popularity incompatible? Was not Shakespeare popular, and Dickens? And, in our own day, have not Stevenson and Barrie demonstrated the fallacy that true art is but for a few alone? Well, Stevenson, for all his genius, had a low view of the artist's calling. Hear him in "A Letter to a Young Gentleman":

To live by a pleasure is not a high calling; it involves patronage, however veiled; it numbers the artist, however ambitious, along with dancing girls and billiard markers. The French have a romantic evasion for ore employment, and call its practitioners the Daughters of Joy. The artist is of the same family, he is of the Sons of Joy, chose his trade to please himself, gains his livelihood by pleasing others, and has parted with something of the sterner dignity of man.

You may infer this, and with justice, written in a somewhat pessimistic mood; nevertheless it has its truth, for the artist who looks to win a fortune by his art. That a test of the artist's work is to please is undeniable. The question is, who is to be pleased? So long as it is the artist himself, or the ideal reader, conceived in the abstract or envisaged in the particular, then the human dignity remains impaired. If a sheep's eye be cast at the patron or the mob, at Dives with the purse or Demos with the purse, the human dignity begins to totter on its pedestal.

Certainly it is true—and fifty examples could be adduced to prove it—that to be an artist does not necessarily condemn a writer to unpopularity. Great books have found their readers turn and turn about with the veriest trash. It is the unaccountableness, the whimsicality of the popular choice, that is so baffling. Are not the critics greatly to blame, for after all Demos has not much selection of his own? He is a humble creature, easily led faculty, and only too ready to fill his bookshelves and make out his library list in accordance with the bidding of his favourite newspaper. It is in the power of the critics to direct him aright, and in so doing to maintain the standard of thought and workmanship in the artists. But do they do this? Modern newspaper criticism has many qualities of sympathy and enthusiasm. It is generous and appreciative to a fault. But that it speaks with any authority or discrimination, or that it has any reasonable perspective, we are unable to persuade ourselves. Were it so, would the publishers' columns be able to proclaim masterpiece after masterpiece on the strength of one notice or another in journals of literary repute?

### Poetry.

As usual, we begin our detailed survey of the year's literary production with poetry. Obviously poetry is less liable than some other forms of literature to the Capuan temptations to which we have referred. With the possible exception of Mr. Kipling, there is probably no living poet whose verse counts as a serious item in his annual budget. In any case, this has been a comparatively good year for poetry. In the forefront we should put Mr. Thomas Hardy's *Wessex Poems*, which was issued after the publication of our article on "Literature in 1898"; remarkable not only for their intrinsic merit, but also as showing that there is at least one other great living novelist, besides Mr. Meredith, who is poet too. Something roughhewn in technique, something morbid in sentiment, Mr. Hardy's verse reflects with simplicity and directness the individuality of the writer, while for many ears its austere melancholy music has a singular fascination. Mr. Hardy came as a surprise. Of expected poets there are but few—Mr. William Watson and Mr. Francis Thompson the chief—who have been silent this year. The new work of Mr. Swinburne and Mr. Stephen Phillips comes under the head of literary drama, and that of Mr. Henley has not yet appeared in volume form; but Mr. Bridges, Mr. Yeats, Mr. Davidson, and Mr. Binyon all fall to be dealt with here. Each of these pursues a different ideal of beauty, and each pursues

it this year with conspicuous and growing success. The *New Poems* added to Mr. Bridges's *Collected Works* are of a delicate vision and a delicate music. Mr. Yeats, in *The Wind among the Reeds*, is mystical, unearthly, and inveterately Celtic. Mr. Davidson, in *The Last Ballad*, maintains his mastery over the romantic quatrain. Mr. Binyon, in the *Second Book of London Visions*, creates some masterly and unforgettable images of common things. After these come Mr. Eugene Mason, whose *Field Floridus*, though, to our thinking, a little derivative in its combination of erotic and religious sensuousness, is yet a notable production, and Miss Winifred Lucas, whose *Fugitives*, sensitive, thoughtful, and at times a little fine-spun, are much in the vein of her *Units* of three years back. Among new, or practically new, writers we note Mr. A. B. Miall, whose *Poems* are creditable exercises in several schools; Mr. Sturge Moore, whose *Vine Dresser* shows individuality and largeness of vision, but misses excellence by just the impalpable something; Miss Elinor Sweetman, whose *Pastorals* have a charming freshness of imagery and vigour of rhythm; Mr. Edmond Holmes, whose Shakespearean sonnets, *The Silence of Love*, are, in their musical thoughtfulness, as well as in their lack of colour, a little outside the modern range; and the anonymous author of *The City of the Soul*, in whom both the qualities and the defects of such work as Mr. Mason's are carried to a still higher degree. We should not like to pass over altogether without notice Mr. Laurence Housman's *The Little Land*, Mr. Money-Coutts's *Alhambra*, Mr. Willmore's *The Soul's Departure*, and Miss Dora Sigerson's *The Feery Changeling*.

Anthologies have not been quite so numerous as in some recent years. The *British Anthologies*, begun by Prof. Arber, contain some rare and interesting pieces; but on the whole they show that the power to choose does not invariably accompany a high reputation for scholarship. The *Garland of New Poetry* is notable less for its contents than for the fact that it is an experiment on the lines of the French *L'Année des Poètes*.

### Literary Drama.

Writers are still questing after the golden fleece of the literary drama. Mr. Swinburne, indeed, is no new venturer in these waters. His second *Rosamund* is good poetry in his less flamboyant later manner, but the theme of Lombardic barbarism barely yields the true tragic note. Of Mr. Stephen Phillips's *Paolo and Francesca* we speak elsewhere in this number. Another notable poetical play is the *Osborn and Ursyne* of John Oliver Hobbes. Two prose plays, *The Heather Field* and *Mæve*, by a new writer, Mr. Edward Martyn, awoke the dust of newspaper controversy. A performance of the former play in Dublin proclaimed its merit; a performance in London left the question still in dispute.

### Essays.

Of all the forms of literature the essay appears to be that which makes the least appeal to the man in the street. Even more than poetry, indeed, it claims the collaboration of the reader, and its undeniable fascination is for the few who can contribute their share. These will not have found the year a barren one. The English translation of Maeterlinck's *Wisdom and Destiny* would alone save it from that reproach. So would Mrs. Meynell's *The Spirit of Place*, full, like her earlier volumes, of high thinking, subtle phrasing, and delicate observation. So, again, would Mr. Austin Dobson's *A Paladin of Philanthropy*, yet another volume of eighteenth century vignettes, written out of that wonderful knowledge of his chosen period which few men can claim to share with Mr. Dobson, and with that ease and distinction of style which is his peculiar characteristic. The eighteenth century, too, is the theme of a delightful volume of *Johnson Club Papers*, by many hands; while as a pendant to Mrs. Meynell's collection there is the similarly

named *Genius Loci* of Vernon Lee, elaborate to artificiality but daintily rendering the local colour of many chosen spots in Italy, France, and Germany. If Vernon Lee is elaborate to artificiality, Mr. Max Beerbohm is artificial to affectation, and the quality goes far to spoil his *More*. Mr. Beerbohm has originality alike of vision, of judgment, and of expression; and when he takes it into his head to put away the childish things which hitherto have served his purpose, he may begin to do work worthy of his real talent. Among other volumes of essays well deserving of notice are Mr. Archer's *Study and Stage*, Mr. Wedmore's *Books and Art* and Mr. Gwynn's *Decay of Sensibility*. Finally, there is Lord Rosebery's *Appreciations and Addresses*. These range from a funeral oration to an after-dinner impromptu. Naturally they do not in many cases go very deep, and they lack the final polish which a reporter can hardly be expected to give, but there is a dignity and gracefulness of touch about them all which show, as did the *Life of Pitt*, that in Lord Rosebery's complex nature the *littérateur* runs the statesman hard.

### Literary History.

We have suggested above that the affability of literary criticism is a feature to be regretted in modern letters. Throughout the volumes just enumerated are scattered a few essays in criticism pure and simple. Wholly critical, again, in intention, is the manifesto put forward by Mr. Yeats and others in the pamphlet entitled *Literary Ideals in Ireland*. But for the most part the workings of the critical faculty are to be sought nowadays, not so much in any form of writing which has a direct outlook upon modern creative achievement, as in books of erudition dealing with literary history. Of these, this year has shown no stint. The most important work is probably Mr. Gosse's *Life and Letters of John Donne*, a serious and in the main successful attempt to write one of the great unwritten lives. Then there are some interesting little critical monographs by Prof. Saintsbury on *Matthew Arnold*, by Mr. Gwynn on *Tennyson*, and by Mr. Cope Cornford on *Stevenson*. That the study of Shakespeare has not yet lost its recent vogue is shown by the issue of more than one new library edition of the plays, by Mr. Samuel Butler's fresh attack on the problem of the Sonnets, by M. Jusserand's admirable *Shakespeare in France*, and by Father Bowden's polemical *Religion of Shakespeare*. Other contributions to the subject of great interest are in prospect. Set literary histories have been plentiful. Scottish Vernacular Literature has had its tale told by Mr. T. F. Henderson, the Literary History of Ireland, by Dr. Douglas Hyde, Japanese Literature by Mr. W. G. Aston, Bohemian Literature by Count Lützow, Yiddish Literature by Dr. Wiener. Among monographs upon special periods Mr. Oliver Elton's *The Augustan Ages* stands out as a work of excellent learning and critical capacity. Mr. Snell's *The Fourteenth Century* belongs to the same series. A study of American provenance, Mr. H. A. Beers's *Romanticism in the Eighteenth Century* is also noteworthy. Of *anecdota* and new editions of texts there has not been a great deal. Dr. Birkbeck Hill has printed some new *Swift Letters*, and Mr. Stephen Wheeler some new *Landor Letters*. Mr. Vincent has added *Carew's Poems* to the "Muses Library" and Mr. Whibley *Holland's Suetonius* to the "Tudor Translations." Mr. Wheatley has completed his monumental edition of *Pepys' Diary*. Mr. Beeching has published some excellent *Selections from Daniel and Drayton*. And that is about all.

### Biography.

Biography continues to attract the attention of a public curious, before all things, of individuality. Under this head we account the most fascinating form of biography—private letters. The *Lore Letters of Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning* and the *Letters of R. L. Stevenson* vie with each other in interest, alike for their revelations of



individuality and for the material which they supply to the critic of nineteenth century literature. Of somewhat less value are the *Letters of Benjamin Jowett*, which do not add very much of importance to his already published *Life*. Among regular biographies we must single out Mr. Mackail's *Life of William Morris*, a model, in its sympathetic and scholarly treatment, of what such things should be. Good, too, are Lord Grey's *Hubert Hervey* and Prof. Rendel Harris's *Life of F. W. Crossley*. Dr. Knapp's *George Borrow* and Mr. Lewis Melville's *William Makepeace Thackeray* are, in their various ways, somewhat disappointing. Among a number of other biographies and autobiographies may be mentioned those of Sir John Millais, Dean Liddell, the younger Pitt, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Selborne, James and Horace Smith, Mrs. Oliphant, Susan Ferrier, Prof. Palgrave, R. H. Quick, and Lewis Carroll. Volumes of reminiscences have been written by Mr. Justin McCarthy, Mr. G. W. E. Russell, and Sir Algernon West.

### History, Anthropology, Art.

Three branches of learning are well represented among this year's works of scholarship. We regret our space only permits of the briefest *résumé* of what has been done in each field.

In History the event of the year has been the return of Sir George Trevelyan to the scene of his early labours. His *American Revolution* has all the old brilliance and something of the old tendency to partisanship. In his father's footsteps follows Mr. G. M. Trevelyan, whose *England in the Age of Wycliffe* is a solid and valuable study. Mr. Herbert Fisher's *The Medieval Empire*, Prof. Dill's *Roman Society in the Western Empire*, and Mr. Bolton King's *History of Italian Unity*, are all books which deserve to make the reputation of their authors. The final instalments of Lady Verney's *Verney Memoirs* and of Dr. Hodgkin's *Italy and Her Invaders* complete two works, each of which is in its way already a classic. Sir William Hunter has published the first volume of an elaborate *History of British India*. Mr. J. H. Round's *The Commune of London* and Dom Gasquet's *On the Eve of the Reformation* contain valuable historical essays, and Mr. F. S. Stevenson's *Robert Grosseteste* belongs to the interesting genre of historical biography.

Under Anthropology we may class a number of books dealing with one aspect or another of the life and belief of primitive man, a topic of investigation which is rapidly growing in popularity. Mr. A. H. Keane's *Man Past and Present* approaches the subject from the widest point of view. Miss Mary Kingsley's *West African Studies*, Prof. Spencer and Mr. Gillen's *Tribes of Central Australia*, and Mr. Mathew's *Eagle, Hawk, and Crow* are special investigations into particular peoples. Prof. Max Müller's *Seven Systems of Indian Philosophy*, Sir Alfred Lyall's *Asiatic Studies*, and Prof. Campbell's *Religion in Greek Literature* deal mainly with the higher development of religious thought; while the more rudimentary types of cult and belief are considered in Mr. W. W. Fowler's *Roman Festivals of the Republic*, Mr. Chadwick's *Cult of Othin*, Mrs. Gomme's *Traditional Games*, Mr. Curtin's *Creation Myths of Central America*, Miss Hull's *The Cuchullin Saga*, Mr. Simpson's *The Jonah Legend*, and Mr. Leland's *Aradia*.

Books upon Art appear to be enjoying a vogue, which has been stimulated by the commencement of two new series of critical monographs, in one of which Mr. Roger Fry's *Giovanni Bellini*, in the other a reprint of Mr. R. A. M. Stevenson's *Velasquez*, are so far the most memorable volumes. More elaborate and expensive works include Lady Dilke's *French Art in the Eighteenth Century*, Mr. and Mrs. Pennell's *Lithography and Lithographers*, and Mr. H. P. Horne's *Sandro Botticelli*. Miss Rose Kingsley's *History of French Art* also deserves mention.

### Miscellaneous.

Nor have other branches of learning entirely withered in the cold shades of neglect. Philosophy is not entirely monopolised by Mr. Lecky with his *Democracy and Liberty* and his *Map of Life*. Volumes of lectures by the late Principal Caird and the late Prof. Wallace belong to the formerly dominant Hegelian School. A more psychological idealism takes shape in Mr. James Ward's *Agnosticism and Materialism*. Theology is represented by the big new *Encyclopædia Biblica* and Prof. Percy Gardner's *Exploratio Ecangelica*; Science by Sir A. Lubbock's *Buds and Stipules*, Sociology by Mrs. Stetson's *Women and Economics*, and Travel by Mr. Cunninghame Graham's *Mogreb el Acksa*.

Journalism continues to invade the borders of literature. The outstanding examples are Mr. Steevens's *Tragedy of Dreyfus* and his volume called *In India*, a brilliant series of snapshot impressions. Great descriptive facility and a sure power of getting to the point make Mr. Steevens a really remarkable Special Correspondent. Probably no other living Englishman would know half so much about India after a six weeks' sojourn there as Mr. Steevens does. Another excellent book on *Dreyfus* has been done by Mr. F. C. Conybeare. Events in South Africa have led to quite a shoal of publications, few of which can compare either in literary gifts or in disinterestedness with Prof. Bryce's re-issued *Impressions of South Africa*. Many people in America and a few in England have been entertained by the *Mr. Dooley in Peace and War* of a new humorist, Mr. Dunne.

### Fiction.

Again, in 1899, both Mr. George Meredith and Mr. Thomas Hardy have refrained from publishing a novel. No year which passes without a book from either of them can be called quite of the first interest, since these two names dominate beyond question the art of fiction in England. Nevertheless, if the past twelve months have shown anything, they have shown that our novel-writing is in a tolerably healthy and vigorous condition. There are few, if any, masterpieces in the record; but, on the other hand, the number of novels which disclose, not only individuality, but real imagination and a feeling for style, is, we think, larger than usual. The year seems to us to have been distinctly a year of promise, not without some actual achievement.

After the two great names mentioned above, Mr. Kipling comes next in order. He it is who holds the gaze of the continents. Now *Stalky & Co.*, though a small book, has aroused much controversy. It has been praised as a miracle, and held up to censure as merely a preposterous fantasia. For our part, we consider that the time to judge it has not yet come. One thing, however, can be said of it with certainty, that it has sincerity, but not realism. It has sold well, but not nearly so well as *The Day's Work*. Mr. Henry James is content this year with one book, *The Awkward Age*, which in no wise departs from his later manner. That manner may have its disadvantages, but if you except the manner you must grant that the work attains a high degree of perfection. As a craftsman Mr. Henry James remains unsurpassed, and *The Awkward Age* is worthy of him. Of the next younger generation of writers Mr. J. M. Barrie has been silent. That book which is to eclipse *A Window in Thrums* has still to come. Mr. Zangwill, in *They that Walk in Darkness*, has produced another volume of Ghetto stories, of various dates and very uneven merit. There is fine work in the book, but it does little to consolidate the author's reputation. Q's *The Ship of Stars*, being a study of boyhood, has more fancy than imagination, and perhaps more imagination than form; at the same time it is well written, and its dreamy quality fascinates, without gripping. Mr. H. G. Wells has pursued his prophetic career in *When the Sleeper Wakes*,

a vision of the future which includes some of his best and some of his second best work. More important are his *Tales of Space and Time*, among which may be found one or two stories that are in the first rank of the fantastic. Mr. Anthony Hope has shown in *The King's Mirror* that popularity has not robbed him of his artistic sincerity. The book, while plainly proving Mr. Hope's limitations, is fastidiously accomplished, and shows a rare combination of vivacity with subtlety. Mr. Harold Frederic's last posthumous novel, *The Market Place*, is finely satisfactory, scarcely inferior to *Illumination*, and it serves to emphasise the more one's regret for his loss. Mr. Eden Phillpotts produces a novel only in alternate years, and the present is not his year; but we have had from him two volumes of stories, of which the second and better, *The Human Boy*, considered in point of time with *Stalky & Co.*, and, as regards method and attitude, formed an interesting artistic contrast to Mr. Kipling's work. In *To London Town*, Mr. Arthur Morrison, of whom it may be said that he does not over-produce, gave us an idyllic book full of fresh and delightful local colour, and elaborately wrought, but thin as to texture, and apparently out of his natural vein.

Coming to a generation still younger in art than the foregoing, we must refer to Mr. Walter Raymond, with *Two Men o' Mendip* and *No Soul above Money*, both of which only just escape being masterly; to "Benjamin Swift," whose *Siren City* is probably his best work since *Nancy Noon*, but by no means the fine book we expect from him, and to *Dartnell*, a return to his earlier manner; to Mr. Maurice Hewlett, whose *Little Novels of Italy* have a fine free way and that peculiar zest in life which Mr. Hewlett alone is giving us; to Miss Gertrude Atherton, whose *Daughter of the Vine* is strong, brutal, and ill-knit; to Mr. R. W. Chambers, whose communistic novel, *Ashes of Empire*, proves for at least the fifth time that he is a man to be specially noted; to Mr. Neil Munro, whose *Gilian the Dreamer* has received much praise and much patronage, but which strikes us as less good than his best; to Mr. A. E. W. Mason, whose *Miranda of the Balcony* and *The Watchers* are neither of them unworthy of *Morrice Buckler*; to Mr. R. S. Hichens, whose *The Slave* is clever, esoteric, fantastic, and enormous; and to Mr. John Buchan, whose *Lost Lady of Old Years*, with all its charm, lacks what has ever been lacking in the author's work—sheer fundamental imagination.

The year has been fairly prolific in what may be called "popularities." The chief of these in popularity is Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler's *A Double Thread* (in its fiftieth thousand), a novel with an astonishingly silly plot, but possessing an ebullient froth of smartness which is moderately agreeable and never tedious. Mr. Richard Whiteing's *No. 5, John Street* made a furore. It is decidedly more than a "popularity"; its mere cleverness is astonishing, and it is well-imagined in parts; but on the whole more intellectual and alertly philosophic than anything else, and the work of a man who might perhaps find expression equally well in another medium than fiction. Miss Cholmondeley's *Red Pottage* is at the moment in the eye of the public, and need not be discussed; let us only note that it shows a genuine talent. Miss Beatrice Harraden's *The Fowler* has sold very well, but *Ships that Pass in the Night* still remains in a metre by itself, absolutely superior to any of her later books. Mr. Egerton Castle's *Young April* has had an immediate success, and will increase his renown as an author who can please the indiscriminating without annoying the discriminating.

We began by the year a year of promise. Let us now state the grounds and enumerate very briefly those novels by writers not yet famous which stay in the memory as works of true artistic distinction. The first is undoubtedly "Zack's" *On Trial*. We regard this as one of the finest novels of the year. Abundantly inspired, and packed with the results of a deep and eclectic

observation, it could only have been written by an author of rich and individual talent. "Zack," if she continues to advance, cannot fail soon to occupy a place in the front rank of living novelists. *On Trial* is by a woman, and about Devonshire. We will put with it another novel—also by a woman and about Devonshire—"George Ford's" *Postle Farm*. This book did not attract much attention. Nevertheless, though it is not on the same high plane as *On Trial*, it has pages of real beauty, and "George Ford's" name must be borne in mind. Miss Anne Sedgwick's *Confounding of Camellia* is that rare thing, a bright novel of domesticity, and Mrs. Wilfrid Ward's *One Poor Scruple* is the same, with an added touch of the philosophic spirit of Mrs. Humphry Ward. Both stand out distinct from their class. Mr. Clarence Rook's *Hooligan Nights* is the work of one who can really write. Mr. Rook also has humour and reticence. Miss Pendered's *An Englishman* has sincerity, observation, wider and more exact than the average, and a certain simple, striking beauty of its own. Mr. Thomas Pinkerton's *Dead Oppressors* is almost a notable novel; it has wit and individuality, and a fair share of imagination.

Lastly, we must mention a few novels which it is impossible to group or classify, but which, for very varied reasons, have held the public attention. Tolstoi's *Resurrection* is still under repair. Two of d'Annunzio's novels, *The Victim* and *The Virgins of the Rocks*, have been translated: the one has the beauty of sinister horror, the other the beauty of exquisite decay; one is repellent, the other full of melancholy charm. Mr. Mallock's *The Individualist* is amusing, but biassed in its causticity. Father Barry's *The Two Standards*, though too long and episodic, is richly coloured and variously suggestive, and more than enough to show that *The New Antigone* was no chance success. Lever's *Gerald Fitzgerald*, rescued from an old magazine, proved to be a sound historical romance. Lastly, two established writers, one of whom had been silent for some time, each furnished a dignified and agreeable work—Miss Broughton *The Game and the Candle*, and Sir Walter Besant *The Orange Girl*.

## Some Younger Reputations.\*

Mr. C. F. Keary.

MR. KEARY is a scholar as well as a novelist, but he is known to the world as a novelist. He has published five novels, *A Mariage de Convenance* (of which a fourth edition was issued some months ago), *The Two Lancrofts*, *Herbert Vanlennert*, *A Wanderer*, and *The Journalist*, which came out last year. Of these, the first—may Mr. Keary forgive us for saying so!—is probably the best. It is a peculiarity of his novels that they raise questions of technique—questions, perhaps, of more importance to his fellow-craftsmen than to the general reader, but nevertheless

\* The following "Younger Reputations" have already been considered in the ACADEMY:

DEC. 4, 1897.—Mr. W. B. Yeats, Mr. George Gissing, Mr. Anthony Hope, Mr. John Davidson, Mr. Henry Seton Merriman, Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch, Mr. Owen Seaman, Mr. H. G. Wells, Mr. Stephen Phillips, Mr. Charles Whibley, Mr. Arthur Morrison, Mr. Kenneth Grahame, Mr. Robert Hichens, Mr. Barry Pain, Mr. G. W. Steevens, Miss Winifred Lucas, Mr. Max Beerbohm, Mr. G. S. Street, Mr. Laurence Housman, Mr. W. W. Jacobs, Mr. A. C. Benson, Mr. H. D. Lowry.

DEC. 11, 1897.—Mrs. Hinkson, Mr. Richard Le Gallienne, Mr. Pett Ridge.

DEC. 18, 1897.—Mr. Walter Raleigh, Mr. H. B. Marriott-Watson.

DEC. 10, 1898.—"C. F. Raimond," Mr. Maurice Hewlett, Mr. Neil Munro, Mr. Eden Phillpotts, Miss Gertrude Atherton.

DEC. 17, 1898.—Mr. Allan Monkhouse, Mr. Bernard Capes.

DEC. 24, 1898.—"George Paston," "Zack."

DEC. 31, 1898.—Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler.

interesting enough. This is especially true of *A Mariage de Convenance* (1889). In *A Mariage de Convenance* Mr. Keary, defying a rule which modern novelists, profiting by the thousand failures of their predecessors, have made for themselves, puts his narrative in the form of letters from one character to another. Even in the old days, when verisimilitude had not been invented, and the author made no attempt to write realistic letters, the enormous technical difficulty of epistolary fiction was sufficiently apparent. Mr. Keary, with astonishing dexterity, has made his letters realistic. They are not merely compositions beginning "Dear So-and-So" and ending "Yours ever"; they are letters, precisely such as might have been written under the given circumstances. Imagine, therefore, the *tour de force* of sheer skill necessary to even a partial success. And Mr. Keary's success is more than partial; it is entire, it is brilliant. Hindered by the seventy-and-seven disadvantages inevitable to this form, and helped forward only by the one poor solitary advantage—namely, that the same incident may be recounted twice from different points of view—he presents a tragedy with moving impressiveness and lifts the utterly commonplace into distinction. The feat was remarkable.

And Mr. Keary has never surpassed it. *Herbert Vanlennert* (1895) is a voluminous and ambitious work, dealing with a crowd of characters, and elaborate to the last degree. We remember that the *Pall Mall Gazette* printed a laudatory and discerning review of it under the title, "A Novel by a Novelist," doubtless meaning to distinguish it from the ruck of amateurism. It deserved to be so distinguished, but we should prefer to call it "a novel by an observer." A chief essential of a fine novel is form, and form this book decidedly has not. It is a mass of painstaking and highly-intelligent observation—a mass, amorphous and unwieldy. Between its covers a fine novel may be hidden, just as a fine statue may be hidden in a block of marble, but Mr. Keary happens not to have chiselled it out. Our analogy is lame, as are all analogies which confound the terms of two separate arts; however, it will serve.

In *The Journalist* Mr. Keary, for the third or fourth time, pursued new tactics. Using a much smaller canvas, and selecting his material with the most searching care, he aimed in this instance at subtlety, and, *en route*, at certain new effects of realism. One of these latter is a much stricter realism of dialogue than is usual; the attempt was very pretty, but we think there can be no doubt that it failed; the intention was plain, the effect was a bewilderment. As for the subtlety, we admit that Mr. Keary has grappled with a moral and mental situation—designed to show the influence of a woman upon a particular masculine temperament—whose subtlety simply makes the brain reel, so elusive is it. And we deem it probable that those readers who studied *The Journalist* as a student studies an advanced text-book have seen eye to eye with the author and received the impression which he set out to convey. But a novelist may make a too exacting demand upon the reader, and Mr. Keary has made that demand. The intellectual game is not worth the imaginative candle.

In our view *The Journalist*, considered artistically, is a failure, just as *Herbert Vanlennert* is a failure; in both instances the fundamental imagination, though strong, is not equal to the exceptional strain which Mr. Keary puts upon it. But we like Mr. Keary for his failures. They are more interesting than the successes of most people. He is an artist; he has style; he observes; he is in close touch with life; his courage is high. When he fails he fails nobly. And he does not always fail.

### Miss Mary Cholmondeley.

MISS CHOLMONDELEY is one of the fortunate few for whom the gates of success have opened wide almost at the first knock. Four novels stand to her name, *Sir Charles Danvers*, *The Danvers Jewels*, *Diana Tempest*, and *Red Pottage*; and already her position in the literary market is absolutely assured. The success of *Red Pottage*, to which we referred at length in a recent article, has been one of the most striking phenomena of the past year. But though *Red Pottage* is her most popular, we do not regard it as her best or her most typical book. That place must be given to *Diana Tempest*. Miss Cholmondeley has two rather distinct faculties—not often united—the faculty of telling an exciting story, and the faculty of wittily observing character. In *Diana Tempest* neither of these faculties is allowed to interfere with the other. The reader is consistently kept on tenter hooks concerning the safety of the hero's life from his mysterious trackers, and at the same time the author's power of witty and even humorous observation is maintained in full play. And there is more than wit and more than excitements in *Diana Tempest*; genuine imagination has gone to the fashioning of the figure of the heroine; Diana is a charming and authentic creation. For the rest, you may observe in *Diana Tempest* some of the faults of exaggeration and incongruity which, to our thinking, are emphasised in *Red Pottage*. Miss Cholmondeley suffers from no lack of inspiration, and though she views the world with certain easily-defined social prejudices, her sense of the ridiculous will save her from that narrowness into which only too many novelists—especially women-novelists—have fallen step by step while catering for a large audience. The risk which she runs—and it is a serious one—lies in her apparent contempt for the value of form in art. None of her novels is well constructed, and at least one of them is notably weak in that regard. Moreover, she seems to have little ear for the music of words, or feeling for the dignity of the English tongue. Instances by the score might be brought forward, but this is scarcely the moment for them. We merely refer to them in passing. Gifted with plenty of invention, plenty of wit, some humour, some imagination, and a fresh touch of originality which lends allurements to everything she writes, Miss Cholmondeley has an excellent chance of taking rank with the novelists whose work is worthy of serious consideration and serious praise. It is greatly in her favour that she imitates no one. She has her own plots, her own manner, and, in a certain degree, her own attitude towards life. Lastly, it is to be noted that she is a novelist first and last, and probably well content so to be. She does not glitter on the forehead of the popular magazines, and she is not given over either to interviews or paragraphs. When she publishes a book, then you hear of her; not at other times.

### Mr. R. Murray Gilchrist.

MR. GILCHRIST has made an average of one book a year during the last seven years or so. Most of these volumes are quite small; the largest scarcely exceeds sixty thousand words; and at least two novels have been issued during the present year, each of which equals in bulk the whole of Mr. Gilchrist's production. Nevertheless, he has already established himself as a specialist in fiction. His specialities are, first, the short story, and, second, the Peak District of Derbyshire. Mr. Gilchrist began by specialising as a short-story writer, and then, refining upon that, became a short-story writer of the Peak. As such he is now definitively known. It was in 1894 that *The Stone Dragon*, and *Other Tragic Romances*, first gave his name a vogue among those people who happen to be interested in literary phenomena. *The Stone Dragon* has nothing whatever to do with the Peak. It is a collection of stories laid, for the most part, in a conventionalised

eighteenth century, but really depending very little upon any sort of local colour. The tales rely for their success upon a fundamental power of imagination moving amid primal passions, and they do not rely in vain. The book is sinister, enveloped in gloom—yes, and decadent (like much fine literature); but it is strong, it has authenticity; the effect sought is the effect won. There is nothing quite like *The Stone Dragon* in modern English fiction; but in it you may distinctly trace the influence of Poe, and perhaps also of Villiers de l'Isle Adam and Charles Baudelaire. Indeed, if there is a man who could catch and cage the spirit of *Fleurs du Mal* in our Saxon tongue, it is the author of *The Stone Dragon*. The titular story in the volume, and "The Writings of Althea Swarthmoor" and "The Noble Courtesan," must take a high place in the literature of the passionate-fantastic. Mr. Gilchrist has never done better work, or more individual.

All his subsequent books, if we mistake not, are exclusively "Peak." Chief among them are *A Peakland Faggot*, and *Nicholas and Mary* (issued only a few weeks ago), containing between them some thirty-three short stories. These tales show several striking characteristics—meticulous attention to form, minute knowledge of the district and the rural folk described, utter simplicity of plot and narration, and extreme brevity. Mr. Gilchrist is a hater of verbiage, and one of the few who have realised that style consists not in the apt and generous use of adjectival epithets. His favourite length for a story is two thousand words. As for matter, an incident will usually suffice him, and that of the slightest. Probably the most impressive tale in the two volumes is "A Strolling Player," the first item in *A Peakland Faggot*. It describes how a poor woman happened upon the house of an aged couple whose daughter had just died in shame, and how she (who had her own tearful history) remained permanently to take the place of that daughter. A dozen small pages—but the result is notable; seriously notable. The night journey of the corpse across the heath, the vigil, the funeral: these things remain; they have atmosphere; they are individual art. One point specially deserving of notice is that Mr. Gilchrist never uses the literary conjuring tricks of the average professional story-teller. His creed is not that the end justifies the means. To be natural is his first care—to set down quite simply and quite honestly what he sees. The ultimate effect must look after itself. If it comes, it comes. If it doesn't, that, in Mr. Gilchrist's eyes, is no justification for going out and dragging it in by the scruff of the neck. Sometimes it doesn't come, and in these cases we certainly think that Mr. Gilchrist has been too cavalier in his disdain of it. His tendency is to make his tales too short. Take, for example, the climax of "Lucretia at the Cabal House," in *Nicholas and Mary*. Here the culminating scene (p. 94), to which all else is preliminary, is disposed of in a paragraph of sixty words.

Mr. Gilchrist's little novel, *The Rue Bargain*, is in precisely the vein of his Peak tales, and shows their characteristics, perhaps, even intensified. It is, strictly, a beautiful book; but we should call it a short story disguised, despite the multiplicity of incident. It is an affair of a climax; that climax occurs in Chapter XIX., and not till then does the author open his shoulders and give play to imaginative passion. Mr. Gilchrist may or may not in the future write a long novel which is a novel and nothing else; but we may express the hope that he will never abandon the short-story form.

#### Mr. A. E. W. Mason.

It seems to have been the special mission of Mr. Mason to prove, in spite of repeated statements to the contrary from people of importance, that the existing convention of historical fiction—created by Scott, and recently brought out and refurbished by Mr. Stanley Weyman—is not yet

exhausted. Exactly at the moment when funeral orations were being preached over this convention, Mr. Mason published *The Courtship of Morris Buckler*, and the book was a shining success. The public had, indeed, been prepared for something good by *A Romance of Wastdale*, which preceded the more famous story by a year or two, and itself showed promise. *The Courtship of Morris Buckler* appeared in February, 1896; went through four considerable editions in six months; and last year, having attained the dignity of a sixpenny reprint, stepped definitely into the first rank of modern historical novels, and became a "classic of the decade." It is not after all, as a matter of fact, specially historical in tone, though the time is the seventeenth century, and the action turns upon the Bloody Assize. But, nevertheless, Mr. Mason has adopted most of the sleights and mannerisms of the school in which he ranges himself. Breathless journeys, audacious disguises, cryptic plans, captures, imprisonments, escapes—all the stock devices play their due parts. Mr. Mason, however, has handled them with a fresh and original skill, and there are in his plot several contrivances—the sleep-walking witness to the duel, for instance—which are distinctly his own. The long secret campaign of the heroine against the hero is also a novelty, manipulated with good effect towards the end of the story. *Morris Buckler* deserved its success. The severest critic cannot but admit that it is the production of a craftsman who has taken pains to make himself the thorough master of his craft. In mere invention it is ingenious, and the style, if never inspired, is immaculately correct—which can be said of few popular novels of the day.

During the present year Mr. Mason has produced two novels. With *Miranda of the Balcony* we deal on another page. It will be sufficient to note here that this book is a temporary departure from the historical vein, and that in a literary sense it is far more ambitious than any other of the author's books. The second volume is *The Watchers*, being "Arrowsmith's Christmas Annual" for 1899. Mr. Arrowsmith's Annual, by the way, is an institution, and to have been commissioned to write it gives a certain distinction to a young writer. *The Watchers*, the scene of which varies between London and the Cornish coasts in the eighteenth century, is frankly a novel of thrills. In it Mr. Mason has used over again, in a modified form, certain of his old effects, and mesmerism and other supernatural mysteries have a share in the movement of the tale. As a piece of excitement, *The Watchers* is probably equal to anything that Mr. Mason has done. Viewed in other aspects, it is only slightly inferior to *Miranda*, and the opening scene of drunken revelry at Lieutenant Clutterbuck's is a literary *tour de force*.

Mr. Mason's work seems to us to be already mature. We doubt if he will ever notably improve on his present achievement. It should be his legitimate pride, however, that he can "tell a tale" with any modern, and that in acquiring a good technical equipment he has spared no trouble to put his native talent to the best possible use.

#### Mr. F. T. Bullen.

MR. BULLEN has this advantage over the ordinary literary man, that he has an active life at the back of him. He is remembering emotion in tranquillity; having first done, he is now recording. And this life is one of the most interesting and wonderful that a man can have, for it was spent largely in the tropics, in the midst of strange seas, under unfamiliar stars in foreign harbours, at the helm of wandering ships. Mr. Bullen has seen with his own eyes the things which most writing men have only heard of: he has seen terrific storms and paralysing calms, he has seen a boat cut in two by a stroke of a dying cachalot's tail, he has seen a cuttle fish and whale in a deadly struggle, he has seen murder, he has seen the East. Given such

experiences and a small capacity to narrate, and something readable must come of it. Mr. Bullen has much more than a small capacity; but we want to point out clearly that the principal value of his work is his career. He must not be classed with such a fine imaginative artist as Mr. Conrad, whose *Nigger of the "Narcissus"* is beyond him altogether. Mr. Bullen, in his *Log of a Sea Waif*, does, indeed, play with part of Mr. Conrad's theme—the terrors of a gale which, it would seem, is to be appeased and pacified only by a human sacrifice; but he does it simply as a sincere reporter. Mr. Conrad's inner fire is a thing apart. Nor is Mr. Bullen another Michael Scott—he lacks that robust temperament; nor another Marryat—he has not the humour; nor another Melville—he is without the dramatic force. But he supplements them all by the virtue of lacking these qualities and because, in their place, he possesses a power of careful, patient description, a gift of close observation, an eye for natural beauty, a reverence for human goodness, a tenacious memory, and, above all, the desire to be truthful. A man who has seen men and things and desires to pass on his impressions uninjured will command attention. Mr. Bullen's sincerity, his straightforwardness, his humility as an atom in a tremendous and venerable scheme, all make for the acceptability of his writings. We can believe him. His danger, as with all writers who live on the past, is that he will exhaust his material and repeat effects. Already we detect an inclination towards sheer writing, or polysyllabic padding, which he was once not guilty of. Our advice to him is in every way to strive after new experiences and to make each word do its work as far as possible unaided. At his best, as in parts of *The Cruise of the "Cachalot,"* and "Running the Easting Down," in *Idylls of the Sea*, he is one of the best reporters of ocean life and ocean raptures that a landsman can ask.

## The Amateur Critic.

[To this page we invite our readers to contribute criticism, favourable or otherwise, of books new and old, or remarks on striking or curious passages which they may meet with in their reading. No communication, we would point out, must exceed 300 words.]

### Wanted: Novels of Observation.

A RECENT "Amateur Critic" touched lightly upon the possibility that "the life of a great drapery establishment" might form the theme of a successful novel of observation.

There are two great difficulties in the way of the production of a work dealing with the life of the draper. In the first place, so crushing is the effect of the drapery trade upon the soul and intellect of all concerned in it, that no such work can be expected from an *employé*. What is wanted, then, is a capable novelist to sink himself in the drapery slough for two years at the least, to garner material carefully, and (upon his rising) to report the nature of the subsoil with tolerable fidelity.

But the second difficulty intervenes. A novelist is a novelist by reason of a soul more sensitive and a nature more emotional than falls to the lot of most; and I doubt the ability of such a man, good though his will may be, to exist for even a week in the starved atmosphere of the Trade.

These are the difficulties: if they are not thought insuperable, the possibilities are most tempting. The exacting master; the bullying manager; the truckling, prying shopwalker; and the dumb, driven assistant are only a few selections from a mine of untried types. There is a quiet tragedy in the air over all: whether his labours result in the acquisition of less or more money, the un-

failing result is the daily intellectual and moral deterioration of the man himself.

Comic relief swarms. Assistants, masters, and customers daily form up for a triangular duel, hating each other with more virulence than do the captain and crew of a tramp steamer, and covering the same by a ghastly, grinning politeness. Thousands of comic anecdotes of customers and salesmen await the gleaner; the life-stories of many of the men are true studies in sordid; and about one in every hundred is a genuine living caricature. Their inner life, their amusements, their proper slang, their sports and dancing classes, are but a few of those points which an artist could touch into gold. This would be no calm "Romance of the Second Cup of Tea," for thirteen hours' work per day gives a hungry zest to the enjoyment of a half-day per week.

Lastly, the love affairs are one magnificent tangle, in and out and all around the establishment. Oh, the tales I could tell!

This work should be written, not in the spirit of the narrow satirist who would call us "ten-shillings-a-week shopboys," and think his duty well performed; not in the spirit of Dickens's Horatio Sparkins; but it should be written in the spirit of broad sympathy by a man who has realised the truth of the dictum, "To understand all is to forgive all."

Two names recommend themselves to me—the first greatly, the second sufficiently—viz., I. Zangwill and Arthur Morrison.

I always fancied that the work should be called "Behind the Shop Fronts."

A SHOPBOY.

### Commas, Colons, and Semi-Colons.

SIR WALTER BESANT, in his book *The Orange Girl*, displays some remarkable peculiarities of punctuation. In the early part of the book hardly a semicolon is to be found; towards the end there is a similar lack of colons; and in the middle colons and semicolons appear to be used indiscriminately. The following extracts (from the second edition) will serve as illustrations:

I could endure the doubt no longer. I laid my arm about her waist: the song was troubled: her eyes dropped. "Oh!" she said. "What wilt thou?" I drew her closer. The song broke off. I kissed her head, her brow, her lips. We said nothing. She sang no more. But the larks began their hymns of joy: the clouds passed: the sun came out in splendour: the hedges seemed all to burst together into blossom. (Page 49.)

When I recovered I was lying along the stone bench: my coat was gone: my waistcoat was gone; my shirt was in rags; my shoes—on which were silver buckles, were gone; and my stockings, which were of black silk. (Page 220.)

Before the house was a flower-garden; at the back was a kitchen-garden and orchard; the house was well and solidly furnished; all round the house lay fields of tobacco on which black people were working; on the steps of the veranda; in the garden; under the trees played in the warm sun the little naked negro children. (Page 434.)

As I understand them, the uses of colons and semicolons are quite distinct. Semicolons are a kind of superior comma; and colons usually either precede a list or a direct speech, or separate a cause from its effect. In the first extract some of the full-stops have no more value than the colons; in the second, the colons and semicolons perform precisely similar offices; and in the third, some of the semicolons should have been commas, while the rest are equivalent to the colons in the first and second extracts.

A writer may, perhaps, be allowed to have his own ideas on the matter of punctuation, provided there is reason in his ideas, but I fancy that no excuse can be found for such careless inconsistencies as are shown in *The Orange Girl*.

C. E. H.



## Ford's Lyrics.

IN Prof. Saintsbury's preface to his collection of seventeenth century lyrics, I came across the following statement: "Who has a more apparently lyrical imagination than John Ford? He has not left a single good lyric, and is probably responsible for some very bad ones." Certainly Ford had not the lyrical gift of most of his dramatic contemporaries, but it is hardly just to say he did not write one good lyric. There is a host of Elizabethan lyrics for which the adjective "good" is utterly inadequate; but surely no meaner term could be applied to the following "Dirge," from the closing scene of "The Broken Heart":

Glories, pleasures, pomps, delights, and ease,  
Can but please  
The outward senses, when the mind  
Is or untroubled, or by peace refined.  
Crowns may flourish and decay,  
Beauties shine but fade away.  
Youth may revel, yet it must  
Lie down in a bed of dust.  
Earthly honours flow and waste,  
Time alone doth change and last.  
Sorrows mingled with contents, prepare  
Rest for care;  
Love only reigns in death; though art  
Can find no comfort for a Broken Heart.

In spite of the epigrammatic abruptness of the concluding couplet, the song, I think, deserves praise. To the student of drama it is a matter for regret that Ford wasted, or at least obscured, tragic powers of a high order, by the adoption of plots so repulsive and unnatural. A quaint portrait of the dramatist, shadowing forth dimly his external appearance, but admirably suggesting his peculiar artistic temperament, is given in the two well-known lines from a contemporary source:

Deep in a dump John Ford was alone got,  
With folded arms and melancholy hat.

S. W.

## Wanted, a New Microcosmography.

MR. ISRAEL GOLLANCZ has done well in adding to Messrs. Dent's handy "Temple Classics" series a new edition of Earle's *Microcosmography*. In this format it is to be hoped that this admirable gallery of seventeenth century character studies will have an extended popularity. Now is the time for some modern Theophrastus to arise and give us a new series of characters of our age. I venture to submit the following titles for some of the word-portraits of modern literary characters: "The Good Authors'-Agent," "The Virtuous Publisher," "A Roaring Journalist," "The Downright Lady-Novelist," "A Very Laureate," "A Mere Dull Contributor," and "A Grub-street Phantastique."

R. I.

## Charles Lamb's Time Sheet.

ALL lovers of Elia will be grateful to Sir Algernon West for recalling in his *Recollections* the following lines, in which Charles Lamb makes a humorous time-table of his work at the India House:

From ten to eleven  
Eat breakfast for seven.  
From eleven to noon  
Think I've come too soon.  
From noon to one  
Think what's to be done.  
From one to two  
Find nothing to do.  
From two to three  
Think it will be  
A very great bore  
To stay till four.

S. S.

## Things Seen.

## Self-Respect.

I HAVE known a man to be sunk many days in a black humour only because he had been worsted before a company in a skirmish of words. I have known a man to walk on air for a week because of a song well sung, or a word well found, or a smart catch at point.

Why, this Sunday morning, three minutes before eight, I was hurrying through a low quarter. The people slept behind close-drawn dingy blinds; rare passengers, on errands like my own, showed morning faces: and among them, slouching along the pavement, I came up with a relic of yesternight, his fifth-hand coat foul from the gutter, his ragged trousers bulging in creases over his down-trodden heels. With his hands thrust deep in his pocket, his shoulders hunched to his ears, which his greasy billycock spread out, he was the very picture of squalid depression, sick with the sourness of last night's beer.

When I was at the point to overhaul him, he paused. One of the little surprises with which the street lies in wait had arrested his attention—his own figure at full length in the window of a draper's shop. I saw his tired, unwholesome face. As he gazed the brow became heavy with thought. His hands were busy about his neck. Over his shoulder, as I passed him, I looked upon his reflection facing me from out the mirror, and I saw—scarlet and blue and yellow beneath his rusty chin—the very popinjay of neckties. It was his one "little bit of all right."

I looked back a moment later, and he was coming on behind me, his shoulders squared, his chest thrown forward—marching.

## An Apologue and an Apology.

ONCE upon a time there was a man who asked much of God and Nature and Fate.

And at last, God asked him: "Will you worship Me by faith alone and without question?" And the man answered, "No. I will question. Why else have you given me the power to reason and understand?"

And God turned away.

And then Nature asked him: "Will you be simple, primitive, animal, taking whatever the day gives you with contentment; doing whatever Chance offers you without remorse?" And the man answered: "No; I will not be animal. Why else have my fathers toiled to raise me from the bestial stage to the stature and responsibilities of the human being?"

And Nature turned away.

Last of all Fate asked him, and her offers were the most difficult of all. Fate said to him: "Choose; will you be a student, finding the greatest satisfaction of your life in the range and width of what you know and can think? Or will you be sensitive, emotional, receptive, quickly responsive to every shade and turn of Beauty and Art, very human and very weak?" And the man answered, "I will be both. Why else have I the two natures?"

And Fate laughed.

Then once more Fate asked him, and her brow grew terrible: "Which will you have: the quiet, domestic love as of one whose calm affection endures? or will you for ever seek the mad love, the thing which shifts and changes, which dies and is re-born, now glittering with young passion, and anon shadowed with ancient weariness?" And the man answered: "I will have both: the one for the every day and the other for the holiday. Why else have I the two instincts?"

And Fate spurned him as a fool.

Then the man knew that he was all from all Eternity doomed to fail.

And he cursed God and Nature and Fate.

W. L. COURTNEY.

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*S. Butler's Who Wrote the Odyssey?*

Dr. STUBBS (Bishop of Oxford).

*Passages from a Private Diary.*  
*Concerning Isabel Carnaby.*

Mr. ANDREW LANG.

(Serious books not reckoned.)  
*Martin Ross's Experiences of an Irish R. M.*  
*Eden Phillpotts's The Human Boy.*

Mr. J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

To the best of my recollection I have only read two new books in 1899, so that I cannot answer your question. My wife and I have read with great delight *The Story of a Red Deer*, by the Hon. J. W. Fortescue, but this was published in 1897.

Sir CHARLES W. DILKE.

A. Hope's *The King's Mirror*.  
A great number of English and foreign books have interested and pleased me in 1899, and I hesitate among them to prefer any one over the others for the second place.

Mr. E. T. COOK (Editor of *Daily News*).

*Mackail's Life of Morris.*  
*Whiteing's No. 5, John Street.*

Mr. EDMUND GOSSE.

The book which has interested me most in 1899 is *The Letters of R. L. Stevenson*; and no other occurs to me as comparable with it.

Sir F. H. JEUNE.

Duchess of Sutherland's *One Hour and the Next*.  
*Lecky's Map of Life.*

Lady JEUNE.

Duchess of Sutherland's *One Hour and the Next*.  
Winston Churchill's *The River War*.

Mrs. CRAIGIE ("John Oliver Hobbes").

Edmund Gosse's *The Life and Letters of John Donne*.  
Stephen Phillips's *Paolo and Francesca*.

Mr. ARTHUR W. PINERO.

*Stevenson's Letters.*  
Mr. Stephen Phillips's *Paolo and Francesca*.

Mr. HAMO THORNEYCROFT, R.A.

G. Brandes' *Critical Study of William Shakespeares*.  
*Stevenson's Letters*. Edited by S. Colvin.

Mr. ROBERT HICHENS.

I have read very few new books for some time: scarcely anything but Balzac and Turgenev. I want to put down *Cousins Bette* and *Fathers and Children*; but I remember that they are not new, so I cannot put anything. I am so sorry.

Mr. F. ANSTEY.

Miss Cholmondeley's *Red Pottage*.  
Eden Phillpotts's *The Human Boy*.

Mr. EDWARD CLODD.

Dill's *Roman Society in the last Century of the Roman Empire*.  
Keane's *Man, Past and Present*.

Mr. OSCAR BROWNING.

Belloc's *Life of Danton*.  
Hodgkin's *Italy and her Invaders* (vols. vii. and viii.).

Dr. JOSEPH PARKER.

In light literature:  
*Red Pottage*.  
*Penelope in Scotland*.

Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD.

No new books; two old ones:  
Shelley's *Queen Mab*, privately printed, 1820.  
Failed to see why "privately printed" any more than Renan's *Jesus*.  
*Post Office London Directory*. Wonderful book; history without fiction. Recommend it strongly to the Bishop of London. It will open his eyes to his immense responsibility. Consulted it for addresses.

Mr. MAURICE HEWLETT.

Mr. Gosse's *Life and Letters of John Donne*: in scope and execution by far the most scholarly book of this and of many years.  
Mr. W. B. Yeats's *Poems*: a small book, but of the essence of poetry.

Mme. SARAH GRAND.

*Lecky's The Map of Life*.  
E. Grubb's *Social Aspects of the Quaker Faith*.

Miss C. M. YONGE.

*Life of Bishop Walsham How*.  
*Like Another Helen*.  
There is a scarcity of books this year that leave any mark. These seem to me the best.

Miss M. E. BRADDON.

*L'Anneau d'Améthyste*.  
*The Fowler*.

Prof. SILVANUS P. THOMPSON.

*Lecky's Map of Life*.  
*Manual of Electrical Undertakings*.

Admiral Sir NOWELL SALMON.

*A Diplomatist's Wife in Japan*.  
*The Cruise of the "Cachalot."*

Mr. FREDERICK WEDMORE.

Stephen Phillips's *Paolo and Francesca*.  
Lady Lindsay's *The Apostle of the Ardennes*.

Mr. MICHAEL DAVITT, M.P.

Mr. Justin McCarthy's *Reminiscences*.  
*The Transvaal Boer Speaking for Himself*.

Mr. CLEMENT SHORTER.

The two most important contributions to English literature during 1899 would seem to me to have been—

Dr. Edward Morris's *Studies in Dante*.  
 Sir George Trevelyan's *American Revolution*.  
*The Stevenson Letters* and Dr. Knapp's *Life of Borrow*  
 come next in merit, in my judgment.

Mr. I. ZANGWILL.

Anatole France's *L'Anneau d'Améthyste*.  
 Ernest Seton Thompson's *Wild Animals I Have Known*.

Mr. W. DAVENPORT ADAMS.

R. L. Stevenson's *Letters*.  
 Mrs. Oliphant's *Autobiography*.

Mr. ARNOLD WHITE.

Fitzpatrick's *The Transvaal from Within*.  
 Lecky's *The Map of Life*.

Mr. W. PETT RIDGE.

Difficult to remember the favourites of the early part of 1899, and my present selections bear a recent date. To win or a place:

Bret Harte's *Mr. Jack Hamlin's Mediation*.  
 Arthur Morrison's *To London Town*.  
 Neil Munro's *Gilian the Dreamer*.

Mr. W. W. JACOBS.

As I have only read one new book this year, wild horses should not tear from me the name of it. I sincerely hope that my dishonourable case is quite exceptional.

## The Duration of Copyright.

THE opinions expressed in the last issue of the ACADEMY on the question, "How Long Should Copyright Last?" have at least this merit, they illustrate almost every variety of fallacy it is possible to hold in connexion with the subject of copyright. Mr. Courtney, who thinks perpetual copyright undesirable because a "book is a national possession and should be made accessible to the nation," has overlooked the fact that if any one book can be said to be a "national possession" it is the Bible. Yet the Bible is the subject of perpetual copyright, and is, I understand, fairly accessible. But apart from this, in what sense is any book a "national possession" more than the Lakes of Killarney or Haddon Hall? Yet we allow perpetual rights of possession in their case. We do not ask the owner to make them accessible to the nation; we do not even prevent him if, in the exercise of his right of property, he destroys or defaces that which, once destroyed or defaced, cannot be restored. A book at least, once printed and published, is indestructible. No owner, howsoever careless or malicious, can effect its destruction. Again, why should the Poet Laureate be placed on a different footing from the President of the Royal Academy? What the latter produces is surely as much a "national possession" as what the former produces. I have not heard that Sir Edward Poynter is only allowed to sell his pictures on condition that after a certain time they must be exhibited gratis; or that if the dealer who buys them cannot get rid of them in a limited period he must present them to the nation; or that the artist may not bequeath them to whomsoever he wishes, but is restricted to willing them away to his

descendants. One would think the right of property required to be far more stringently regulated in the case of such a delicate, irreplaceable product as a picture than in the case of such a hardy, indestructible product as a book. Will Mr. Courtney champion in the case of art property the restrictions he is so ready to impose upon literary property?

Mr. Hope holds that copyright is not a good form of hereditary property, as it entails neither duties nor responsibility. Were this true it would be irrelevant. What duties or responsibilities are attached to the possession of New Three's or Brighton A's? I believe that nevertheless you may leave stocks and shares to your heirs and assigns (even where they do not happen to be your descendants), in the comfortable certainty that the State will not confiscate them thirty years after your death. But, as a matter of fact, Mr. Hope's contention is the very reverse of the truth. There is no description of property which involves such delicate questions of duty and responsibility as does literary property. You possess the standard exposition of ethical, philosophical, or scientific doctrine; it is riddled by the progress of knowledge and speculation; what should be your attitude? No; had Mr. Hope contended that the duties and responsibilities of literary property were too great and too manifold to be perpetually associated with financial considerations, I could understand him; but as it is—

Mr. Rider Haggard has a touching belief in the longevity of authors. Have the works of Keats, Shelley, Stevenson, and Aubrey Beardsley enjoyed a copyright of "at least sixty years"? Surely the work of the genius consumed by his intense flame is as entitled to protection as that of the comfortable Philistine who makes a good bargain with the insurance office?

In this steeplechase of disastrous paradox Mr. Frederic Harrison comes in an easy first. "In my opinion the proper period for the duration of literary copyright should be seven years." *C'est monumental!* Let me cite a couple of instances to show how it would work. In the case of the *New English Dictionary* and of the *Dictionary of National Biography* it may safely be asserted that expenses of organisation, payment of workers, correction of proofs, extend to 70 per cent., leaving 30 per cent. for the actual cost of print, paper, and binding. After seven years, Jack, Tom and Harry are to step in and confiscate the 70 per cent. of the actual outlay, and, what is more, the courage, the knowledge, the attainments which have made these great undertakings possible. We know that Mr. Harrison loves knowledge and letters, yet he would condemn all serious literature to extinction save in the rare event of a wealthy author or an enlightened patron. It is charitable to assume that he did not give one moment's consideration to what he was writing.

Dr. Furnivall and Mr. Shaw cite the analogy of patent rights. It will not hold water for one moment, and if it did it would simply prove that patentees were badly treated. But articles of consumption and utility, such as form the subject of the vast mass of patents—articles which, if required at all, are required in large numbers and *must be bought*—cannot be compared with books the first sale of which, one may almost say, varies in inverse ratio to their merit, and is always handicapped by the fact that the book can easily be lent, and that the producer is compelled to give away copies which, not impossibly, may meet the entire demand for a time.

There exists no valid reason why literary property should be treated differently from any other kind of property. Mr. Shaw is shocked at the idea of the heirs of John Bunyan "wallowing idly in royalties" because their ancestor was a man of genius. Mr. Shaw would be equally shocked at the idea of the Duke of Westminster "wallowing idly in rents" derived from the lucky land speculations of his ancestors, or of the Gould family "wallowing idly in dividends" because their ancestor rigged the market



early and often. But Mr. Harrison, Mr. Courtney, Mr. Hope, and the community at large, do not share Mr. Shaw's faith. The socialist is at least consistent; the non-socialistic community is grotesquely inconsistent. Owners of articles of value, articles which the public wants and for which it is willing to pay, whether the article be land, or food, or dress, or an art product of whatever kind—literary, plastic, pictorial, or musical—should all be placed on the same level, and have the same rights as regards the use and enjoyment of their property. We do not apply this principle to literature. Why? *Not* because we regard it as a "national possession," but because we have hardly learned to regard it as a possession at all; *not* because we have such a lofty idea of its nature that it must be kept free from degrading financial considerations, but because we have such a poor and mean idea of its worth that we cannot make up our minds to treat it in the same way as any other article of value we really appreciate and really want.

ALFRED NUTT.

## Memoirs of the Moment.

THE sons of the clergy are popularly supposed to be a somewhat inept class as money-getters. Yet Mr. Cecil Rhodes and Sir Henry Tate, multi-millionaires both of them, were both boys in rectories, nurtured on other-worldliness. Of the chance by which Sir Henry made the great fortune from cube-sugar something has been said in the obituary notices published this week; but to the lucky adoption of an invention, refused by others of less discernment, he added a long head for business and a persistent industry. Londoners, who saw him only or mainly as the Cæsar who bought pictures, still found in him the shrewd speech of one who knew his own practical mind. When the white-haired old gentleman, bent yet alert of figure, came to a private view a sort of hush of expectation fell among artists. To you they might talk; but out a corner of their eyes their minds were all the time intent on him, and on the picture he appeared to pause before, lest haply it should be one of theirs. In that quest he put aside minor admirations; and, good-natured as he was, resisted even the subtle temptation to play the patron of the young artist with his fame still before him.

MR. TATE felt certain of Millais, and bought him seven times; once to good purpose indeed—when he became the owner of "Ophelia." "The Vale of Rest" in the Tate Gallery is but a reminiscence of the best work of Millais's pre-Raphaelite period—the period to which the painter himself perversely looked back with distrust, just as Mr. Ruskin has often, when talking to friends, denounced those early writings of his as "rubbish." These and the other examples Sir Henry Tate bought of this master he probably took at the painter's strangely inverted valuation. What he bought he bought straightforwardly, modestly in manner if not in purse, and on intelligible business principles. The nation, which was in many instances the gainer, has no cause to quarrel with his decisions, and the Gallery which bears his name, if a little far away from most people, is no doubt conveniently situated for somebody. There, at any rate, where the Chantrey Bequest purchases are to be seen, it can never be said that the mere layman from Liverpool could not buy as discerningly as a picked body of artists. The really poor pictures on those walls, the pictures which make the gallery a place of depression and gloom to many visitors, are the Chantrey purchases, not his. Sir Henry, who is succeeded by a son already nearly sixty, took a keen interest in the Gallery to the very end, and never regretted the half-hour's talk he had with Sir William Harcourt which resulted in his final agreement to spend some three-quarters of a million upon a palace of Art and its contents.

MR. R. BOSWORTH SMITH sends an appreciation of Miss Anna Swanwick. Coming from "a friend of many years of this most charming and talented old lady," it carries with it on every personal ground far more weight than attached to the light and passing record made here by a comparative stranger, who meant to say none but friendly, if critical, words..

"Didactic" [he says] is the very last word which anyone who was capable of appreciating Miss Anna Swanwick's delightful conversation would think of applying to it. If it was "conversation" in any true sense of the word at all, it could not be "didactic"; and if it was "didactic" it could not be really delightful. It was sustained, suggestive, brilliant, original; but it was also simple, sympathetic, reciprocal. She put everyone at his ease in a moment, and she talked at least as much upon subjects suggested by her friends as she did upon those started by herself. Its charm, indeed, defied analysis. She put the whole tenderness and variety and purity of her character into it. No one ever came away from a lengthened talk with her without feeling himself strengthened, elevated, refined, humbled by it. If he did, it was his own, not her fault.

And so of her style as a translator of Æschylus, as to which it is not unreasonable to expect a large variety of opinions; and so, too, of her style as a letter-writer to her intimates, of which we never had an opportunity of offering an opinion, and very willingly record Mr. Bosworth Smith's. "Speaking for myself," he says, "there is not one of the many letters of hers which I possess which, alike for the beauty of their expression and the depth of their sympathy, I shall not treasure while life may last." To make an end, Dr. Martineau said of this lady to Mr. Bosworth Smith: "She was the noblest woman I have ever known." Let that be her epitaph.

THE ill-luck of the *Morning Post* in the matter of war correspondents does not lie wholly with the gods. Let them take their due responsibility for the shutting up of Mr. Stuart in Ladysmith, and even for the bullet at Graspan which has cost Mr. Knight his arm. But Mr. Winston Churchill, from the newspaper point of view, was distinctly tempting Providence when he went out with the armoured train as a combatant, and Wellington-street has been a little perturbed in consequence. The simple fact is, that Mr. Churchill as a non-combatant placed himself in a very awkward position if any of the enemy fell before him. He is not on the strength of the Army, and he has no right to kill. However, the gentle Boer has not raised that point, but has treated him as an authorised fighter, and so has sent him to Pretoria as a prisoner of war. Had he not fought he would have been at once released, and his excellent pen would to-day have been at the service of his employers.

A PAPER without a correspondent could not do better than cable its instructions to Lieut. Maxwell-Scott, whose account of the Battle of Reitfontein, contained in a letter to his father, is excellent. It is a very candid letter, for the young lieutenant, who was with the Gloucesters, confesses that his "first feeling was funk" when he found himself peppered upon by the Boers. Sir George White had sent the Gloucesters out from Ladysmith at three in the morning on a long march, during which the Gloucesters lost touch of any staff-officer. The result was that they went nearer to the Boer lines than they had any need to do, and found their mistake when their own artillery opened fire behind them to the jeopardy of their lives. The chaplain ran back to stop the firing, and if he swore, as the lieutenant says, his bishop has a pardon ready for him. Then the Gloucesters got back within cover of their own lines, but not till "poor Colonel Wilford" had been shot in the back of the head. Lieut. Maxwell-Scott, by the way, is the great-great grandson of Sir Walter, and the heir of Abbotsford.

## Correspondence.

## Mr. G. A. Henty's Books.

SIR,—I regret much being obliged to ask you to insert another communication from me; but I am compelled to do so in consequence of the letter of Messrs. Partridge. The correspondence referred to by me took place last March; and as I had thought no more of the matter until I saw the book under a changed name a month since, I concluded, mistakenly, that it was its publishers who had, eight months before, written to me, whereas it was, in fact, Messrs. White. I explained to Messrs. Partridge's representative how my error had arisen, and said that I considered that it had resulted entirely from their own want of courtesy in not having written to me to ascertain my view as to the change of name—a want of courtesy all the more singular inasmuch as they had previously published some of my short stories. As they have, in their letter to you, made no allusion whatever to this view of the case, but have left it to be supposed that I had gratuitously brought a false accusation against them, I shall be greatly obliged if you will insert this explanation. Thanking you in advance for your courtesy, on which I promise to make no further demands,—I am, &c., G. A. HENTY.

Clapham Common, S.W.: Dec. 4, 1899.

## The Late Mr. Henry Vaughan.

SIR,—I think that your statement respecting the late Mr. Henry Vaughan needs a slight alteration in one place. You state that he was not a clubman; but your correspondent would have found him at the Burlington Fine Arts Club almost every day of his life when he was in England had he inquired for him. Mr. Vaughan was the father of this club, and devoted to its interests in every way. He knew all its history, and was never tired of talking of its exhibitions. By the various members of the club he was looked upon as the final court of appeal upon many questions, as his knowledge was not only so varied, but so marvellously accurate. As a connoisseur he represented the old school—the Bernal school or the Walpole school—and there is hardly anyone left to take his place. With regard to drawings, either by the old masters or by Turner, Hunt, Cox, Constable, or Fielding, all the members of the club sat at Henry Vaughan's feet; and yet, with all his wonderful knowledge and accuracy of judgment, he was the most modest of men, and was always desirous of hearing the opinion of others. He will be sadly missed here, and the drawing-room will hardly seem the same without his familiar figure. For years he has sat in the same chair, and enjoyed evening after evening a cup of tea and an eager conversation with his old friends in the club.—I am, &c., G. C. WILLIAMSON.

The Burlington Fine Arts Club,  
17, Savile-row, W.: Dec. 3, 1899.

## "As Idle as a Painted Ship."

SIR,—In connexion with the above, I do not think that the one utterly wrong and ludicrous line in Coleridge's masterpiece has ever before been pointed out. It is—"The steersman's face by his lamp gleam'd white." Imagine the expressions that would be used by a British mariner told to take his trick at the helm of a motionless vessel!—I am, &c.,

Bangor, N. Wales:  
Dec. 2, 1899.

THOMAS PINKERTON.

## Dr. Johnson and Shakespeare,

SIR,—A few weeks ago you offered a prize of one guinea to the reader who sent you the finest scene, in a few lines, from any English poet. The prize was awarded to a gentleman who sent up the description of Dover Cliff from "King Lear." But Dr. Johnson would have challenged your decision, as you may see from the following extract taken from "Boswell":

Johnson said that the description of the temple in "The Mourning Bride" was the finest poetical passage he had ever read; he recollected none in Shakespeare equal to it. . . . Someone mentioned the description of Dover Cliff.—Johnson: "No, sir; it should be all precipice—all vacuum. The crows impede your fall. The diminished appearance of the boats and other circumstances are all very good description; but do not impress the mind at once with the horrible idea of immense height. The impression is divided; you pass on by computation from one stage of the tremendous space to another. Had the girl in 'The Mourning Bride' said she could not cast her shoe to the top of one of the pillars in the temple, it would not have aided the idea, but weakened it."

The passage preferred by Johnson runs:

How reverend is the face of this tall pile,  
Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads,  
To bear aloft its arch'd and ponderous roof,  
By its own weight made steadfast and unmovable,  
Looking tranquillity. It strikes an awe  
And terror on my aching sight.

Although we no longer take Johnson seriously as a critic, yet I thought his choice might be of interest to some of your readers.—I am, &c., J. W. FEAVER.

South Norwood: Dec. 5, 1899.

[Mr. Feaver's criticism is interesting, and we are glad to have it; but he misses the point of our competition. Our competitors were not asked to supply the finest scene in eight lines, but the most vivid pictorial passage. Dr. Johnson's remarks do not impair the vivid pictorial quality of Shakespeare's description of the prospect from the cliff.—ED. ACADEMY.]

## Our Prize Competitions.

## Result of No. 11 (New Series).

IN response to our requests for abstracts of imaginary newly-discovered Christmas stories by Charles Dickens, we have received several interesting replies. The best we think to be this, by Mr. S. Wellwood, Merrylea Park, Cathcart:

I have just read *The Cropplestowes*, a Christmas story without a single ghost, by Charles Dickens. Roger Cropplestow is a young man of fortune, whose father gradually becomes a victim to the hallucination that his wealth has dwindled to a few hundred pounds, and actually insists upon starting a small haberdashery business in Ribbon-lane. Crinkle, the family lawyer—snuffy and sagacious, with head on one side and, to balance matters, nose on the other—advises Roger to humour the old man, who sleeps in the back shop. Roger, who is a trifle rollicking, but a good soul, gives a bachelor party to a select company of bosom friends on Christmas evening. By the way, what a fine old crusted piece of Dickensian characterisation is Bunderby, the footman, with his ponderous "Sir, Mr. Roger is in—Mr. Roger is in, sir"; and his stockings—"so full of his calves that they seemed at a perpetual bursting-point!" Delightful, also, is the elegant Mr. Swick, the butler, epigrammatist and master of metaphors, in love with the cook, who bears the lovely patronymic of Violet Squiggs. "To say Violet," says Mr. Swick, "is to put the tongue in heaven; and Squiggs—why, that rounds it huff like a tail to a kite!" In the height of the evening Bunderby whispers in Roger's ear, "Sir, there's a hold ragged man at the door, sir; and I rayther think, sir, he's your—ahem—father, sir." Roger, excusing himself, goes out, meets his father, and conducts him to a distant room. "I drew thirty shillings to-day, my boy," chuckles the old man. "Thirty shillings, eh! Look a bit of a pauper, eh!—not come to that yet, though. I put on these old things to be able to buy remnants cheap—ha! ha! Waa'n't charged for my appearance—ha!—heavens! was that a champagne cork? We're ruined—we're ruined!" and he sinks into a chair with a most pathetic melancholy. Then his eyes light on a picture on the wall—his wife's portrait. By chance they are in her room, left untouched after her death, since when he had not crossed its threshold

At first he gazes at the image of the dead lady with childish curiosity, then with swiftly gathering memories, till at last he comes to himself, and, with a sob, turns and shakes hands with his son. Roger, with delight and tears in his eyes, pushes his father into the supper room, rags and all, and—"never was Christmas party like it!"

Unfortunately, however, Mr. Wellwood transgresses our rule limiting the abstract to 250 words. We therefore award the prize to Mr. Arthur S. Megaw, *The Prairie, Holywood, co. Down*, for the following:

I have been reading *Goodwill*. It is delightful—a Christmas story with the old Christmas spirit, and told as only Dickens could tell it. These new acquaintances are old friends of mine already. First, there is Mr. Fizzlekins—always merry, in spite of his affliction: a dreadfully enlarged foot. It is always brimming over with good humour. He is generous to a fault. We are shocked, but not surprised, when we see how he is victimised by that fascinating rascal, Captain Fitzbottleaxe. One can't help liking Mrs Partridge (plump and rosy and indefatigable), but I do think she might have been less hard on poor Anna Maria. Still, in spite of her arrangements (she is always "making arrangements"), she could not prevent Anna Maria marrying Tom Smiley. And with what art does she pretend she had been in favour of Tom all the time! And then the Christmas party! With what good things is the table heaped! What singing of songs and cracking of jokes! How pretty Anna Maria looks! How imperious and comfortable Mrs. Partridge! How proud she is of her "arrangements"! Old Fizzlekins positively bubbles over with good humour. How infectious is their happiness! Even Silas Juniper forgets his sombre trade of low comedy, and his wrinkled and weatherbeaten countenance relaxes and beams with joy. How pleased we are to be present at the party!

Other abstracts follow:

I think *The Spirit of the Steeple* is a capital little Christmas story. I like the weird description in the first chapter of the stern, disappointed old man Croatch, wandering about on that Christmas eve at midnight, restless and unhappy, thinking he hears the voice of his banished son calling to him from the steeple, and followed by his faithful clerk, Wornum, trembling and fearful. Is not the Christmas dinner at the Nucklemoons delightful? What merriment when the guests find considerable difficulty in squeezing into the dining-room, and honest, cheery Tom Nucklemoon declares that there is plenty of room—too much, in fact; and Mr. Frodlock and Frank Podgreen share a chair between them; and several little Nucklemoons are tucked under the sideboard; and plump Mrs Nucklemoon, in pink ribbons, sits glowing with pleasure as 'Melie Crabbe comes in, with flushed cheeks and creaking shoes, staggering under the weight of the hugest of puddings! What screams of delight from the small Nucklemoons! Even old Sharples, the lawyer, forgets to snarl, and pours out another glass of sherry for Mrs. Melldew. But the reconciliation between old Croatch and his son is perhaps Dickens at his best. So skilfully is this scene penned that it seems the most likely thing in the world that father and son should meet on that Christmas morning in the churchyard under the shadow of the steeple, that all should be forgiven, and that in consequence everyone should be made happier, especially the faithful Wornum.

[E. S. H., Bradford]

Of course this little story appears as "born out of due time." Yet if you can accept the good old Dickens convention it will set you glowing and tingling with contentment for at least two hours. Chirky is a distinct gain to the Dickens portrait-gallery. He is a knife-grinder by profession, and an incarnation of every social virtue by creation of the Master; a richly humorous, keen, and genial old mannikin. His quaintly-decorated machine carries this emblem, painted by his own hand: "Iron sharpeneth iron; so a man shapeneth the countenance of his friend." Read the scenes between Chirky and the Squire in Chapter II. The grim old precisian succumbs to the knife-grinder's mellow friendliness, though at first hard and cold as his own razors, the grinding of which he watches from his study window. He confesses his horror of Christmas ever since his son and daughter left home five years ago. Chirky expounds to him the virtues of the "iv'le of kindness," the cure for all domestic and social ills. "Get 'em homes, and try 'em wiv iv'le, squire, try 'em wiv iv'le." Sukey Pattersnip, the old servant to whom the squire has given notice a hundred times—"and no notice took, nor yet will be," she boasts triumphantly—is also a true Dickens creation. You will enjoy the description of Chirky's leisurely tour through the wonderful country scenes in the crisp December weather. How excellently Dickens does that sort of thing. And the dashes of gloom here and there: the encounter with the poor old couple, both insane, huddling together in the hedge to escape the keepers on their track; or the story that Matilda tells Chirky in the ruined church, kneeling where she knelt with her husband thirty years before. These characteristic incidents almost draw tears, wrong-headed as the sentiment may be. Of course you guess that Chirky, in his wanderings, is the *deus ex machina* who turns the hearts of fathers to their children, and of children to their fathers, and sends everyone home in time for the Christmas dinner. How they do eat,

shades of Cockle and Beecham! But why should he die in the hospital on Christmas Day of all days? By all means read *The Wayside Friend*.

[G. R. G., Stoke-on-Trent]

Replies received also from:—T. E. O., Brighton; C. B., Hanwell; B. M., Birmingham; T. H. K., Wallasey; A. G. O., Newcastle; E. E. H., Clifton; A. B., Isleworth; F. M., Sheffield; C. A., Chelsea; T. C., Buxted; F. G. G., London; G. H., Didsbury.

## Competition No. 12 (New Series).

IN another part of this number will be found an announcement referring to the manner in which the ACADEMY proposes this year to make its annual award of one hundred and fifty guineas. Instead of dividing it into two or three sums to be given to authors of notable books, it will be apportioned into smaller sums of twenty-five guineas, for the encouragement of young writers, the money to go to successful competitors in six literary exercises. The character of those six exercises is already practically settled, but we think it would be interesting to have the sense of our readers on the matter as well, and, therefore, we offer our guinea prize this week to the competitor who sends us the best list of six literary tasks to set before the young authors whom we wish to encourage. As much variety as possible should be striven for, but in selecting subjects it should be borne in mind that we are setting a top limit of 2,000 words to all competitors. The literary exercises, therefore, should be those which can be properly performed within that space.

### RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, The ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, December 12. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found in the first column of p. 708 or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. We wish to impress on competitors that the task of examining replies is much facilitated when one side only of the paper is written upon. It is also important that names and addresses should always be given: we cannot consider anonymous answers.

## New Books Received.

[These notes on some of the New Books of the week are preliminary to Reviews that may follow.]

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## The Literary Week.

ON page 723 will be found the particulars of the system of Awards to Authors which we have this year decided to make. On page 729 will be found particulars of a special Prize Competition.

THE fire which devastated the premises of Messrs. Ballantyne & Hanson in Tavistock-street, last week, destroyed and imperilled a good many literary MSS. One important firm of publishers is still anxiously endeavouring to discover what is the extent of its losses, but up to the time of writing it has not been possible to complete the necessary search.

ON and after January 1, all books published by Messrs. Lawrence & Bullen, Ltd., will be supplied through Mr. William Heinemann, 21, Bedford-street, Covent Garden. Messrs. Lawrence & Bullen, Ltd., will continue to carry on their print-selling business at 16, Henrietta-street, Covent Garden. They will also publish from those offices the old-established weekly paper *Land and Water* under entirely new editorship and new management.

AN authoritative statement concerning the dissolution of the Harper-McClure alliance, which has been printed in the *Commercial Advertiser* of New York, says that it was agreed from the first that the alliance would not become a fact until after a certain time. During the interval left for the purpose Mr. McClure and his associates found it impossible to adjust some of the questions which had to be answered to the satisfaction of both parties, and therefore withdrew. That action is the result of mutual and friendly conclusions on both sides. "Mr. McClure and his associates will carry out the plans for an encyclopædia and other enterprises which Mr. McClure had hoped to undertake in connexion with Harper & Brothers. The plan for the encyclopædia was entered upon by Mr. McClure some months before the Harper negotiations arose, and when Mr. McClure withdrew from Harper & Brothers, Mr. Page, who had been secured by Mr. McClure to edit the encyclopædia, joined the S. S. McClure Company, and will carry on the development of the encyclopædia."

A CORRESPONDENT indignantly protests against the omission from our review of the year of any mention of *The Autobiography of a Child*. In so brief a summary certain books are almost bound to escape notice; but in the present instance the cause is somewhat amusing. General literature and fiction were entrusted to different critics, one of whom omitted *The Autobiography of a Child* because he thought it was fiction, and the other because he thought it was not.

THE *Daily News* seems to be somewhat embarrassed by the replies to its "Children's Books Competition," for it is unable to state a day on which the result can be announced. We can sympathise with our contemporary; we know

what such competitions mean. We thought at the time that in asking for lists of a hundred children's books the *Daily News* was on the way to trouble. Lists of ten are difficult enough to negotiate in large numbers.

SEVERAL correspondents ask for the author of the poem—"England, my England"—quoted in a recent "Thing Seen." It is by Mr. W. E. Henley, and may be found in his collected *Poems*, published by Mr. Nutt. In response to more than one request we take the liberty of quoting the poem entire. Surely it was never more timely than now.

What have I done for you,  
England, my England?  
What is there I would not do,  
England, my own?  
With your glorious eyes austere,  
As the Lord were walking near,  
Whispering terrible things and dear  
As the Song on your bugles blown,  
England—  
Round the world on your bugles blown!

Where shall the watchful Sun,  
England, my England,  
Match the master-work you've done,  
England, my own?  
When shall he rejoice agen  
Such a breed of mighty men  
As come forward, one to ten,  
To the Song on your bugles blown,  
England—  
Down the years on your bugles blown?

Ever the faith endures,  
England, my England:—  
"Take and break us: we are yours,  
England, my own!  
Life is good, and joy runs high  
Between English earth and sky:  
Death is death; but we shall die  
To the Song on your bugles blown,  
England—  
To the stars on your bugles blown!"

They call you proud and hard,  
England, my England:  
You with worlds to watch and ward,  
England, my own!  
You whose mailed hand keeps the keys  
Of such teeming destinies  
You could know nor dread nor ease  
Were the Song on your bugles blown,  
England,  
Round the Pit on your bugles blown!

Mother of Ships whose might,  
England, my England,  
Is the fierce old Sea's delight,  
England, my own,  
Chosen daughter of the Lord,  
Spouse-in-Chief of the ancient sword,  
There's the menace of the Word  
In the Song on your bugles blown,  
England—  
Out of heaven on your bugles blown!



THE best poem which the war has yet produced was printed in last week's *Spectator*. It has, indeed, a simplicity and sincerity which lift it above occasional poetry to a plane of permanence. The author is Mr. Henry Newbolt, and this is the poem :

THE VOLUNTEER.

He leapt to arms unbidden,  
Unneeded, over-bold :  
His face by earth is hidden,  
His heart in earth is cold.  
"Curse on the reckless daring  
That could not wait the call,  
The proud fantastic bearing  
That would be first to fall!"  
*O tears of human passion,  
Blur not the image true ;  
This was not folly's fashion,  
This was the man we knew.*

ONE of the audience at the Navy League meeting at Rottingdean, at which Mr. Kipling made a speech, sends us the following interesting description of the novelist as orator: "When he showed face in the schoolroom—it was crowded—his Rottingdean neighbours cheered him mightily, and he blushed like a great kid. When he got up on the platform to speak he was as white as a ghost. His voice rather reminded me of Charles Hawtrey's, but it's not so strong and rather more refined. He had evidently learnt his little speech off by heart, and spun it out at a terrific rate. Of course, that was nervousness. It struck me that he felt if he were to hesitate he would be lost. The Big Englanders will never get Kipling as a platform spouter. He'd collapse at the end of his third meeting. After he had done speaking he jumped off the platform, and for five minutes or so sat fidgeting in a chair; then suddenly he picked up his overcoat, slung it on his arm, and bolted from the schoolroom as if somebody had yelled: 'The roof's giving way!' So he never heard the professional Navy League lecturer—and he didn't miss much. I should mention that, while making his speech, Kipling gazed fixedly over the heads of the audience at a lantern stuck on the wall, and never moved either his head or hands. He spent the afternoon decorating the schoolroom with flags, bunting, &c., but I can't say much for his decorative taste; the stuff was strung across and across in the crudest way. The Rottingdean folk seem to be very fond of him."

MR. DOOLEY does not view the *Maine* hospital-ship with favour. He seems to think there are too many American soldiers in the Philippines needing succour too, and the thought has impelled him to some caustic remarks, in *Harper's Weekly*, on public fickleness. Thus :

"No. Hinnissy, people wants novelties in war. Th' war fashions iv 1898 is out iv style. They ar-re too full in the waist an' too long in th' skirt. Th' style has changed. There ar-re fifty thousand backward men in th' fair isles iv th' Passyfic, fightin' to free th' Philippeen fr'm himsilf, an' becomin' a casualty in th' operation, but no wan is charterin' ar-rmy hospital-ships f'r thim. No wan is convertin' anny steam-yachts f'r thim. No wan is sindin' eighty tons iv plum-puddin' to complete th' wurruk iv destruction. They ar-re in a war that 'd make th' British throops in Africa think they were drillin' f'r a prize banner. But 'tis an oufashionable war. 'Tis an ol' war made over fr'm garments formerly worn by heroes. . . . Th' new style iv war is made in London, an' all our set is simply stuck on it. Th' casualties in th' Philippeens can walk home, but is it possible that anny throe an' well-dhressed American can stand to see th' signs [scions] iv th' ancient British aristocracy taken care iv be their own gover'mint? 'What!' says Lady John Jennings (her that was th' daughter iv wan iv our bravest an' best racon-toore)—'what!' she says, 'will anny American woman residin' in London see men shot down,' she says, 'that has but recently played polo in our very sight,' she says, 'an'

be brought home in mere thransports?' she says. 'Ladies,' she says, 'lave us equip a hospital-ship,' she says. 'I thrust,' she says, 'that all iv us has been long enough fr'm home to fr'get our despicable domestic struggles,' she says, 'an' think on'y iv humanity,' she says. An' when she opens up th' shop f'r subscriptions ye'd think fr'm th' crowd that 'twas th' first night iv th' horse show. I don't know what Lem Stiggins, iv Kansas—marked down in th' roll, private in th' Twintieth Kansas, Severely—I don't know what Private Severely thinks iv it. An' I wuddent like to know till aft'her Thankgivin'."

WE give below facsimile pages from the minute edition of the *Compleat Angler* which the Clarendon Press has issued as a proof of what its Oxford India paper can do.

THE COMPLEAT ANGLER. [Ch.

Pet. I marry Sir, this is Musick indeed, this has cheer'd my heart, and made me remember six Verses in praise of Musick, which I will speak to you instantly.  
*Musick, miraculous Rhetorick, that speak't it  
Without a tongue, exceeding eloquence;  
With what ease might thy errors be excus'd  
Wert thou as truly lov'd as th' art abus'd!  
But though dull souls neglect, & some re-  
prove thee,  
I cannot hate thee, 'cause the Angels love  
thee.*

Pen. And the repetition of these last Verses of musick have call'd to my memory what Mr. Ed. Walter (a Lover of the Angler) says of Love and Musick.

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XVI.] THE COMPLEAT ANGLER.

*Whilst I listen to thy voice  
(Chloris) I feel my heart decay:  
That powerful voice,  
Calls my fleeting Soul away:  
Oh! suppose that magic sound  
Which destroys without a wound.  
Peace Chloris, peace, or singing die,  
That together you and I  
To Heaven may go:  
For all we know  
Of what the blessed do above  
Is, that they sing, and that they love.*

Pisc. Well remembered brother Peter, these Verses came seasonably, and we thank you heartily. Come, we will all joyn together, my Host, and all, and sing my Scholars Catch over again, and then each man drink the tother cup and to bed,

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TWO FACSIMILE PAGES FROM THE INDIAN PAPER "COMPLEAT ANGLER."

This little book might be described as a homœopathic dose of literature. It is complete, and yet it weighs no more than a pencil and in the waistcoat pocket would almost have to be probed for.

OTHER little books, two or three inches square, come from Messrs. Wells Gardner. These, however, are for children rather than their elders, and, as children like little books, they may be popular. The books are Blake's *Songs of Innocence*, *The Story without an End*, translated from Carove, Mark Lemon's *Enchanted Doll*, *Favourite Fables*, and *The Seven Champions of Christendom*.

A CORRESPONDENT, M. L. M., sends us the following "Thing Heard":

HOSTESS (talking to two new callers, mother and daughter): "When you were in Samoa did you see anything of the Stevensons?"

DAUGHTER: "It was last year that we were there, but I went over the house at Vailama."

MOTHER: "The Stevensons, my dear? I don't seem to remember about them."

HOSTESS: "Robert Louis —"

MOTHER (still wondering): "Oh, Robert Lewis. I don't seem —"

DAUGHTER (rather impatiently): "Oh, he wrote things. *Treasure Island*, *Kidnapped* —"

MOTHER: "Oh, did he?" (Then, evidently not wishing to appear ignorant) "I really think I must have heard the name, but I can't remember."

It is, of course, odd that people visiting Samoa as tourists should not at least have heard Stevenson's name; but the idea that Stevenson has ever been a popular author, or will ever be one, is, of course, wrong. He belongs only to schoolboys and to a clique—an extensive clique, it is true, when compared with some cliques, but a clique none the less.

MR. E. F. BENSON, the author of *Dodo*, contributes to the *Nineteenth Century* an ingenious article on Plagiarism. His argument, put briefly, is that theft is unavoidable, but that only unintelligent theft is plagiarism; critical theft is compatible with the truest originality of which, at this late stage in the world's progress, we are capable. Mr. Benson

illustrates his theory by an analogy drawn from physiology. Thus: "There exist in this world great masses of admirable literary food, the inherited treasury of the race. On these we feed, and without them we starve. But as it is necessary that we should assimilate what we take, the food must be digested. That done, it becomes a part of us, it enters into our muscles, our bones, our brains; it has caused, and is causing, to make us grow in our own small manner; and the words we use, and the things we write, and the songs we sing, are the inevitable outcome of the nourishment we have received. But if all this has not been assimilated, there ensues the sense of sin, and other disorders, and we know that we have used somehow wrongly what was meant to feed us. And thus the warrant of arrest for plagiarism is served."

MR. WILLIAM PLATT's forthcoming book, which he will publish himself, *A Threefold Utterance*, is heralded by a circular, addressed to Art Lovers, so resolutely and confidently worded as to be a departure amounting almost to a revolution in such forms of literature. It runs thus:

Maeterlinck said of my books: "I know few which are more absolutely *by a man*"; the *Daily Chronicle* critic said: "Seldom have we read anything which gave us so profound an impression of its author's unfitness for authorship."

To be called "A Man" by a great Poet; to be called "not a literary man" by a conventional critic; these verdicts together represent almost the highest conceivable praise.

But beyond my writings which have been thus criticised, and my music which has been similarly criticised, I have also worked at drawing; and my drawings have not yet been seen.

I now propose to offer for subscription a book of Music, Poems, and Drawings, all of my own creation; a threefold utterance, yet a single outcry of a man's fiery outlook upon life. Such a book is undoubtedly unique.

This edition, of which each copy will be signed and numbered, will not exceed 200 copies—possibly it will not reach that number.

I, the artist, have done my share; it remains for you, as Art-lover, to help this book to see the light.

This is straightforward, and we hope that Mr. Platt will have no difficulty in disposing of his full two hundred.

THE Council of the Hull Literary Society seem to have humorists among them. Their invitation to a convivial annual meeting takes the form of a Declaration of War. Here is an extract from this document:

The enemy is believed to be under the command of General Dull Care, and has taken up a strongly entrenched position on the heights known as the Bilious Range, which dominates a large tract of Smiling Country.

The immediate point of attack will be

THE BOAR'S HEAD,

the onslaught upon which will be led by the Commandant in person, President Lummis, the charge being sounded at 7.30 prompt by the distinguished Rattle-Wielder to the Club, Secretary Andrews.

Members responding to this call will form a Special Service Corps, to be known as the

YULETIDE REVELLERS.

They are expected to wear their own proper uniform of Morning Dress, as well as the Regulation No. 9 Smile, without which none will be permitted to fall in (and with which it will be impossible to fall out). They will also furnish their own equipment in the shape of Pipe and Pouch, Ammunition (not smokeless), Latch-key, and such other implements as may be necessary to ensure their repose (of mind only) during the engagement.

MESSRS. SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON & Co. write: "We find that a map, showing in colours the positions of the contending forces at the crisis of the Battle of Waterloo,

has been omitted from Sir Herbert Maxwell's *Life of Wellington*, published by us. As Sir Herbert would like this map inserted in the second edition, which is now at press, we think it only fair to purchasers of copies of the first edition to say that we are printing an extra supply of this particular map, and will send a copy post free to anyone who has purchased a copy of the first edition, if they will apply to us for it."

THE second volume of the "Publications of the Irish Texts Society" will be issued to subscribers in a few days. It will contain *Fled Bricrenn*, or "The Feast of Bricrin," edited from the version to be found in *Leabhar na h-Uidhre*, Royal Irish Academy, the most ancient existing of the great Irish collections of MSS., compiled and collated with the Gaelic MS. in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, and other versions. The tale is one of the most spirited of the ancient Irish romances, and contains the famous verbal dispute among the wives of the three chief heroes of Ireland, known in old times as the "Women's War of Words," in which each lady contends for the pre-eminence in valour and beauty of her own lord. It is full of descriptions which throw light upon the manners of pagan Ireland. The text is being edited, with translation, glossaries, and full linguistic and historical notes, by George Henderson, M.A., Ph.D.

THE American *Bookman* has been getting into a little difficulty with a correspondent about two diametrically opposite opinions of Miss Harraden's novel, *The Fowler*, which it expressed in June and July last. Their correspondent, "G. H. B.," quotes both passages, and asks the Editor to reconcile them or explain them. We like the *Bookman's* reply:

Now we fancy that most editors would suppress this little communication altogether. It is a facer. We cannot get around it, or crawl under it, or lightly float away from it in a verbal mist. But if we have any virtue at all, we think that we may truthfully lay claim to the virtue of perfect frankness; and so we are just going to tell "G. H. B." the whole inside history of this painful affair. When the June and July numbers of the *Bookman* were being made up for the press, and, for that matter, after they had appeared, the Senior Editor was in the country leading a harmless, but idle and irresponsible life. For the moment his philosophy was the philosophy of Harold Skimpole; and the shadows on the grass and the sussurus of the bees temporarily obscured his immediate interest in his editorial functions. Consequently, when he wrote his review of *The Fowler* he was oblivious of the fact that other editorial writers in the *Bookman* had expressed an opinion different from his own; and the result was a certain lack of conductivity between the different departments of the magazine, a slight critical assymetry, or, to put it more lucidly, an absence of the true Anaxagorean homoeomeria. This, of course, was very very wrong; but if "G. H. B." has meditated earnestly upon the profounder problems of human life, he must be aware that almost anything can happen in the summer.

WE were in error last week in stating that Mr. N. H. Dole's multivariorum edition of *Omar Khayyam* was not on sale in this country. As a matter of fact, Messrs. Macmillan publish it here. The same firm has just brought out an edition of FitzGerald's four versions, together with the original prefaces and notes. The price of this work, bound in vellum, is eight-and-sixpence net, which leads to the reflection that the half-guinea asked by Messrs. Macmillan for their ordinary edition of the poem was rather severe.

MR. CLEMENT SHORTER writes: "By a slip, due to my infamous handwriting, you have referred to Dr. Edward Moore's two handsome and scholarly volumes on Dante issued by the Clarendon Press as by 'Dr. Edward Morris.'"

MR. SALOMON REINACH, writing from Paris, but giving no address, sends us the following: "In reference to your article about terra-cotta statuettes (December 9, p. 668), please allow me to state that 'The Three Graces' and 'The Conversation at the Tomb,' in the South Kensington Museum, are forgeries of the worst sort. Most of the groups of figures displayed at South Kensington are no better, and ought not to be exhibited as antiques."

MR. HILAIRE BELLOC, author of *The Bad Child's Book of Beasts* and *The Life of Danton*, has written a skit on Oxford University dons, to be called *Lambkin's Remains*. There is an introductory ode to the Republican Club. The book is one that will appeal particularly to University men, but also to certain of the public. It should peculiarly delight Ruskin Hall, which has a crusade of its own against donnishness.

MESSRS. MANSELL send us a photograph of the new Botticelli, or alleged Botticelli. It is hard to come to any conclusion from a photograph, but the picture certainly bears more traces than not of the master.

THE following definition of a "problem novel" by the *World* is a good specimen of the crusted, intolerant manner: "A 'problem novel,' in the accepted sense of the phrase, is the outcome of the attempt of some literary doctrinaire to use the form of fiction as a vehicle for the advancement of some eccentric and commonly obnoxious social or other propaganda. It is one of the favourite nostrums of the crank, the faddist, the Ishmaelite, and the posing reformer, and its failure to gain tolerance surely needs no further explanation."

## Bibliographical.

WE have become familiar of late years with "Short Histories" of this and that country or nation. It may be that "Short Lives" of this and that person will, before very long, become equally numerous. There are thousands of people who literally have not the leisure in which to master our bigger biographies. Take, as an outstanding example, the *Life of Archbishop Benson*, issued to-day (Friday). In one volume there are 646 pages, in the other 850—in all, 1,496, practically 1,500. Now, I can well believe that there are many ecclesiastics, as well as many laymen ecclesiastically disposed, by whom these 1,500 pages will be, in every sense, religiously perused. But the general public—the average subscriber to Smith's and Mudie's—what can they do with such a solid production? They can but regard it with amazement and regret. Such a work cannot be condensed by the mere process of "cutting." For the benefit of the ordinary reader the tale has to be told afresh, and hence the announcement of a "Short Life" of Dr. Pusey, for the use of the very large number who cannot possibly tackle the "standard" biography in four volumes. Some day, perhaps, we shall have a "Short Life" of Dr. Benson.

"Can you, or any of your readers," writes the Rev. H. J. Wilmot Buxton, "tell me the name of the author of *Whitefriars; or, the Days of Charles II.*? I read it first, with great interest, more than forty years ago. It was, I think, followed by *Whitehall*, which I could not read." Are we, then, so soon forgot? Can it be that the name of Emma Robinson, author of *Whitefriars* and *Whitehall*, has already faded out of memory? The first of these two books came out in 1844, the second in the year following. The former was reprinted in 1884. Both have had the distinction of being translated into French. *Whitefriars* had the further distinction, if distinction it be, of forming the basis of a play by W. T. Townsend. Many are the stories, besides these

two, which go to the credit of their author. For example—*Richelieu in Love*, *The Maid of Orleans*, *Queen Tudor*, *Cæsar Borgia*, *Westminster Abbey*, *The City Banker*, *The Matrimonial Vanity Fair*, *Which Wins—Love or Money?* and *The Armourer's Daughter* (1877), which seems to have been the last of the long series.

Among forthcoming new editions I note the promise of a reprint of *The New Republic*, which has had a very good sale, I believe, in its cheap and handy form in the Mayfair Library. When it came out originally, in 1877, it was in all the glory of two-volume form. It was followed, you remember, in 1878, by *The New Paul and Virginia*, which many people think even wittier and more amusing than its predecessor from the same hand. Why should that not be reprinted, too? Another new edition, announced by the same firm, is one of "Theodore Taylor's" *Golden Treasury of Thought*, which first saw the light in 1874. This was one of the compilations of John Camden Hotten, whose little book on Thackeray was such a triumph of scissors and paste. Will the *Treasury* be brought down to date, I wonder?

The author of the anonymous *éloge* on Richard Holt Hutton, which appeared not so very long ago, stands revealed now as Mr. John Hogben. And this is by no means Mr. Hogben's first incursion into letters. One remembers him as having published, some fifteen years ago, editions of the poetical works of Campbell and of Keats, to which he prefixed introductions. A little later he brought out a selection from the verse of Pope, also with an introduction, I think. Still more recently he edited, with a preface, a selection from the verse written by his father, Mr. W. S. Hogben.

The latest edition of Earle's *Microcosmography* has appended to it a reprint of J. Healy's translations into English of the *Characters* of Theophrastus, which dates, apparently, from 1616. It is claimed that this is the first reprint of Healy's version, which seems to have been the first. About a century later came Eustace Budgett's; then came one by H. Gally (1725), another by W. Rayner (1797), and yet another, by Isaac Taylor (1836). Did not Henry Morley include one or other of these in his Carisbrooke Library?

"Always verify your quotations." In the Epilogue to his "Charge of the Heavy Brigade" Tennyson, as most of us remember, wrote:

And here the Singer for his Art  
Not all in vain may plead  
"The song that nerves a nation's heart  
Is in itself a deed."

The two last lines have just appeared in a London Sunday paper in this form:

"The song that nerves a nation's arm  
May well be called a deed."

Delightfully prosaic, is it not?

Of Mr. Robert Buchanan's work in verse a well-known "Literary Lounger" says that: "To young readers it is entirely unknown, and I am not aware that the best parts of it are even accessible in print." I fear the first half of this sentence is true, but I fancy (and hope) the other half is not. *The Poetical Works of Robert Buchanan* were published by Chatto & Windus in 1884, and unless that volume (there was only one) is out of print the "best part" of the author's verse—which I take to be his output in that kind between 1866 and 1883—is happily accessible in very handy form.

I notice that Sir Herbert Maxwell concludes his biography of Wellington with a sonnet on the Great Duke, attributed to Benjamin Disraeli. Has that sonnet ever been reprinted before? I do not remember it. I may have read Sir Herbert's work a little hurriedly, but my impression is that he makes no allusion to Tennyson's *Ode*, which Stevenson was so humorously anxious that Mr. Gosse should not omit from his anthology.

THE BOOKWORM.

## Reviews.

## The "Chroniqueur."

*Study and Stage.* By William Archer. (Grant Richards. 5s.)

*Frames of Mind.* By A. B. Walkley. (Grant Richards. 5s.)

*On Books and Arts.* By Frederick Wedmore. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.)

PARIS which produces obscene caricatures of august and venerable women is also the home of the most refined journalism that the world has seen. In Paris the *chronique*, literary or dramatic or political, has been raised to the level of an artistic "form," and the *chroniqueurs* are often the great writers of the country. From Théophile Gautier to Paul Bourget there were and are journalists all bent on giving to their two-thousand-words about some affair of the week the final elegance of perfect craftsmanship. Even Rochefort, of the unspeakable *Intransigeant*, will flout a whole nation in sentences of which the chief characteristic is style. "It is brains, not cities, that need illuminating," he wrote on the morning of the fêtes for the Franco-Russian alliance, and the phrase was consummate. In Paris, where a five-centimes sheet will employ three stylists to report a play—*soiriste*, *courrieriste*, and critic proper; in Paris, where (so to speak) Mr. George Meredith will do his column upon Thomas Hardy's new book for the front page of the *Times*; in Paris the *chronique* has a literary importance undreamed of here. Nevertheless we learn—we learn rapidly. We possess men now of whom we have the right to be proud. Some of them have studied their craft in the French newspapers to excellent advantage. Mr. A. B. Walkley, for instance, would be the first to admit how much he owes of *finesse* and delicacy to the inspiration of MM. Jules Lemaitre and Anatole France: say that his articles are *lemaitrises* and he will feel flattered.

At the same time there are others who have contrived to formulate themselves with immense success under no influence but their own. Mr. William Archer, for example, is no more French than Chinese; the "W. A." stuff, unsurpassed, perhaps, for solid influence, is typically and utterly British. Mr. Archer's gradual rise during the last sixteen years, though thoroughly deserved, is, at the first examination, a little curious. Most good literary critics, if they have not style, have "literariness." Mr. Archer has never had that ease and grace of manner which would seem to be necessary to one whose trade it is to appeal to a literary public. We fancy that he has always written with difficulty, and his articles demonstrate absolutely that his appreciation of verbal niceties is imperfect—in fact, he is capable of clumsinesses and solecisms which would ruin him with the lettered if he did not happen to be William Archer. Glance through *Study and Stage* and you will find "journalese" on every page—*clichés* like "set the Thames on fire," "thick as leaves in Vallombrosa," "the effect does not come off," "to all intents and purposes," "why drag in Homer?" He has wonderful pet locutions of which he never tires, such as "to body forth" and "soul-states." He is not ashamed of that marvellous verb "envisage," or of this phrase: "The as yet but semi-vocal Scottish peasant." He frequently uses words to which no exact meaning can be attached: "the admirably-ordered *process* [? progress or procession] of the scenes"; "vivid and *compulsive* impression of vivacity" (note the awkward collocation of the first and last words); "*tersely-touched* episodes."

Further, Mr. Archer is apt to lose his sense of proposition, his perspective. In one article we find the following: "The third act is a gem from first to last"; "a brilliant . . . piece of work"; "perhaps the best light comedy produced within the present decade"; "its literary workmanship is excellent, its scenic skill consummate." The title of the article is "Lord and Lady Algy." Mr. Archer's attitude is seldom, as it should be, literary. He prints a criticism of

Sudermann's tremendous novel, *Der Katzensteg*, under the heading "Prussian 'Patriotism.'" The criticism is unfavourable. "What makes Herr Sudermann's story inartistic and intolerable," he says, "is the fact that not a single soul (except Regina, who does not count) stands by Boleslav, and protests against the atrocious and savage injustice with which he is treated." As if the sheep-like unanimity of the ignorant villagers was not the very cornerstone of the book, and as if their behaviour, even if it were improbable, could make the novel inartistic! Mr. Archer is so annoyed by Sudermann's villagers, and so preoccupied by political considerations arising out of their conduct, that he ignores the fundamental power of imagination which gives the book importance, and which alone can make a work artistic. The same trait is to be observed in his depreciations of *Evelyn Innes* and *The Triumph of Death*. We can understand an instinctive antipathy to these novels of Mr. George Moore and d'Annunzio; but we can scarcely excuse a literary critic who devotes himself to the derision of characters while passing over the questions of imagination and technique, which are his proper province. Any competent diner-out could discuss the "soul-states" of Giorgio Aurispa, but it needs a critic to savour and appraise the strange sinister poetry which envelops all d'Annunzio's work, and to expound the triumphs of mere form which he accomplishes. Lastly, Mr. Archer's banter, when he happens to be hostile, is not always happy. Assuming that *Evelyn Innes* was from end to end a complete error of art, one would still think that for the ridicule of a work so dignified and sincere terms might have been found less crudely pert than the following: "From this abrupt conclusion . . . one gathers that Evelyn's wobblings are to be continued in our next. I trust she will get her spiritual struggles over with reasonable promptitude."

Yet these things are as nothing in the sum of Mr. Archer's achievement. The fact stands that his critical influence is a real influence finely exercised. His prestige is authentic, and there are several reasons why it should be so. He has certainly three of the essentials of a critic: honesty, intrepidity, and interest. The first, fortunately, is not rare; but Mr. Archer has it in a remarkable degree. His desire to render justice, to rid himself of all bias, amounts to a passion—a passion written large in every article. His traditions, in a word, are those of the English judicial bench. Intrepidity is less common, and a virtue less easy to practise. All critics know how difficult it is, in approaching a work of art, to forget the status of the artist and the general *corpus* of opinion which has already gathered round it. Many men habitually yield to this intimidation of names and public opinion; others go out to challenge it with a defiance which is worse than surrender. Few can calmly ignore it. Mr. Archer is of the few. You know that his eye, at once stern and kindly, will see nothing but the work itself. As for the quality of being interested, we believe that Mr. Archer's reputation is due largely to his endowment in this respect. He is never aloof, like some, but always down in the midst, patiently and laboriously probing and analysing. He cannot be tepid, perfunctory. It may be said, however, that his interest, as indeed we have shown, often inclines rather to subject than to treatment. Here, possibly, is the explanation of his traffic with the modern stage: all stories are very real to him; if the people in them are not alive, his idiosyncrasy vitalises them, and he discusses them as alive. Hence the allurements and value of his animadversions upon even the feeblest farce. In addition to these qualities, he has the crowning one of a catholic taste which knows no fads. His palate is just. He may at times go wrong; he may always be more or less at loggerheads with his medium of expression; but in the end he will prove that he has that mysterious, incommunicable, unmistakable thing (the possessors of which constitute a clan who recognise one another by infallible signs)—true critical perception. It is seldom that a writer can immediately

say what he means. He inscribes a sentence, and lo! the trend of it is slightly out of the true direction. He may alter and he may alter, but he does not arrive at exactitude. Ultimately he leaves it, and tries in the next sentence to allow for the error of the last. And the march continues ever towards the goal, each step correcting the previous one. So with Mr. Archer. Sincere, strenuous, honest and unafraid, he moves doggedly forward, now blundering, now "wobbling" (to use his own term), but never deviating far from a course which twenty years or so of steady marching have made perfectly plain.

If there is one dominant quality in the criticisms of the year's literature and drama which Mr. Archer has collected under the title *Study and Stage*, that quality is seriousness, Scottish seriousness. And if there is one dominant quality in Mr. Walkley's very varied *Frames of Mind*, that quality is—a dreadful fear of being thought serious. He will be urbane, judicial, serene, but you must not expect him to be serious; he is far too much a man of the world for that. If *The Mighty Atom* sells a hundred thousand copies—what then? It will be all the same a century hence—so he would have us believe. Mr. Walkley is your true polite "spectator" of literature and life. He will sit in the club window, and discourse to you by the hour of what he sees therefrom. How light, airy, and mildly gay is his discreetly modulated gossip! He learnt, as we have said, the trick of it in Paris, for which place he has a strong predilection. He is grace itself and rapidity itself and omniscience itself. In his casual, careless way he has read everything. He never parades his learning; he only alludes to it. He knows you adore allusion, particularly allusion which you cannot follow, and so he has mastered the whole art of allusion. There is a very brief essay on the ideals of Jane Austen, in which is employed the very virtuosity of allusion; in seven tiny pages Mr. Walkley contrives to refer to Mr. Stephen Gwynn, *Aucassin et Nicolette*, Mr. Augustine Birrell, M. Georges Ohnet, Shakespeare, Ibsen, Wagner, Miss Marie Corelli, M. Desmoulins, Anne Radcliffe, Mr. George Meredith, Mr. J. M. Barrie, the Women Writers' Dinner, Carlyle, M. Bourget, the Tongue of the United States, Lewis Carroll, Peacock, Maria Edgeworth, Scott, Johnson, most of Jane Austen's characters, and sundry other persons whom we are unable at the moment to identify. It is marvellous and it is delightful. As for the mere matter of the essay, you must look for it with a microscope. You have read it, and you turn eagerly to the next one, but all you have directly learnt from it is, that the author is a diverting fellow, of fine taste and discrimination. It must not be assumed, because Mr. Walkley never talks seriously, that he has no serious views about literature. His critical opinions are really both serious and sound. We could imagine him capable of perishing at the stake for them. He gibes at sufferers from a complaint which he calls *literaturitis*, yet he is "down" with the "sickly disease" himself, as he well knows. In strict truth literature is the *grande passion* of his existence; but he leads a double life, and tries to conceal the traces of that passion. Vain effort! Whatever his tongue may be, we divine that his heart is serious, and with all his gay cynicism he is never false to its dictates. His natural talent for criticism is greater, probably, than Mr. Archer's, did he care to take it out of its napkin. The admirable and illuminative essay on Mr. G. B. Shaw as a dramatist shows what he can do in pure expository criticism when he permits himself to be even a little in earnest. But his frames of mind are seldom of this pattern. Let us not therefore grieve. Seriousness abounds in the world; not so the gentle placidity of benevolent-malicious smiles.

The range of Mr. Frederick Wedmore is wider than that of most of his contemporary *chroniqueurs*. It apparently includes all arts: he writes with equal fluency upon "The Short Story" and "Dutch Seventeenth-century Drawings," upon "The Duchess of Malfi" and Méryon's etch-

ings of Paris. Mr. Wedmore is the type of the dilettante. During an apprenticeship of many years he has learnt to distinguish a good thing from a bad one, and the mere presence of good things is a pleasure to him. He likes to have them round him, and to talk of them amiably, but not deeply, with people who can understand the dialect of the dilettante. In an account of a visit to Goncourt's famous collection of "art treasures" at Auteuil, he says: "Edmond de Goncourt moved about among his portfolios, saying a word here, and there directing a glance. The history of his life surrounded him . . ." That is Mr. Wedmore in this book. His manner is bland, carefully cultured, leisurely; he enjoys the sensation of approaching a fact by means of a winding avenue of words. His critical reflections, without being original, are unexceptionable. Here is one: "Thus does 'Gyp' skim airily over the deep, great sea of life. All are shallows to her vision. And as she skims you feel her lightness. I prefer the adventure of the diver, who knows what the depths are: who plunges, and who rescues the pearl." Yet we should doubt if Mr. Wedmore really would prefer the adventure of the diver if it came to the point.

### Iron and Irony.

*The Life of Wellington: The Restoration of the Martial Power of Great Britain.* By the Right Hon. Sir Herbert Maxwell. (Sampson Low. 36s.)

SIR HERBERT MAXWELL is an expert literary man, and he has produced a well-written biography, to which the publishers have added the equipments of maps and illustrations which should lend visual lustre to the work. In short, we have here a laborious, workmanlike biography, remarkable rather for the correctness and industry of its execution than for any marked originality of treatment. No fuller or sounder work on Wellington is likely to be called for. The second Duke of Wellington said to John Murray: "I cannot write my father's life, but I can at least see that the material is there for a biographer some day." He accordingly edited fourteen volumes of the Duke's military despatches, which, with the volumes already compiled by Colonel Gurdon, formed a complete budget of first-hand information about Wellington the soldier. He also edited eight volumes of civil correspondence. In all, there are thirty-four volumes of these original documents. We are unable to guess what manner of biographer could use all this material with finality. Military experts will always go to the despatches to see Wellington fight his battles, and historians will always go to his civil correspondence and his speeches to study Wellington's influence on the social and political life of England. There remains undoubtedly the need for a comprehensive, available biography which shall embrace the whole career of the Duke of Wellington, and supply clues to further study. This need Sir Herbert Maxwell has worthily supplied. His conscientious care is perceptible in every page. Both the military and the political Wellington take shape and substance in these voluminous pages. Nevertheless, had Sir Herbert Maxwell's brains been put at our service in this matter, we think we should have required of him a different kind of book. We should have set him the more literary, and, we imagine, the more congenial, task of writing a book on the Duke's superb character rather than his career. We should have required of him a psychological commentary on the Duke's success, rather than a history of that success.

However, the book we wish shines through the book we have. Sir Herbert Maxwell, for instance, has written a full-dress biographer's account of the Battle of Waterloo. He has done this admirably. In its context the following



sentence arrives with a thrill and weight which only a practised writer could secure for it:

When Wellington recognised the supreme moment, he rode forward to the crest of the ground, and, above the smoke-wreaths, clearly defined as a bronze statue against the bright western sky, held his cocked hat aloft and forward.

Yet with a frank and correct insight Sir Herbert Maxwell concludes his long, well-wrought story of Waterloo by remarking that the Duke's own account, written in a single paragraph to Lord Beresford, an old comrade in arms, condenses the whole matter and is stamped with personality. Here is the Duke's Waterloo:

You will have heard of our battle of the 18th. Never did I see such a pounding match. Both were what the boxers call gluttons. Napoleon did not manoeuvre at all. He just moved forward in the old style, and was driven off in the old style. The only difference was that he mixed cavalry with his infantry, and supported both with an enormous quantity of artillery. I had the infantry for some time in squares, and we had the French cavalry walking about us as if they had been our own. I never saw the British infantry behave so well.

To thousands of Englishmen this passage, and the Wellington it reveals, are comparatively unfamiliar. Here is a fragment from a conversation, in which Lady Salisbury (mother of the present Premier) tried to probe the Duke's feelings of pride in his victory:

LADY SALISBURY.—But now, while you were riding there, did it never occur to you that you had placed yourself on a pinnacle of glory?

THE DUKE.—No. I was entirely occupied with what was necessary to be done. At the door of my own hotel, I met Creevey. They had no certain news at Brussels, and he called out to me: "What news?" I said: "Why, I think we've done for 'em this time." . . . But it was not till ten or twelve days after the battle that I began to reflect on what I had done, and to feel it. . . .

LADY SALISBURY.—But there *must* be a lasting satisfaction in that feeling of superiority you always enjoy. It is not in human nature it should be otherwise.

THE DUKE.—True. Still, I come constantly into contact with other persons on equal or inferior terms. Perhaps there is no man now existing who would like to meet me on a field of battle; in that line I am superior. But when the war is over and the troops disbanded, what is your great general more than anybody else?

This was undoubtedly the Duke's sincere mind. As a matter of fact he never quite left the field of battle and therefore never put off the feeling of superiority. He lectured his Cabinet, and awed everybody. When his son, Lord Douro, failed to satisfy his washerwoman's claims, that lady had the enterprise to complain to the Duke. The Duke replied as follows:

"The Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Mrs. Herrick. His son, the Marquis of Douro, is a house-keeper in Belgrave-street. He is not responsible for the payment of his washing bills, even to the wife of a soldier. It appears to the Duke that the regular mode of proceeding would be to apply to the debtor himself, and, if payment should be refused or omitted, to enforce the same by all means sanctioned by law. This would be a regular mode of proceeding. That adopted is *impertinent*, in the real and not offensive meaning of the word."

How characteristic is the Duke's unbending refusal, in his last sentence, to find and use the word that would be intelligible to a washerwoman. He uses his own word, adding an explanation which might or might not do its work.

The efficiency and sufficiency of the Duke's character are interesting in all their manifestations. When a critical debate was in progress, on which the fate of Peel's

ministry hung, the Duke sat unmoved in Apsley House, entertaining the Austrian Ambassador.

Lord Lyndhurst offered to send early information of the result of the division.

"I am quite satisfied," said the Duke, "to have it when the newspapers come in at ten o'clock. If I could do any good by having it earlier, I would; but as I can't, I'd just as soon wait."

"You take things coolly," interposed Lady Salisbury. "I suppose you never lie awake with anxiety?"

"No," replied the Duke, "I don't like lying awake; it does no good. I make a point never to lie awake."

Of course, Wellington's efficiency and sufficiency did not pervade his career with atmospheric ubiquity. His marriage was not too happy; he who never lost a gun for England lost much at his own hearth. His wife, whom he married under a chivalrous impulse rather than with considered choice, proved an indifferent companion. As Sir Herbert Maxwell says:

Wellington's life, with all its stir and activity, was a lone one; his sense of having missed something in the lottery of marriage is revealed by a casual remark in one of his conversations. Lady Salisbury asked him whether Lady Peel had any influence over Sir Robert.

"No," he replied; "she is not a clever woman: Peel had no wish to marry a clever woman."

"It is very curious," remarked Lady Salisbury, "that a man of ability should not care to have a wife capable of entering into subjects in which he takes an interest."

"Aye," said the Duke, "and of anticipating one's meaning; that is what a clever woman does—she sees what you mean."

Two women were clever enough to understand the Duke and to win his confidence: Mrs. Arbuthnot and the second Marchioness of Salisbury. They deserved his trust and affection. Yet no man was ever less influenced by women than Wellington. He treated women "either as agreeable companions or playthings." Even the amiable weakness—one does not know what other name to give it—which led him to correspond for seventeen years with the mysterious "Miss J." scarcely amounts to an exception: the issues of the acquaintance were so trivial. Sir Herbert Maxwell has done well to treat this episode with frankness. Miss J. was a beautiful girl who by her ministrations had brought a hardened murderer, named Cook, to repentance on the eve of his execution. The moment Cook was hanged Miss J. conceived him as "a glorious spirit." Proud of her work, she next turned to the Duke of Wellington, although she did not even know that he was the conqueror of Napoleon. He granted her strange request for an interview, and called on her at the house near Piccadilly, where she lodged with a relative. Miss J. was then twenty years of age, and the Duke sixty-five. A correspondence began which lasted from 1834 to 1851, and drew from the Duke no fewer than 390 letters. Miss J.'s letters were even more numerous. She besought the Duke to seek eternal salvation, and to make her Duchess of Wellington in which character she could the more surely direct him in the heavenly way. The Duke's letters taken individually are patient and discreet. But it is clear that he often regretted having written them. "I am very glad," he writes, "that you intend to send back all the letters I ever wrote to you." The genuineness of the Duke's letters is beyond reasonable doubt, both Sir William Fraser and Sir Herbert Maxwell being satisfied that he wrote them. Every life has more of drama and irony than we know. And perhaps the dramatic fitness of things required that a "Miss J." should think of the great Duke only as having a soul to be saved, and that when his august life was closed, and his bier was being borne under "the golden cross," one faithful, fanatical woman should breathe the hope that the leader of men had joined Cook at the Throne.

## The Homeric Hymns.

*The Homeric Hymns.* Translated by Andrew Lang. (Allen. 7s. 6d.)

THE Homeric Hymns, as even the critics of Alexandria knew, are not particularly Homeric. They are all a great deal later than Homer, whoever Homer may have been, and some of them suggest rather the Hesiodic than the Homeric model of the hexameter. It is true that twenty-seven out of the thirty-three are of the nature of invocations used by rhapsodists as preludes to the recitation of Homeric lays. But these twenty-seven are brief and insignificant, and the six great hymns, one each to Apollo, Hermes, Aphrodite, Demeter, Dionysus, and Hermes, probably belong to the cult of these deities, and were sung at the great festivals before their shrines. Thus the hymn to Apollo is really two hymns, one clearly traceable to Delphi, the other to the rival centre of Hellenic sun-worship in the isle of Delos; the hymn to Demeter is connected with the mysteries of the agricultural deities at Eleusis; that to Hermes records the celebrated theft of the cattle of the Sun by the god when still a child in the cradle. Hermes, of course, as Prof. Rhys has pointed out, does not belong to the older cycle of Aryan deities. He is like the Teutonic Woden, a god of the second generation, a man-god or culture-hero; and in his cattle-lifting exploit, as in the parallel theft of heavenly fire by Prometheus, you have a myth of the winning of the gifts of civilisation for his fellow-men, which is the especial function of the culture-hero. Most of the longer hymns are too long to quote: here is the briefest, the hymn to Ares:

Ares, thou that excellest in might, thou lord of the chariot of war, God of the golden helm, thou mighty of heart, thou shield-bearer, thou safety of cities, thou that smitest in mail; strong of hand and unwearied valiant spearman, bulwark of Olympus, father of victory, champion of Themis; thou tyrannous to them that oppose thee with force; thou leader of just men, thou master of manhood, thou that whirlest thy flaming sphere among the courses of the seven stars of the sky, where thy fiery steeds ever bear thee above the third orbit of heaven; do thou listen to me, helper of mortals, giver of the bright bloom of youth. Shed thou down a mild light from above upon this life of mine, and my martial strength, so that I may be of avail to drive away bitter cowardice from my head, and to curb the deceitful rush of my soul, and to restrain the sharp stress of anger which spurs me on to take part in the dread din of battle. But give me heart, O blessed one, to abide in the painless measures of peace, avoiding the battle-cry of foes and the compelling fates of death.

Homeric or not Homeric, the Hymns are abundantly welcome in Mr. Lang's charming translation as a supplement to the standard translations which, in company with other scholars, he has already given us of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. Mr. Lang's defence of the style of diction adopted in all three books is at once amusing and superfluous. "I cannot," he says, "render a speech of Anchises thus:

"If you really are merely a mortal, and if a woman of the mortal kind was your mother, while your father (as you lay it down) was the well-known Otreus, and if you come here all through an undying person, Hermes; and if you are to be known henceforward as my wife—why, then nobody, mortal or immortal, shall interfere with my intention to take instant advantage of the situation."

For our part we are more than satisfied with the alternative rendering which Mr. Lang can bring himself to give:

If indeed thou art mortal, and a mortal mother bore thee, and if renowned Otreus is thy father, and if thou art come hither by the will of Hermes, the immortal Guide, and art to be called my wife for ever, then neither mortal man nor immortal God shall hold me from my desire, before I lie with thee in love, now and anon.

Mr. Lang's introductory essays deal in a somewhat

desultory and occasionally disjointed fashion with some problems as to the nature of Greek religion suggested by the Hymns. They take him over ground which he and we have trodden before, and we only note now that he is still impenitent in the heresy which would derive the idea of a god, not by natural evolution from more primitive animistic conceptions, but from the Paley-like musings of early man on the necessity for some supreme creator of things in general. We do not propose to renew the controversy here. It is more pleasing to lay stress on another point made by Mr. Lang—that, however crude and primitive the origin of Greek religion may have been, that religion, as ultimately developed, did not lack profound moral and spiritual elements. In the Eleusinian Mysteries, for instance:

The initiate "live a pious life in regard to strangers and citizens." They are to be "conscious of no evil"; they are to "protect such as have wrought no unrighteousness." Such precepts "have their root in the ethico-religious consciousness." It is not mere ritual purity that the Mysteries demand, either among naked Australians, or Yao, or in Greece. Lobeck did his best to minimise the testimony to the higher element in the Eleusinia, but without avail. The study of early, barbaric, savage, classical, Egyptian, or Indian religions should not be one-sided. Men have always been men, for good as well as for evil; and religion, almost everywhere, is allied with ethics no less than it is overrun by the parasite of myth, and the survival of magic in ritual.

## Three Country Books.

*Outside the Garden.* By Helen Milman. (Lane. 5s. net.)

*Among English Hedgerows.* By Clifton Johnson. (Macmillan.)

*Country Matters in Short.* By W. F. Collier. (Duckworth. 3s. 6d.)

IN the three books before us we have three examples of the open-air author. Helen Milman (Mrs. Caldwell Crofton) is the facile essayist and sentimental nature lover who is content to play with the charming generalities and commonplaces of the life of the fields and lanes, of birds and flowers. A new book does not with her involve new observation: she has it all at her finger-ends. We do not mean that she is a mere mechanical eulogist of rural happiness; her joy in it is sincere, and her desire to pass on her delight to others is sincere too; but her work is valuable only so far as it is beautifully done. Judged by this standard it is somewhat defective, for Mrs. Crofton allies to a loving interest and enthusiasm for Nature no particular distinction of style (she can even speak of a "dilapidated Scotch fir"). But there is much in her pages that is pretty. We quote a passage relating to the woods in March:

Nature awakes with a start. Over the woods there come creeping tinges of purple and yellow. The pulse of life is felt there. From time to time the rich melodious voice of the blackbird is heard as he rests for a few hours from the labour of building, while the missel-thrush, whose nest at the very top of a holly-tree is finished, sings daily less and less, for he is a bird of storm and wind, so fine warmer days silence him.

Gay, bright chaffinches have returned from homesteads, and on sunny mornings may be heard trying their utmost to accomplish the last turn of a somewhat monotonous song—which needs a deal of practice yet.

In the rookery bustle and worry daily increase, for many of the nests now contain eggs, and these afford opportunities for conversation and gossip which parent birds do not neglect, and much cawing and croaking "baby talk" ensues over these new treasures.

There is, as we have said, a certain prettiness here; but it is on the cards that enough books of the kind have been written. They take us no "forrarder"; there is not

enough stuff to them. We ought to add that Mr. New has put some pleasant cuts to these pages; but it is clear that his curiously severe method does not suit everything. He is better among houses than trees.

Mr. Clifton Johnson, the second author on our list, is one whose work is valuable in proportion to its truthfulness. He is the descriptive traveller who passes through a country taking notes. If his eyes are sound his book is good, for it matters almost nothing whether he writes well or ill. Mr. Johnson is an American, and apparently the latest recruit to the little band of observing Americans who have written well of England—a band which includes Washington Irving and Nathaniel Hawthorne, Mrs. Stowe and N. P. Willis, Mr. John Burroughs and Mr. William Winter. Of all these, and others whom we have not named, Mr. Johnson is the most naively informing. By presupposing in his American readers almost no knowledge at all of English country customs, his book has upon us a curiously quaint effect. The effect, of course, is one which must necessarily follow perusal by a native of any work describing the characteristics of his own nation; and the readers of some much-described nations must be very familiar with it. But it is comparatively novel to us, because by most commentators on the English more is taken for granted than Mr. Clifton Johnson takes. We are not accustomed now, although once it was a common experience—at the time of Voltaire's letters on England, for example—to such a sentence as this in Mr. Johnson's book: "The English, when they want to travel on foot anywhere, . . . are apt to go, not by road, but by foot-path." It is so natural a proceeding that we never expected to see it noted in print at all—at any rate, in this informing, pedagogic way. It is his store of small facts that makes Mr. Johnson's book valuable. He does not write particularly well—he has not very striking charm or humour; but you lay his book aside with a very pleasant feeling. England at her simplest and quietest and least sullied has been the theme, and you have been reminded of so much that is sweet. Were the book shorter it might be still more agreeable, for Mr. Johnson suffers from the limitation that so often mars the chroniclers of small beer—he does not quite know what to omit. The episode of Mr. Starkey, for example, in this volume is naught. Another objection to the English reader is the author's Americanisms, as in this account of the game of cricket:

At first glance you might think that you were looking at a baseball field. Then you noted the flat-bladed bats and the three-barred wickets at each end of the field back of the batsman. Behind each wicket was a man to throw the ball. He swings it out at arm's length above his head, something the way girls throw, only not so gently and timidly. It goes like a cannon-ball, and is about as comfortable to get hit with. What the batsman wants to do is to give the ball a long rap [not always], so that he and his fellow-batsman down at the other end can get some runs back and forth between the wickets. What the other side wants to do is to have the ball when it is thrown hit the wicket the batsman is protecting, or to catch the ball he has batted.

And so on. Mr. Johnson's manner, it will be seen, recalls a much earlier type of literature. There is something in this description of cricket not unlike the writing to be found in the volumes of selections from *Forgotten Children's Books* which Mr. Tuer has recently edited. But this archaism, except where rendered ugly by such American idioms as "back of," is in keeping with the subject and is rather refreshing. Mr. Johnson's photographs are very good and well chosen. One mistake, among several, we would point out to him: the old rhyme,

In April,  
Come she will,

and so forth, was not written of the nightingale, as he states, but of the cuckoo.

This rhyme, by the way, will be found with its correct

application in Mr. W. F. Collier's *Country Matters in Short*, the third book on our list, and also the best; or, at least, the one upon which the most mind has been directed. For Mr. Collier is one who writes with authority. The value of him resides not, as with Mrs. Crofton, in the beauty of his style, not, as with Mr. Johnson, in the accuracy of his vision, but in his knowledge. He has written this book because he has something definite to say on certain things. It would not matter very much how poorly he wrote, provided his information was sound; but fortunately his prose is sinewy and well-knit. The best essays, such as "The Tongue of the Hound" (though why did not Mr. Collier quote one of those melodious and very pertinent passages from Gervase Markham?) and "Cub Hunting" and "Otter Hunting" and "The Chastity of Flowers," are excellent, alike in matter and manner. We quote, from "Cub Hunting," a specimen of Mr. Collier's quality:

To enjoy cub-hunting is not to enjoy one's bed. The huntsman at break of day takes out a very large pack of mixed, young and old, hounds, and meets his master at the appointed place, which would be near a covert wherein litters of cubs are known to be. His young hounds as yet are strangers to the fox, but are full of life, fun, and frolic, and have, when out at walk, been hunting anything they pleased. A hound, with such an exquisite nose as he has, must hunt something. Now they have to learn not only what a fox is, but what everything else is not. The young hounds have a tendency to follow the huntsman as their particular friend; but he knows that the spirit within them will not allow them to remain quiet; he therefore makes himself as dull and silent as possible. If he hustled about, blowing his horn, and craming to the front, the young hounds would think it good fun of itself. But as he remains very quiet after having sent the old hounds into the covert, the young hounds vote it dull, and are eager to go to the first tongue they hear just to see what is going on. Soon the hounds open in full chorus, and the cubs are scattered all over the covert; the old foxes have gone away by virtue of their experience of last season, and if a few hounds get on their line they are stopped by the whips. A cub soon falls a victim to his want of knowledge of the world, and the young hounds learn what blood is. A great fuss is made over the body of the dead cub, to impress the young hounds with the idea that these funereal rites are the main objects of life.

Of a different quality is "The Chastity of Flowers," wherein Mr. Collier ventures upon the waters of Shakespearean criticism. Says Titania:

The moon, methinks, looks with a watery eye;  
And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,  
Lamenting some enforced chastity.

There are two ways of taking this passage—either as a beautiful Shakespearean fancy, touched with the exquisite tenderness of which he had the secret, or as the enunciation by prevision of a scientific truth. For, says Mr. Collier, it is a fact now known to botanists, but not known to them until after Shakespeare's day, that "when the moon looks watery there is a weeping of the heavens; the bee, the moth, and the fly do not flit from the male blossom to the female blossom in the rain; the flowers thus remain chaste, the wedlock of the male and female blossom is not celebrated, their chastity is enforced by the state of the weather, the flowers remain maids perhaps until it is too late, and they die a fruitless death, a most affecting cause for lamentation."

Mr. Collier holds that Shakespeare gave the hint to the men of science, Millington and Grew, who, in the seventeenth century, first observed that the sexual system pervaded the vegetable world as well as the animal. Huxley, however, to whom he sent his essay, was politely sceptical, as readers of the *ACADEMY* have already had an opportunity of seeing. But Mr. Collier is not to be dissuaded: he sticks nobly to his belief in Shakespeare's intuition, and we prefer to believe in it too.

## Six Thinkers.

*Distribution of Income.* By Prof. William Smart. (Macmillan. 5s. net.)

PROF. SMART, the author of *Distribution of Income*, tells us that for years he shrank from grappling in earnest with the supreme problem of distribution, and his readers will fully appreciate his diffidence in launching forth into what has become the stormy ocean of economics. The "old masters" were almost entirely taken up with the factors of production, and framed profound formulas about it; but the "new economic men" leave production to take care of itself and concentrate all their attention on distribution. With these new lights distribution takes the form of politico-ethical schemes for distributing the good things of this world all round without any particular reference to deserts or services rendered. Prof. Smart does not fall in with the present stream of tendencies, and does not include himself among the "new economic men"; though we remember the time when he taught "celestial economics" and dwelt much upon the necessity of seasoning the so-called "dismal science" with ethics. But the Professor has got rid of all such questionable baggage, and, at the risk of offending former friends and associates, he declares boldly that, as an honest man, he believes the present system of distribution to be, with all its imperfections, infinitely preferable to all the visionary schemes yet propounded by Socialists, Collectivists, and lyrical enthusiasts generally. No doubt under the present system many rich men get more than they deserve, just as many poor people get more than they are worth; but on the whole there is a rough justice about the present social state which inclines the Professor to the view that "'Tis better to bear the ills we have than fly to others that we know not of." The book cannot fail to be widely read and freely criticised; but its vast stores of fact and wealth of apt illustration will enable it to maintain a high position as a profound exposition of an important economic and sociologic problem.

In his preface Prof. Smart has something to say about his wife; and since John Stuart Mill led off in that way, it seems marvellous what a great part women have played in political economy. Prof. Smart is, however, very modest, and in this, as in other things, he keeps well within the domain of sober fact, for he merely thanks his wife for having given him the necessary conditions of continuous quiet work—the peace of home. And according to Prof. Bain (Mill's best biographer) that was all Mrs. Mill was capable of giving her distinguished husband, notwithstanding the extraordinary eulogiums passed upon her by the great philosopher.

*The Conscience of the King.* By J. C. Spence. (Sonnenschein. 6s.)

WE are all more or less aware of the fact that legislators make mistakes, and that, though at times actuated by the best possible intentions, their schemes miss the mark, and, in many cases, do positive harm instead of good. Few people, however, have either the inclination or the ability to get at the root of the mystery of politics, and are content with the hope that things will ultimately come all right with a few extra shuffles of the political cards. Mr. J. C. Spence does not view the sins of legislators in this light-hearted way, and in *The Conscience of the King* he sets himself resolutely to the task of ascertaining how it happens that bad and foolish laws are enacted by honest and sensible men. And Mr. Spence comes to the conclusion that the forces which keep a man in the right course in private life cease to act when he enters the political arena, or, as he himself would phrase it, the follies of legislators may all be traced to political dementia—an abnormal state of mind and morals. The eminent French writer, M. Gustave Le Bon, has been

telling us pretty much the same thing for some time past. We mention this not to detract in any way from the merit of Mr. Spence's book, but rather to show that, though his conclusions may appear startling to some, they can be supported by the authority of a great name. In other respects the book is fresh and vigorous, and is, in point of fact, the most telling, from the individualistic point of view, that has appeared in this country since Mr. Herbert Spencer launched his formidable indictment, *The Man versus the State*. Mr. Spence is a clear and accurate reasoner; but he rightly trusts more to examples, to actual specimens of legislative folly, than to formal argument. But though clear-headed and very matter-of-fact, he is surely in error when he states that all that is wanted to make legislators mend their ways is simply a little more of what he calls "careful consideration." Mr. Spence forgets that "It is a mad world, my masters," and that, after all, reason plays but a small part in the affairs of men.

*Researches in Economics.* By Prof. Nys. (Black. 6s.)

AN English version of *Researches in the History of Economics*, by Prof. Nys, of Brussels, is well timed, and sure to be widely read by the vast and increasing number of people who take an interest in politico-economic problems. For the Professor has a solid European reputation as an authority on economics and international law; and he is an able representative of that historical method of research which has achieved so many triumphs at the hands of English investigators. Though he does not say so, it is only too evident that he has caught the true evolutionary note, which consists in pedigreering ideas and institutions, and carefully studying the past in order to understand the present. Working on these lines the Professor sketches the origin and growth of the economic problems which have been born in the heart of European society, and his narrative forms a brilliant history of the development of the great civilised nations. The book is throughout permeated so much with the spirit of the unbiassed investigator, and is so attractively written, that we have nothing but praise for its author.

*English Political Philosophy.* By Prof. W. Graham. (Arnold. Net, 10s. 6d.)

PROF. GRAHAM, whose *Creed of Science and Socialism New and Old* are well known to students, has, under the title of *English Political Philosophy from Hobbes to Maine*, laid down and expounded the first principles of the creed political. The distribution of political power and the increase of political knowledge have not, as some people imagine, gone on *pari passu*, and there is certainly scope for a good deal of missionary work in taking people out of the regions of vague impressions, and enabling them to acquire a surer grasp of political principles. Huxley used to lament that the works of Sir Henry Maine were unknown to Demos and the leaders of Demos; but we are inclined to think that not only Maine, but Locke and J. S. Mill, and all the great masters, are more spoken about than read nowadays. This is unfortunate, for, as Mr. Lecky is never weary of telling us, the wide extension of the franchise has placed the whole wealth of the country within the grasp of the masses, and our safety lies in the wide dissemination of knowledge and good sense. Prof. Graham seems to share this opinion, and his book will enable the average citizen to obtain a clear insight into the principles which ought to guide citizens in their relations to government and to each other. He selects six political thinkers—namely, Hobbes, Locke, Burke, Bentham, J. S. Mill and Henry Maine—and gives us abstracts and analyses of the famous, but far too little read, books of these eminent writers, with, in addition, a running critical commentary of his own. The abstracts are certainly very accurately done, and the connecting narrative and criticism being clearly written and free from difficult terminology, the general reader will find his intro-

duction to what are usually regarded as dry books made pleasant and interesting. But while we greatly admire the author's work as an expositor, we do not always share his conclusions. He appears to us to be slightly tainted with that unbounded optimism which he rightly considers the besetting sin of J. S. Mill; and his lengthy treatment of the philosophy of the French Revolution suffers a little from not being seasoned with the masterly knowledge of M. Taine's monumental works. We are, however, thankful for what he has done outside the domain of criticism—namely, a brilliant account of the political theories of the greater English political thinkers.

*The Social Philosophy of Rodbertus.* By Prof. Gonner. (Macmillan. 7s. 6d. net.)

PROF. GONNER, of Liverpool, has prepared an exposition of the social and economic teaching of one who, though little heard of in this country, has a high reputation in Germany. Rodbertus was a thoroughgoing Socialist, in that he viewed such questions as value, land and rent, capital and distribution, from the socialistic standpoint; but in other respects he differed materially from the vast majority of writers on Socialism. He was not onesided, for he relied largely on the historical method in treating social and economic problems; and he had nothing visionary about him, for he believed that Socialism was incapable of immediate realisation, and can only be safely brought about by the gradual adjustment of humanity to the higher social state. Those who desire to know what can be said for Socialism by one who has some claim to be regarded as a philosophic historian will find what they are in search of in Prof. Gonner's carefully prepared volume.

*A System of Ethics.* By Prof. Paulsen. (Kegan Paul. 18s. net.)

PROF. PAULSEN, of Berlin, does not own allegiance to any school of ethics with which we are acquainted, but marches sturdily under his own flag, as becomes a bold, independent thinker. On some points he is in sharp conflict with English ethical authorities, while on others he is in perfect harmony with them. Even on subject matter he takes his own way, and makes ethics include much that is usually associated with philosophy, sociology, and economics. The result is that his *System of Ethics* is indeed a remarkable book, and admirably adapted for those it is intended for—namely, people who want useful practical help in solving the problems of life. Most ethical works are somewhat hard reading, but there is not a dull page in Paulsen's book. The translation is by the author's warm American friend and admirer, Prof. Thilly.

## Other New Books.

AT SCHOOL AND AT SEA. BY "MARTELLO TOWER."

We do not know who "Martello Tower" may be; but, from the internal evidence of a book which has given us considerable pleasure, we gather that he was at Harrow in the days when Dr. Wordsworth had let the numbers down to sixty-five, went into the Navy some time in the forties, has had a most amusing life, and is still the sort of man one welcomes at a dinner party. That is the impression given by his book, which is genial and full of suggestion. Parents who are struggling to get their sons into the Navy, boys who are cramming for the entrance examination, will regret the forties. The author was watching "Box and Cox" at the Lyceum when a relative put a blue envelope into his hand. A year before he had expressed a wish to enter the Navy. He was appointed a cadet of H.M.S. *Cuba*—subject to examination. He went down, on a little passenger steamer, to the Nore, when the captain of H.M.S. *Atlantic* made him read a few lines from a leading article in the morning paper, and write a

few more from dictation. Then, as, according to the instructions, "a naval cadet must be tested in arithmetic and the rule of three," he was asked the price of  $2\frac{1}{4}$  pounds of sugar at the rate of half a hundredweight for a guinea. The captain noticed his difficulty.

"Hulloa, youngster!" he exclaimed, looking over my shoulder; "you don't seem to be making much headway. Why, what's this—fractions?" At the sight of my sum a feeling of sympathy for the oppressed—ever characteristic of the brave—was instantly kindled in the heart of that honest tar, for fractions were an old personal enemy of his. "Why," he indignantly demanded, "have you given him fractions? He hasn't got to do them." The master who had set the sum explained that it was not a difficult sum; that the fraction was really nothing at all; that I ought to be able to do the sum easily, &c., &c. "That's not the point," roared Bunn angrily, rapping the table with a vehemence which made the red, white, and blue wafers of the period vibrate in their receptacle; "the point is, do the instructions say that the boy must pass in fractions, or do they not? Bring me the Instructions!" A terrified clerk produced the book, opened the page, and handed it to his chief, who, glancing at it, exclaimed: "Ha! didn't I tell you so? nothing about fractions!"

So the boy passed, and had an amusing time on H.M.S. *Cuba*, which was, of course, one of the old sailing men-of-war; he had an amusing time even in the trenches before Sebastopol when he served in the Naval Brigade; and where the men were kept free from dysentery, when the medicine-chest was empty, by bread pills—mixed with faith. And now, when all these things are a mere memory, he has given us a really amusing book about them. (Murray. 16s.)

NOTES OF AN OUTLOOK ON LIFE.

BY ALEXANDER GARDINER MERCER.

This book consists of extracts from the private MSS. of the late Dr. Mercer, of Newport, Rhode Island. Dr. Mercer was rector of Trinity Church at Newport, that centre of wealth and social gaiety. Here he won a great reputation as a preacher, and his society was much sought and appreciated. Dr. Mercer presented a bust of Coleridge to Westminster Abbey. These "Notes" are rightly so named. They are notes rather than finished aphorisms—indeed, their style has often the awkwardness of a first draft written with effort. They are memoranda to be used by the writer, not thoughts presented to a reader, and the insight they afford into Dr. Mercer's mind will be appreciated most by those who knew him in life. Here are a few of his reflections, taken very much at random:

Where it is a woman's interest to conceal, the least thing means much; where it is her interest to give demonstrations, the greatest things mean little.

All the ways of life exhibit at bottom but one effort, the bastard effort to escape from our destiny. Gambling is one of the outlets in which the romance of the world comes out.

A man may live all his life and never hear the word which should be spoken to him.

What a man says to his wife is commonly the test of what is his charitable temper; for there is many a good tongue which is fashioned by fear.

There is more truth, and of course more merit, in the most unwise of great writers, like Warburton, who are totally neglected—than in an army of public favourites. After the accepted great, read the rejected great, before you touch the common.

The man who has mastered the individual problem, how best to put the force used into a substantial result, has become far more than a match for much more gifted men.

Few people are conscious of how much the mind is distracted as a habit, and can't be made conscious until the thorough quiet of a fit of sickness, or a far, long removal from familiar scenes.

(Bell & Sons. 5s. net.)



## Fiction.

*No Soul Above Money.* By Walter Raymond.  
(Longmans. 6s.)

IN this novel Mr. Raymond gives us another picture of eighteenth century village life very similar in atmosphere and composition to that presented in *Two Men o' Mendip*, issued only about six months ago. It is a work full of calm and simple distinction, beginning with the quietude of hope, ending with the quietude of disastrous sorrow, and containing midway one moment of fierce and terrible tragedy. Apart from its contrast with the rest of the book, the night scene in which Jack White kills his brother and loses the corpse in his frantic efforts to hide it will not easily be forgotten. It is invented with an original, fertile resource of which we had deemed Mr. Raymond scarcely capable; and the imagination which has clothed the naked ingenuity of invention is of a majestic order—it glows with the fire of tragic passion. We do not use these phrases lightly. *No Soul Above Money* is a better book than *Two Men o' Mendip*, and that was fine. It is a notable book, the production of a serious and capable artist at his maturity. It is the work of a man who has dug at the deep roots of English rural life and character; who renders to us the essential intimate England, the England of the "folk," the same almost to-day as it was a hundred years ago, when every grown man of a village had to touch the corpse of a murdered wight in order to establish his innocence before constable and justice of the peace. Mr. Raymond's qualities of sobriety and profound artistic honesty, while they will militate against a general popular acceptance, should commend him to an audience worth cultivating. We should hesitate to say that his imagination is of the first class, but it is of a very high class; and on the plane on which he chooses to move he moves well nigh perfectly. Consider *No Soul Above Money*; regard it in detail, from the summer dawn in which Mrs. White parts in hope from her elder son, to the night in which, a crone prematurely aged, she haunts the gibbet of her younger son in order to collect the lad's bones as they drop: you cannot find fault with it. You may say that the opening chapters might have been something different, something warmer and more vivid, something with a quicker pulse; but then the whole book would have changed, and Mr. Raymond would not be Mr. Raymond. Largely conceived, and executed with a power that knows its scope absolutely, *No Soul Above Money* is a novel which demands, and will receive, a special attention from those who can tell art from artifice, strength from bluster, and music from noise. We should like to quote from it, but it happens to be one of those homogeneous, well-kneaded books, from which a fragment cannot be satisfactorily cut away. It has no "purple patches."

Mr. Raymond might have chosen a better title. He is not, indeed, too often fortunate in his titles. Even granting that the miser, Jacob Handsford, is the chief personage in the book—which he is not—there is neither dignity nor harmonious sound in a phrase like *No Soul Above Money*. It reminds us of *Cometh Up as a Flower* and *Ought We to Visit Her?*

*The Pursuit of Camilla.* By Clementina Black.  
(Pearson. 6s.)

THIS is a quite amusing story of cross-purposes, mysterious disappearances, and attempted assassination, which works itself out in the clear sunshine of Italy. Several people are, very naturally, anxious to marry Camilla, who is both wealthy and beautiful—a young Englishman, a Polish artist, and an Italian marquis. Suddenly Camilla disappears from Saragosta; after seven days is rescued, but almost immediately vanishes again, being arrested for

conspiracy against the Italian Government, and refused permission to communicate with her friends.

As she sat, a few minutes later, in the carriage, and was conveyed at rather a deliberate pace along the road, her active mind was busy in considering by what means she should leave a sign for those who would come after her. The carriage turned aside to the left. Camilla, leaning suddenly from the window, cast her parasol out and upward. Then, making a feint of trying to open the door, "Oh, my parasol," she cried. "Do let me get my parasol."

The man, as she had fully expected, saw in this manoeuvre only a clumsy pretext for getting out of the vehicle, and instead of acceding, called to the driver to go faster. The parasol remained hanging, and Camilla was carried onward.

Camilla's parasol plays an important part in the subsequent events, during which we are hurried with her lovers and friends up and down Italy, to London, and even into the British Embassy at Rome, where we meet the most unconventional of ambassadors. Miss Black has a decidedly happy turn for dialogue that is apposite to the story, and amusing without being unnaturally smart. Only in one case does she unduly strain probability: the Polish artist can supply a link of evidence by drawing portraits of people he had only seen for a few moments casually—portraits so convincing that identification is immediate. Can any artist do that? We very much doubt it.

## Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

CHINATOWN STORIES.

BY C. B. FERNALD.

Mr. Fernald is the author of the plays "The Cat and the Cherub" and "The Moonlight Blossom." Here he prints ten stories of Chinese life in San Francisco—humorous, pathetic, and tragic. We wonder how many readers can translate the following piece of Pidgin into English: "Ifittytshimow Jays haddee ny upplonow-shibuh nays. He lote im aw dow witty mottify flow a flewty ho lot itty flays." (Heinemann. 6s.)

THE CHILLINGFIELD CHRONICLES.

BY HÉLÈNE GINGOLD.

We move in upper circles and among the more interesting emotions, very much as in a novelette. "'To the memory of my lord's heart,' cried the girl, and, taking a tiny sip, she let the goblet drop from her hands. It fell upon the ground and broke into a thousand pieces." (The Columbus Co. 6s.)

A COMEDY OF TEMPTATION.

BY TRISTRAM COUTTS.

"'Wha-at?' cried Bernal. 'Am I walking the tiles with a bloated bigamist? Get off this roof, you bald-headed Sultan.'" (Greening. 3s. 6d.)

THE PROFESSIONAL.

BY A. GOODRICH FREER.

The editor is "X" of the Psychical Research Society, and the collaborator with Lord Bute in the account of the haunting of B— House. This is a collection of true ghost stories. (Hurst & Blackett. 3s. 6d.)

We have also received *A Claim on Klondike*, by Edward Roper (Blackwood, 6s.), an illustrated story of gold-digging, ice, and love; *Trespassers Who Were Prosecuted*, by Sadi Grant (Digby, Long, 6s.), a fantastic story of diplomatic life in the "Islands of the South Pacific" among improbable duchesses, sultans, and savages; *The Tragedy of the Lady Palmist*, by W. L. Longstaffe (Greening, 3s. 6d.), a queer, unwholesome narration very remote from life; *A Son of Africa*, by Anna, Comtesse de Brémont (Greening, 3s. 6d.), a romance of English and native life, savage rites, and tropical environment; *Ashes Tell No Tales*, by Mrs. Albert Bradshaw, a melodramatic novel (Greening, 3s. 6d.); and *A Cry in the Night*, by Arnold Golsworthy, a lengthy melodramatic novel (Greening, 3s. 6d.).

## THE ACADEMY.

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## The "Academy's" Awards to Authors.

WHILE deciding this year to extend the scope of the ACADEMY's awards to authors, we have somewhat modified the proposal which we made in our issue of last week. Formerly we have set apart the sum of One Hundred Guineas and Fifty Guineas for writers who have published works of signal merit during the year. Still keeping before us the encouragement of sincerity and thoroughness in literary art, we intend this year to devote the same sum of One Hundred and Fifty Guineas to the authors of books published in 1899 which are notable for promise, and which, in our opinion, have not received the recognition they deserve. An author's first book would be the ideal candidate for an award; but we do not bind ourselves to search among first or even second and third books.

The sum of One Hundred and Fifty Guineas will be divided into six portions of Twenty-five Guineas each. These will be awarded to authors of books representing various branches of literature, such as Poetry, Fiction, Biography, History, Belles-Lettres, Research. The awards will be published in our issue of January 20, 1900.

## Favourite Books of 1899.

### Some More Readers.

As stated last week, we have, in accordance with our annual custom, addressed to a number of well-known men and women a letter, asking each to name the two books which have pleased and interested them most during 1899. We now publish some further replies:

Rev. Dr. H. ADLER, LL.D. (the Chief Rabbi).

Mr. Lecky's *The Map of Life, Conduct and Character*.

Prof. Dr. Schechter and Dr. Taylor's *The Wisdom of Ben Sira*, from Hebrew MSS. in the Cairo Genizah Collection.

Prof. EDWARD DOWDEN.

Stephen Phillips's *Paolo and Francesca*.  
Edmund Gosse's *Life of Donne*.

Mr. STEPHEN PHILLIPS.

I am afraid it is somewhat of a farce for me to attempt an opinion on any books published this year, as I have read scarcely one at all thoroughly. So far, however, as personal taste goes, the Stevenson Letters have fascinated me greatly. I might also mention Mr. Stephen Gwynn's critical estimate of Tennyson.

Mrs. HARRISON ("Lucas Malet").

Tolstoi's *La Guerre et la Paix* (re-read).

Hawthorne's *American Note-books* (re-read).

IAN MACLAREN.

*David Harum*.

Gardiner's *Oliver Cromwell*.

Mr. ALFRED R. WALLACE.

*Elizabeth and her German Garden*.

E. Howard's *To-morrow: a Peaceful Path to Real Reform*.

The Rev. NEWMAN HALL.

Dr. G. A. Smith's *Life of Henry Drummond*.

*Memoir of Principal Henry Reynolds, D.D.* By his Sisters.

Mr. J. E. MUDDOCK.

I have read several books this year, but none that have appealed to me so forcibly, or stirred my emotions to such an extent, and in such different ways, as *The Transvaal from Within* and *The Highest Andes*.

Mr. SIDNEY LEE.

I have read very few new books this year. None that I have read have given me the impression that they are notable contributions to literature.

Mr. WALTER CRANE.

*The Canon*.

Bernard Shaw's *Plays*.

Mr. S. R. CROCKETT.

I think these are—

Dr. Doyle's *A Duet*.

Robert Louis Stevenson's *Letters*.

Mr. J. A. SPENDER (Editor of the *Westminster Gazette*).

Stevenson's *Letters*.

Morley Roberts's *Son of Empire*.

Or, if a dead author is permitted, Harold Frederic's *Market Place*.

Mr. ALFRED HARMSWORTH.

*The Transvaal from Within*.

Sir Herbert Maxwell's *Life of Wellington*.

Mr. A. CONAN DOYLE.

Bernard Hamilton's *The Light*.

Frank Norris's *McTeague*.

Mr. L. F. AUSTIN.

Richard Whiteing's *No. 5 John Street* and Maurice Hewlett's *Little Novels of Italy* are the books which have given me the greatest pleasure.

Mr. ARTHUR R. ROPES ("Adrian Ross").

John C. Ropes's *The Story of the (American) Civil War*. Vol. II.

I have not had time to read other new books in any numbers, and have not been impressed by those I have read.

Mr. JOSEPH CONRAD.

The two new books which have pleased and interested me most in 1899?

I give it up. Too difficult.

Mr. H. G. WELLS.

G. W. Stevens's *In India*.

G. W. Stevens's *The Dreyfus Tragedy*.

Mr. RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

In Poetry :

W. B. Yeats's *Wind among the Reeds*.

Stephen Phillips's *Paola and Francesca*.

In Prose :

Stevenson's *Letters*.

Bart Kennedy's *A Man Adrift*.

Mr. G. E. ARMSTRONG (Editor of the *Globe*).

J. P. Fitzpatrick's *The Transvaal from Within*.

Mrs. Bishop's *The Yangtze Valley and Beyond*.

Mr. KENNEDY JONES (Editor of the *Evening News*).

Arnold White's *The Jew*.

Sir Herbert Maxwell's *The Life of Wellington*.

Mr. JOSEPH KNIGHT (Editor of *Notes and Queries*).

Spencer & Gillen's *Tribes of Central Australia*.

Addy's *Evolution of the English House*.

Mr. W. ALGERNON LOCKER (Editor of the *London Letter*).

Lord Rosebery's *Appreciations and Addresses*.

John Martineau's *The Transvaal Trouble : Extracts from the Biography of Sir Bartle Frere*.

Sir THEODORE MARTIN.

Vol. XII. of the Variorum Shakespeare, edited by Horace Hayward Furness.

Miss Cholmondeley's *The Red Pottage*.

Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER.

Stephen Phillips's *Paola and Francesca*.

Hewlett's *The Forest Lovers*.

Mary Cholmondeley's *Red Pottage*.

Mr. COULSON KERNAHAN.

In poetry I plump for Mr. Stephen Phillips's *Paola and Francesca*. In prose I must ask you to let me split my vote, for really I don't know which has delighted the heart of me more—Mr. Quiller Couch's *Ship of Stars* or Mr. Kenneth Grahame's *Dream Days*.

Mr. George Gissing.

### An Inquiry.

THE sound reputation of an artist is originally due never to the public, but to the critics. I do not use the word "critic" in a limited, journalistic sense; it is meant to include all those persons, whether scribes or not, who have genuine convictions about an art. The critic's first requisite is that he should be interested. A man may have an instinctive good taste; but if his attitude is one of apathy then he is not a true critic. The opinions of the public are often wrong; the opinions of the critics are usually right. But the fundamental difference between these two bodies does not lie here: it lies in the fact that the critics "care," while the public does not care. The public, by its casual approval, may give notoriety and a vogue which passes; but it is incapable of the sustained ardour of appreciation which alone results in authentic renown. It is incapable because it is nonchalant. To the public art is a very little thing—a distraction, the last resort against ennui. To the critics art looms enormous. They do not merely possess views; they are possessed by them. Their views amount to a creed, and that creed must be spread. Quiescence is torment to the devotee. He cannot cry peace when there is no peace. Passionate conviction, like murder, will out. "I believe; therefore you must believe": that is the motto which moves the world. Keats writes an ode: the critics read it; they are on fire; each is instantly transformed into a missionary. The wide earth must know of that ode; the sky must ring with it. And so the missionaries go about. "Can you not see it, O public? You must see it. You have got to see it. Here is a great ode!" And after thirty-and-three years the public mildly inquires: "What is all this noise about Keats?" And it buys the ode prettily bound, and regards it with a *moue*, and admits—partly for the sake of quietness, partly from a sense of propriety, and just a little bit from honest liking—that the thing is a masterpiece. And so, by vehement insistence, by unwearied harping, the reputation of Keats is made and kept alive. What applies to Keats applies some time to all artists, of whatever shade or degree. Even if the public happens to begin by acclaiming an artist, he must nevertheless come to the critics for that consolidating warmth of esteem, that quasi-religious devotion, without which there is no permanent security. It may be early, it may be late—the moment surely arrives when, but for the critics, the artist would fall into that neglect which is death. Byron needed no missionaries for half a century; but he needs them now. Keats could not have lived a week without those apostles of the faith.

And neither, to approach the subject at last, could Mr. George Gissing. The author of *Demos* enjoys a fame today which he certainly deserves, but which he owes to the critics exclusively. His novels contain less of potential popularity than those of almost any other living novelist of rank. They have neither the prettiness which pleases, nor the outward beauty which subdues, nor the wit which dazzles, nor the thematic bigness which overawes. And they are not soiled by any specious lower qualities which might have deceived an innocent public into admiration. There is nothing in them to attract, and much to repel, the general gaze. A West End bookseller and the proprietor of a circulating library said to me: "My ordinary public will have none of Gissing. But I stock his novels. They have a steady, very slow sale. I can tell my 'Gissing' customers at a glance. They may be divided into two classes, the literary and the earnest. By 'earnest' I mean interested in social problems. As for other sorts of people—no, not at all. You see, his subjects are so unattractive. My ordinary public simply doesn't care to read about that kind of thing." Thus the observant bookseller. Yet Mr. Gissing is renowned. He

stands for something. His words have authority, and his name carries respect even among "my ordinary public" which will not buy him. He figures often in the magazines, and I have small doubt that he receives higher prices for serial rights than many authors whose editions far outnumber his own. The fact is, he has that peculiar moral significance and weight which exist apart from mere numerical popularity, and which yet have an assessable value in the commercial market. "My ordinary public" may be conceived as saying to him: "We often hear of you. We take you for a serious person of high motives. We are told you are rather fine, but we don't realise it ourselves; to us you are very grey and depressing. We prefer to be more cheerful. Still, we suppose there really is something in you, and since we have heard so much about you, we shall probably look at anything of yours that we may happen to see in the monthlies. In the meantime we leave your books to those who care for them."

It is, of course, just this "grey" quality of his subjects, so repellent to the public, which specially recommends Mr. Gissing's work to the critics. The artists who have courage fully to exploit their own temperaments are always sufficiently infrequent to be peculiarly noticeable and welcome. Still more rare are they who, leaving it to others to sing and emphasise the ideal and obvious beauties which all can in some measure see, will exclusively exercise the artist's prerogative as an explorer of hidden and recondite beauty in unsuspected places. Beauty is strangely various. There is the beauty of light and joy and strength exulting; but there is also the beauty of shade, of sorrow and sadness, and of humility oppressed. The spirit of the sublime dwells not only in the high and remote; it shines unperceived amid all the usual mean-nesses of our daily existence. To take the common grey things which people know and despise, and, without tampering, to disclose their epic significance, their essential grandeur—that is realism, as distinguished from idealism or romanticism. It may scarcely be, it probably is not, the greatest art of all; but it is art, precious and indisputable. Such art has Mr. Gissing accomplished. In *The Nether World*, his most characteristic book, the myriad squalid futilities of an industrial quarter of London are gathered up into a large coherent movement of which the sinister and pathetic beauty is but too stringently apparent. After *The Nether World* Clerkenwell is no longer negligible. It has import. You feel the sullen and terrible pulse of this universe which lies beneath your own. You may even envy the blessedness of the meek, and perceive in the lassitude of the heavy laden a secret grace that can never be yours. Sometimes, by a single sentence, Mr. Gissing will evoke from the most obscure phenomena a large and ominous idea. The time is six o'clock, and the workshops are emptying. He says: "It was the hour of the un-yoking of men." A simple enough phrase, but it lends colour to the aspect of a whole quarter, and fills the soul with a vague, beautiful sense of sympathetic trouble. This is a good example of Mr. Gissing's faculty of poetical constructive observation—a faculty which in his case is at once a strength and a weakness. He sees the world not bit by bit—a series of isolations—but broadly, in vast wholes. He will not confine himself to a unit, whether of the individual or the family. He must have a plurality, working in and out, mutually influencing, as it were seething. So he obtains an elaborate and complicated reflection of the variety and confusion of life impossible to be got in any other way. So also by grouping similar facts he multiplies their significance into something which cannot be ignored. That is his strength. His weakness is that he seems never to be able to centralise the interest. His pictures have no cynosure for the eye. The defect is apparent in all his books, from *The Unclassed*, a youthful but remarkable work, wherein several separate narratives are connected by a chain of crude coincidences, down to the recently-published *Crown of Life*, of which the story

loses itself periodically in a maze of episodes each interrupting the others. Out of the fine welter of *The Nether World* nothing emerges paramount. There are a dozen wistful tragedies in this one novel, of which the canvas is as large as that of *Anna Karenina*—a dozen exquisite and moving renunciations with their accompanying brutalities and horror; but the dark grandeur which ought to have resulted from such an accumulation of effects is weakened by a too impartial diffusion of the author's imaginative power.

I have said that *The Nether World* is Mr. Gissing's most characteristic book. It is not, however, his best. In *Demos*, which preceded it by three years (appearing in 1886), the cardinal error of the latter work is avoided. *Demos* may be esteemed an unqualified success. The canvas is enormous, the characters a multitude, but as the narrative progresses it becomes, instead of a story of socialism as Mr. Gissing intended, the story of one woman. The figure of Adela Mutimer—a girl of race married by the wish of her family to an artisan—monopolises more and more the reader's anxiety, until at length the question of her happiness or misery dwarfs all else. Adela is Mr. Gissing's finest and loveliest creation, and the great scene in which she compels her husband to desist from a crime that could never have been discovered is unmatched in sheer force and conviction by any other in his work. It is, in truth, masterly. *Demos* has another point of particular interest in that the plot turns chiefly upon the differences which separate class from class. Many novelists have dealt with the consequences of a marriage between persons of unequal birth, but none has brought to the consideration of the matter that wide and exact documentary knowledge of caste and that broad outlook which mark Mr. Gissing's conception. His philosophy seems to be that social distinctions have a profounder influence upon the general human destiny than is commonly thought. The tendency of men of wide sympathies among all grades is to insist on a fundamental similarity underlying the superficial dissimilarity of those grades; but Mr. Gissing by no means accepts the idealistic theory that the rank is but the guinea stamp and a man's a man for a' that. He may almost be said to be obsessed by social distinctions; he is sensitive to the most delicate nuances of them; and it would seem that this man, so free from the slightest trace of snobbishness, would reply, if asked what life had taught him: "The importance of social distinctions." Listen to this about Adela Mutimer and her husband:

He was not of her class, not of her world; only by a violent wrenching of the laws of nature had they come together. She had spent years in trying to convince herself that . . . only an unworthy prejudice parted class from class. One moment of true insight was worth all her theorising on abstract principles. To be her equal this man must be born again . . .

Here is the spirit which informs the whole of Mr. Gissing's work. It crops out again and again in unexpected places. It is always with him. Yet he shows no aristocratic bias whatever: he holds an even balance. If he has a weakness it is for the class "created by the mania of education," consisting "of those unhappy men and women whom unspeakable cruelty endows with intellectual needs while refusing them the sustenance they are taught to crave." The words are the words of the Rev. Mr. Wyvern in *Demos*, but there are many indications that they express the thoughts of George Gissing. If his heart is hardened, it is against

the commercial class, . . . the supremely maleficent. They hold us at their mercy, and their mercy is nought. Monstrously hypocritical, they cry for progress when they mean increased opportunities of swelling their own purses at the expense of those they employ and of those they serve; vulgar to the core, they exalt a gross ideal of well-being, and stink in their prosperity. The very poor and the uncommercial wealthy alike suffer from them; the intellect of the country is poisoned by their influence.

Mr. Gissing has often been called a pessimist: he is not one. He paints in dark tints, for he has looked on the sum of life, and those few who have done this are well aware that life is dark; Clerkenwell is larger than Piccadilly, and Islington than Brixton. The average artist stays at home in life; Mr. Gissing has travelled far, and brought back strange, troublous tales full of disturbing beauty; and he suffers for his originality. The audience is incredulous, and objects to anything which disturbs, even beauty. But Mr. Gissing is not thereby constituted a pessimist; he is merely a man who can gaze without blinking; he is not soured; he has, I fancy, the marvellous belief that happiness is evenly distributed among the human race; he may sup on horrors, but he can digest them without a headache the next morning; he is neither gay nor melancholy, but just sober, calm, and proud against the gods; he has seen, he knows, he is unmoved; he defeats fate by accepting it. When Sidney Kirkwood and Jane Snowden, both beaten and both sad, meet by the grave of Grandfather Snowden, he leaves them thus:

To both was their work given. Unmarked, unencouraged save by their love of uprightness and mercy, they stood by the side of those more hapless, brought some comfort to hearts less courageous than their own. Where they abode it was not all dark. Sorrow certainly awaited them, perchance defeat in even the humble aims that they had set themselves; but at least their lives would remain a protest against those brute forces of society which fill with wreck the abysses of the nether world.

This may be grievous, but it is not pessimism. The thoughtless may say that it is scarcely diverting to read after dinner; but those who can bear to reflect upon the large issues of life will be grateful that an artist of Mr. Gissing's calibre has used his art so finely for the inculcation of fortitude and serenity.

E. A. B.

## "Children of the Ghetto."

MR. ISRAEL ZANGWILL'S "Children of the Ghetto," admirably acted by an American company at the Adelphi Theatre, is a drama aggressively Jewish in tone. The aloofness of the Jews from ordinary humanity is insisted on throughout, and much of the play is occupied in exhibiting and explaining those strange customs which still prevail among the Hebrew race. Mr. Zangwill is proud of being a Jew. It is right that he should be so, but nevertheless it would seem that he has laid too great a stress upon the superficial peculiarities of his kindred, while passing over those deep and essential characteristics which really constitute them a people apart and withdrawn from the world. The picture that he paints of the Whitechapel Ghetto in 1867 is full of quaintness and surprise, full of poetry, too, and of human nature. But the quaintness and surprise, which should have been the least prominent features, Mr. Zangwill has made the chief. It is doubtless rather odd that in the Ghetto if a man jokingly puts a ring on a girl's finger, and pronounces certain words before two witnesses, the pair should be thereby married in the eyes of the Church. But to select such an improbable triviality for the foundation of a serious tragedy is a fault in art. Even in the Ghetto the incident could not recur more than once in a generation. And this is not the whole of Mr. Zangwill's guilt. He deliberately chooses a second oddity—that a man of the Cohens (tribe of Aaron) may not wed a divorced woman—and, imposing it on the other one, manufactures his catastrophe. If the first incident is improbable, its conjuncture with the second matter makes an improbability beyond the dream of mathematics. Is the stuff of tragedy so rare in the Ghetto that it must be concocted out of themes so far fetched? Are not the Jews men and women even as the Gentiles are, subject to the same simplicities of passion and fate? If so, why has Mr. Zangwill preferred material so bizarre and intractable as is here displayed?

It is such questions that one asks during Acts I. and II. and part of Act III. of "Children of the Ghetto." After the groundwork is at length tardily constructed, and the way cleared for the tragedy itself, then the play becomes a new thing. The conflict between love and piety in the breast of Hannah Jacobs, the Rabbi's daughter, is set forth in the most moving and poignant terms. The alternate scenes with her father, representing religion, and with her lover, representing passion, are not only dramatic to a degree, but at once essentially poetic and instinct with fidelity to life. The end of the last act, with all the ingeniously contrived mechanism of the Passover ritual, is masterly. One forgets that this beautiful structure is reared on a foundation which can only be called ridiculous. One forgets everything except the fact that here is dramatic poetry, simple and profound. Mr. Zangwill proves himself, indeed, a dramatist of distinction. Not often is modern work of such quality seen on the London stage, or on any other stage. The pity is that it should be marred by what precedes it. In the first two acts Mr. Zangwill has obviously essayed to render the picturesque composite life of the Ghetto. He has, perhaps, done so, but he has not done so dramatically; and in the doing he came near to ruining the whole piece. The main theme is swamped in a sea of marvellous but arid and inapposite cleverness and ingenuity—exactly such as spoilt Mr. Zangwill's best novel. It does not, in truth, emerge at all until the second act. The first act is complete within itself, and till the curtain rises again no one could possibly guess what the trend of the story was to be. Let us add that in Melchisedek Pinchas, the Hebrew poet, a personage unconnected with the main theme, Mr. Zangwill has created a masterpiece of humour and wild imagination, and that Mr. William Norris played the part magnificently.

## The Amateur Critic.

[To this page we invite our readers to contribute criticism, favourable or otherwise, of books new and old, or remarks on striking or curious passages which they may meet with in their reading. No communication, we would point out, must exceed 300 words.]

### "Like Another Helen."

I WAS very glad to see in the ACADEMY of December 9, under the heading "Favourite Books of '99," that one writer mentioned *Like Another Helen*, by Mr., Mrs., or Miss (I do not know which) Sydney C. Grier. It seems to me that this delightful and accomplished work has by no means received the attention it deserves. Possibly its very virtues of delicacy and fidelity to the fastidious taste of a lady of the eighteenth century are in themselves a stumbling-block to popularity with a hasty and sensation-loving public. But this story is none the less a charming piece of work. The action of an extremely interesting and well-contrived plot takes place in India, in the days of Clive, but there is no trace of the meretricious convention of the average historical novel; it reads like a contemporary document. There is a wealth of information, never obstructed, but woven with surprising dexterity into the fabric of the story, an intimate acquaintance with the affairs of Anglo-Indian society of the day, a vivacious and life-like reflexion of the manners and diction of a punctilious age; and, above all, there is an enchanting heroine who reveals her personality, with a grace as touching as it is artless, through the medium of the quaintly-worded letters in which the author, faithful even in that particular to his period, has told the eventful story of Sylvia Freyne. I should like to recommend this book to all who have a taste for the manner as well as the matter of their reading. In *Like Another Helen* they will find both.

M. B. C.



## Diarist and Novelist.

HAPPENING to read portions of Sir Algernon West's *Recollections* (1832 to 1886) and Charles Dickens's *Bleak House* in the same day, I was amused by the following parallelism which instantly suggested itself. It may be worth setting forth, as showing how a novelist may dispense with "a huge despatch-box full of correspondence in connexion with the formation of a Government."

*From Sir Algernon West's  
"Recollections."*

In a few minutes Mr. Gladstone had put into my hands a huge despatch-box full of correspondence in connexion with the formation of his Government. It was then that I understood why Sir Robert Peel described it as the hardest task that could fall to a Minister.

The modesty of a few and the pretensions of many—who reminded me of the Persian proverb. "They came to shoe the Pasha's horses, and the beetle stretched out his leg"—the overweening self-hness of some, and the qualifications and aspirations of those eager for office, and a particular office; the vested-interest claim, which held that a man once included in a Government should ever after have a right to a higher office in each succeeding Administration—all this lay open before me.

How few of these aspirants but are beyond their hopes and their disappointments now!

*From Charles Dickens's  
"Bleak House."*

My Lord Boodle perceives with astonishment, that supposing the present Government to be overthrown, the limited choice of the Crown, in the formation of a new Ministry, would lie between Lord Coodle and Sir Thomas Doodle—supposing it to be impossible for the Duke of Foodle to act with Goodle, which may be assumed to be the case in consequence of the breach arising out of that affair with Hoodle. Then, giving the Home Department and the Leadership of the House of Commons to Joodle, the Exchequer to Koodle, the Colonies to Loodle, and the Foreign Office to Moodle, what are you to do with Noodle? You can't offer him the Presidency of the Council; that is reserved for Poodle. You can't put him in the Woods and Forests; that is hardly good enough for Quoodle. What follows? That the country is shipwrecked . . . because you can't provide for Noodle!

S. S.

## Memoirs of the Moment.

SIR ROBERT PEEL does not intend to sell, nor has the Court authorised him to sell, the heirloom pictures that have the most sentimental and historical interest. Nor are any family portraits to be sold. Perhaps this decision does not wholly satisfy the feelings of Lord Peel (whose interest, however, is only a contingent one), for a decidedly sentimental value does attach even to the Dutch pictures about to go under the hammer, inasmuch as the great First Policeman loved each one of them with a particular and discriminating love. They adorned the room he most continuously occupied in Whitehall-gardens; and, later, at Drayton Manor they were serious rivals of Nature herself in his affections. Still, even of the Dutch pictures he chose with so much intelligence many have been long estranged from his family. The National Gallery is the lucky possessor of some of the greatest gems. There is the "Chapeau de Paille," as that portrait of the lady of the Lunden family is called whom Rubens painted, and with whom he fell in love. Rubens would not part with the picture—he had sentimental reasons enough why that should not be sold. After his death it was acquired for £1,500, was re-sold in Antwerp in 1817 for £3,000, and was bought by Sir Robert for £3,500, in 1843, the highest price ever paid till then for a half-length portrait.

BURLINGTON HOUSE banquets are popularly supposed to make friends for the Royal Academy among Ministers of State. That may or may not be; but it is certain that had Royalty carried out its ideas about this Royal institution,

its affairs would be differently arranged. In 1830 George IV. did seriously meditate a Royal Academy reform; and it was Sir Robert Peel who put the project aside. There was a vacancy in the presidentship, and the King, no doubt, wanted Wilkie, whereas the Academy elected Shee. The King thereupon appointed Wilkie his Painter in Ordinary; and Sir Robert's tact, not to say flattery, accomplished the rest. "I told the King," he writes to Lord Farnborough, "that we thought his Majesty stood so well with the artists of this country, that he was so universally admitted to be the greatest patron Art ever had in England, that it would not be prudent to risk the excitement of any other feelings. The King at once assented, and said: 'Well, perhaps we had better not meddle with the Royal Academy.' He was particularly good-humoured," Sir Robert adds. And well might he be after his promotion to be art-patron-in-chief of his kingdom."

It was just a little unlucky that General Gatacre should have to wire, after the disaster near Molteno: "I am holding Cypher Gat." Perhaps it was his own grim joke, smarting under misfortune; for his schoolfellows knew him only as "Gat."

THE death of Lord Penzance, at the age of eighty-three, follows rather quickly on his retirement, last March, from the post of judge under the Public Worship Act. Perhaps the appointment was not a very suitable one; except for the fact that he was a retired judge, drawing a large pension, who was willing to put his hand to the work created by that discord-making piece of legislation. Lord Beaconsfield and Sir William Harcourt were at one in its support; Mr. Gladstone and Lord Salisbury became brothers in opposition, though in the House of Lords the then Archbishop of Canterbury had charge of the Bill. Lord Penzance, as the new legal assessor, was pretty openly derided by High Churchmen, and in one or two cases his decisions were set at naught. The suits heard before him grew fewer and farther between; and there was a certain pathos about the position of a man who, in his own time, had seen come over the religious world a transformation to which he himself could never become accustomed. A nephew of Lord Chancellor Truro, he had Anglican traditions; but by an unlucky freak of nature he had in many ways the bearing and appearance of a Jewish rabbi; and that was an added bitterness to men like Lord Halifax, by whom his decisions were scouted. They might, however, have taken this consolation into consideration, that if they had not had Lord Penzance set over them as a ruler in Israel they would probably have had Lord Grimthorpe.

THE Marquis of Bute, though he has been brought to London, does not make any appearance in public; nor is his condition sufficiently improved to allow him to attend to public affairs, or even to his own business concerns. Lady Bute is the constant and devoted attendant on her husband.

THE death is announced of Lady Berkeley, who, besides inheriting the barony of Berkeley, which was separate from the earldom, was also co-heiress of the Barony of Braose of Gower, and claimed besides to be heir-general to the Earldom of Ormond through her descent from the first Earl, Thomas Boleyn, the father of Anne Boleyn. She was the niece of that amusing writer—and a writer who was most amusing at the expense of his own relatives—Mr. Grantley Berkeley; and there are privately printed pamphlets concerning family disputes that can be read now as ancient history, and therefore without the personal pain or the invidious partisanship that was engendered by an acquaintance with them forty years ago.

THE Lord Chief Justice, who was present at the pleasant evening party given by Lady Russell of Killowen to the members of the Irish Literary Society, made at the Royal Societies' Club on Monday night a speech that was all in favour of peace. The result has been, by the cross-purposes of life, all sorts of little *contretemps*. The *Times*, reproved in an extra-judicial utterance, of "gross impertinence" for lecturing the Paris arbitrators on the length of their deliberations, has the *aplomb* to respond by a gentle hint that the lecture really did shorten the proceedings. That is quite absurd, of course; but there has been little love shown by "the leading organ, I think it is called," and the Lord Chief Justice since the days when, as Sir Charles Russell, he led against it before the Parnell Commission. Then the reporters, too, who made the Lord Chief Justice speak on the decay of Spain in association with its profession of the Roman Catholic religion, have, of course, added to the confusion; and a disclaimer has gone forth from the usually imperturbable chief Bench of the Law Courts. Finally, the allusion of the orator of the evening to the contrast between the home-coming of arbitration commissioners and that of the fighters by the sword has not given pleasure in all quarters; but it will, for all that, be remembered when the war fever is over. Meanwhile, the Lord Chief Justice must be able to reflect on the mutability of public opinion; for it is only about a couple of years since his arbitration address in America was cabled over verbatim to the English press, and commented upon with a unanimity of agreement rarely to be found among the leader-writers on any single morning.

## Correspondence.

### "Prince Otto."

SIR,—It may interest your correspondent "C." to know that Mr. Andrew Lang has somewhere—though exactly where I am unable to recall; is it in *Essays in Little*?—forestalled Mr. Cornford in his dictum of *Prince Otto*. I cannot remember Mr. Lang's words, but, in substance, he says he finds it impossible to read the tale without a wavering suspicion that the author is all the time playing with the reader.

Now "C." maintains that Mr. Cornford's admission of disappointment is a clear proof that he does not care for *Prince Otto*. This is, surely, to draw a rather too summary conclusion. I humbly claim to be among the most enthusiastic and genuine of Stevenson's disciples. I love the man as revealed in his books and letters, as much as I admire and strive to follow the doctrines that he teaches. Yet I must confess to having experienced a feeling with regard to *Prince Otto* very akin to that of Mr. Lang's.

I have read the book the three times that "C." advocates, and am still unable to rid myself of the unpleasant and disturbing belief that Stevenson is not quite in earnest. I am aware that this will likely be regarded as a most heretical opinion. To me, however, the tale reads as an experiment. It is not fully matured. Mind, I do not mean to imply that it is not honest or sincere.

Stevenson could not have written a book, he could not have written a page, a paragraph—nay, he could not have written a single sentence that was not both of these; but I cannot bring myself to believe that Stevenson intended the book to be taken quite so seriously as has been its fate. Beautiful it is, and many of the descriptive passages must live in a man's mind for generations to come; nevertheless, reviewing the book from all points, I must admit to liking it the least of Stevenson's works.

This does not necessarily mean that I do not care for the book. On the contrary, I do care for it; but not quite as I care for everything else that has come from the same heroic pen.

I have read Mr. Cornford's warmly written chapters. His admission of a disappointment is surely no proof of his indifference. I am not here to champion Mr. Cornford, however. I merely desire to show that "C.'s" inference is unjust; that there are others who hold as Mr. Cornford does; and that it is still possible to care for and enjoy a book though you may be somewhat disappointed with it as a whole.—I am, &c.,

F. W. PLACE.

Nov. 28, 1899.

### Lark and Rocket.

SIR,—Notwithstanding the distinct charm of the three little pieces quoted in the *ACADEMY* of November 25 from Mr. Henley's *Songs and Madrigals*, there is a note in the second piece that jars:

And over the faded lea  
The skylark scatters his rocketing song.

It puzzles one's head, this notion of "scattering a rocketing song": one does not quite see what it means; and yet the words have a familiar sound. I could not make it out at first, but light broke at last. In a delightful little poem by Mr. Herbert E. Clarke, published with "Tannhäuser" in 1896, and called "A March Medley," there is the same combination of words in an intelligible form:

A lark goes up like a rocket,  
And scatters his song in air.

I never saw one of all the thousands of larks I have watched that really went up like a rocket; but "scatters his song in air" has great rectitude. So have Mr. Clarke's subsequent words:

But Shelley did him very well,  
And I may therefore spare my breath.

But "scatters his rocketing song" can scarcely claim to be an improvement on "goes up like a rocket, and scatters his song in air." It seems to me that the transfer of the rocket notion from the bird to the song just spoils the whole thing. If there is little of the rocket in the bird, still less is there in his song, thank goodness!—I am, &c.,  
H. BUXTON FORMAN.

St. John's Wood, N.W.:  
Dec. 6, 1899.

### Wanted—Novels of Observation.

SIR,—Your correspondents who point out the adaptability for fictional treatment of life in the shop do not appear to know of two comparatively recent novels dealing with this subject—one, *A Guardian of the Poor*, by T. Baron Russell (John Lane); the other, *Moonlight*, by Mary E. Mann (Fisher Unwin). The first-named deals fully with life in a draper's shop in South London. Mrs. Mann's book is concerned with life in the drapery trade in the provinces.—I am, &c.,

HENRY J. SMITH.

Brighton: Dec. 12, 1899.

### "Criticism by Semaphore."

IN the course of a letter too long to print, Mr. William Smithard writes from Derby: "Your reviewer has seen, and very effectively held up to ridicule, the two most prominent faults in Mr. Baker's *Guide to Fiction*—i.e., the abbreviations, and the bias in some of the criticisms. . . . Mr. Baker [the author] has met with the difficulties of a pioneer, but I submit that he has taken a good step forward, and should therefore be praised for what he has done, and encouraged to do still better things."

## The "Academy's" Special Competitions.

WE offer the sum of Thirty Guineas, to be divided into six portions of Five Guineas each, which we shall award to the successful competitors in the following literary exercises. Anybody is eligible to compete, but competing MSS. must not have been printed before, either for public or private circulation.

### List of Competitions.

I.—FIVE GUINEAS for the best original short poem. Not to exceed twenty-four lines

II.—FIVE GUINEAS for the best original short story. Not fewer than 1,500 words, and not more than 2,000 words.

III.—FIVE GUINEAS for the best original essay on a non-literary, light, every-day subject. Not to exceed 2,000 words in length.

IV.—FIVE GUINEAS for the best original "Things Seen," in the manner of those published in the ACADEMY during the past year. Not to exceed 350 words.

V.—FIVE GUINEAS for the best original paper on a British or foreign city, town, or village. It should take the form of a personal, impressionistic description, and must not exceed 2,000 words in length.

VI.—FIVE GUINEAS for the best original set of epigrammatic criticisms of six British or American living novelists. No single criticism must exceed 100 words in length.

### Conditions.

*The MSS. must be typewritten.* They must reach the ACADEMY office on or before March 31, 1900.

The title of the particular class of competition must be written on the outside of the envelope containing the MS. Thus:

- I.—"Poetry Competition."
- II.—"Story Competition."
- III.—"Essay Competition."
- IV.—"Things Seen Competition."
- V.—"Foreign Town Competition."
- VI.—"Novelist Competition."

A pseudonym, chosen by the competitor, must be written on the left-hand top corner of the first page of his or her MS., and each MS. must be accompanied by a small closed envelope containing the competitor's name and address, with the pseudonym written on the outside of such small closed envelope.

Anybody is eligible to compete; but competing MSS. must not have been printed before, either for public or private circulation.

A competitor may compete for as many of the competitions as he or she chooses.

As MSS. are received they will be acknowledged under the competitor's pseudonym in the next issue of the ACADEMY.

The prize MSS. will be printed in the ACADEMY; and the Editor reserves the right to print any of the other MSS. sent in.

No MS. will be returned unless it be accompanied by an envelope stamped and addressed.

Competitors who do not comply with the above conditions will be disqualified.

## Our Weekly Competitions.

### Result of No. 12 (New Series).

IN the preceding column will be found the terms of a special ACADEMY competition which was foreshadowed in our last number. We then asked our ordinary Prize Competitors to try their hands at devising six subjects suitable for this competition. There can be no doubt whatever that the best and most thoughtful list is that composed by Mr. A. Griffith, Fair View, Wells-road, Malvern:—

#### SIX LITERARY EXERCISES.

1. An ode, "France in 1899."
  2. An oration to be read at the unveiling of an Imperial memorial in London, erected in memory of the soldiers who may fall in the Transvaal War. (The inscription on the monument may be quoted.)
  3. A prologue to be declaimed or acted at the opening of the first national or municipal theatre in England. (Conventional form of prologue need not be adopted.)
  4. An essay on "the pathetic fallacy." (See "Modern Painters.")
  5. A description of a Salvation Army meeting.
  6. An account of the discovery of the statue of the Olympian Zeus at Shasoa by an English artist in the year 1901.
- (I am afraid a large volume, much less 2,000 words, would be a meagre allowance for the description of this momentous event. The writer could choose any aspect of the subject. The previous or subsequent adventures of either explorer or statue, chryselephantine sculpture, a description of the Hellenistic priests, their mysteries and sacred books. The description would take the form of a letter to the writer's friend in the museum as writer; statue and MSS. would, probably, perish in a typhoon in the Indian Ocean.)

Among other lists are these:—

1. A sermon on a fixed text.
2. A short story.
3. A poem.
4. An essay on a fixed subject.
5. A translation from the French.
6. A political leading article.

[A. T. de M., London.]

Suggestion the first—a brisk autobiography,  
Carelessly candied, unstudied in style;  
Next, an essay on travel, devoid of geography,  
England, if possible—*not* on the Nile;  
Then, a study of any acknowledged authority,  
Lamb, if you will, or, it may be, Carlyle;  
Next, a story—your first, or, of less seniority,  
The best you have done for a deuce of a while;  
Then, a "leader," concise, conclusive, conventional,  
Wherein you reveal, but, oh, never revile;  
Last, a copy of verses whose charms unintentional  
(Inspired, shall we say?) show no trace of the file.

[J. D. A., Ealing.]

1. A short story.
2. A critical note on a modern writer.
3. A biographical note on a recently deceased writer.
4. Ultra-realism in literature.
5. The present lack of great poetry.
6. The effect of the spread of education on the literary output.

[A. H. W., Westward Ho!]

1. An essay estimating the position in history or literature of some man or woman not now living.
2. Review some British work of fiction published within the last five years, showing in what ways it follows the general trend of present-day thought, and to what extent it is original in subject, treatment, and style.
3. Translate from some foreign language—Latin and Greek not excluded—either a continuous passage or passages selected as being representative of the author, or as illustrating his treatment of a particular subject. Prose must be translated by prose, and verse by verse.
4. Write a cycle of short poems, none of which must exceed 500 words. They must be connected by one leading idea, and must all be necessary to its development.
5. Write a play in one act, not necessarily suitable for the stage. The working-out of a plot need not be attempted, but the play must centre round some problem, which must be solved in developing the characters. It may be written in prose or verse.
6. Write a scheme of an original work in history, biography or fiction, making clear its scope and plan, and showing the division into volumes, parts, or chapters.

[E. F. S., Clifton.]

1. Which books should this year have been "crowned" had the ACADEMY awards been made on the former basis? State your reasons for your decision.
2. Select from among living authors the half-dozen whose fame will be the greatest fifty years hence, and justify the selection.
3. Who is the greatest prose writer of the nineteenth century?

4. What department in literature affords the greatest scope to writers seeking to fill unoccupied positions, and to make original contributions to literature?

5. Name the two *new* writers of the past year who give the greatest promise, and substantiate your choice.

6. On whom should the Poet Laureateship be bestowed on the happening of the next vacancy?

[B. R., London.]

Lists received also from:—G. E. M., London; C. L., London; W. C. F., Dumbreck; B. M. R., London; Miss J. W., Stroud; B. R. B., Great Malvern; A. E., Oxford; G. M. B., Leeds; G. H., Didsbury; E. A., London; G. N., Clifton; T. C., Buxted; D. S., Glasgow; H. B., Garcoah; W. B. B., London; M. A. C., Cambridge; W. S. R., Moffat; E. L., Burton; G. C. M. D., Crediton; P. C., Greenock; A. S., Edinburgh; H. B. R., Bradford; W. C. C., London; M. B. C., Egham; G. R. G., Stoke-on-Trent; J. P. K., Cranleigh.

### Competition No. 13 (New Series).

We have received from a well-known novelist the following letter:

"I wish to put together a shelf-full of books for a debating club in a very small country town. We are ardent politicians, but our information unfortunately falls more than a little short of our zeal. We have (say) £2 to begin upon. It might amuse some of your readers to help us by suggesting lists, and I can assure you we should be glad of their help. The question is, What can we do for £2 (allowing for discount)? The cost of carriage may be ignored, although we have no local bookseller: for Sir Roger de Coverley, our President, is starting on a visit to town and has offered to bring the books home in his portmanteau."

We offer a prize of a guinea for the best list of books suitable for the purpose named procurable for £2.

#### RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, The ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, December 20. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found in the third column of p. 732 or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. We wish to impress on competitors that the task of examining replies is much facilitated when one side only of the paper is written upon. It is also important that names and addresses should always be given: we cannot consider anonymous answers.

## New Books Received.

[These notes on some of the New Books of the week are preliminary to Reviews that may follow.]

THE LIFE OF EDWARD WHITE BENSON. BY ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON.

Two volumes (1,400 pages) replete with every kind of biographical matter. We have letters which the Archbishop wrote to his mother at twelve, and letters which he wrote to bishops and scholars in the prime of life. The pictures show us Dr. Benson on his horse and in his study, &c. We have long extracts from a "safety-valve" diary which he kept in later life. The domestic, the professional, and the spiritual man are here. (Macmillan.)

TENNYSON, RUSKIN, MILL, AND OTHER LITERARY ESTIMATES. BY FREDERIC HARRISON.

"A SERIES of systematic estimates of some leading influences on the thought of our time." Thus Mr. Harrison describes these papers on Tennyson, Ruskin, Arnold, J. A. Symonds, Gibbon, John Stuart Mill, and others. Mr. Ruskin is treated both as a prophet and as a master of prose. A book of solid judgments, delivered with the writer's ripe conviction. (Macmillan. 8s. 6d. net.)

UNWRITTEN LAWS AND IDEALS OF ACTIVE CAREERS. EDITED BY E. H. PITCAIRN.

How people of consequence regulate their official and social conduct: this is the interesting subject on which Miss Pitcairn has collected information. The ideal behaviour of ambassadors to callers; the why and when of a Judge's robes; the conditions of popularity in a Headmaster; the relations between composers and musicians—these are the kind of points elucidated. In all, eighteen professions are carefully overhauled, and each by an expert in his profession. The following is quoted as the ideal speech to British soldiers before battle: "The General says that Dargai must be taken: the Gordon Highlanders will take it." The reasons for this are set forth. (Smith, Elder & Co. 6s.)

EVANGELICAL BELIEF. BY JOHN BROADHURST NICHOLS.

TOWARDS the close of 1898 the Committee of the Religious Tract Society offered a prize of One Hundred Pounds for the best essay on "Evangelical Belief." The object of the Committee was to evoke an able criticism of the sacerdotal tendencies of the day. This is the essay that pleased them best. One condition was that the discussion must be "without controversial bitterness"; hence there has been no rivalry in the art of abuse. (Religious Tract Society. 6s.)

GEORGE SELWYN; HIS LETTERS AND HIS LIFE. EDITED BY E. S. ROSCOE AND HELEN CLERGUE.

THIS book will supplement the general knowledge of this eighteenth century wit and table-talker. Few of his letters were known until, in the Fifteenth Report of the Historical Manuscript Commission, there were printed more than two hundred letters from his pen which had been preserved at Castle Howard. A selection of these interesting letters, which are full of matter, is printed, with careful annotations, in this volume. Society and politics, the American War of Independence, the fall of Lord North Fox's debts and Pitt's first speech, the Royal Society, and Almack's: these dominate the correspondence. (Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)

BY MOOR AND FELL. BY HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE.

TOPOGRAPHY is attracting better pens, and is receiving more artistic treatment, every year. In his novel *Ricraft of Withens* Mr. Sutcliffe gave us admirable backgrounds of the wild moors and fells of Yorkshire. He now describes these lands of peat and heather and lonely manors in detail. Students of the Brontë novels will value the first chapter, which is on Haworth. (Unwin. 6s.)

BISMARCK. BY JAMES W. HEADLAM.

THE "Heroes of the Nations" series has made great progress: this is the twenty-ninth volume. Mr. Headlam says that the greater number of his pages were completed before the death of Prince Bismarck; but he has used all the later material that has been published, notably the collections of Horst Kohl, and Herr von Poschinger. Mr. Headlam incidentally remarks: "A good collection of Bismarck's correspondence is much wanted." (G. P. Putnam's Sons. 5s.)

AMERICAN LANDS AND LETTERS. BY D. G. MITCHELL.

A TYPE of book in which America excels is the book of tender reminiscences, illustrated with real care and intelligence. This is such a book. It starts "with times when the wealthy independence of General Jackson made itself heard in Congressional corridors, and when young ears were listening eagerly for new footfalls of the brave 'Leather Stocking' in the paths of American woods; and it closes with the lugubrious and memorable notes of the 'Raven' of Poe." (Dent & Co. 7s. 6d.)

LIFE OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (LIBRARY EDITION). BY SIDNEY LEE.

THE evolution of this book is interesting. First it was a dictionary article; next it was a modest octavo volume; now it is too tall for most shelves, and a very beautiful book. The numerous illustrations which the present edition contains are not mere embellishments, but may be regarded as graphic additions to the substance of the work. Nevertheless, the purely artistic value of many of them is great. The text has also received additions: the remarks on Shakespeare's autographs and handwriting are extended, and Mr. Lee has inserted a description of the interesting copy of the First Folio in Mr. Sibthorp's library which very recently came to light. Other extensions might be noted, but in no case do the alterations modify the general conclusions to which Mr. Lee has already given expression. The book as a whole is superbly produced. The design on the cover is taken from a rare binding of English workmanship of the sixteenth century, now in the British Museum. (Smith, Elder & Co. 16s.)

THE PRAISE OF GARDENS. BY ALBERT FORBES SIVEKING.

A NEW edition of a collection which Walter Pater called "a scholarly little book." That was fourteen years ago. Here the author has tried by addition and omission to hit more nearly the mark he had in view—viz., "to bring together a series of prose passages giving an historical survey" of garden books. All garden writers are quoted, from Solomon to Bacou, and from Addison to d'Annunzio. The illustrations to this edition are numerous and admirably chosen; and the book breathes of gardens. (Dent & Co. 7s. 6d.)

**THE CONQUEST OF ENGLAND. BY JOHN RICHARD GREEN.**

ONE is always glad to see a standard work included in the handy and comely "Eversley" series. This book, of which the first edition appeared in 1883, is now added to the eleven volumes by Green which have already reached this goal. (Macmillan. 2 vols. 10s.)

In addition to the above we have received :

**THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.**

Candlish (James S.), <i>The Christian Salvation</i> .....(T. & T. Clark)	7/6
Bolo (Abbé Henry), <i>The Tragedy of Calvary</i> .....(Kegan Paul) net	2/6
Bolo (Abbé Henry), <i>The Morrow of Life</i> .....(Kegan Paul)	
Reles (F. C.), <i>Reservation of the Holy Eucharist in the Scottish Church</i> .....(Jolly & Sons)	2/6
McCabe (Joseph), <i>The Religion of the Twentieth Century</i> .....(Watts & Co.)	1/0
Dowden (John), <i>The Workmanship of the Prayer Book</i> .....(Methuen)	3/6
Toy (Crawford H.), <i>A Critical and Exegetical Commentary on the Book of Proverbs</i> .....(T. & T. Clark)	
Conway (Moncure D.), <i>Solomon and Solomon's Literature</i> .....(Kegan Paul)	
<i>The Small Hymn-Book: The Word-Book of the Yattendon Hymnal</i> .....(B. H. Blackwell) net	1/8
Grane (W. L.), <i>Hard Sayings of Jesus Christ</i> .....(Macmillan)	5/0
Drummond (Henry), <i>The New Evangelism, and Other Papers</i> .....(Hodder & Stoughton)	
Vincent (Murven R.), <i>A History of the Textual Criticism of the New Testament</i> .....(Macmillan)	3/6
Matthews (S.), <i>A History of New Testament Times in Palestine</i> .....(Macmillan)	3/6
Manning (Henry Edward), <i>The Teaching of Christ</i> .....(Wells Gardner)	6/0
Bindley (T. Herbert), <i>The Ecumenical Documents of the Faith</i> .....(Methuen)	6/0
Macmillan (Hugh), <i>Gleanings in Holy Fields</i> .....(Macmillan)	3/6
<i>The Holy Gospels. With over 350 Illustrations from the Old Masters. Vol. I.</i> .....(S.P.C.K.)	

**POETRY, CRITICISM, AND BELLES LETTRES.**

Tadema (L. T.), <i>The Fate-Spinner</i> .....(Mortlock)	
Tennyson (Alfred Lord), <i>Poetical Works</i> .....(Macmillan) net	4/0
Campbell (Mrs. Colin G.), <i>Father Damien</i> .....(Mowbray & Co.)	
McMillan (E. J.), <i>Lyrics of the West</i> .....(Putnam's Sons)	5/0
Sargent (Alice), <i>Master Death</i> .....(Dent & Co.)	
Green (K. H.), <i>Poems</i> .....(Dean & Son)	
Johnson (T. G.), <i>Sappho the Lesbian</i> .....(Williams & Norgate) net	4/6
Shuckburgh (Evelyn S.), <i>The Letters of Cicero. In 4 vols. Vols. I. and II.</i> .....(Bell & Sons)	
Winchester (O. T.), <i>Some Principles of Literary Criticism</i> .....(Macmillan) net	5/0
<i>Without God. By a Singer from the South</i> .....(Kegan Paul)	

**HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.**

Hamilton (F. J.) and Brooks (E. W.), <i>The Syriac Chronicle, known as that of Zachariah of Mitylene</i> .....(Methuen) net	12/6
FitzSimon (Rev. J. A. and V. A.), <i>The Gods of Old, and the Story that they Tell</i> .....(Unwin) net	10/6
Cust (Lionel), <i>A History of Eton College</i> .....(Duckworth) net	5/0
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Macdonald (W.), <i>Select Charters and Other Documents Illustrative of American History, 1606-1775</i> .....(Macmillan) net	6/6
<i>Transactions of the Royal Historical Society. New Series. Vol. XIII.</i> .....(Longmans)	
<i>Threads from the Life of John Mills, Banker.</i> .....(Sherratt & Hughes) net	6/0

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Garratt (H. A.), <i>The Modern Safety Bicycle</i> .....(Whittaker & Co.)	3/0
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Smith (James E.), <i>The Scarlet Stigma</i> .....(Chapman, Washington) net	3/0
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Smith (John), <i>Christian Character as a Social Power</i> .....(Hodder & Stoughton)	3/6
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<i>Harper's Round Table, 1898</i> .....(Harper & Bros.)	
<i>The Celtic Year. No. 1.</i> .....(Simpkin, Marshall)	

**NEW EDITIONS.**

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J. E. M., <i>The Crocus: Containing Original Poems for Young People</i> .....(Cornish)	1/0
Scott (Temple), <i>The Prose Works of Jonathan Swift. Vol. VIII.</i> .....(Bell & Sons)	3/6
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## The Literary Week.

MR. CONAN DOYLE's decision to volunteer for service in South Africa and to find his own charger is spirited and admirable. Not many literary men have the physique or means to make similar offers. We wish they had. But physique and means are not all that Mr. Doyle may be asked to provide. The Cape authorities are understood to desire the services of first-class detectives capable of unmasking Boer spies. Probably in their wildest dreams they never hoped for so distinguished an ally as Sherlock Holmes. Whether as a specialist in detection or as a man of might in action, Mr. Conan Doyle is equally a welcome recruit. And when all is over his pen will doubtless help us the better to realise what the sword has been accomplishing. It must also be remembered that Mr. Doyle's spheres of usefulness do not end with fighting and detection. He is also a very capable surgeon.

THE latest enterprise of Mr. Harmsworth is the projection of the soldiers' *Evening News*. This is to be an edition of the *Evening News* consisting entirely of war news for the consumption primarily of the British soldier who is engaged in making that news; and it has been decided upon because of the soldier's anxiety to know "what they are saying about him and his deeds in the old country." Personally, we feel that the soldier is better without such information. His duty is to fight, and not to read Fleet-street criticisms on his fighting. But this is a reading age, when everything is published, and Tommy Atkins having as much right to share the fashion as anyone else, we cannot urge our opinion very far. The Under-Secretary for War has, it seems, expressed his cordial approval of the scheme, and Messrs. Donald Currie & Co. are prepared to convey the papers to the Cape free of charge.

MANY of the private letters describing battles and incidents in the war have been excellent. A judicious selection would make a most interesting volume. It might well be published in monthly parts, beginning at once. A multitude of books on the campaign by professional correspondents are being arranged for. We hear of several applications to editors of daily papers for the names of the writers of special correspondence.

WE have received notification of the following changes in the S. S. McClure Co., of New York. By a friendly arrangement the present partnership between Mr. S. S. McClure and Mr. F. N. Doubleday, constituting the Doubleday & McClure Co., will be dissolved. Mr. Doubleday will continue business on his own account. Mr. McClure, in addition to conducting his own magazine (*McClure's*), will establish a new illustrated Review, and will publish an Encyclopædia and other books. Mr. Robert McClure, in London, will hereafter represent only the S. S. McClure Co. and its interests.

MR. EDWARD ARNOLD sends us the following instance of rapid printing. The third edition of *Red Pottage* was burnt while at press on the morning of Saturday, December 9, and the plates hopelessly damaged. Within three hours of the news being received sixteen compositors were at work at Guildford, re-setting the type, and by Wednesday night the whole book had been reprinted and an edition of three thousand copies machined. Thirty-six hours were occupied in binding, and the third edition was on sale at ten o'clock on Friday morning, December 15.

THE question "Have you read *Red Pottage*?" now has, by the way, a companion. People interested in the patriotic recitation at the Empire ask: "Have you heard *Brown Pottage*?"

A FORTUNATE misstatement in the *Periodical*, the excellent advertising magazine of the Clarendon Press, has drawn from Mr. Birrell the following letter of remonstrance:

SIR,—I was petrified with horror to find myself pilloried in the *Periodical* as a man capable of sneering at the Clarendon Press. I would as soon think of poking fun at the Parthenon.

How it was possible for the writer in the *Spectator* so to misread the passage quoted from my *Lectures on Copyright* would puzzle me more than it does had I not been a reviewer myself. His pipe probably went out just at the moment, and, after he had refilled and relit it, he lost the thread of my discourse.

What I had in my mind was not the supineness of the Clarendon Press, but the worthlessness of most copyrights after the death of the authors of the books. Supposing Mr. Tupper had bequeathed his *Proverbial Philosophy* to the Clarendon Press, how many editions of it would have appeared after Mr. Tupper's death? It is disheartening to be so easily misunderstood.

Two new illustrated sixpenny weeklies will make their appearance next month—the *Sphere*, Mr. Shorter's new paper, and the *King*, which will be issued by Sir George Newnes. Mr. James Walter Smith will edit the *King*. Mr. Smith for long has been the editor of the American edition of the *Strand Magazine*.

MR. JOHN LATEY, the editor of the *Sketch*, sends us the following reply to our question as to what two books had most pleased and interested him in 1899: "*Fights for the Flag* and the first volume of *How England Saved Europe*, by the Rev. W. H. Fitchett, for, at a critical period of our history this most picturesque battle-limner has seasonably stimulated the patriotism of Britons by reminding us of the valorous *Deeds that Won the Empire*."

MR. A. B. WALKLEY, whose first series of articles under the title *Frames of Mind* has lately been published in book form, is contributing a second series to the *Morning Leader*.

FROM the *Chronicle's* "Wills and Bequests" column of Tuesday last:

Charles Grant Blairfindie Allen, author, died October 25, 1899, aged fifty-one; £6,455 gross, £3,500 net personalty.

Francis Hudson, cheesemonger, died October 26, 1899, aged sixty-three; £275,810 gross, £190,086 net personalty.

EVERY year Mr. A. P. Watt, the Literary Agent, puts forth blushing a little book of testimonials to his wisdom and operativeness from the principal authors for whom he labours. Year by year the book grows in size, since new clients are continually seeking Mr. Watt's assistance. This year, among the new and satisfied clients, we find Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, Mr. Maurice Hewlett, Mr. Whiteing, Mr. Bullen, Mr. Walter Raymond and Mr. Bernard Capes. All write enthusiastically of their dealings with their agent, and most of them playfully take pains with their letters. Mr. Capes is, as is usual with him, stylish. He writes:

I can only say that if your faith in me shall prove to be as well justified as is mine in you, there will be one contented author, at least, by-and-by in England. And in the meantime I exist in the perfect confidence that to this condition of mind I am destined—and through you. You have already, indeed, given me ample proof that man without an agent is a self-stultifying beast; and I am now of infinitely greater value (ratably) in my own eyes than I was before the beginning of my fortunate connexion with you. Pray keep me in conceit with myself by remaining mine faithfully,

As I am always yours faithfully, &c.

This, surely, is literature! Mr. Bullen has his little metaphor all pat:

I should say that you are not merely a luxury to a literary man, you are a necessity—a pilot to the voyager in unknown waters and an epitome of practical knowledge that acts as well as advises.

Mr. Hewlett is sententious and complimentary:

It is a great thing to have one's business smoothly done, and to find sympathy with one's hopes and aims. I quite realise also that your position between the Author and the Deep Sea is one of delicacy; but your tact has shown you the channel. I am sure you have no more to fear from prejudice.

But the cream of the new matter is the "characteristic" letter of the witty author of *A Double Thread*. This is an advertisement worth striving after; humour, sprightliness, allusion—all are here:

In the first place, you seem to be a sort of literary hazel-twig, possessing the magic quality of discovering Pactolian streams in most unlikely and unlooked-for spots. And, in the second, I find it a vast relief to push the burden of all my business arrangements on to your most efficient shoulders. One woman cannot be "like Cerberus, three gentlemen at once"—that is to say, an author, a good business-man, and a man about town: yet these I tried to be before I met you; but now I cheerfully devote myself to my tongue and my pen, and leave you to look after my pocket; with every confidence that—while I am enjoying myself—my pocket will give me full satisfaction, owing to your help.

I agree with the Irishman who said, "I don't care whether I live or die as long as I keep my health"; and I am convinced that every author who endorses this sentiment will do well to place his or her business arrangements in your hands, and so be saved no end of anxiety and trouble.

After this Mr. Whiteing's sober testimony is almost unreadable in its straightforwardness; but Mr. Watt should like it as well as any:

And it is something to be represented in the market by one who is no higgler, but who has a due sense of the buyer's position as well as of the seller's claims.

By a prophetic chance Macaulay gave Mr. Watt one of the best "notices" he has had. In the Essay on Madame D'Arblay he speaks of the old king, George the Third, trotting into the room with "'What! what! what! in his mouth.'" Mr. Watt should adopt this royal advertisement as his motto.

THE following is the list of contents of the handsome volume of *Choral Songs by Various Writers and Composers in Honour of Her Majesty Queen Victoria*, which Messrs. Macmillan have just published:

	AUTHOR	COMPOSER
With wisdom, goodness, grace	Alfred Austin	Sir A. C. Mackenzie
Out on the windy West	Arthur C. Benson	C. V. Stanford
Hark! the world is full of thy praise	Robert Bridges	H. Walford Davies
For all the wonder of thy regal day	Earl of Crewe	Sir Frederick Bridge
The seaboard are her mantle's hem	John Davidson	Sir George Martin
Who can dwell with greatness!	Austin Dobson	Sir Hubert Parry
Lady on the silver throne	Edmund Gosse	A. M. Goodhart
A Century's Penultimate	Arthur C. James	Charles Wood
With still increasing blessings	Marquis of Lorne	Arthur Somervell
To her beneath whose steadfast star	Frederic W. H. Myers	Edward Elgar
A thousand years, by sea and land	Henry Newbolt	C. H. Lloyd
Flora's Queen	J. F. R. Stainer	Sir John Stainer
The Triumph of Victoria	T. H. Warren	Sir Walter Parratt

THIS sumptuous quarto of *Choral Songs* contains, it must be admitted, some very indifferent poetry. Writing for music is, of course, a shackling business; but there is no reason that we know of why it should lead to such loose rhyming as two at least of these poets indulge in. Mr. Gilbert, we may remind them, who has done more writing for music than probably any other living man, has never rhymed loosely. But look at this couplet from Mr. A. C. Benson's madrigal:

What merry breezes would not crack their cheeks to  
laud her?

What gallant captains would not give their lives to  
guard her?

and at this from "The Triumph of Victoria," by the President of Magdalen:

Then on the sea and shore the cannon boomed,  
All hail! Great Queen, on shore and sea renowned!

Mr. Austin Dobson's two quatrains are as happy as anything in the book:

#### I.

Who can dwell with greatness? Greatness is too high;  
Flowers are for the meadow, suns are for the sky;—  
Ah! but there is greatness in this land of ours,  
High as is the sunlight, humble as the flowers!

#### II.

Queen, of thee the fable! Lady, thine the fate!  
Royal, and yet lowly, lowly, and yet great;—  
Great in far dominion, great in pomp of years,  
Greater still as woman, greatest in thy tears.

In the current number of the *Puritan* some particulars of the progress of Mr. Morley's *Life of Gladstone* are communicated by Mr. Herbert Field. This sentence is sanguine: "Probably the publication of the *Life* will not only awaken a new enthusiasm with regard to its subject, but will synchronise with a renaissance of many of Mr. Gladstone's views." The probable date of publication of the *Life* is said to be 1901. In the same number of the *Puritan* Mr. Richard Le Gallienne is permitted to dissuade its readers from joining the Church of Rome.

A VERY interesting gloss upon Mr. W. F. Collier's reading of this passage in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*:

The moon, methinks, looks with a watery eye,  
And when she weeps weeps every little flower,  
Lamenting some enforced chastity—

to which we alluded in a review last week, is offered by a correspondent, "S. W. O." Mr. Collier, it will be remembered, argues that Shakespeare knew by an inspired intuition a botanical fact which science did not discover till many years after, namely that flowers do not propagate in wet weather. But says "S. W. O.": "Your reviewer's



notice of a work by Mr. W. F. Collier (ACADEMY, December 16, p. 719) leads me to believe that the author has failed to perceive the true meaning of Shakespeare's lines. 'Enforced' is equivalent to *violated* or *ravished*: see sundry examples of this use in Schmidt's Shakespeare Lexicon, and cf. *The Faerie Queene*, i. 6. 4:

'And burnt his beastly hart t'efforce her chastitie.'

ARCHBISHOP BENSON, whose biography we notice elsewhere, attended the funeral of Robert Browning in the Abbey as a private mourner. Afterwards he made this interesting entry in his diary:

Life wears apace, when I think how I remember Browning beginning, and all the world finding him too new-fangled for anything and queer beyond endurance—and that I have seen him laid to rest in Poets' Corner. I wonder whether I have anywhere put down a walk with Bradley and Tennyson. Bradley had been reading me *The Grammarian's Funeral*—and he said, 'We'll ask Tennyson whether Browning's writing at large is poetry or no.' Tennyson's answer was, 'I'll think about it.' In a walk a week later apropos of nothing he observed, 'I have thought, and it is.' We had no idea for a moment as to what he spoke of.

"S. G." writing in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, tells the following story of the late Archbishop of Canterbury and *Dodo*: "Just after *Dodo* had taken the town by storm, Archbishop Benson went down to Tonbridge School, of which he was Visitor, to preside at a special function. There was a large gathering, and the Archbishop made a speech, in which he dwelt on the bygone customs of English public school life, many of which, he said, 'are now as extinct as the—'. Then he paused. It was not hard to divine the traditional simile which was on his tongue. A smile went round the room, spreading till it broke into a burst of laughter, in which the Archbishop joined. The sentence was never finished." But the advertisement, we might add, was.

Mr. A. C. BENSON, though young, is rapidly becoming one of our weightiest and most voluminous authors. In the space of one week two books from his pen have reached this office. One, the life of his father, extends to two volumes with an aggregate of 1,500 pages and a weight of 4 lb. 12 oz., and the other, *Fasti Etonenses*, has 536 pages and weighs 3 lb. 8 oz. The total number of pages in one week's harvest is therefore 2,036, and the total weight 8½ lbs. avoidupois.

THE following original sonnet to Eton stands on the threshold of Mr. Benson's book:

TO ETON.

Mother of men, my mother, fair, and free,  
And gracious—and shall I, thy servant raise  
Faint voice to swell thy immemorial praise?  
Eton, whose mightiest sons are bold to be  
Thy champions, and thy humblest children's plea  
For greatness, is thy greatness. Time that lays  
Hard hands on camp and castle, smiles and stays  
His ruinous course to crown and quicken thee.  
Some vast unshaken spirit seems to brood  
Among thy halls, beside thy silver stream,  
Old as old time, and young as yesterday,  
Which to thy teaming sons doth hourly say,  
"High be thy hope, my child, and pure thy dream,  
"Laugh and be glad—have leisure to be good!"

At the present moment the word courage is kept exclusively for the absent-minded, but we think a little ought to be conceded to the gentlemen who have assisted to make the *Nova Anthologia Oxoniensis*. This work, which is edited by Prof. Robinson Ellis and Mr. A. D. Godley, contains some of the most intrepid assaults on difficult passages that were ever brought together. One gentleman, indeed, has provided a Greek version of a portion of Tennyson's "Northern Farmer."

OTHER translations from Tennyson are, by the way, to be found in *Poèmes Divers d'Alfred Tennyson*, by M. Léon Morel, which Messrs. Hachette have just sent to us. As a taste of M. Morel's quality, we give three stanzas from "Locksley Hall":

Mes amis, laissez-moi, pour une heure, au silence,  
Tandis que l'aube est pâle encoir;  
Laissez-moi seul, et, quand vous voudrez ma présence,  
Faites sonner l'appel du cor.

L'Amour alors, prenant le sablier du Temps;  
Le tourne en ses mains de lumière;  
Chaque secousse, fit s'écouler les moments  
En sable d'or dans l'heureux verre.  
Et l'Amour, saisissant la harpe de la Vie,  
Frappa les cordes puissamment;  
Frappa celle du Moi qui, dans une harmonie,  
Passa loin de nous en tremblant.

Amy's husband, the clown, becomes in the translation "ce rustre."

ENGLISH publishers, it seems, have still much to learn. We read in the *Conservator* the following testimony to the Roycroft printing press in East Aurora, which has just put forth an edition of the *Ancient Mariner*: "An auroral beauty attracts to the Roycroft book the hearty concurrence of the eye. I see better, hear better, and literature tastes sweeter, when I feast with the philistines of this New York plantation. Old books go to Aurora to be re-created. New books go to Aurora to get an auspicious start."

MR. FRANCIS WATT is contributing to the forthcoming number of the *Anglo-Saxon Review* a study of Sir George Mackenzie, Lord Advocate under Charles II. and James II., the "Bloody Advocate Mackenzie" of "Wandering Willie's Tale" in *Redgauntlet*.

THE late Mr. Bernard Quaritch, of whom we speak elsewhere, was very intimate with Mr. Gladstone, and he once told an interesting story of the G.O.M. It was during an exciting political period, and Mr. Gladstone had been announced as immediately starting upon his Midlothian campaign. The same day the statesman called upon Mr. Quaritch, and asked for books bearing on the provincial church councils of the eleventh and twelfth centuries! Even Mr. Quaritch was surprised, and he asked the G.O.M. what he was going to do with such books at such a time. "Oh," replied Mr. Gladstone, rather surprised at such an absurd question, "I am going to take them with me to read in the train." Mr. Quaritch never forgot those who had been good to him when he was poor. When he began his London life his earliest venture as a bookseller was some educational books, with which he travelled from east to west of London without success, till his first order was given by Mr. Smith, now of North-street, Brighton. This circumstance was, of course, never forgotten by Mr. Quaritch, who ever afterwards retained a warm friendship for Mr. Smith, who was an old bookseller like himself. Mr. Quaritch's dearest purchase was the Psalter printed by Faust and Schoeffer in 1409, for which he gave £4,950. He had five copies of the famous Mazarin Bible printed in 1455, the dearest being £3,980 and the cheapest £59. It was Oliver Wendell Holmes who gave Mr. Quaritch the title of "Prince of Bibliopoles."

Mr. Punch announces this week, with appropriate comicality, his new plans for 1900.

To all whom it may concern, and there is no one on this habitable globe whom this matter does not concern, these presents:

On and after the first week of the New Year, with the number to be dated January 3, 1900, Mr. Punch will give, then and thenceforward, four and twenty pages, all told, at the old established price of Threepence, in which every

week will be comprised the special feature of the new issue, a story complete in one number, or "to be continued in our next" and in our next after that, as the case may be, by writers already eminent, or whose title to eminence it would be hazardous to question after their appearance among the "Extra Pages" in the distinguished service of *Mr. Punch*.

The first story will be contributed by Mr. Conan Doyle, who, *Mr. Punch* reminds his readers, is a connexion of Dicky Doyle, and, therefore, of H. B.

## Bibliographical.

So the *Argosy* is to have a new editor, and issue from the house of Mr. George Allen instead of that of Messrs. Macmillan, who received it so recently from Mr. Bentley. It would be pleasant if it should again come within the limits of real literature. One remembers very well the earlier volumes. No. I. came out in December, 1865, with the *imprimatur* of Messrs. Low & Co. Among those contributing to it were Charles Reade (with the first chapters of "Griffith Gaunt"), Miss Ingelow, Miss Isa Craig, Miss Power Cobbe, Arminius Vámbéry, Alexander Smith, Dr. George Macdonald, Mr. Robert Buchanan, and the versatile, but almost forgotten, writer—W. B. Rands—who described himself variously as "Matthew Browne," "Henry Holbeach," and what not. Rands and Buchanan did some of their best work for the *Argosy*. Among other contributors were Mrs. Oliphant, Miss Rossetti, Miss A. B. Edwards, William Allingham, Henry Kingsley, and so forth. The third number bore the imprint of Alexander Strahan, who had naturally a tenderness for men and things Scotch. "Griffith Gaunt" was followed by Dr. Macdonald's "Robert Falconer," which, I fear, was not a happy choice. Nevertheless, the first four half-yearly volumes were very interesting, and are well worth re-reading at this time of day. With the fifth volume began the *régime* of Mrs. Henry Wood, who lived to control the forty-second; since then her son, Mr. Charles Wood, has held sway. And there is no reason why the *Argosy* should not again be what it was in 1865-66—a light, bright miscellany, with a close affinity to literature.

Talking of magazines, there is a new one called the *Charing Cross*. This is a case of an old title revived. A *Charing Cross* magazine was started in 1873, and seems to have struggled on, under successive editors, till 1879. So long as we have a *Cornhill* and a *Temple Bar*, and the like, there can obviously be no objection to a *Charing Cross*; but I am not sure that such titles are well chosen. They have, as a rule, the drawback of being utterly irrelevant.

They say that Dr. Ibsen is arranging the materials on which his authorised biography is by and by to be based. Up to now the only "life" of the poet-dramatist in English has been that which was translated from the original work by Jaeger and published in 1890. Before that, we had had to be content with the biographical sketch prefixed by Miss H. F. Lord to her English version of *A Doll's House* in 1882. Of late years there have been magazine articles galore, but the best recent sketch of Dr. Ibsen is that which Mrs. Tweedie included in her *Winter Jaunt to Norway*, about five years ago.

We shall soon want a bibliography of Ibsen. That he was first expounded to the English public by Mr. Edmond Gosse everybody knows (see *Studies in the Literature of Northern Europe*, 1879). A lady named Catherine Ray is credited with a translation of *Emperor and Galilean*, published in 1876; but I fear that that made no special mark. In 1880 there was published, in Copenhagen, an English version by T. Weber of *A Doll's House*. This was followed by the above-named version by Miss Lord, published in London (1882). In 1886 came *The Pillars of Society, and Other Plays*, in the "Camelot" series. To 1889 belongs the version of *Rosmersholm* made by Mr.

Louis N. Parker, now one of the most prominent of our playwrights. Not until 1890, I believe, did Mr. Archer begin to issue his translations of the *Prose Dramas of the Master*. In that year came Eleanor Marx's version of *The Lady from the Sea*. Then in 1891 we had the first version—Mr. Wilson's—of *Brand*, and the first version of *Hedda Gabler*, followed by *Peer Gynt* (1892), *The Master Builder* (1893), *Little Eyolf* (1895), *John Gabriel Borkman* (1897).

Since 1879, and putting aside Mr. Archer's polemics in the press, the expositions of Dr. Ibsen in English have been few. They include *The Quintessence of Ibsenism*, by Mr. Shaw (1891), the *Lectures*, by Mr. P. H. Wicksteed (1892), *A Commentary on the Works*, by H. H. Boyesen (1894), *Ibsen: a Lecture*, by Sir E. R. Russell (1894), *Ibsen on His Merits*, by Sir E. R. Russell and Mr. P. C. Standing (1897), and Dr. Brandes' *Ibsen and Bjornson* (1899). *Gleanings from Ibsen*, made by E. A. Keddell and P. C. Standing, appeared in 1897.

The late Mr. Quaritch left behind him something more than the reputation of a great connoisseur and seller of books. There were, for example, his *Catalogue of Oriental Literature* (1865), his *General Catalogue of Books* (began in 1868), his contributions to the *Opuscula and Miscellanies* of the "Odd Volumes" (1880-83), his *Reprints of Rare Books* (1885-88), his *Collection of Facsimiles*, from examples of historic or artistic book-binding (1889), and his discourse on *Palaeography*, published privately, with plates, in 1894. His catalogues are a distinct boon to the bibliographer.

If a bibliography of Ibsen is wanted, surely we want one of Eton and Etonians. Mr. Cust's *History of Eton College* has been quickly followed by Mr. Benson's *Festi Etonenses*, and one would like to know where the procession of Eton literature is to end. Etonians have always been very fond of writing about their old school. There was a book of *Reminiscences* in 1831, another of *Memorials* in 1844, and a third of *Recollections* in 1870. Note may be made, also, of *Eton School Days* (by B. Hemming), in 1864, of *A Day of My Life, by an Eton Boy* (1877), and of *Eton of Old*, 1811-22 (1892). Additions to these might easily be made. Then there is the literature made at Eton by Etonians—such books as *Musæ Etonenses* (1834), *Lighter Hours* (1843), and poems on New Zealand (1842), and Poland (1864). Many are the School Lists and College Magazines. Since Gray, the poetical celebrants of Eton have included Capel Lofft (1806), Praed, and Mr. Swinburne (1891), whose Ode to Eton was inspired by genuine affection. To have been an Eton boy is to make a very powerful appeal to Mr. Swinburne's good nature.

At a moment when a subscription is being made for the benefit of Mr. John Augustus O'Shea, now (alas!) permanently disabled, it may be interesting to give a list of his published volumes, which constitute his claim to the sympathy of men of letters. It runs as follows: *Leaves from the Life of a Special Correspondent* (1885), *An Iron-bound City; or, Five Months of Peril and Privation [during the Siege of Paris]* (1886), *Romantic Spain: a Record of Personal Experience* (1887), *Military Mosaics: a Set of Tales* (1888), *Mated for the Morgue: a Tale of the Second Empire* (1889), *Roundabout Recollections* (1892), and (with Mr. S. J. McKenna) *Brave Men in Action*, 1899.

Great is the vitality of *The History of the Life of Thomas Ellwood, Written by his Own Hand*, which dates from 1714. A fourth edition of this popular work came out in 1791, and reprints of it appeared in 1826, 1837, 1855, 1877, and 1883—that in the last-named year figuring in Henry Morley's "Universal Library." Now yet another edition is to be vouchsafed to us, and no doubt it will be well received.

A correspondent, writing from Leicester, reminds me that Lord Beaconsfield's sonnet on the Duke of Wellington was printed by Mr. William Sharp in his *Sonnets of this Century* ("Canterbury Poets" series, 1887). It figures, by the way, in the Notes—not in the body of the work.

THE BOOKWORM.

## Reviews.

## Primate of All England.

*The Life of Edward White Benson, Sometime Archbishop of Canterbury.* By his Son, Arthur Christopher Benson. 2 vols. (Macmillan. 36s. net.)

THIS massive biography of 1,500 pages leaves so many impressions on the mind that it is convenient to name one impression which it does *not* leave. It does not impress the mind with a deep sense of awe in contemplating the office of Archbishop of Canterbury. It is curious how, in laying down the last volume, one has the memory of having read only the life of a genial and versatile clergyman. Pomp, massiveness, grandeur—call it what you will—is lacking in the picture. There is surely a touch of irony in the fact that the only passage in the book in which the office of the Primate is deliberately exalted occurs in a bishop's after-dinner speech. The dinner was given to Archbishop Benson in celebration of his appointment by some of his old school-fellows; and Dr. Lightfoot, then Bishop of Durham, was in the chair. The Bishop began to speak of the glory and dignity of the office to which his friend had been called. It is in no spirit of mischief that we print his remarks side by side with a passage from a later chapter. The contrast they afford is not irrelevant:

I was invited to a dinner given in honour of the Archbishop by his old school-fellows. His most intimate friend, Dr. Lightfoot, then Bishop of Durham, was in the chair. . . . The Bishop went on to speak of the grand and powerful position held by the Archbishop of Canterbury, as the recognised head of the whole English speaking race in communion with the Church of England throughout the world, a position which he regarded as little inferior even now to that of the Bishop of Rome, and destined at no distant date to be even greater.

On June 21 the Jubilee Service on the completion of the fiftieth year of the Queen's reign took place. . . . A special police pass had been issued to him to allow his carriage to pass through the streets when all other traffic was stopped. About an hour before the service began he left Lambeth. The carriage was stopped at the south end of Westminster Bridge, and not even the production of the pass convinced the inspector that we had any right to proceed. . . . My father got very angry, and at last said, in a loud voice: "Well, all I can say is, that unless you allow me to proceed there will be no service to-day." This made the inspector reflect, and he rode off to make inquiries, returning almost immediately with the profoundest apologies. The passage of the carriage was the signal for about a hundred of the crowd to break through the cordon of police, seize the carriage behind, and run with it, but one by one they were torn away, so that we arrived at the Abbey alone.

Imagine this or any similar *contretemps* occurring in the life of the Pope, or of the least of foreign cardinals. It is unthinkable. The truth is, that the Primacy is not yet understood, or rightly revered, of the people. A Primate is the most courtly and remote of personages; a little greater, but certainly more remote, than the Lord Chancellor. His dignity is a Court dignity, and his splendour is the splendour of great occasions. But as a living and visible patriarch and Vicar of Christ a Primate is a nebulous personage. Archbishop Benson had intuitions of this melancholy fact. He was sensitive to the "£15,000 a year" jibes of the Lambeth working-man, and on one occasion asked some working men to the Palace to hear his explanations of this position. Once he wrote in his diary:

Rode to Whitelands to visit it—all dismantled—and round Battersea. Thousands and thousands of working-

men lining the Embankment and bridges to see the race for Doggett's coat and badge, and of them all is one man per cent. in the least affected by the existence of the Church of England in his spiritual being, in his morals, in his affection? Do they feel her touch on them in love?

After this it is rather amusing to read the Archbishop's remarks, in his diary, on Cardinal Manning's intervention in the Dock Strike of 1889:

The Strike of the Dock Labourers continues. Manning, as his wont is, appears on the scene, drives through the crowd, enters the Committee Room; all that passes is to be confidential; reappears, drops (as if he didn't intend it) the word that "he hopes he has done some good," is loudly applauded by the crowd, drives off. Those who know the man, and his resourceful brain, his character and knowledge of dramatic effect, will not be deceived. All others will.

The significance of the sneer is not really weakened by the fact that, a few days later, the Archbishop admits that "Cardinal Manning has done well in London"; adding: "But why has my dear Bishop of London gone back and left it to him?" Even a reader who, like the present writer, is neither an Anglican nor a Catholic, may prefer the worst construction of Manning's presence at the Docks to the best construction of Benson's immurement in Lambeth. Another story which Benson tells against Manning is not without its recoil. In 1885 he writes:

An admirer of Manning told anecdotes illustrative of his skill and readiness, among others this:—A young fellow had joined the Romanists. The following Sunday the father of the young man made his way into the sacristy where Manning was unrobing after Mass among the priests. The poor father burst out with much indignation against the way in which his son had been secretly tampered with, persuaded to hold his tongue, and go to church regularly, until the moment of his reception. Manning drew himself up to his full height, stretched out his arm and long finger, and looking most impressive and ascetic as he stood still half-robed, said: "Hold! Man, you have blasphemed the Church of God—you have maligned the Ministers of His altar. You have hated the salvation of your son—and you yourself within three years will be a Catholic." All were profoundly struck—the father was speechless, and quietly went away. A little time afterwards my friend's informant said to Manning: "That was very astonishing. How did you know and feel so sure of what you uttered?" Manning said: "Well, my dear fellow, it was a very difficult situation; and I thought it might impress him."

The Primate doubtless thought this was a good story against the Cardinal, and no doubt it is; yet it shows Manning to have possessed a priestly power and dignity, intimate and available, to which the Primate himself had few pretensions.

It is curious that Mr. Benson seems unconscious of this missing element of priestly grandeur in his father's career. In his Preface he writes:

His [Archbishop Benson's] biography is simply the history of an intensely vivid nature, touching life at many points—through antiquity, history, art, religion, literature, and tradition, and throwing itself with equal ardour into all.

"Simply." Mr. Benson anticipates our criticism. For this (let the reader reflect) is written not of an artist, an author, a millionaire, or a man of the world—but of an Archbishop of Canterbury. We do not deny the right of an Archbishop to be many-sided; but this calm summary of Benson's career, his "intensely vivid nature, touching life at all points," is significant of the fact that whatever of grandeur and singleness the Primacy may lack, the Primate may lack the same qualities. Of the prescribed dignity of levées and occasions Benson had all that could be desired, yet he seems to have judged himself well when he writes:

The burden of all things seems to make me fidgety from head to foot, so that I feel little comfort in leisure. I want a greater soul and a calmer way of looking at things.

A great primate or not, Benson had the qualities by which alone the Primacy could be gained. He was one of those men whose advance it is rarely convenient for anyone to challenge. Masterful, clever, industrious, and brimming with vitality, he strode on, and the world fell back as he approached. His sheer abundance of life commanded success. He fatigued people by his mere presence. His son admits that it was "a strain to be alone with him" on this account, and Mr. Benson tells how even when he was silent he showed a burning vitality. "I have known what it was to feel physically breathless from the speed at which his mind was working, without a word being spoken." He had a passion for detail and contrivance. When he put stained-glass windows into the new chapel at Wellington he worked out designs which should "give the boys something to puzzle at." Many years after, revisiting the school, he was "amused" to find that he could no longer interpret his own symbolism. Of his father's table-talk Mr. Benson gives some curious examples.

On one occasion, a long discussion took place at dinner as to what would be the result if two engines, moving at different speeds, were attached to a train: it was contended that if the first were slower than the second, the second besides drawing the train would have to push the first as well; if the second were slower, the first engine would have to pull the train and the slower engine as well. The Archbishop took a decided and totally erroneous view and defended it with vehemence. The discussion raged all dinner, and afterwards. When all were in the drawing-room, it broke out afresh, the Archbishop growing more warm every moment. Then suddenly he returned to a distant table, and began to turn over a portfolio, and to call his daughter's attention to an inscription; while thus occupied, he said, in a low tone, "I ought not to argue! I am always insulting when I argue—don't you think I am?" My sister said: "I shouldn't have used that exact word—you have been vehement." "Oh, it's more than that," he said, "I can't help using insulting and personal language." He then began to think over the problem again, drawing little signs on paper, and argued the question again at breakfast and all the way while driving up to London, with little less vehemence.

Mr. Benson says: "I can hardly imagine any definite line of practical life which my father could not have pursued with success." We agree; but in such a remark there is a subterranean admission that Benson was not a great archbishop. He was a most successful man in the Church, and he had many fine and lovable qualities—qualities to which we fear we have not given sufficient prominence in this survey of the largest biography that has reached us for years. We are bound to say that we think this *Life* unnecessarily long. Mr. Gladstone is reported to have said of the *Life* of George Eliot that it was not a biography but a reticence. Of the *Life* of Archbishop Benson we might say it is not so much a biography as a Benson Exhibition. But it is an interesting, even amusing exhibition, and Mr. Benson is a frank and skilful guide.

### Popular Egyptology.

*Egyptian Ideas of the Future Life.* By E. A. Wallis Budge, M.A., &c. *Egyptian Magic.* By the Same. (Kegan Paul. Each 3s. 6d.)

EGYPTIAN religion has always been, and probably always will be, a crux to the historian. Our knowledge of it is for the most part derived from what are, numerically, but a very few texts left by priests who did not know they were writing for posterity, and some passages in classical authors of the time when the Egyptian religion was on its last legs. If we add to this that the separate civilisation of Egypt endured, with many periods of ebb and flow, for about five thousand years, and that during that period each of its forty-two provinces worshipped at least a different group of gods from its neighbours, it will be seen

that the summariser's task is by no means an easy one. Should he attempt to give ever so slight an account of the factors really necessary for the solution of the problem, he will produce so dry and bald a catalogue of gods and ceremonies that the student will not be able to see the wood for the trees. Should he dilate upon those which appear to us the most salient, he may find himself holding up as a type of Egyptian religion a form of worship which was persistently ignored by the vast majority of ancient Egyptians.

Out of this *impasse* Dr. Budge has chosen a way which has the merit of courage. He divides the different characteristics of Egyptian religion not according to their age or their popularity, but according to their moral worth. All those ideas which are, as he says, "sublime" he puts into his first volume, which bears on its cover the sole title of "Egyptian Religion"; all those which are, in his view, debased or superstitious are relegated to the second volume and labelled "Egyptian Magic." The dichotomy is not always strictly observed, for if the knowledge of divine names touched upon in the fourth chapter of his first volume be not magic it is hard to see what is. But this is a point of little importance. The principle which underlays his division is a good one, and if for religion we were to write the ideas of the educated, and for magic those of the uneducated, it might be applied to other religions than that of Egypt. His view of the ideas in his first category will also please those who prefer to everything a clear outline. All the Egyptian gods, according to him, were but varying "forms or manifestations, or phases, or attributes" of Râ, the Sun-god, who was on the same authority the type or symbol of the "One God who was self-existent, immortal, invisible, eternal, omniscient, almighty, inscrutable," and the maker of all that is, such god having, as he has elsewhere said, "all the essential attributes of the Christian's God." From this he proceeds to an account of Osiris, the divine man who was slain, buried, and afterwards rose again to confer the same benefit of resurrection upon his worshippers. He then gives a catalogue of Egyptian gods and their attributes which does not err on the side of fulness, and a full and clear description of the elaborate Judgment of the Dead, of the ideas of morality which the belief in it involved, and of the mummification of the body which it made necessary. A similarly clear description of the beatification of the justified, and of the curious subdivision of man's spiritual part in which the Egyptians believed, completes this volume, while the second contains an excellent account of the different amulets found in Egypt, of the funeral ceremonies of Pharaonic times, and several stories of magical and other superstitious practices, in search of which the author has gone somewhat far afield. With all the material relics of the Egyptian worship, Dr. Budge has had, as Keeper of the Egyptian Antiquities in the British Museum, a thorough acquaintance at first hand, and these chapters show that he has made full use of his opportunities. Although exception might be taken to a few of his statements in this connexion, they are not made without authority, and the uninstructed reader, to whom we suppose these volumes are especially addressed, will find few safer or better guides.

When, however, we come to examine Dr. Budge's theory of the central idea which he imagines to animate the whole religious belief of the Egyptians, we can hardly follow him so implicitly. It may at once be conceded that from the XVIIIth Dynasty onwards, or perhaps from an earlier date, all Egyptian divinities showed a great tendency to coalesce with different forms of the Sun-god and by so doing lost something of their strictly provincial character. From this Champollion-Figeac, as far back as 1828, drew the inference that the polytheistic worship of the Egyptians concealed the belief in a single god whose representative was the sun; and the idea was taken up and extended by the late Emmanuel de Rougé and Brugsch Pasha, the most celebrated living exponent of the theory being M.

Pierret, one of the curators of the museum of the Louvre. Dr. Budge does not directly quote these authorities—rightly thinking, perhaps, that such names would say little to the ordinary reader—and gives as proof of his assertions a quantity of texts, such as: "God is One and alone, and none other existeth with Him; God is the One, the One who hath made all things"—in which, as he says, the Egyptian word for god is employed without article, and with apparently the same significance that we should give to it in English. Now, we are not concerned ourselves to dispute the correctness of Dr. Budge's construction of these texts, but we think it well to point out that the best and most recent authorities think them to mean the exact contrary of what he here says they mean. Thus M. Maspero, who is admittedly the greatest of living Egyptologists, and who has said that he was once an adherent of Brugsch's monotheistic theory, was converted by a study of the texts themselves to the opposite doctrine that the Egyptian religion, from first to last, taught the belief in not one but many gods. His latest pronouncement on the subject [*Hist. Anc. des Peuples de l'Orient: les Origines*, p. 152] says, after admitting that certain theologians among the priests sought to combine the attributes of many deities in one:

But the god towards whom they were pressing had nothing in common with the god of our religions and of our modern philosophies. He was not, as ours is for us, simply "God." He was Tum, the unique and solitary god at Heliopolis; Anhur-Shu, the unique and solitary god at Sebennyus and Thinis. The unity of Tum did not exclude that of Anhur-Shu, but each of these gods, single in his own domain, ceased to be so in the domain of the other. The ever-alert and jealous spirit of feudalism was opposed to the dogma dimly perceived in the temples triumphing there over the local religions and extending over the entire country. Egypt knew as many unique gods as she had great cities and important temples. She never accepted the unique god, God.

Or shall we take the words of Prof. Wiedemann (*Religion of the Ancient Egyptians*, p. 109), a writer of greater weight on Egyptian religion than perhaps any Englishman:

Many passages [he says] are found in Egyptian inscriptions where it is stated that "god"—i.e., "a god," the indefinite article not being generally expressed in Egyptian—is praised. . . . It has often been concluded that thereby is meant the one god who is from everlasting to everlasting, the god of the Jewish prophets and even of Christendom. Such an interpretation is, as a matter of fact, impossible. The same texts which make these assertions speak of other deities as co-existent, and show that in using the word "god" the scribe was thinking only of the god most near to him, the god of his nome, "the god belonging to the city" of the texts.

These are opinions which from the position of their authors are entitled to the respect of every Egyptologist. Had Dr. Budge seen his way to refute them, he might have made the attempt in any of the technical periodicals devoted to the subject. So far as we know, he has not done so, and we, therefore, think it a pity that he should at once ignore and contradict them in a manual intended for the use of the general public.

ERE on my bed my limbs I lay,  
It hath not been my use to pray  
With moving lips or bended knees,  
But silently, by slow degrees,  
My spirit I to Love compose,  
In humble trust mine eyelids close  
With reverential resignation,  
No wish conceived, no thought exprest,  
Only a sense of supplication;  
A sense all o'er my soul imprest  
That I am weak, yet not unblest,  
Since in me, round me, everywhere,  
Eternal strength and wisdom are.

By S. T. Coleridge, from "Prayers from the Poets" (Blackwood).

## Ford Madox Brown's Diary.

*Pre-Raphaelite Diaries and Letters.* Edited by William Michael Rossetti. (Hurst & Blackett. 6s.)

THE diary of a sincere artist is necessarily a valuable document, and it is the auto-record of several years of Madox Brown's life, when he was still a young man, that makes this book noteworthy. Some later years of his journal have already been given in Mr. Hueffer's life of the painter, but since the publication of that work Mr. William Michael Rossetti has discovered among his papers the portions which for the first time are now printed. The triumphs and disappointments, the hopes and fears, the beliefs and misgivings of the artistic temperament may all be studied here. The only thing that is lacking is its gaiety.

"I have long intended beginning this journal," Madox Brown writes in September, 1847; "praise be God it is begun at last." Brown is now twenty-six; his only daughter, Lucy, is at school at her aunt's at Gravesend; he is working hard on the figure of Chaucer in his *Seeds and Fruits of English Poetry*, his studio being a rat-infested building in Clipstone-street, Marylebone. The loss of his wife is continually with him, together with that dissatisfaction with self that all serious artists know. Here is a day taken at random: "Got up at half-past five, got to work by seven. Painted in the King's cloak (study). Workwoman came; set her to make the gown for Chaucer [of German velvet, a bargain, six yards at 10½d.]; myself made ears for the jester's hood, and began a drawing of it. In the evening began drawing in the draperies of Milton on the canvas." The entry is not quite typical. Often we come upon a confession of late rising or a wasted day, with "I am a brute and a sleepy beast," or some such utterance. On other days people call and hinder him, including "that devil Miss C——." His average of work is, however, five hours. His best friends seem to be the Lucys—Charles Lucy, the painter, and his wife. Dante Gabriel Rossetti's name first occurs on March 25, 1848: "Elliott, Thomas and Rossetti called; the latter my first pupil." Here is another day: "Got up at quarter-past seven; to work by half-past eight at the third head of Chaucer; made it worse than before. Had Mrs. Yates for it. Worked till eleven at it—quite horrible. Afterwards painted the two hands rather well; then painted the hands of Gower and one foot of Wiclif pretty well. . . . I set to work again at half-past nine till eleven, and drew in the figure in the spandril with the lily (ten hours' work)." We have faith in the self-critical power of a man who records these details. On May 18, 1848, he tries to persuade Thomas (Mr. William Cave Thomas) that "to imitate the true *tone* of the model it must be painted so that, when held up beside it, it would not be like it in colour." In the autumn he visits Manchester, Liverpool, and the Lakes with Charles Lucy. At Liverpool he sees his Wiclif "up high," and thinks it looks "damned bad."

The diary hereafter slackens noticeably, and in March 1850 it ceases, or at least there is now no trace of its having been kept. In August, 1854, however, it reopens with some vigour. Brown is married again, and has become the father of another daughter, Katy (afterwards Mrs. Francis Hueffer). The diary begins with a summary of its author's achievements in the interval. Among other paintings was the "Baa Lamb," of which he writes thus:

The "Baa Lamb" picture was painted almost entirely in sunlight, which twice gave me a fever while painting. I used to take the lay figure out every morning, and bring it in at night, or if it rained. . . . My painting-room being on a level with the garden, Emma sat for the lady, and Kate for the child. The lambs and sheep used to be brought every morning from Clapham Common in a truck: one of them ate up all the flowers one morning in the garden, where they used to behave very ill. The background was painted on the Common.



Other pictures belonging to this period were "King Lear," "The Last of England," and "Windermere." To resume the diary proper: in August, 1854, Brown and his wife take a little trip to St. Albans for a holiday. Here is a longer extract than usual:

We should have thought more of the fields, no doubt, were we not so much used to them of late. However, one field of turnips against the afternoon sky did surprise us into exclamation, with its wonderful emerald tints. And then we passed a strange sight; two tall chimneys standing separately in a small space of ground (about a rod, I suppose); the rest covered with black-looking rubbish, some of it smoking, some children looking at it. This, the day before, had been a house, the home of a young couple married some three months, the man a wheelwright. Fire surprised them in bed the previous night, it would seem, and they had to escape as they were, in their bed-clothes. And here lay all that they possessed, flattened down into black ashes. I broke a tooth a day or two ago, and the gap seemed for some days hard to reconcile with my impressions of what forms ought to surround my tongue. If so it is with the remains of a decayed tooth, the gap caused by the loss of all one has must be harder still to realise at first. However, they are young, and no life was lost; and, as the man is not an artist, there is yet hope of prosperity in store for them. And now we are at the *Peahen*, and Emma has just gone to bed, and I am writing God knows to what purpose (but vanity). And we have spent six shillings getting here, which is sheer madness in the present state of our prospects; besides one bob wasted on a description of the Abbey—certainly the silliest little book that fool ever penned, the most complete do that ever I was subjected to; fifty pages of the most complete vacuity that ever small-country-town-bred numbskull, without a shade of learning, ingenuity, or imagination, could possibly have put into circulation.

One evening in September, 1854, needing a kitten for the picture "Work," "Emma and I went out after dark and stole one." In the same month we find this:

The only thing I can never bring myself to do with care is writing. This has always (I know not wherefore) appeared to me as base and mechanical, and in some way I am sure to make it disgraceful. Either I spell it wrong, and this I can't help and never could manage; or else I get a bad pen, and so blotch and scribble it that it is not readable; or else I get sleepy, and fill it up with iterations or faults of prosody, which must make me appear like a most illiterate ass, which, however, I am not. Oh for Woolner's precision—rare in a man of art! . . .

The birth of Oliver Madox Brown, on January 20, 1855, is thus recorded: "This morning, at half-past 12 a.m., dearest Emma was delivered of a son, my first. He is very red, a large nose, eyes and shape of face like a Calmuck Tartar, shape of head like a Bosjesman." A page or so later: "'An unsuccessful man is a bore,' Woolner says."

Two more extracts, and we must leave the diary. This is Brown's criticism of *The Newcomes*, dated August 18, 1855:

*The Newcomes* is done. The end, though a disappointment to me as construction, is, for pathos and delineation of the "human 'art,'" beyond anything he has yet done. No end of 'kerchiefs might be wetted over it; but I read it dry, being used to misery in its actual state. But the *dénouement* disappointed me, I own. Thackeray seems to have got them into a mess, and either to lack the skill or the courage to get them out of it. In my humble opinion, Ethel should have died just as Clive would have been enabled to marry her; after which he should have taken to art *seriatim*, and have achieved a position, and so have learned the value of suffering. Clive should have wept her, and then turned serious and virtuous, and married someone just to take care of boy; or his wife should not have died, and they should at length have loved each other, and been happy in the end. This would have been far more moral, more probable, and more satisfactory to me. But he is the great word-artist of now.

With respect to *seriatim*, "Brown had a bad habit," says Mr. W. M. Rossetti, "of using this Latin word as if it meant 'seriously.'" The other entry describes Brown's visit to a dealer with "The Last of England," and other works:

Packed my five pictures in a cart, and at 10 a.m. started on my way to London, down the new Finchley-road—I driving, because it was too heavy to sit both of us in front, and perched up behind was anything but comfort. However, the pony, being a mettlesome beast, had no idea of going unless his own master thrashed him, and seemed to despise my attempts in that line; so we had to change seats. It is Barnet fair, and we were taken for return showmen on the road. As I got to the door in Percy-street, old White was knocking there. He looked at the picture for about one hour, and was most warm in his eulogium. I said last figure was £200 with copyright, or £150 without. I think he did not intend to buy when he came, but he seemed loth to leave it. At last he said: "I want you to give me copyright in, and will give you a bill at six months for £150." So I said, as it was *him*, I would take it; indeed, I would not have done so otherwise. Then he took the pencil-drawing for £7. He promises speedy fortune, and that in two years more I shall no longer sell my pictures to him, but command the highest prices in the art-market, and only give him a picture for remembrance of old times. Amen! say I.

These pictures and the man who painted them are now more rightly estimated. But in those days his struggles were bitter and unceasing, and his own record of them, simple and straightforward, is a document to be laid to heart. A sardonic humorist might profitably bind it up with the *Life of Millais*. Mr. W. M. Rossetti's editorial work is useful and discreet, but we wish he had told us something as to the character of the excisions which he has made. The extracts given in this volume, he says, "form perhaps hardly a half of the whole." What is the other half like?

The rest of the book consists of unimportant letters of Dante Gabriel Rossetti's and of Mr. W. M. Rossetti's journal of the P.R.B.

### Mild Correspondence.

*Letters from Lady Jane Coke to her Friend Mrs. Eyre at Derby (1747-1758).* Edited by Mrs. Ambrose Rathborne. (Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 7s. 6d.)

"CHANGES will happen, and I have lived too long in the world to wonder at anything." Changes indeed have taken place since this was written in 1754 by Lady Jane Coke, widow of Mr. Holt and wife of Mr. Coke of Longford, Derbyshire. Lady Jane was the last representative of the Wharton family, sister to the famous Philip, Duke of Wharton, who—eloquent, scatter-brained, and reckless—contracted a "Fleet" marriage at the age of sixteen, and died in hopeless beggary at thirty-three.

Among the "wax lights, fine dresses, fine jokes, fine plate, and fine equipages" of the last century's "brilliant, jiggling, smirking Vanity Fair," Lady Jane's dignified simplicity of temperament reveals itself in strong, though passive, contrast to those blatant qualities more commonly in vogue among the women of the day. "One of the agreeablest girls upon earth" that world-famed gossip, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, calls her, and there is certainly no venom to be found in Lady Jane's pleasant correspondence to her friend Mrs. Eyre, formerly a Miss Cotton of Etwall Hall. Merely the evidences of a pleasant wit, a happy knack of turning phrases, even some hint of epigram. "The Prince of Wales's children acted Cato better than anybody ever did—but Royal children, you know, always excel," she comments, on one occasion; and, again, "As for fashions, according to the English custom, we follow the French Ambassadress"!

It is of this reign—George the Second's—that Thackeray writes regretfully: "Show me some good person—find me, among these gay people, someone that I can love." In the foreground of one's mental picture of the period certain prominent, if scarcely pleasing, women crowd—the beautiful, though often vulgar, Miss Gummings, afterwards respectively Lady Coventry and the Duchess of Hamilton, mobbed at Assembly, rout and "folly"; Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, queen of letter-writers, caustic, entertaining, a woman "of parts," few of which she allowed to escape the world's observation; Lady Vane, nicknamed "Lady Frail," whose adventures Smollett immortalised; Miss Chudleigh, the bigamist, whose flagrant indiscretions, to use the lightest term, were rewarded by the King's kiss, "against all precedent," at a drawing-room "in the circle"; reckless Fanny Murray, who, according to Walpole, complained one night of lack of money, and on being given a £20 note, said: "D—n your £20! What does it signify?"—and ate it—between two pieces of bread and butter.

No wonder Thackeray called this period a "dreadfully selfish time," and spoke of it as of a "city of the dead" . . . with its "godless intrigues and feasts, crowds, pushing and eager and struggling, rouged and lying and fawning."

The life of Lady Jane appears from these records to have been a curiously restful life. She seems to have made her own atmosphere, to have kept the "sovereignty of the soul" undisturbed alike in London or the country. Her doings were advertised with no blare of trumpets, her attitude towards life remaining throughout rather that of the spectator of the play than the leading lady. Yet her position as wife of Vice-Chamberlain to Queen Caroline demanded her presence at certain court functions: she was emphatically "in things"; she knew the personages of the day, played the card-game of "Bragg," the period's excuse for gambling, with the best, paid such attention to fashions as behove the "queen" of Derbyshire county society. But in spite of this her actual pleasures appear to have been extraordinarily simple ones. She remained unmoved in a crowd where other women were constantly harrying and jostling each other. Her main delight seems to be the doing of some small kindness: the thoughtful remembrance and reward of a child's taste; the execution of some small commission for her friend; the seeking of patterns of novelties in mantua-making and headgear for Mrs. Eyre; the setting of jewels for her as "the mode decreed." On one occasion she even refrained from buying silk for her till the price was less prohibitive. In short, she gives every evidence of being a gentle-hearted lady who, if she seldom read books (there is no mention of her sharing her brother's literary tastes), studied those human documents, the men and women among whom she lived, and from them learned at least one lesson—how to dispense a kind and gracious influence.

It seems strange, in these days of easy travelling, to find a woman of fashion like Lady Jane content with what would now appear a very limited horizon. London, Windsor, Tunbridge Wells, Bath, Sunbury-on-Thames, occasional visits to the country, this is the extent of her travel after her husband's death in 1750. London life is not very "agreeable" to her, to quote the jargon of the day. "The weather is much too fine for London," she writes in the same year, "yet I am here wishing myself extremely in the country." Travelling in those days was of course a complicated process, but the repose of her mind seems to express itself in this disinclination of Lady Jane to undertake any very long journey.

Mrs. Rathborne, the editor of these letters, has done her task well. She explains the main points concerning the persons and events alluded to in the correspondence—and no more. The letters speak for themselves. They throw as pleasant a light upon the period as their pleasant author's personality must have thrown upon her companions.

## Of the Stage, Stagey.

*The Drama of Yesterday and To-day.* By Clement Scott. 2 vols. (Macmillan & Co. 36s. net.)

*Sir Arthur Sullivan: Life-Story, Letters, and Reminiscences.* By Arthur Lawrence. (James Bowden. 6s.)

*Sir Henry Irving: a Record and Review.* By Charles Hiatt. (Bell. 7s. 6d. net.)

THE simultaneous appearance of these volumes is characteristic of the period. There can be no question that the Stage now occupies the mind of the English public much more than it ever did before. A reaction seems almost inevitable, but, in the meantime, the theatre and things theatrical loom very large in the popular eye. That they do so is due very much to the men who are the central figures of the three books above noted. Whatever else one may think of Mr. Clement Scott's work as a writer, one cannot deny to him an overwhelming—an almost pathetically overwhelming—enthusiasm for the Stage. He claims to have devoted his life to the theatre, and so, practically, he has. He is, to be sure, "the poet of the seaside"; but that is only during the slack theatrical months of August and September. If Mr. Scott did not go to the playhouse during those months, it was, we suspect, because there was nothing to see there. He calls his latest production *The Drama of Yesterday and To-day*. It could have had no more misleading title. Very little indeed has Mr. Scott to say, in these two distressingly bulky volumes, about the Drama as such. There are the usual rhapsodies about Tom Robertson and Sardou, but for the higher aims and forms of drama Mr. Scott has shown but little sympathy. His excursions in Shakespearean criticism have always been those of an honest Philistine. He did his best to suppress Ibsen and Maeterlinck (in England), and to thwart and discourage Mr. Pinero in his efforts to break through the commonplace. No; what has attracted and retained the devotion of Mr. Scott is not the Drama, but the Stage and things Stagey—the Stage as a source of entertainment for the middle classes and a means of livelihood for the Player. Wade through the thousand and odd pages of *The Drama of Yesterday and To-day*, and you will find that what has most interested Mr. Scott during all his years of playgoing has been the Acting that he has seen. Apart from Robertson and Sardou, his heroes and his heroines are "histrions." Of what is truly dramatic as opposed to theatrical, of the ablest writers of drama pure and simple, he shows next to no appreciation; while over actors and acting his mind, it is obvious, broods delightedly.

By the players, from the oldest to the youngest "leading ladies" on whom he bestows his praises, Mr. Scott's new volumes, one can well believe, will be perused ecstatically. For the general reader they will have little or no magnetism. None but the most inveterate and absorbed of playgoers would have the patience to push their way through this morass of more or less old matter. In producing this work Mr. Scott has been regrettably ill-advised. He might have written his autobiography, or he might have penned a history of the Victorian stage. He has sought to combine the two, and the result, from a literary point of view, is unsatisfactory. The autobiographical element is fragmentary, and the historical is incomplete; the whole is inartistically welded. Opening with a sketch of the London stage in 1841, Mr. Scott after a few pages suddenly breaks off to quote a long account of the death of Tyrone Power. He is for ever going off like this at a tangent, for ever interrupting his narrative in order to drag in an extract from some well-known work. In the first volume, especially, the use of quotation marks is incessant. Even the chapter headings are in inverted commas! And the frequent digressions in the way of biographical memoranda about players and playwrights are so bald and arid in manner as to suggest resort rather

to the pages of books of reference than to the memory of the autobiographer himself. Shapely this work certainly is not, and one could wish that Mr. Scott would now sit down and cut out of it all that is not genuine autobiography. Even then it would have the drawback of being in the main little more than a repetition of what Mr. Scott has been saying in the newspapers and magazines for many a year past. As it stands, it is a display of monumental enthusiasm, but of little more, for it is not sufficiently systematic and comprehensive in method to be of much service to the student of stage history. The most popular feature of the work, we should say, would be the large number of portraits of players, playwrights, managers, and critics with which it has wisely been endowed.

The book about Sir Arthur Sullivan has been put together by Mr. Arthur Lawrence, but with much aid, apparently, from Sir Arthur himself—in fact, the volume is a notable specimen of what may be called “biography by interview.” The subject is unwilling, perhaps, to tell all the story himself, but he is willing to assist some other person in the telling. He consents to answer questions, and he supplies, perhaps, documents such as letters and so forth. This is what Sir Arthur seems to have done for Mr. Lawrence, and the result is a narrative which, we may be sure, will have many gratified readers. Sir Arthur, it appears, is of mingled Irish and Italian descent: here, no doubt, we have the sources of his flow of melody and his sense of humour. He has written oratorios and cantatas, and at least one “grand” opera, but will go down to posterity, if he goes at all, hand-in-hand with Mr. Gilbert. He has penned some charming drawing-room songs, but his chief title to honour is the fact that he collaborated in the unique series of which “Trial by Jury” was the opening item. He and his colleague, together, invented a new pleasure for all who can be touched by tunefulness and wit combined.

No one will grudge Sir Arthur Sullivan his biography, though one trusts it is premature by many a year. Mr. Charles Hiatt has produced a new memoir of Sir Henry Irving, probably because he had already celebrated Miss Ellen Terry in that fashion. For style Mr. Hiatt has little feeling; about acting he knows, seemingly, even less. But for all that, his account of the career of Sir Henry is the best before the public—the fullest and the most generously illustrated. Mr. Hiatt has more to say about the actor's Manchester days than had any previous biographer. His attempt to fix Sir Henry's position in the hierarchy of the stage comes a little too early. These things are best left to posterity. Meanwhile, this volume is a significant testimony to the mark made by its subject on his own generation.

## More Children's Books.

THREE weeks ago we said something about the economical nonsense verse that has taken the place of the more copious outpourings which Lewis Carroll and Edward Lear offered. Mr. J. J. Bell, the author of the verse in *Jack of All Trades* (Lane), does something to redress the balance: he really has a gift for nonsense, a gaiety of metre, and a free-and-easy productive power. But he does not care for children as his great predecessors did. Here is a specimen poem:

I'd rather be a cyclist,  
Than any other beast.  
For tho' he slays he never stays  
Upon the slain to feast.  
  
It's pleasant to remember,  
While lying on the stones,  
How, tho' you're dead, you needn't dread  
That he will pick your bones.

He comes! You fall! He's gone! That's all!  
He doesn't mind the least.  
Oh, I'd rather be a cyclist  
Than any other beast.

We cannot praise Mr. Charles Robinson's pictures, which affect ugliness and smudginess deliberately. Mr. Robinson is a delicate artist who can make beautiful things. Why should a false idea of pleasing children lead him to make hideous ones?

Under the title *Told in the Twilight* (Pearsons) Miss Blanche McManus has brought together a number of the best-known stories, either in their own words or newly



A COVER DESIGNED BY MISS BLANCHE McMANUS.

adapted for small listeners. These include “Robin Hood” and “Dick Whittington,” “The Ugly Duckling” and “The Pied Piper.” To these she has put pictures. We reproduce the effective cover.

Under the title *Beasts: Thumbnail Studies in Pets* (Macmillan) Mr. Wardlaw Kennedy describes some of the animals that he has tamed and amused himself with. Among these is a mongoose. According to Mr. Kennedy the publication of *The Jungle Book*, with the story of Rikki-Tikki-Tavi in it, set a fashion in keeping mongooses which still obtains; and apparently Rikki-Tikki is the name to which they all answer. Mr. Kennedy has also kept an armadillo called Sennacherib (shortened to “Pig”), a cat named Cottles, a potto or kinkajou, and various other pets. He writes about them with agreeable high spirits, but his Latinity is often above the heads of those of his readers who will be most interested in his experiences. “Esuriant” and “pavid,” for example, are hard words for small people. A more delicately charming animal book is the translation of Gautier's *Ménagerie Intime* which Mrs. William Chance has made under the title of *A Domestic Menagerie* (Stock). Gautier's cats are, of course, the most exquisite cats in literature. Further pleasant information concerning the cat will be found in *Tiptail: The Adventures of a Black Kitten* (Lamley), by Tertie Bennett—a pretty little history.

In *The Young Master of Hyson Hall* (Chatto & Windus) Mr. Frank R. Stockton has missed a great opportunity. In the first chapters we see an eccentric uncle running away from home and leaving his estate in the sole charge

of his nephew Philip, a boy of fifteen. When we say that on the estate is a sunken wreck, and a swamp in which a deadly upas tree is believed to grow, and that Philip is at liberty to use Old Bruden, his uncle's double-barrelled gun, together with his uncle's horse, and that he has but to ask the neighbouring banker for money to get it, it will be seen what a joyous time is before him. Unfortunately, Mr. Stockton has chosen to develop his story on less interesting lines than we could have desired, and the book does not rank with his successes. For the character of Chap Webster, Philip's chum, we are, however, grateful; and boys unacquainted with the altitude to which Mr. Stockton can rise may find *The Young Master of Hyson Hall* quite good enough.

Another book for boys, by an author known favourably to older readers for his novel *Mr. Passingham*, is *Cooper's First Term* (Grant Richards), by Mr. Thomas Cobb. Cooper is a very real little boy, younger than the ordinary schoolboys are wont to be; but his age is as well worth writing about as theirs. Among other things this capital little tale comprises a really worthy pillow fight. From the same publisher comes a new edition of *Helen's Babies*, with illustrations by Miss Eva Roos. Mr. Habberton's story has gone into many forms since it first took England by storm in the seventies, but it has never been better printed than in this volume.

Mr. Hassall's work is also to be found in *Primal Scenes* (Lamley), by the Rev. H. N. Hutchinson, an attempt to do scientifically, though with no sacrifice of humour, what Mr. E. T. Reed did recklessly in his *Pre-historic Peeps*. This book should amuse children considerably, but we cannot away with the conviction that the idea is Mr. Reed's and the present work something of a "poach." Other "oblongs" include *The Cat and the Mouse* (Blackie), by Alice B. Woodward, an amusing version, in colour and monochrome, of a story excellently adapted to please little children; an *Animal-Alphabet Book* (Allen), by Sara W. M. Fallon, which would be more acceptable if it were in colour; and *Wonderful Willie* (Richards), a highly-coloured and dramatic American toy-book describing the exploits of two little boys, a gorilla, and a giraffe, in a successful campaign against the Spaniards.

## Other New Books.

OUR RARER BRITISH BIRDS. BY RICHARD KEARTON, F.Z.S.

The brothers Kearton are doing a wonderful work with pen and camera. Their photographs and descriptions of British birds in their haunts are a new force in ornithology, indeed, we know of few books more calculated to awaken a love of birds, and desire to study them, than Messrs. Kearton's *British Birds' Nests* (1895) and this supplementary volume. Here Messrs. Kearton deal mainly with birds which, because of their rarity, they had not been able to photograph in their main volume. Typical birds of this class are the Great Crested Grebe, the Marsh Harrier, the Kite, the Lesser Redpoll, the Peregrine Falcon, the Bearded Tit, the White-tailed Eagle, and the Red-necked Phalarope. A feature of the volume is the authors' bitter declaration that the Wild Bird Protection laws are ineffective and even mischievous.

Eggs protected by law are still openly hunted for in broad light of day by children, young men and old men, maidens and white-haired dames; and, incredible as it may sound, even waited for hours together, morning after morning, until they are dropped into the nest by their layers. When the eggs of any species reach an attractively high figure in dealers' catalogues, it is a gloomy day for its slender band of representatives; but what shall we say of the prospects when a presumably rich collector deliberately places a premium upon its destruction, by giving 100 per cent. more than the recognised market price, which was all that he was asked for a clutch of eggs. The Wild Bird

Protection laws are very like a beautiful padlock and chain hanging useless on a widely-opened stable door which it is nobody's business to lock; and I have no hesitation in saying that the only real good done in the United Kingdom in the way of bird preservation has been accomplished by private effort.

The personal protection on the spot, not placards printed at Messrs. Eyre & Spottiswoode's, affords the best protection cannot be doubted; still we fancy that the laws do stem the tide of common bird-nesters. The arch-enemy is the country lad who takes eggs and destroys nests in the mere lust to destroy something that is beautiful and elaborate. Mr. Kearton says that "besides breaking eggs and doing helpless nestlings to death, some of them are guilty of the unspeakable cruelty of actually barring up birds sitting on their nests in hollow trees with stones, and consigning the faithful creatures to a living tomb." Mr. Kearton makes the excellent suggestion that school-boys should be provided with a really interesting and well illustrated reading-book devoted to British natural history, and that the older classes should be taken out once a month and put through field observations.

We should like to cull some of the facts and anecdotes with which this book abounds. It is interesting to learn, for instance, that the Peregrine Falcon is not killed off all grouse moors, but is "valued as a natural and useful weeder-out of weaklings and disease-stricken birds," and on that account is preserved in moderation. Similarly the Golden Eagle is welcomed on many Scottish deer forests because it preys on blue hares, which, if allowed to become numerous, are for ever giving warning to the deer of the sportsman's approach. It is interesting, too, to learn that the Great Crested Grebe has a haunt at Redhill, and that one pair brought off their young last summer in one of the lakes in Richmond Park. The discovery of a Marsh Harrier's and Montagu Harrier's nests in Norfolk is one of the triumphs of the book, the authors having waited years to hear of one. They travelled from London specially to photograph the nests, and easily did so, for, alas! they had just been robbed and the birds trapped. We hope that Messrs. Kearton will continue their unique work among British birds. (Cassell.)

THE ROMAN FESTIVALS. BY W. WARDE FOWLER.

Mr. Fowler has written a book with which every student of Roman religion will have to make his account. He approaches his subject from the side of cult rather than that of myth, and his method is to take the *Fasti* of the republican calendar, and to discuss the character and ritual of each feast in turn upon the basis of the very scanty information which is in many places available. A wide acquaintance alike with the texts, with the speculations of English and German archaeologists, and with the results of folk-lore, have enabled him to produce a commentary of the very highest value. Mr. Fowler is not himself very enthusiastic about what he has achieved.

The task has often been an ungrateful one—one, indeed, of

Dipping buckets into empty wells  
And growing old with drawing nothing up.

The more carefully I study any particular festival, the more (at least in many cases) I have been driven into doubt and difficulty, both as to reported facts and their interpretation.

Indeed, it is true that there are many problems of Roman religion still unsolved and, perhaps, insoluble. But alike as a storehouse of critically-sifted facts and as a tentative essay towards the synthetic arrangement of these facts, Mr. Fowler's book seems to us to mark a very distinct advance upon anything that has yet been done. It is curious to note that its publication synchronises with that of Emil Aust's *Die Religion der Römer*, and that Prof. Wissowa's *Religion und Kultus der Römer* may be almost immediately expected. This particular branch of religious history seems to be looking up. (Macmillan.)

## Fiction.

*Dartnell.* By Benjamin Swift.  
(Heinemann. 2s. 6d. net.)

A NOVEL, of course, may be anything one likes to make it, so that it was quite permissible for Mr. Swift to start from "a bizarre incident" (his sub-title), and with a man avowedly inhuman as his central figure. He is required, of course, to prove his case artistically. It is not enough to say: "If a book were ever written about him, no one would believe there could be such a man." This is the pathetic trick of a moment of imaginative exhaustion, and should have been relentlessly erased in the morning. Sir Charles Dartnell, we are told, "was neither moral nor immoral. He was neuter." That is not enough either; the man must be more consistent in his inconsistency, credible in his unnaturalness. Let us put Dartnell to the test of two essential lines of observation: (1) the question of taste—the gentleman. "He was the last of a refined and fastidious race, and he was going to be more fastidious than any of them." His refinement is insisted on again and again. Yet, under pretence of going abroad, he conceals himself in "the top flat" of his town house in order to watch his wife's guilty intrigue with Lord Odney! The thing is so inexpressibly silly that one smiles down a natural wish to punch the cad's head. (2) Dartnell is spiritual-minded. "Even human language, crowded as it is with carnal meanings, was inadequate to express the refinement of his thought." "He has studied all the passions, though he has none himself." Yet he sets his wife's maid to play the eavesdropper upon her, he is for ever chattering morbid rubbish about sex, and he "guesses" that he is afflicted with "the fury of Michael Angelo." Here we are on very strange ground—the abnormality of sex, which is rarely absent from supreme genius. Sir Charles Dartnell is not a genius; nor is Mr. Swift. He is a very clever writer; but he will never produce an enduring novel until he has learned to put more heart into his work. He may go on butting his brilliant head against human nature all his life, and will never so understand it. There is here no sign of that awed humility before the august mysteries of human frailty and human motive without which there can be no genuine insight and no reverence. Take a saying which indicates his present limitations: "Sex, hunger, and thirst," he assures us, "are the grim trinity which preside over the progress of mankind." They are nothing of the sort: the beasts experience them just as keenly as we do, and yet make no progress. Sir Charles Dartnell, in short, is a mere blurred monstrosity; and the other characters, if more comprehensible, make no abiding stay in the chambers of the imagination: they simply enter in at one door and hasten out at another. The book, nevertheless, is interesting, in its fugitive way, and it has a certain art—the art of an artistic temperament expressing itself at a rush. In intellectual brilliancy (which is really not one of the fundamentals of a good novel) this work is altogether inferior to *Nancy Noon* and *The Destroyer*. It is time, indeed, that Mr. Swift began to mend his ways. He has had a very patient hearing. He has fine qualities; and his literary instinct is so sure that, even in *Dartnell*, there is scarcely a misshapen phrase. But he must be told that in fiction there is a worse thing than commonplace writing, and that is insincerity of feeling, which is the unpardonable sin.

*McTeague.* By Frank Norris.  
(Grant Richards. 6s.)

MR. NORRIS, aware of his strength, uses it brutally. *McTeague* is a narrative of lower middle-class life in San Francisco. The hero is a quack dentist, a great, coarse, simple-minded animal of a fellow, who marries an attrac-

tive girl of stingy and avaricious temperament. Trina possesses a fortune of five thousand dollars, won in a lottery, and though McTeague loses his livelihood by Government edict against unlicensed dentistry, she will not let him touch her capital. Together they descend, he growing more brutish, she more miserly. In the result he kills her for her five thousand dollars, and decamps. At the end of the book he commits another murder, and we leave him handcuffed to a corpse in the middle of a desert valley, where death certainly awaits him. The existence of nether San Francisco is described with grim and fearless vigour. No sordid detail is omitted, no revolting episode glossed over. We do not ask, if the subject is to be handled at all, that it should be trifled with, but we do ask that Mr. Norris's vision should comprise something beyond the gross animalism of humanity; we do ask for something of the spirit.

Let us add that Mr. Norris has a genuine imaginative talent. That was shown in his *Shanghaied*, a fine book that preceded *McTeague*.

## Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

OUTSIDE THE RADIUS.

BY W. PETT RIDGE.

Mr. Ridge has here turned his searchlight of humour on the remoter suburbs. We have fourteen stories, all located in The Crescent, which is first described as a whole. "Many in The Crescent flatter themselves that they do not know the people next door, stating this with pride as though it made them worthy of the Victoria Cross; but their servants are acquainted, and this does just as well. Besides, there is Mrs. Lade." (Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.)

THE SKY PILOT: A TALE OF THE

FOOTHILLS.

BY RALPH CONNOR.

The old piquant blend of mining camp wickedness in the light of a "revival." The sky pilot makes an immediate impression, but has to be content at first with one Sunday a fortnight. Preaching Sunday alternated with Permit Sunday. "Hi put it rather graphically. The Devil takes his innin's one Sunday and the Pilot the next." (Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.)

IN THE COILS OF THE SERPENT. BY MARGUERITE ROSSO.

Melodramatic nonsense about awful wickedness, mental control, and a host of unreal emotions. "His letter did not take him long to read, but its contents interested him so little that he threw it over to his brother without a word and instinctively his fingers wandered to the zither on the table, and, with caressing tenderness, he swept the strings, bringing forth echoes of the most exquisite music." (Drane. 6s.)

PAUL.

BY FLORENCE MORSE KINGSLEY.

In this story, by the author of *Titus* and *Stephen*, the chief events of St. Paul's life are followed and expanded. (Ward, Lock. 3s. 6d.)

THE SECRET OF MARK PEPYS.

BY FRED. J. PROCTOR.

Californian life in full key. There are half-castes, and senoritas, and stalwart redskins and guides, and a captive Indian girl. "Western pastoral life, with its gaiety, chivalry, and adventure." (Digby, Long & Co. 6s.)

We have also received *A Torn-Out Page*, by Dora Russell (Digby, Long & Co.), a story of love and blackmail; *The Favour of Princes*, by Mark Lee Luther (The Macmillan Co.), an historical novel of the time of Louis XV., opening with a description of the execution of Damiens; *Tales of the Strong Room*, by Frank Denison, horrors and mysteries of strong-rooms narrated by a strong-room expert; and *Soldier Rigdale*, by Beulah Mary Dix, a pleasant tale of old Puritan *Mayflower* days (The Macmillan Co. 6s.).



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## The World of Dickens.

IN honour of its "Memorial Edition of Charles Dickens," the *Daily News Weekly* has lately offered to the world a competitive examination in that author's work, and the results were published on Saturday last. The competition is interesting if only because by a hundred pin-pricks of suggestion, and provocations of memory, it sends us back to our Dickens to learn how little we know of that fantastic world of which he was the creator.

The questions were twenty-five in number, modelled, of course, upon Calverley's famous *Pickwick* examination paper. Here is one:

Show the connexion between poultry and elephants which, strange as it may seem, is made plain in one of the novels.

The reference is to *Dombey and Son*. The Game Chicken remonstrates with Mr. Toots for his poor spirit in refraining from "blowing on this here match [of Florence and Walter] to the Stiff 'un."

"My sentiments is Game and Fancy, Master," returned the Chicken. "That's wot my sentiments is. I can't abear a meanness. I'm afore the public. I'm to be heard of at the bar o' the Little Helephant, and no governor o' mine musn't go and do what's mean."

This is almost too ingenious. Again, the demand for a parallel to "There's a young 'oman on the next form but two as has drunk nine breakfast cups and a half, and she is swelling wisely before my eyes," is not too well fulfilled in the reference to Dora's housekeeping, given in David Copperfield's words:

"But I apprehend that we were personally unfortunate in engaging a servant with a taste for cordials, who swelled our account for porter at the public-house by such inexplicable items as 'quartern rum shrub (Mrs. C.),' 'half-quartern gin and cloves (Mrs. C.),' 'glass rum and peppermint (Mrs. C.),' the parentheses always referring to Dora, who was supposed, it appeared on explanation, to have imbibed the whole of these refreshments."

An admirable answer has been furnished in response to the question asking for an example of Dickens's portraiture of the power of love:

"I pledge you my professional word I didn't even know she could dance till her last benefit, and then she played Juliet, and Helen Macgregor, and did the skipping-rope horopipe between the pieces. The very first time I saw that admirable woman, Johnson," said Mr. Crummles, drawing a little nearer, and speaking in a tone of confidential friendship, "she stood upon her head on the butt-end of a spear, surrounded with blazing fireworks."

"You astonish me!" said Nicholas.

"She astonished me!" returned Mr. Crummles, with a very serious countenance. "Such grace, coupled with such dignity, I adored her from that moment!"

This is, of course, from Actor-manager Crummles' eulogy of his distinguished spouse, in *Nicholas Nickleby*. Other examples occur to everyone. Think of John Chivery Junior as his mother pointed him out to Clennam, while he sat amid the flapping linen in the back-yard:

"It's the only change he takes," said Mrs. Chivery. . . . "He won't go out even in the back-yard when

there's no linen; but when there's linen to keep the neighbours' eyes off, he'll sit there hours. Hours he will. Says he feels as if it was groves!"

Or again of Mr. Venus, the anatomical artist, from whom, in consequence of the letter in which his adored one spurned his offer, and declared that she did not desire "to regard herself nor yet to be regarded in that bony light" . . . "all was fled save gall."

"My very bones [he confided to the other friendly-mover] is rendered flabby by brooding over it. If they could be brought to me loose to sort, I should hardly have the face to claim 'em as mine. To such an extent have I fallen off under it."

The young lady, by the way, was Miss Pleasant Riderhood; and here is a proper place to point out an error into which, in a certain "Frame of Mind," has fallen so Dickens-saturated a reader as Mr. A. B. Walkley. It is in his essay on Mme. Sarah Bernhardt that he uses the verb "to poll-parrot" as a synonym of "to imitate." Now a reference to *Our Mutual Friend*—and, especially to the account of a colloquy between John Harmon (disguised), Rogue Riderhood, and his daughter—will establish the true use of the word as the equivalent of "to chatter," or prattle.

"Why the devil don't you answer the Captain? You can Poll Parrot enough when you ain't wanted to Poll Parrot, you perverse jade!"

*Bleak House* also furnishes an example of one of Dickens's rare slips from accuracy. Three are given in answer to Question XIII.; one is from *David Copperfield*, and *Pickwick* furnishes two. To these we may add (unless it is to be counted to the credit of young Mr. Smallweed's financial talents) that his adroit totalling of the score upon the occasion of his dining with the young man of the name of Guppy and Mr. Jobling was inaccurate. It ran:

"Four veals and hams is three, and four potatoes is three and four, and one summer-cabbage is three and six, and three marrows is four and six, and four half-pints of half-and-half is six and three, and four small rums is eight and three, and three Pollys is eight and six. Eight and six in half a sovereign, Polly, and eighteenpence out."

A reference to a preceding page shows that three pint-pots had been superadded.

Question X. is:

What lady was it who said that "if the police greased their whiskers less and minded the duties they were so heavy paid for a little more no one needn't be drove mad by scrouding so," and what was the cause of this outburst against the force?

The interpolated *s* will probably put most people on the track. It is, of course, the immortal Gamp.

"What a very ill-natured person you must be!" said Tom (as she hooked him with the handle of her umbrella).

Mrs. Gamp cried out fiercely: "Where's the pelisse?"—meaning the constabulary—and went on to say, shaking the handle of the umbrella at Tom, that "but for them fellers never being in the way when they were wanted, she'd have given him in charge, she would."

"If they greased their whiskers less, and minded the duties which they're paid so heavy for a little more," she observed, "no one needn't be drove mad by scrouding so!"

The removal of the lion from Northumberland House to the neighbourhood of Kew Gardens is of happy omen in connexion with a passage from the *Sketches by Boz*:

Miss Teresa Malderton was a very little girl, rather fat, with vermilion cheeks, but good-humoured, and still disengaged. . . . In vain had she flirted for ten years; in vain had Mr. and Mrs. Malderton assiduously kept up an extensive acquaintance among the young eligible bachelors of Camberwell, and even of those of Wandsworth and Brixton; to say nothing of those who "dropped in" from town. Miss Malderton was as well known as the lion on the top of Northumberland House, and had an equal chance of "going off."

And, in relation to the changes which time has made in the aspect of London since Dickens's days, the projected thoroughfare from Holborn to the Strand would surely have formed a better bait to draw a reminiscence of Dick Swiveller than a cumbrous reference to the mimicry which, according to biologists, is one of the determinants of the evolutionary process:

I enter in this little book [said Dick] the names of the streets that I can't go down while the shops are open. This dinner to-day closes Long Acre. I bought a pair of boots in Great Queen-street last week, and made that no thoroughfare too. There's only one avenue to the Strand left open now, and I shall have to stop that up to-night with a pair of gloves. The roads are closing so fast in every direction that in about a month's time, unless my aunt sends me a remittance, I shall have to go three or four miles out of town to get over the way.

Obviously, Avenue Kruger—or whatever is to be its name—would have fulfilled what an Irish journalist was accustomed to call “a much-needed want.”

One is glad to see brought to the light Mrs. Skewton's appreciation of the eighth Henry:

So bluff! [cried Mrs. Skewton], wasn't he? So burly. So truly English. Such a picture, too, he makes, with his dear little peepy eyes and his benevolent chin!

With which you may compare a thumb-nail *résumé* of another sovereign. Was it not Lady Tippins's husband who had been knighted by George III. in mistake for somebody else?—“on which occasion His Majesty was graciously pleased to observe: ‘What, what, what? Who, who, who? Why, why, why?’”

## Things Seen.

### The Ways of War.

THEY tell me the altar was draped in black, that under the dome were soldiers, and that the full band of the Coldstream Guards was stationed in front of the choir.

They tell me—but this is what I saw in St. Paul's Cathedral on Tuesday afternoon at the Memorial Service for those who have fallen in the war.

The fog hung over the city. The churchyard was thronged. The steps of the Cathedral were hidden by a dense, black mass, moving up, up. I joined them and slowly was carried in. Then—what did I see? Choir, band, preacher, silent, seated congregation? No! I saw only the great dim north aisle, stretching before me like some vast avenue. The time-stained pillars streamed upwards into dimness, the fog and the gathering darkness mingled, illumined here and there by a bare jet of flaring gas. To the left hung the tattered colours of some who fell in the Crimea, and through the fog loomed their mute monument. In the aisle, the public, all in black, were wedged together, motionless, absorbed, fading beyond into the fog. All stood silent, listening. I had expected to hear Chopin's “*Marche Funèbre*,” but it so happened that when I entered, the Cathedral echoed to the sad melody of a simple hymn that carried back and touched old chords. “Brief life is here our portion” sang the choir, and as the verses slowly followed one another, rising mysteriously from lips we could not see, one by one citizens took up the refrain, each singing it quietly to himself, each with his own thoughts, for we were mourners. The effect was almost unbearable, and many stole away. As I went down the steps two soldiers were passing by. Each carried an outfit parcel. Their brown puttee-swathed legs peeped from beneath their long cloaks, and lower gleamed their spurs. So it was. There, in the Cathedral, Grief and the Past; here, in the street, Grit and the Future—the ways of War.

## The Eclipse.

IT was a quarter-to-eleven last Saturday night when I climbed upon the tram-car at Kew to sail into London. I say sail, because it was with a sense of sailing that I travelled along the great highway through suburb after suburb under the moon. The tram bounded along with a kind of cantering energy that was delightful. But the cold began to assault me with cold stabs and colder embraces. I laughed. Thus do the North Sea pilots suffer at the helm; and for “the lit sea's unquiet way” I had the long rows of lights converging into the gloom of London. The wind, which was bitter in Gunnersbury, had become savage at Chiswick, and as we raced into Hammersmith it seemed vindictive. I changed, at the Broadway, to a red Hammersmith 'bus, and began the second long stage. A young woman was the only other occupant of a garden seat. She sat blue and unmoved. I looked at her and reflected that if she, the weaker vessel—then I screamed under my breath as the cold grasped my thighs. At the Albert Memorial my agony expelled a thin wonder: Will the moon or the young woman disappear first? As we rolled up the slope from Albert Gate they were both in my eye, but the cold pierced me like a bayonet.

A blush warmed my cheeks; I accepted my shame, arose, and descended to an inside seat. Later, as I rushed across Piccadilly Circus I turned and saw the young woman riding on to King's Cross, and the first coppery tinge of the earth's shadow on the moon.

## Memoirs of the Moment.

BERNARD QUARITCH was not a king of booksellers alone. His mind to him a kingdom was as well as his shop. He had a great business, but he had also all his desires. He wished for no glory or profit other than he got. There are stories of Disraelian speeches of his when he left Bohn, whom he addressed as the head bookseller of London, whereas he himself was to become the head bookseller of the world. Well, he got just what he wanted—a place in Piccadilly, a banker's account which enabled him to write out a cheque for over £30,000 at a single sale, a reputation among his fellows for shrewdness, and their homage to him as a salesman who never—hardly ever—abated a price, not even the price of an Australian volume to Mr. Henniker Heaton. If there were other worlds to conquer, Bernard Quaritch knew them not. Daily he went down on his omnibus from his north-western suburb, and that was when most people were still at breakfast. In the evening he returned by the same vehicle, a volume under his arm as often as not—some new prize that he liked to look at in leisure. All the long day he was about in the shop, accessible to the humblest customer who had any need of his knowledge and skill.

THE real enthusiast has no recreations outside his own overmastering passion or hobby. The man who is keen at his profession and keen also at a game is usually playing—however lightly or solemnly—at both. White-headed Bernard Quaritch, therefore, was booky even in his amusements. He founded the dining club, “Ye Sette of Odde Volumes”—and the affectation of the name shall be forgiven to a Slav by descent, born in Saxony, and only naturalised in England—his talk was all of books; consequently he was bored by an ordinary club dinner. Lord Tennyson was once found—almost to his own surprise—with the Odde Volumes, and had a chance of talking Fitzgerald to the man who published the first translation of *Omar Khayyám* in this country; and among the customers at the shop in Piccadilly was, of course, Mr. Gladstone, and even he forebore to bargain with the Prime

**Minister of Booksellers.** Though he bore his four-score years lightly, and had been at his shop until almost the day he died, Bernard Quaritch had not faced the fatigues of the sale-room for several seasons, one of the Ashburnham sales being the last at which he appeared. "Quaritch" was still sung out as a purchaser: but, when you turned to see the veteran, it was not he. How far such a business is "a one-man business" time must show; but the traditions of its founder may well survive in the place which was, fifty years ago, his own almost single-handed creation.

THE name of the Earl of Tankerville at once recalls the Chillingham bulls—that famous breed which still endures in his Northumberland home, and which has given sport to princes. An Earl of Tankerville, as owner of the bulls, has to be a sportsman, and if the name of the peer whose death is reported this week has rather dropped out of memory in this connexion, one has only to remember that he was born ninety years ago. For fifty years he has held the title; he married, nearly half a century ago, Lady Olivia Montagu, eldest daughter of the sixth Duke of Manchester, and his heir, hitherto known as Lord Bennet, a traveller, an observer, and a wit, is now fifty-seven years of age. From the late Earl's mother, whose Christian name was Corisande, a statesman-novelist borrowed the entitling of his penultimate heroine. There was a great deal, besides, in the history of the Bennets to fascinate a romancer. The family began its greatness with a Bennet who was a commissioner for the suppression of heresy in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. It is quite natural to add that his descendant, the new Earl, by way of reaction from this ancestral rôle, joined the Roman Catholic Church in the reign of Queen Victoria. He is, moreover, a judge of the arts, and he writes as neat a couplet at need as the amateur could desire.

THE late Earl himself, though best at his gun, was by no means incapable with his pen, as he proved when he contributed, some years ago, a series of reminiscences to the *Field*. In the Highlands he met Landseer, who had the right to be stalking over the same ground, but whom he mistook for a poacher—"a little strongly-built man, very like a Pocket Hercules or Puck." Lord Tankerville came upon him unawares, as he was grallocking his deer. "This he did with quietness and dexterity, not forgetting to work in the burn, the tallow, and other treasures. He next let the head hang over so as to display the horns, and then, equating down on a stone opposite, took out of his pocket what I thought would be his pipe or whisky-flask"—as well it might have been. But it was a sketchbook. Lord Tankerville abstained from grallocking his human quarry, but came boldly into the open and so found himself face to face with his friend of many years to come—Landseer.

MME. DE FALBE died this week at Bournemouth, not at her house in Grosvenor-square, nor at Luton Hoo—the two houses which will long be associated with her brilliant hospitalities. Mme. de Falbe and Frances, Countess of Waldegrave were often named together, not only as successful entertainers in town and out of it, but as women whose marriages had been such successes that they were willing to repeat the experiment a second and a third time. Mme. de Falbe's case differed somewhat, inasmuch as she outlived her third husband and accepted widowhood as a fixed state. The daughter of Mr. Thomas Hawkes, belonging to a bygone generation of members of Parliament, she was very young as well as very much admired when, some sixty years ago, she married Mr. Ward, an uncle of the present Earl of Dudley. With her second husband, Mr. Gerard Leigh, she became that very delightful thing, the life tenant of Luton Hoo—a delight she was able to share

with her third husband, M. de Falbe, formerly Danish Minister at the Court of St. James. One of the saddest memories of her later life was that of the death of the Duke of Clarence, whose engagement to the Princess May had been finally fixed under her favourable roof.

GENERAL WAUCHOPE owed some of his inspirations to his name—which used to be printed as pronounced, "Walk-up"—at the time of the amazing increase of his poll in Midlothian, when he championed the Unionist cause against Mr. Gladstone. The name carries its own incongruous sadness now that the hero who bore it lies buried in South Africa: a man, not of valour merely, but of parts. Four times he had been wounded on other battle-fields, three times seriously, so that his friends had got a sort of confidence that he was fated to live and not to die. That was not his own faith, however. He had a foreboding when he left his Midlothian home that he left it for the last time; and one wonders what he thought when two warning bullets hit his helmet before a third came home and deprived him of all thought at all.

## Correspondence.

### Our "Gifted Correspondent."

SIR,—As I am the person referred to as a "professional Navy League lecturer" by your anonymous correspondent at Rottingdean, in his comment, published in your issue of the 16th inst., upon a brief address given by Mr. Rudyard Kipling at a Navy League meeting held at that village on the 24th of last month, I should like to be kindly allowed space for a very few observations.

Of these, the first is that, in a fairly wide experience of reporters' efforts, I have never seen a description so ludicrously at variance with fact as is your correspondent's account of Mr. Kipling's demeanour on the occasion in question. Even that exquisite literary figure, that Mr. Kipling "blushed like a great kid," has its justification wholly and solely in your correspondent's mysterious inner consciousness. Your Little England member of the audience is wrong in saying that Mr. Kipling was pale, wrong in saying that he appeared nervous, wrong in saying that he spoke at a terrific rate. As for his early departure, the necessity for this had been previously explained to those concerned.

With your correspondent's estimate of my own lecture I have not the least quarrel, but if his appreciation, or depreciation, of my own humble efforts be not more correct than his account of Mr. Kipling's behaviour, I confess to a haunting doubt as to whether it is worth much.

I do not quite know, by the way, what your anonymous friend means by applying the epithet "professional" to his description of myself. If he means to imply that lecturing is my sole vocation, he is wrong again, as I happen to be an individual actively occupied with my own private affairs. If he merely wishes to convey that I was paid for the task which I had the privilege to fulfil at Rottingdean, and which was to me veritably a labour of love, he is once more in error.

I fear, however, that I am, after all, doing your gifted correspondent an injustice, as I have a deep inward conviction that his real purpose in writing to you was to ascertain how many mistakes, misstatements, and mis-descriptions he could get into twenty-six lines.—I am, &c.,

H. F. WYATT.

United University Club, Pall Mall.

[We regret that our correspondent should have called Mr. Wyatt a professional lecturer. Mr. Wyatt clearly is no more a professional than our correspondent is a Little Englander. We have entire confidence in our correspondent's judgment and observation.]

## Prince Otto.

SIR,—Plainly, your correspondent, F. W. Place, has not read Stevenson's letters very closely yet, or he could never suppose that *Prince Otto* was not quite earnestly written. I quote two passages :

My brief romance, *Prince Otto*—far my most difficult adventure up to now—is near an end. . . . I do not know if I have made a spoon or only spoiled a horn; but I am tempted to hope the first. . . . There is a good deal of stuff in it, both dramatic and, I think, poetic; and the story is not like these purposeless fables of to-day, but is, at least, intended to stand firm on a base of philosophy—or morals—as you please. It has been long gestated, and is wrought with care. (To W. H. Low, December 1883.)

For me it is my chief o' works; hence probably not so for others, since it only means that I have here attacked the greatest difficulties. But some chapters towards the end—three in particular—I do think come off. I find them stirring, dramatic, and not unpoetical. We shall see, however; as like as not the effort will be more obvious than the success. For of course I strung myself hard to carry it out. (To Sidney Colvin, March 1884.)

These quotations may not present Stevenson's dispassionate judgment of the book. They are, it seems to me, ample proof that he wrote it in the most serious earnest. He acknowledges, however (letter to C. W. Stoddard, February 1886), "a giddy-mindedness which spoils the book, and often gives it a wanton air of unreality"; and he puts it down to "the difficulty of being ideal in an age of realism." It must be this "giddy-mindedness" which disappoints Mr. Cornford, and stirs distrust in Mr. Andrew Lang and your correspondent. For my part, I am with your other correspondent "C." I like *Prince Otto* best of all Stevenson's tales; and I love the streak of fantasy that makes it so absolutely his own.

If Mr. Cornford had had the right feeling for the book he could never, I think, have dragged the dawn in the forest from its context to exhibit it "highly commended" as a piece of romantic description.—I am, &c., Q.

Highgate: December 18, 1899.

## Our Weekly Prize Competitions.

## Result of No. 13 (New Series).

We asked last week for lists of books suitable to form the nucleus of the library of a Debating Society in a small town, the total cost of the books not to exceed £2. Many interesting lists have been supplied. After careful consideration we have decided to award the prize to Mr. Richard W. Mould, Newington Public Library, S.E., for the following excellent selection :

	£	s.	d.
"Hazell's Annual, 1900" . . . . .	0	3	6
"Financial Reform Almanack, 1900" . . . . .	0	1	0
Buxton's "Handbook to Political Questions of the Day" . . . . .	0	10	6
Rose's "Rise of Democracy" . . . . .	0	2	6
Brabrook's "Provident Societies and Industrial Welfare" . . . . .	0	2	6
Cox's "Land Nationalisation" . . . . .	0	2	6
Wilkins's "The Alien Invasion" . . . . .	0	2	6
Graham's "The Rural Exodus" . . . . .	0	2	6
Jeans' "Trusts, Pools, and Corners, as Affecting Commerce and Industry" . . . . .	0	2	6
Hobson's "Problem of the Unemployed" . . . . .	0	2	6
McCabe's "Can We Disarm?" . . . . .	0	2	6
Acland and Ransome's "Handbook of Political History of England" . . . . .	0	6	0
Ransome's "Our Colonies and India: How we got Them and Why we keep Them" . . . . .	0	1	0
Montgredien's "History of the Free Trade Movement" . . . . .	0	1	0
Dilke and Wilkinson's "Imperial Defence" . . . . .	0	2	6
Wilkinson's "The Nation's Awakening" . . . . .	0	3	6
Wilkinson's "The Command of the Sea" . . . . .	0	1	0
Williams's "Foreigner in the Farmyard" . . . . .	0	2	6
Leadam's "What Protection Does for the Farmer" . . . . .	0	1	0
	£2	13	6

Discount, 25 per cent. . . . . 0 13 4½

£2 0 1½

Other useful and interesting lists follow :

	Pub. Price.		Net.	
	s.	d.	£	s. d.
Prof. E. A. Freeman's "General Sketch of European History" (Macmillan) . . . . .	3	6	0	2 8
John Richard Green's "Short History of the English People" (Macmillan) . . . . .	8	6	0	6 5
A. H. Dyke-Acland and Cyril Ransome's "A Handbook of the Political History of England to 1896" (Longmans) . . . . .	6	0	0	4 6
H. de B. Gibbins's "The Industrial History of England" (Methuen) . . . . .	3	0	0	2 3
Sir J. R. Seeley's "The Expansion of England" (Macmillan) . . . . .	5	0	0	3 9
Prof. E. Jenks's "English Local Government" (Methuen) . . . . .	2	6	0	1 11
Henry Craik's "The State in Its Relation to Education" (Macmillan) . . . . .	2	6	0	1 11
J. A. Hobson's "Problems of Poverty" (Methuen) . . . . .	2	6	0	1 11
Prof. E. A. Freeman's "Disestablishment and Disendowment: What are They?" (Macmillan) . . . . .	2	0	0	1 6
W. Cunningham's "Modern Civilisation in some of its Economic Aspects" (Methuen) . . . . .	2	6	0	1 11
Prof. C. F. Bastable's "The Commerce of Nations" (Methuen) . . . . .	2	6	0	1 11
Thomas Raleigh's "Elementary Politics" (Oxford University Press Warehouse) . . . . .	1	6	0	1 2
Mrs. Henry Fawcett's "Political Economy" (with questions) (Macmillan) . . . . .	2	6	0	1 11
"Pros and Cons: A Guide to the Controversies of the Day." Edited by John Bertram Askew (over 300 pages, a wonderful shillingsworth) (Sonnenschein) . . . . .	1	0	0	1 0
"Whitaker's Almanack, 1900" . . . . .	2	6	0	1 11
"Hazell's Annual, 1900" . . . . .	3	6	0	2 8
Sir Reginald F. D. Palgrave's "The Chairman's Handbook" (Knight & Co.) . . . . .	1	0	0	0 9
	£2		0 1	

Many booksellers provide 2s. 6d. books for 1s. 10½d., in such a case the total would be just under £2.

The fact that the "country debating club" consists of "ardent politicians" greatly in need of information has, of course, influenced the foregoing selection.

[R. W. R., Manchester.]

	Pub. Price.		Net.	
	s.	d.	£	s. d.
Green's "Short History of the English People" . . . . .	8	6	0	6 5
McCarthy's "Short History of Our Own Times" . . . . .	2	6	0	1 11
Bagehot's "English Constitution" . . . . .	7	6	0	5 8
Seeley's "Expansion of England" . . . . .	4	6	0	3 5
Mill's "Political Economy" . . . . .	3	6	0	2 8
Carlyle's "French Revolution" 3 vols (Chapman, 1888) . . . . .	3	0	0	2 3
Carlyle's "Latter Day Pamphlets" . . . . .	2	6	0	1 11
Carlyle's "Past and Present" . . . . .	2	6	0	1 11
Nunquam's "Merrie England" (paper covers) . . . . .	0	3	0	0 3
"A Plea for Liberty" (paper covers) . . . . .	1	0	0	0 9
Thoreau's "Essays" (Scott Library) . . . . .	1	6	0	1 2
Mazzini's "Essays" (Scott Library) . . . . .	1	6	0	1 2
"Political Orations from Wentworth to Macaulay" (Scott Library) . . . . .	1	6	0	1 2
Wollstonecraft's "Vindication of the Rights of Women" (Scott Library) . . . . .	1	6	0	1 2
George's "Progress and Poverty" (paper covers) . . . . .	1	0	0	0 9
Mather's "Life and Teaching of John Ruskin" . . . . .	3	6	0	2 8
Gibbins's "Industrial History of England" . . . . .	3	0	0	2 3
Howell's "Trade Unionism, Old and New" . . . . .	2	6	0	1 11
"Emigration and Immigration: Statistical Papers, with Report" (Parliamentary Paper) . . . . .	0	4	0	0 4
	£1		19 9	

[A. H. W., Westward Ho!]

Replies received also from : H. W. F., Cork ; R. N., Sunderland ; G. H., London ; A. W. S., Sheffield ; A. B. C., South Shields ; D. F. H., London ; W. M. W., Glasgow ; H. G. H., Whitby ; C. Boxhill ; D. S., Glasgow ; W. M., London ; W. S., Derby ; E. B., Eye ; M. A. C., Cambridge ; F. J. B., Winchester ; W. H. B., West Ham ; G. R., Aberdeen ; E. M. W., London ; C. M., Oundle ; A. R., London ; J. G. W., Glasgow.

## Prize Competition No. 14 (New Series).

We offer a prize of one guinea this week for the best translation, in similar length, metre, and rhyming scheme, of this poem by Alfred De Musset :

Mes chers amis, quand je mourrai,  
Plantez un saule au cimetière :  
J'aime son feuillage éploré,  
La pâleur m'en est douce et chère,  
Et son ombre sera légère  
A la terre où je dormirai.

## RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, The ACADEMY, 43 Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Wednesday, December 27. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found in the first column of p. 752 or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. We wish to impress on competitors that the task of examining replies is much facilitated when one side only of the paper is written upon. It is also important that names and addresses should always be given: we cannot consider anonymous answers.

## NOTICE.

Particulars of the Special Prize Competitions, which the ACADEMY is adding to the ordinary weekly competitions, will be found on the inside of the cover.

## New Books Received.

[These notes on some of the New Books of the week are preliminary to Reviews that may follow.]

## THE UNITED KINGDOM: A POLITICAL HISTORY.

BY GOLDWIN SMITH.

We have had war-histories of the United Kingdom, people-histories, constitutional-histories, and social-histories. Mr. Goldwin Smith has endeavoured to supply the obvious need for a good political history of the country. Having stated his aim very briefly and simply, the author proceeds to take the reader in regular progression from the Conquest down to recent times. (Macmillan. 2 vols. 15s. net.)

## THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR, 1870-71.

BY GENERALS AND OTHER OFFICERS.

For a long time the only exhaustive German account of the great struggle of 1870-71 has been the Official History, a work of enormous bulk, and necessarily written in a highly technical way. There came a demand in Germany for a work combining weighty historic treatment with literary grace. Out of this need grew this book, which is the combined work of the best German military writers. Major-General J. F. Maurice is mainly responsible for the translation. The German illustrations have been transferred, and the book forms an imposing quarto volume. (Sonnenschein.)

## LESSONS OF THE WAR WITH SPAIN. BY ALFRED T. MAHAN.

This is a series of papers which have appeared in various magazines, written to elicit the lessons of the war between the United States and Spain. Into them the author has interwoven reflections on warfare in general. "A consecutive narrative, utilised as a medium for illustrating the principles of war," is the author's description of his book. The Spanish-American war has the special value of illustrating the relations and mutual helpfulness of the army and navy in war. (Sampson Low.)

## GEORGE BUCHANAN.

BY DR. ROBERT WALLACE.

The late Dr. Wallace was engaged on this biography at the time of his sudden and much lamented death in the House of Commons. It has fallen to Mr. J. Campbell Smith to write the last chapter of the book. As now completed the book forms a "brief popular presentation" of the "Father of Liberalism." Poet, wit, controversialist, scholiast—Buchanan well deserves wider study. His connexion with Mary Queen of Scots, John Knox, and James I. gives lasting importance to his career. (Olipphant. 1s. 6d.)

## JAMES HACK TUKE.

COMPILED BY THE  
RIGHT HON. SIR EDWARD FRY.

James Hack Tuke, the well-known Quaker banker, of Hitchin, who took such a prominent part in investigating and alleviating distress in Ireland in the last decade, is the subject of this memoir. Mr. Tuke was not only a man of wide human sympathies, he was also a man of great culture, and a mighty collector of old china. Mr. Tuke was a statesman without office, and this record of his activities will be highly valued by many. Sir Edward Fry, himself a member of the Society of Friends, brings to his task a modest and discerning pen. (Macmillan.)

## MEMORIALS OF HUGH M. MATHESON.

BY THE REV. J. OSWALD DYKES.

This biography is pre-eminently interesting to Presbyterians, as the last-named is to Friends. It is the record of a life of well-applied wealth, earnest churchmanship, and, in particular, of great activity in the direction of missionary effort in China. A Scotchman of good family, Mr. Matheson removed to London, and it was his desire to revive the ancient Puritan Presbyterianism which England has so largely lost. Mr. Matheson was a great lay ecclesiastic, and this record of his life arrives within two years of his death. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.)

## "TEMPLE CLASSICS."

EDITED BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

To this series, which will soon be as long as Wimpole-street, are added three volumes—*In Memoriam*, the *Ramayana*, and the *Paradiso* of Dante. The last-named volume contains the Italian text and a new literal translation printed on opposite pages, with copious notes. (J. M. Dent. Each 1s. 6d. net.)

In addition to the above, we have received :

## THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

Bird (Robert), Jesus, the Carpenter of Nazareth.....(Nelson) 6/0  
Bradley (T. H.), The Ecumenical Documents of the Faith.....(Methuen)  
Topinard (Dr. P.), Science and Faith.....(Kegan Paul)  
Black (Armstrong), The Evening and the Morning.....(Hodder & Stoughton) 3/8  
Nicoll (W. Robertson), The Expositor. Fifth Series (Hodder & Stoughton)  
Ellicott (C. J.), Our Reformed Church.....(S.P.C.K.)

## POETRY, CRITICISM, AND BELLES LETTRES.

Woodbery (George Edward), Wild Eden.....(Macmillan) 5/0  
Underhill (J. G.), Spanish Literature in the England of the Tudors.....(Macmillan) 5/0  
Craig (W. A.), Poems and Ballads.....(Hodges, Figgis) net 5/0  
Verhaeren (Emile), Le Cloître.....(Deman)  
Rankin (R.), Wagner's Nibelungen Ring.....(Longmans) 4/6  
Corford (L. Cope), Travellers for Ever.....(Nutt) net 2/0  
Johnson (T. G.), Sappho the Lesbian.....(Williams & Norgate) net 1/6  
Hill (Roland), Voices in Dreamland.....(Kegan Paul) 3/6  
Origins and Issues.....(Chiswick Press) 3/6

## HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Lévy-Bruhl (Lucien), History of Modern Philosophy in France.....(Kegan Paul)  
King (J. W.), Babylonian Religion and Mythology.....(Kegan Paul) net 3/8  
Budge (E. A. W.), Easy Lessons in Egyptian Hieroglyphics.....(Kegan Paul) net 3/8

## SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

Allbutt (T. C.), A System of Medicine.....(Macmillan) net 28/0  
Deniker (J.), The Races of Man.....(Scott) 3/6  
Shute (D. K.), A First Book of Organic Evolution.....(Kegan Paul) net 7/8

## EDUCATIONAL.

Dent's First German Book.....(Dent)

## JUVENILE.

Robertson (A. Fraser), Mark Hamilton's Daughters.....(Nelson & Sons) 2/0  
Sullivan (J. F.), Here They Are Again.....(Dowsey) 6/0  
Hassall (John), An Active Army of Alphabet.....(Sands & Co.)  
Lewis (Arthur W.), London Fairy Tales.....(Smithers) net 3/0  
Bilhaut (Paul), La Mère l'Oie.....(Hachette)  
Molesworth (Mrs.), The Children's Hour.....(Nelson & Sons)  
Billy.....(Leadenhall Press)  
The Duke of Berwick: a Nonsense Rhyme.....(Smithers) 5/0

## MISCELLANEOUS.

Prout (Ebenezer), The Orchestra.....(Augener & Co.)  
Harris (D. F.), Saint Cecilia's Hall.....(Olipphant) 5/0  
Ashwin (E. B.), East Africa in Picture (Univ. Mission to Central Africa) ...  
Dale (T. F.), Riding, Driving, and Kindred Sports.....(Unwin) 2/6  
Almanach Hachette.....(Hachette)  
The Journal of Education. Vol. XXI.....(Rice)  
Almanach de Gotha, 1900.....(Perthes)

## NEW EDITIONS.

Tennyson (Alfred Lord), A Dream of Fair Women, &c.....(Grant Richards) 7/8  
Bell (Robert), Art and Song.....(Vittie)  
Brontë (Charlotte), Villette.....(Smith, Elder) 6/0  
Œuvres Complètes de Molière.....(Clarendon Press)



## CATALOGUES.

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### The Literary Week.

It is a safe prediction that the year 1900 will be a year of war-books. Not in recent times have the features of any war so played into the hands of the war-author as distinct from the war-journalist. The strict, though always wise, censorship which has been imposed on news from South Africa will act like a dam; when the war is over there will be a rush of diaries and histories—comparable to the Tugela in flood.

MR. JOHN MORLEY's study of Cromwell in the *Century Magazine* is to have a companion in a study of Cromwell which will appear in *Scribner's*. The author of the *Scribner's* article is Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, one of the heroes of the Cuban War. Thus the work, says the advertisement, "will show a man of action in history as viewed by a younger man of action to-day." Mr. Morley is certainly put at a disadvantage in never having commanded a regiment of Rough Riders, but he may have compensating qualities.

A REVIEW of *David Harum* from Mrs. Craigie's pen will appear in the *North American Review* for January.

WE are sorry that Mr. Stevens, who has been pent in Ladysmith for many weeks, has been ill. By this time we trust he is himself again.

THE *Garden*, the excellent weekly paper devoted to garden, orchard, and woodland, which Mr. Robinson (author of the *English Flower Garden*) founded nearly thirty years ago, is, after this week, to be edited by Miss Gertrude Jekyll and Mr. E. T. Cook, late of *Gardening Illustrated*. Miss Jekyll is, of course, the author of *Wood and Garden*.

NEXT to the *Westminster Gazette's* witty and consoling epitaph on the soldiers imprisoned at Pretoria—

Not lost, but gone before—

the best humorous remark concerning the war is recorded in the *Birmingham Daily Mail*. It illustrates very richly the confidence a wife may have in her husband. A Reservist's wife, on being observed to look peculiarly thoughtful, was comforted for her loss. "Oh, it ain't 'im I'm troubling about," she is reported to have said. "It's them pore Boers. Bill's such a terror when he starts." Another Birmingham soldier is said to have thrown aside his rifle in the midst of a fray with the remark: "Here, Bill, you take my rifle. Just give me that brick-end, it'll be more homelike."

MR. LE GALLIENNE's war poem in the *Chronicle* asks in the beginning rather too much of all but hyper-sentimental and sensitive readers. The poet, addressing little children, cries:

Be happy, children, softly, for a woe  
Is on us, a great woe for little fame.  
Ah! in the old woods leave the mistletoe,  
And leave the holly for another year,  
Its berries are too red.

This, of course, is too much: the colour red plays too great a part in everyday life. Mr. Le Gallienne might as rightly say:

Ah! leave Miss Cholmondeley for another year,  
Her Pottage is too red.

But once this affectation is overlooked the poem is a very kindly one, with a note of pity and gentleness which has long been absent from warlike verse.

MR. THOMAS HARDY contributed the following poem to the *Westminster Gazette*:

#### A CHRISTMAS GHOST-STORY.

South of the Line, inland from far Durban,  
There lies—be he or not your countryman—  
A fellow-mortal. Riddled are his bones,  
But 'mid the breeze his puzzled phantom moans  
Nightly to clear Canopus—fain to know  
By whom, and when, the All-Earth-Gladdening Law  
Of Peace, brought in by Some-One crucified,  
Was ruled to be inept, and set aside?

THE *Chronicle* demurred to the character of the phantom in this poem, as exhibiting less of the quality of physical courage, and more bitterness and repining, than is associated with soldiers, and this drew from Mr. Hardy a very interesting letter. We quote a portion of it:

One's modern fancy of a disembodied spirit—unless intentionally humorous—is that of an entity which has passed into a tenuous, impartial, sexless, fitful form of existence, to which bodily courage is a contradiction in terms. Having no physical frame to defend or sacrifice, how can he show either courage or fear? His views are no longer local; nations are all one to him; his country is not bounded by seas, but is co-extensive with the globe itself, if it does not even include all the inhabited planets of the sky. He has put off the substance, and has put on, in part at any rate, the essence of the Universal.

If we go back to the ancient fancy on this subject, and look into the works of great imaginative writers, they seem to construct their soldier-shades much on the same principle—often with a stronger infusion of emotion, and less of sturdiness. The Homeric ghost of Patroclus was plaintively anxious about his funeral rites, and Virgil's military hosts—though some of them certainly were cheerful, and eager for war news—were as a body tremulous and pensive. The prophet Samuel, a man of great will and energy when on earth, was "disquieted" and obviously apprehensive when he was raised by the Witch of Endor at the request of Saul. Moreover, the authors of these Latin, Greek, and Hebrew fantasies were ignorant of the teaching of Christmas Day, that which alone moved the humble Natal shade to speak at all.

In Christian times Dante makes the chief *Farinata* exhibit a fine scornfulness, but even his *Cæsar*, *Hector*, *Æneas*, *Saladin*, and heroes of that stamp, have, if I am not mistaken, an aspect neither sad nor joyful, and only reach the level of serenity. Hamlet's father, impliedly martial in life, was not particularly brave as a spectre. In short, and speaking generally, these creatures of the imagination are uncertain, fleeting, and quivering, like winds, mists, gossamer-webs, and fallen autumn leaves; they are sad, pensive, and frequently feel more or less sorrow for the acts of their corporeal years

ANOTHER good poem growing from the war has been printed during the week. It will be harder to swallow than readers of war poetry like; but it is right. The author hides under the initials "H. H. F." This is the poem:

CONFESSIOAL.

Lord God, whom we besought so late,  
Thou wouldst not suffer us forget  
Thy Name and our weak human state—  
Have patience, Lord, a little yet.

To-day no pomp of empire fills  
The wintry land: amazed and awed  
We watch Thy slowly-grinding Mills  
Mete out to us our just reward.

To-day, by foemen sore beset,  
Dismayed we draw our destined Lot.  
We prayed to Thee "Lest we forget,"  
And, even as we prayed, forgot.

With foolish, rash, vainglorious words  
And sorry self-sufficiency  
We boasted, girding on our swords,  
As those who laid their armour by.

Wherefore the curse upon us lies  
Of warriors all unready found,  
Of braggarts blinded to despise  
Their foe before the trumpets sound.

Humbly we call upon Thy Name,  
Ere sounds once more the grim assault,  
We do confess, O Lord, with shame  
Our fault, our very grievous fault.

Give back our fathers' stern disdain  
Of idle brag and empty boast,  
So shall we stand erect again  
And face unmoved the hostile host.

In the history of Children's Books the name of Mary Elizabeth Southwell Leathley, who died at Hastings, December 22, fills an honourable place. She was the daughter of George Dudley, of Clonmel. A Quaker by birth, she was received into the Roman Catholic Church in 1847 by Father Brownvill, S.J., of Hill-street, afterwards of Farm-street. She married, in the same year, Mr. William Henry Leathley, Barrister-at-Law, Inner Temple. Of the hundred and more children's books which Mrs. Leathley wrote the best known is *Chickweed without Chickweed*, which reached a sale of over half a million. Other popular books by her are *Children of Scripture* and *Mama's Bible Stories*.

THE following personal statement is made by Mr. Andrew Lang in his "Sign of the Ship," in *Longman's* for January:

When American humorists come to St. Andrews they generally ask people to point out to them the person of the present writer. Why they do this I cannot guess, but perhaps it is because they have seen my name in a newspaper. There are, however, local humorists who pick out any sufficiently eccentric-looking ancient, and say to the American inquirer: "That's him!" Then the American describes in his country's press the unconscious victim as me, with all his natural tact and wit. Next the English golfing press copies. That is why I read in some golf paper or other that I play golf "with a white ball in winter and a black ball in summer," and lunch publicly on scones which are carried round by my caddie. As I have not played golf for years, never carry scones or eat them in public, and, of all things, never played with a black ball, I conceive that someone has hoaxed the inquiring American. However, if his fables add to the gaiety of nations (which must be as easily amused as the friends of Mr. Peter Magnus), nobody is a penny the worse.

We find ourselves to have been sharing in the misapprehension of America concerning Mr. Lang. It was

certainly our belief that golf had few more assiduous votaries (to use the kind of phrase that Mr. Lang most dislikes). His disclaimer is disturbing, especially as in *Who's Who* we find Mr. Lang himself giving his recreations as "cricket, golf, fishing." A recreation in which one has not indulged for years is a poor thing. Cricket, we suppose, is done with too; but fishing? Surely Mr. Lang still fishes; or is that another vulgar error?

MR. OLIVER HERFORD, who, though English, is fast winning a place as an American humorist, has another picture-book this year (in addition to his *Primer of Natural History*, which Mr. Lane publishes here), but it has not yet reached these shores. From a notice of this work, *An Alphabet of Celebrities*, in an American paper, we learn that it contains, among others, these couplets:

"I is for Ibsen reciting a play,  
While Irving and Ingersoll hasten away";

and

"K is the Kaiser, who kindly repeats  
Some original verses to Kipling and Kests";

to which appropriate pictures are, of course, supplied.

MR. GERALD R. MILLS writes: "On p. 751 of this week's ACADEMY you say, speaking of the Temple Classics, 'To this series, which will soon be as long as Wimpole-street, are added . . . ' Might I ask why Wimpole-street? The expression does not seem familiar." Our correspondent might have assumed that Wimpole-street has length, and have been satisfied. But to enlighten him further, we may refer to the traditional report of the dying words of Swift: "All things come to an end—even Upper Wimpole-street."

THE writer of the "Conferences on Books and Men" in *Cornhill* has this month some ingenious chaff of Mr. Gosse's method of "reducing poems by imaginative insight to the passionate events out of which they originally sprang," as exemplified in the *Life of Donne*. After complimenting Mr. Gosse on his skill, "Urbanus Sylvan" proceeds mischievously to apply the same method to the poems of Browning:

The first thing to strike a new critic in the search for biographical material is Mr. Browning's curious *penchant* for duchesses, which is every bit as remarkable as Donne's for countesses, only Browning's were not, of course, English duchesses, who are rare birds, but the more widely spread Italian species. One of them, a Ferrarese lady, is described as his *last* duchess, implying therefore at least two predecessors, one of whom was probably the duchess that ran away from the effeminate duke with a gipsy woman; who is thus seen to have been in league with Browning, if not, as I suspect, Browning himself in disguise. From a poem called "Love among the Ruins," it would appear that they had found a very safe and picturesque trysting-place. It is, however, neither of these but the first duchess of all who, I confess, attracts me most. Her story is contained in the poem called "In a Gondola!" She was a Venetian lady, whose brothers for some reason had a spite against Mr. Browning, and hired bravos to stab him—happily, as we know, without permanent effect. The poem is interesting, apart from its main story, for a stanza which throws a side-light upon the poem of Holy Cross Day:

What are we two!  
I am a Jew  
And carry thee farther than friends can pursue,  
To a feast of our tribe.

To return once more to the *last* duchess, whom Mr. Browning seems to have got rid of with a suddenness that would have attracted more attention in England, I cannot make up my mind if she is identical with Porphyria, or whether Porphyria is another lady friend whom the poet helped to a too realistic immortality. Anyhow, the duel that is recorded in "Before" and "After" probably represents the violent end of this violent passion.



APPROPOS of Mr. Gosse, much honour has just been thrust upon him by the advertisers of Dr. Garnett's *Anthology of Literature*. In one of the full-page advertisements in a morning paper this week, Mr. Gosse's physiognomy figured twice—once over his own name, and once over Dean Farrar's. It is common knowledge that Mr. Gosse knows everyone, but it will be news that he is prepared to sit for their portraits.

To collectors and admirers of Mr. Phil May's talent and humour, *The Phil May Album*, which Messrs. Methuen have just issued, will be indispensable. Sometimes the excellence of Mr. May's jokes is not on a level with that of his hand; but in most of the specimens in this engaging book he is doubly funny. There is style in this dialogue between two rusty actors: "Comedian: 'The critic of the *Back Alley Chronicle* described me as giving a very saponaceous rendering to my part. What does saponaceous mean, dear boy?'" Tragedian (with learned dignity): "Cudgel not thy brains with words higher than thy blooming salary." And this is good: "Visitor: 'I hear you've had the celebrated Mr. Abbey, the artist, staying with you down here.' Proprietor of Old-fashioned Inn: 'Yea, sir; an' he be the *laziest* man I ever come across. He do nothing but dror and paint all day.'" Mr. Augustus M. Moore contributes an appreciative Introduction to the book.

To the divergent opinions on the subject of the duration of copyright which we have already printed we have a few to add. The questions we submitted to our readers, and by letter to a number of leading writers, were these: Is Perpetual Copyright, as proposed in America and as supported by Sir Walter Besant, feasible and desirable? If not, is the term of copyright proposed by Lord Monkhouse's Bill—viz., the author's life-time with thirty years added—sufficiently long to meet the all-round justice of the case? Mr. Augustus Jessopp writes:

As far as I can see my way, with these short-sighted eyes of mine, I incline to think the German limit [the author's life-time with thirty years added] ample. But I am quite in the dark—obfuscated, in fact. The analogy of "a house, or a mine, or a fishery," seems to be fallacious. A house always wants repairing, &c., or it ceases to be valuable, a mine is profitable so long as you keep working at it, a fishery has to be safeguarded against poachers, &c. These things are what *continual* labour expended upon them makes them. Moreover, I cannot see on what principle the posterity of a man who may have written, say, *Hamlet*, or *Paradise Lost*, or *The Coming of the Friars*, or other such equally meritorious creations, should be granted a perpetual pension to be paid by unnumbered generations. I have no posterity; therefore I write as an entirely impartial person, with the mood of a Nihilist or Communist at this present moment in the ascendant.

Sir Martin Conway writes:

Seeing that landlords and other owners of property are permitted to hand down from generation to generation, without limit of time, possessions originally only purchased, stolen, squatted on, or otherwise acquired, an author, who creates out of nothing a work of literature or art, should *à fortiori* possess for himself and his heirs, successors, and assigns, a right over his creation no less limited. The law places an author in a less favourable position than a landlord, because it was enacted for authors by landlords.

Mr. W. H. Mallock writes:

As a matter of equity I agree with what I gather to be Sir Walter Besant's opinion, that copyright ought to be perpetual. So I think ought patents to be, if it were not for the accidental reason that their perpetuity might interfere with independent but better inventions of a similar but superior kind. This objection, however, does not apply to books. I think the successive inheritors or

purchasers of copyright should be obliged to register their rights (paying some small fee) under pain of forfeiting them.

Mr. Herbert Thring writes:

The discussion in your paper with regard to perpetual copyright is very interesting to me as secretary to the Society of Authors.

There is one point, however, that seems to have escaped those gentlemen whom you have asked for their opinion.

Mr. Bernard Shaw considers perpetual copyright a piece of rapacious impudence.

Mr. Courtney thinks a book is a national possession, and the other writers seem to think that the public has a certain claim, after a certain date, to the author's property. This point, then, is clear, from the expressed opinions, that literary property belongs either to the author and his descendants, or to the public "after a certain term." If these opinions are carried to their logical conclusion, then the public should reap the benefit financially as well as intellectually.

Non-copyright books should be published subject to State jurisdiction; and when the publisher had received a fair recompense on his outlay, then the public ought to receive the balance.

It appears to me extraordinary that none of your contributors have taken into account the fact that neither the public nor the author's descendants reap the benefit, but the publishers.

Do I understand that it is the general opinion of literary men that the profits arising from the judicious administration of literary property should belong to the publisher, rather than the author's representative or the public?

Two belated replies to our inquiry as to the most interesting books of 1899 have just reached us. Archdeacon Sinclair gives Mr. Kipling's *The Day's Work* (which, properly speaking, belongs to 1898) and Mr. Trevelyan's *Age of Wycliffe*. Mr. Bernard Shaw writes: "Apologies for omitting to post you the card about the favourite books of the year. Left it behind in London. My selection was Tolstoy's *Resurrection* and Kropotkin's *Memoirs of a Revolutionist*. It is now too late; but I send this as a guarantee of goodwill, if not for publication."

MR. BERNARD SHAW, by the way, has, in the *Young Man*, been writing optimistically concerning national culture, in spite of the poor state of the drama. In fact, the state of the drama proves nothing. "For example," he says,

Shakespeare's theatre was superior to ours. Near Shakespeare's theatre, however, was the bear-pit where Sackerson was baited. Now if Sackerson's audience had left him and come to Shakespeare's Theatre, a very startling decline in the quality of the drama there would have been quite consistent with a still more remarkable advance in the culture of the audience that was once Sackerson's. If the people for whom our managers are now catering are those who formerly either went to cock-fights, sing-songs, "Judge and Jury," the Chamber of Horrors, and the like, or else never went anywhere outside the routine of home and business, then the national gain is great, even though the theatre has ceased to be any place for superior persons like myself. It is now about fifteen years since I last visited a penny gaff in a leading East End thoroughfare. I do not know whether such a thing exists to-day in such a position. I do know that the very silliest compound of stale romance, cant and snobbery, or the coarsest farce to be found at a suburban theatre, is better than the entertainment at that gaff. The truth is, a decline in the quality of the fare at the best commercial theatres may actually be a symptom of progress, if at the same time the lowest forms of entertainment are disappearing.

THE Christmas Catalogue of the *Newsagent and Booksellers' Review* is a very useful guide to current literature. But it will be prized by many persons as much for its striking cover, which is both a clever design and a very successful example of colour printing.

A BUST of Heinrich Heine, executed at Rome by the Danish sculptor Hasselrüs, will shortly dignify the poet's tomb at Père Lachaise. The identity of the commissioner of the bust remains a mystery, both to the artist and the public, but probability points to the late Empress Elizabeth of Austria. Heine was her favourite poet, and on a former occasion she employed Hasselrüs, through the agency of another, to chisel a full-length statue of him. Hasselrüs had no notion that the work was for the Empress. Long afterwards, however, during a visit to Her Majesty at her magnificent Villa Achilleion, at Corfu, he came across his own statue among a host of others, and thus was the secret revealed.

"O. O." writes in the *Sketch*: "An American lady has been paying a visit to Mr. Meredith. She was very much impressed by his noble and dignified appearance. 'I had expected to find an old and feeble man, and was warned in advance to make my visit short, and, above all, to try and slip away without putting him to the pain of seeing me out. But he does not look old at all. His eyes are bold and clear, and he has the voice and the laugh of youth. "No wonder," I thought to myself—indeed, I may have said it—"no wonder that he can tell a love-story better than any living author."'"

## Bibliographical.

THE publication of a new edition of the *Œuvres de Molière*, and the presentation of his *Festin de Pierre* in English, make one reflect upon the extent to which the dramatist and his work have in recent times been popularised in this country. Just twenty years ago the little biographical and critical monograph by Mrs. Oliphant and Mr. Tarver effected a good deal in this direction. Within the last two decades the translation of Molière's plays into English have been tolerably numerous. A volume of selected plays appeared in 1888. Then a version of the comedies, made by Charles Matthews (edited by G. T. Bellamy), was published in the Minerva Library in 1890. Four years later came (from America) a translation, in four volumes, by one Wormeley. In 1895 the late Mr. W. H. Sonley-Johnstone contributed a translation of certain of his comedies to a library of foreign classics. Separate versions of *Les Fourberies de Scapin*, *Les Femmes Savantes*, and *Les Précieuses Ridicules* came out two years ago. The late Henry Morley made a useful selection of plays adapted from or founded on Molière, which was issued in 1883 and again in 1893. The latest of the English dramatists to adapt from Molière was, I should say, Mr. Robert Buchanan, whose "Agnes," founded on "L'École des Femmes," was produced in London in 1885.

I read that Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co., the American publishers, announce a new edition of Mr. Swinburne's poems, "revised and re-arranged by the author," who may prefix to it a new essay on his work. I have reason to believe that that essay was begun, if not finished, some little time ago. Would the edition be published in England, where Messrs. Chatto & Windus issue all Mr. Swinburne's volumes? I have, I think, suggested before now in this column that the poems of Mr. Swinburne should be made more accessible to the great public by a substantial lowering of their price. Personally I should like to see a liberal selection from the lyrics and sonnets issued in the form of half-a-dozen cheap and handy volumes. This selection would be addressed to the average English reader, and would therefore contain none of the semi-political poems. In my opinion Mr. Swinburne's poetry has yet to be popularised. So far as I can gather, his verse is read but little by the young, and not at all by the

middle-aged, save when an occasional fugitive poem attracts them.

The latest to discourse on Tennyson's poetry is Mr. Frederic Harrison, and I suppose the subject will always have attractions for the literary mind. If, however, I might advise the younger students of the bard, it would be to urge them to begin with his earlier rather than with his later critics. I would suggest that they should start with the essays on Tennyson written by Arthur Hallam (recently reprinted by Mr. Le Gallienne), George Brimley, W. Caldwell Roscoe, Charles Kingsley (in his *Miscellanies*), R. H. Hutton, and J. Hutchinson Stirling. E. C. Tainsh's *Studies* should be read, because they were more or less "authorised" by the poet. Stedman's *Victorian Poets* should not be forgotten, and even in Mr Austin's *Poetry of the Period* there are some suggestive comments. After these have been exhausted, the young student can turn to more recent fare—if he is not already more than satisfied.

A literary gossipier has reminded us that on Saturday last Dr. Samuel Smiles completed his eighty-third year. Though an old man, Dr. Smiles is in the fortunate position of not having outlived his reputation. It is many a long day since his chief literary successes were first made, but all his books have maintained their popularity. No longer ago than December, 1897, Mr. Murray issued cheap uniform editions of *Self-Help*, *Character*, *Duty*, *Thrift*, *Life and Labour*, *Men of Invention and Discovery*, *Industrial Biography*, *Jasmin*, *Josiah Wedgwood*, *Thomas Edward*, and *A Boy's Voyage Round the World*. The latest edition of *The Huguenots of France* bears the date of 1893. One may add that even if *Self-Help* and its companions had gone out of print, they might have been described as still living in the persons of the many imitations to which they have given birth from time to time.

Messrs. Putnam announce a volume on *The Stage as a Career*, and I fancy the author will prove to be American. If that be so, the fact will not wholly invalidate his claim to the attention of the English aspirant, who, however, will do well not to neglect native works in the first place. Let those who know the English "boards" be listened to. Mr. Jerome K. Jerome knows them, and has put his recollections on record in a little book called *On the Stage and Off*. I would recommend this strongly to the stage-struck amateur. It is a "human document." Leading English players gave advice to all and sundry in a volume called *The Actor's Art*, which might also be consulted with advantage. Mr. Leopold Wagner's *Roughing it on the Stage* might well be glanced at. Altogether there is a fair measure of accessible literature on a topic which has a great deal too much fascination for the young people of to-day.

The correspondent of the *Athenæum* who chides Mr. Fisher Unwin for issuing a volume of poems by the late Mathilde Blind, called *The Ascent of Man*, on the ground that that title had already been used by the late Henry Drummond for a book of lectures, is very wide of the mark. As a matter of fact, Miss Blind's poem came out originally in 1889, while Prof. Drummond's lectures did not appear till 1894.

I note, by the way, that Mr. W. M. Rossetti, in his latest volume (*Præ-Raphaelite Letters and Diaries*), speaks of his brother Dante Gabriel as having once been described by a cabman as a "harbitrary cove." Was this the cabman who applied the description of "harbitrary gent" to the once-famous "Jacob Omnium," or is one story an offshoot of the other?

We are promised the *Reminiscences* of the late Mrs. John Drew, the actress, in volume form. Certain recollections of hers were printed recently in an Anglo-American magazine, and they struck me as rather thin and disappointing. They were, however, interestingly illustrated, and perhaps they will be augmented before they are made into a book.

THE BOOKWORM.

## Reviews.

## Seven Centuries of Fighting.

*A History of the British Army.* First Part. To the Close of the Seven Years' War. By the Hon. J. W. Fortescue. 2 vols. (Macmillan & Co. 36s. net.)

THERE are, apparently, Britons who regret that we possess an army. There are others who are sorry that it is now on active service in South Africa. But there are vast numbers who are proud of it and of its mission, and well-disposed to an intelligent understanding of our second line of defence. Hitherto, however, they have not known where to turn for enlightenment. Mr. Fortescue's opening volumes of his *History of the British Army*, which bring the record down to the close of the Seven Years' War, in 1763, appear, therefore, at a happy moment. A civilian has written a book which every civilian interested in military matters can master with ease and delight and that is likely to be acclaimed by soldiers. It is the first work that systematically traces our military establishment at home and abroad—in peace and in war—from its earliest sources anterior to the Norman Conquest, through century after century, in a plain and regular progression. If it be not the ideal attempt upon the subject, his task is difficult who shall immediately better it. For it has balance, proportion, and perspective, and it is written in clear and sober English.

Mr. Fortescue unfolds a shameful and a glorious story. But the shame seldom sullies the British colours in the field. It sits in the offices of agents and contractors, at the council-tables of Ministers—upon the throne itself. Again and again the fighting man is robbed of his clothing, his food, and his arms by fraud and avarice. When these are unable to destroy him, faction steps in to balk him of victory and strikes up his sword when it might descend once and for all. When faction itself is powerless, mere imbecile ingratitude turns him adrift, to be a plague and a famine to himself and a firebrand to his neighbours.

In Dutch William's days the Treasurer of the Army in Ireland, one Harbord, "contrived to obtain an independent troop of cavalry, for which he drew pay as though it were complete, though the troop in reality consisted of himself, two clerks whom he put down as officers, and a standard which he kept in his bed-room. This was the only corps which was regularly paid." In 1585 the English forces in the Low Countries were penniless, ragged to indecency, and dying of cold and hunger. Leicester wearied the posts with letters pressing for money. But "Elizabeth would not give a farthing." In August, 1702, Marlborough stood, fresh as a pink, within 3,000 yards of Tallard, who lay on dangerous ground, prostrated with desperate marching. The Englishman held the Frenchman in the hollow of his hand. But the Dutch deputies interposed, and Tallard escaped uncrushed. In December, 1697, the House of Commons, on Harley's motion, "resolved that all forces raised since December, 1680, should be disbanded. The arrears of pay due to the Army since April, 1692, amounted to £1,200,000, and the arrears of subsistence to £1,000,000 more. To meet this debt there was £80,000 in tallies, which no one would discount at any price. After struggling hard to obtain £400,000, the Government was fain to accept £50,000 less than that sum for the service of the Army in the ensuing year. The distress in the Army soon became acute. Petitions poured in from the disbanded men for arrears, arrears, arrears." Had not war again broken out in the Low Countries, necessitating the re-employment of every disbanded soldier, what might not have been the just consequences of this infamy? But enough of this side of the medal. There is no need to dwell upon it, for, in spite of every defacement, the annals of our armies are punctuated with glories.

Reserved historian as he is, Mr. Fortescue's pen does ample justice time and again to the peculiar attributes of the British soldier, who has always been pre-eminently a foot soldier. And in this capacity his conduct at Fontenoy is fairly adduced as almost without a parallel. On that field the doomed but immortal battalions formed up under a cross-fire of artillery. Fontenoy thundered on their left, the Redoubt d'Eu on their right. Before them, entrenched over the crest of a long slope, the flower of the French army awaited their coming. Under this flanking fire they "advanced slowly for half-a-mile in perfect order, and marched up to within pistol-shot of the French infantry, to receive their volley before they discharged a shot. They shattered the French battalions to pieces, repulsed three separate attacks of cavalry, halted under a heavy cannonade, retired for some distance, and reformed under a cross-fire, advanced again with both artillery and musketry playing in front and in flanks, made the bravest brigade in the French service recoil, repelled another desperate attack of cavalry, and retired slowly and orderly under a cross-fire almost to the end."

But Mr. Fortescue's book is not a mere bundle of battles. While the typical combats are set forth in sufficient detail to be understandable, and the tangled threads of the campaigns which they render memorable are skilfully unravelled (and this is particularly noticeable in the intricate operations of Marlborough), the chronicle of events is always utilised for the purpose of developing the inner growth of the Army and its relations to the State. Beginning with the "great English principle which forced itself upon the conquering Normans and ultimately upon all Europe"—the principle that all the army, from the poorest spearman to the richest thane, even to the king himself, should fight afoot—he leads us through the Assize of Arms, the Statute of Winchester, and the battles of Falkirk and Crecy, to the practice of the Swiss, the Landsknechts, the Spaniards, and the Swedes, from each of whom in turn we learned priceless lessons. It is this breadth of treatment that gives the book its chief value. Yet, duly subordinated to the larger issue, microscopic and picturesque details are not wanting. They could not, indeed, be entirely omitted by a writer who cites *Tristram Shandy* as a "supplementary authority" on the campaigns of William the Third.

Of our bowmen it is interesting to learn that their pay in 1341 was 3d. a day, that the price of a superior bow was 1s. 6d., that it was 6 ft. 4 in. in length, and that a sheaf of two dozen arrows cost 1s. 2d. We all remember the arrows that fell thick and blinding as snow upon the crushed chaos of Crecy, but we have forgotten the tragicomical exploit of our archers at Auray. There even our mighty bows and unerring shafts could make no impression upon the iron-clad French, who stood, battle-axe in hand, laughing at the futile shower. But laughter gave place to horrified dismay when the archers, flinging aside their bows, fell headlong upon the scoffers man for man, and wrenching away those insolent axes, cracked French crowns with French weapons. From magnificent brawn we turn to magnificent tailoring, wherein for two hundred years our Army has shone resplendent. We have seen that Elizabeth clothed her troops like scare-crows—let us gratefully note that it was George II. ("who had little capacities for military duties beyond the sphere of a sergeant-major"), who inaugurated the reign of regular uniform, and conscientiously grappled with the problems of facings, head-dresses, and perukes. But it is scant justice to dismiss him thus. For he sniffed powder joyously enough at Oudenarde, where a French shot brought down his charger.

It cannot escape notice that whether we touch upon a button or a battle it is equally difficult to keep the French out of the paragraph. Perhaps the only immortal soldier dealt with in these volumes who was not largely formed in fighting the French is Cromwell. To Cromwell, with many

other things, we owe the revival of the vital English tradition. In Mr. Fortescue's words: "It is time to have done with all misconceptions as to the work Cromwell did for the military service of England, for it was summed up in the one word discipline. It was the work, not of a preacher, but of a soldier." He says further that "beyond all doubt the English standing Army from 1646 to 1658 was the finest force in Europe. . . . Such an army will never again be seen in England." This is probably true, for, as he writes again: "It should never be forgotten that military discipline rests at bottom on the broadest and deepest of moral foundations: its ideal is the organised abnegation of self."

Inexorable space compels silence upon the distinctive merits of a host of other famous names. Edward III., the Black Prince, and Henry V., must be mentioned only to be passed by; nor can we linger over the eccentric Peterborough, the brilliant Clive, or the chivalrous Wolfe. But Marlborough's imperative claim to notice is as irresistible as his serene genius. "Regarding him as a general," says Mr. Fortescue, "his fame is assured as one of the great captains of all time; and it would not become a civilian to add a word to the eulogy of great soldiers, who alone can comprehend the full measure of his greatness." Idolised by his men, he was nicknamed "The Old Corporal," as the armies of Napoleon dubbed their head "The Little Corporal." Mr. Fortescue writes of the two "Corporals":

Napoleon, for all his theatrical tricks, had no heart or tenderness in him, and could not bear the intoxication of success. Marlborough never suffered triumph to turn his head, to diminish his generosity towards enemies, to tempt him from the path of sound military practice, or to obscure his unerring insight into the heart of things. . . . "Marlborough," says Wellington, "was remarkable for his cool, clear, steady understanding," and this quality was one which never deserted him. Nevertheless, if there be one attribute which should be chosen as supremely characteristic of the man, it is that which William Pitt selected as the first requisite of a statesman—patience; "patience," as the Duke himself once wrote to Godolphin, "which can overcome all things"; patience which, as may be seen in a hundred passages during the war, was possessed by him in such measure that it appears almost godlike. These are the qualities which mark the sanity of perfect genius, that distinguish a Milton from a Shelley, a Nelson from a Dundonald, and a Marlborough from a Peterborough; and it is in virtue of these, indicating as they do the perfect balance of transcendent ability, that Marlborough takes rank with the mightiest of England's sons, with Shakespeare, with Bacon, and with Newton, as "the greatest statesman and the greatest general that this country or any other country has produced."

It is a far cry from Marlborough to maps, but we must not take leave of these volumes, whose successors will be looked for with interest, without a reference to the plans which illustrate them. Mr. Fortescue is, indeed, doubtful of the utility of the "blocks of red and blue" that represent the position of troops, and thinks "it is always a question whether their facility for misleading does not exceed their utility for guidance." It is sufficient justification for them that, had they been absent, many readers would have put them in on their own account, and that our Uncle Toby, a "supplementary authority," would have perfumed them with nightly tobacco.

Out of the oldē fieldēs, as men sayeth,  
Cometh all this new corne from yere to yere;  
And out of oldē bookēs in good faithe  
Cometh all this new science that men lere.

Chaucer: *Motto to "A Birthday Book,"* Collected  
and Arranged by M. L. Gwynn.

## Classicism in Literature.

*The Augustan Ages.* By Oliver Elton. (Blackwood & Sons. 5s. net.)

THIS volume forms part of the *Periods of European Literature*, which are being edited by Prof. Saintsbury. It deals with a by no means easy task in a very clear manner; its arrangement is, perhaps, as good as the design will permit; and it gives evidence of personal study and independent judgment. The period to which he gives the title of the *Augustan Age* is an irregular period, because its chronology does not coincide in the various countries. Nevertheless there was a period, marked by kindred features and approximately contemporary in all literatures, which is most typically represented by the French Age of Louis XV., regarded by the French themselves as their culminating or Augustan Age. Mr. Elton has accordingly bestowed this name on the entire epoch in all countries. What Mr. Elton has undertaken, in fact, is really to chronicle a movement, passing like a wave over Europe. It is the rise and victorious progress through Europe of the spirit of Classicism, which is recorded in this excellent little volume.

What is or was Classicism? All are agreed upon its results, but hardly two people agree upon its essence. It is with no surprise, therefore, that we find ourselves in dissent from Mr. Elton's definition or description. At the same time, it has more of the truth in it than has been attained by most critics. He describes Classicism as the research for form of structure and of style. But he has the wisdom to qualify this. He sees that the boasted "form" of Classicism is not the highest form; and he tries to explain this by saying that it is form "perfect under the lesser law of definition before the intelligence, if not often under the higher law of free genius and beauty." This is on the right road, but rather vague in expression, and does not touch the root of the matter. The form of Classicism is form imposed from without; while true form is form evolved from within. Mr. Elton himself has a glimpse of this when he sees in the Greeks and Dante "a greater and more organic power of construction." *Organic* is the very word. Great form unfolds like an organism, like a flower under the shaping of the inward spirit; the form of Classicism is external and put upon it with a chisel, so to speak. Mr. Elton is therefore at fault when he says that Dante and the Greeks "go beyond Classicism on its own lines." They excel it on very different lines, though the austere nakedness of their form may cause a superficial resemblance in the result. But superficial it is, and essentially kin in its method to Shakespeare rather than to Classicism. Classicism, in fact, was an attempt to copy from without what Greek antiquity produced from within. The result was as little classical as possible.

We must also dissent from Mr. Elton when he places Shelley and Shakespeare together as poets who lacked Dantean mastery of form, and in that respect contrasts them disadvantageously with the classicists. It is true of Shelley, but not true of Shakespeare and Spenser (who is also classed with Shelley). Shelley's poetry is really deficient in law—inward law. But Spenser and Shakespeare belong to quite another order. There is more true law in "Macbeth" than in all Boileau. Faults of detailed finish there may be; but the whole thing moves in the grip of a great central majestic law, distributing organic unity to all the parts. This is an altogether different thing from the inorganic and external proportioning which is the aim of the classicists. Nor can we agree that the correctness of French Classicism ranks "only below" the correctness of Dante and the Greeks. It is a wholly other thing, and has no value whatever for any poet who belongs to the great school of Inward Law.

It was natural that Classicism should seek after shaping from without rather than vital shaping from within. For it was born in France, and was (in truth) the result of the

sceptical and rationalising spirit showing itself through letters. Cartesianism was the germ of it all; and its natural end in literature was the levelling artificiality of the latter eighteenth century, as its natural end in thought was the Encyclopædists, headed by Voltaire. It affected those who opposed its animating spirit in the domain of thought. Bossuet combated rationalism in the literary panoply of rationalism: he attacked Molière; he would have none of Malebranche; but as a writer he is part and parcel of the movement which produced alike Malebranche and Molière. The spirit and the form of that movement were alike suited to the French genius; and the greatest—because the most consummately and superbly *Gallic*—of French writers were its outcome. Victor Hugo is a greater poet than Racine, if poetry is allowed to be before all things spiritual and itself a spirit; but he was not so great a Frenchman, nor has the heart of France ever cordially accepted him as it accepts Lamartine and other lesser but more national poets. With Racine, Molière, Boileau, La Fontaine, Bossuet, Bourdaloue, Pascal, and a host of brilliant names in its forefront, French Classicism went forth to conquer the world. It captured Dryden, though not wholly, and attained complete control of England under Pope and Swift. It killed poetry proper in England; but it created a great school of prose, admirable for distinctively prosaic purposes.

It is in dealing with the English writers of the third quarter of the seventeenth century that the difficulties of the chronological method which Mr. Elton has set himself become apparent. In adopting French fashions English literature has always been like a waiting-maid, who dons her mistress's garments when the mistress has cast them off. The appearance of a French literary mode in this country is sure indication that it is out of date in Paris. Accordingly Classicism was not really regnant in England till the seventeenth century was going out. The cavalier lyrists were lineal from Donne, and it would be misleading to regard them as belonging to the "Augustan Ages" in anything but date. "The most splendid of the satires written before 1700 took less from Boileau than from Latin models which Boileau or Elizabethan poets had set the example of using," as Mr. Elton truly says. Dryden, to the last, owed more to Cowley than has been generally recognised. Even the comic playwrights mingled native tradition with their French models; and the typical masters of seventeenth century prose have nothing to do with the new spirit. The Elizabethan tradition died hard. Dryden's "Ode to Mrs. Anne Killigrew" is a splendid proof of this. It was the same in Spain and Italy. Gongora seems to us to have more affinity with Cowley and the metaphysical school than with Classicism; and the same may be said of the Italian Marino—who was, indeed, translated and partly imitated by Crashaw. But ultimately French Classicism conquered both Spain and Italy to the sterilising of their national literatures, while it long laid a frosty hand on the undeveloped literature of Germany. It was a universal triumph; but in England alone (to our thinking) did it produce results sufficient to compensate for its arrest upon the higher founts of inspiration.

Mr. Elton's survey lays little stress upon the Italian and Spanish literature of this period. With regard to German literature he is much fuller. But in the main his book resolves itself into a review of French and English Classicism. This is really better than a hopeless attempt to gird all European literature of the epoch within the compass of a small volume; since undoubtedly to France and England belong the paramount literatures of the time. This survey of the French literature under the reign of Louis XVI. has special interest, since no recent English writer has attempted it; while surveys of our own eighteenth century writers are frequent. Mr. Elton has evidently made good use of such work as M. Brunetière's late *History of French Literature*. But he uses his own judgment with interesting independence. A good example is his account of Racine.

It is far from echoing the complacent laudations of French critics, yet is eulogistic enough, venturing comparisons between *Athalie* and the *Samson Agonistes* of our Puritan poet, which, personally, it is difficult for us to echo. Yet it is good that an English literary historian should err on the side of enthusiastic sympathy. When he exalts the verse of Racine above that of Dryden for its complete avoidance of consonantal clusters, its perpetual liquidity of vowels, he ignores the truth that mere mechanical softness is no merit, that consonants have their legitimate function of strength, and that lines harsh in themselves may be beautiful to an understanding ear, by their harmony with the subject-matter. An age which worships Wagner should know the use of discords in music—nor do they play a less complex and important part in metre. Dryden himself discusses the nervelessness brought about by too many open vowels. Neither can we shut our eyes to the fact that the whole convention of Racine and his fellow-classics is rhetoric rather than poetic. But the student who follows Mr. Elton will not err by disparaging the French classics. And this, we repeat, is as it should be.

### A Fairy Suburb.

*Bartlett's Life Among Wild Animals in the Zoo.* Edited by A. D. Bartlett. (Chapman & Hall. 7s. 6d.)

THE Zoo is a suburb which never connotes Philistinism or dullness. Tired princes and professional men go there to enjoy its air and its sights. Men who meet nowhere else on common ground find themselves contending shoulder to shoulder for the favour of its inhabitants. Poets may demand a boundless contiguity of shade, a jug of wine in the wilderness; yet even they must find the Zoo a more handy and amusing escape from the dailiness of life. The turnstile that admits you to the Zoo registers with its click the shuffling-off of your last care. We complete and compensate ourselves by going down to this happy suburb where are gathered our missing friends: "All sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field; the fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas." A distant roar from the lion house, a nameless scream from yonder thicket, a proud antlered head poised in your line of sight—how homely it all is! The importance of going to the Zoo should have its place in every Londoner's map of life.

The book that lies before us is one long effective invitation to visit the great compound in Regent's Park. The late Mr. Bartlett was superintendent of the Zoo for many years. He took supreme charge of its animal life. He was dentist to my lord the Elephant, and physician in ordinary to the Lion. He fostered young rhinoceroses, and pursued runaway bears in the night while St. John's Wood slept. Those who would be acquainted with his life and his activities should study not only this book, but also the notes which his son edited last year under the title *Wild Animals in Captivity*, to which the present work is supplemental. In these two books the untraveller and over-civilised Londoner may fill his mind with a thousand facts, which in visits to the Zoo he may remember, expand, and often verify. Both books are frankly composed of notes, scraps, jottings, and extracts from papers read by Mr. Bartlett before the Zoological Society. Mr. Bartlett would probably have given his material to the world in much the same form into which it has been thrown by his son, who states that it was not Mr. Bartlett's intention to make his books too serious or wholly scientific. In life Mr. Bartlett was the chief interpreter between the Londoner and the polyglot races under his care; and in these volumes he appears still as the chatty, discursive interpreter. To convey an idea of his matter is easy, for one may open this book at any page and be sure of alighting



on something interesting. Take, at random, Mr. Bartlett's notes on Vultures and Birds of Prey. It is absurd to look at the vultures in their petty cages without carrying in one's mind some idea of the vulture in his free life. Mr. Bartlett explains how it is that these terrible birds can gather so swiftly from all parts when a meal awaits them:

Aided by a powerful and wonderful vision, and sailing, without effort, in a circle of great diameter, in a clear, unclouded atmosphere, miles above the earth, this bird's sight, intent and keen, enables it to observe the changed and hurried movements of any others of his species which might be, as they nearly always are, in quest of food, and which in turn may be within sight of many others that again are in view of others still further off, all making towards a spot where food is found. Whenever a movement is made towards the earth by one, the whole flock becomes instantly aware of it, and of the direction taken; thus they concentrate in incalculable strength, in the same manner that thousands of people sometimes arrive on the field on the descent of a balloon in a part of the country that the day before seemed almost uninhabited.

The gliding flight of a great bird like the condor, which often seems to sail for miles without a single motion of its wings, has, of course, been discussed many times. Mr. Bartlett writes:

The most reasonable explanation of this wonderful power is given in the examination of the air-cells that exist throughout the entire structure, not only in the bones, but among the muscles and between the tissues of the skin and feathers; when the bird rises to a great height the atmosphere becomes cold, and as the temperature of the bird's body is much higher than that of the surrounding air the bird fills, or rather inflates, the whole of the air-cells throughout its body by the hot air that has passed into the lungs of the bird before it reaches the chambers formed for its reception; thus the condors become like air-balloons, and float about, requiring only a slight motion of the tail to steer, rudder-like, in any direction. When the bird wishes to rest on the earth its form at once alters, the wings are no longer on full stretch, but, by contracting the muscles of the wings and body, the hot air is expelled, and the bird descends with rather a rapid, but graceful and easy movement of the wings, and alights without appearing to drop heavily to the ground.

It is the frequent visitor to the Zoo who sees "incidents" as well as animals. Such an "incident" is described by Mr. Bartlett in his notes on the Canadian Beaver in the Zoo. A large willow-tree had been blown down in the Gardens, and when its branches had been distributed to a number of grateful animals an interesting experiment was tried:

One of the largest limbs of the tree, upwards of twelve feet long, was firmly fixed in the ground, in the Beaver's enclosure, in a nearly upright position, at about twelve o'clock on Saturday last (October, 1862). The beaver visited the spot soon afterwards, and walking round this large limb, which measured thirty inches circumference, commenced to bite off the bark about twelve inches above the ground, and afterwards to gnaw into the wood itself. The rapid progress was (to all who witnessed it) most astonishing. The animal laboured hard, and appeared to exert his whole strength, leaving off for a few minutes apparently to rest and look upwards, as if to consider which way the tree was to fall. Now and then he left off and went into his pond, which was about three feet from the base of the tree, as if to take a refreshing bath. Again he came out with renewed energy, and with his powerful teeth gouged away all round the trunk. This process continued till about four o'clock, when suddenly he left off and came hastily towards the iron fence, to the surprise of those who were watching his movements. The cause of this interruption was soon explained: he had heard in the distance the sound of the wheelbarrow, which, as usual, is brought daily to his paddock, and from which he was anxiously waiting to receive his supper. Not wishing to disappoint the animal, but, at the same time, regretting that he was thus unexpectedly stopped in his determination to bring down this massive piece of timber, his usual allowance of carrots and bread was given to him;

and from this time until half-past five he was engaged in taking his meal and swimming about in his pond. At half-past five, however, he returned to his tree, which by this time was reduced in the centre to about two inches in diameter. To this portion he applied his teeth with great earnestness, and in ten minutes afterwards it fell suddenly with great force upon the ground.

The beaver soon cut up the log into three convenient lengths; "two of these he removed into the pond, and one was used in the under part of his house." We wish we had been there. A sight worth twenty plays in the Strand!

The exact condition of tameness, and the potentialities of wildness, in the animals at the Zoo are matters which are ever present to the mind of the stranger. It appears that animals which have been caught in their habitats and been shipped to London are effectually and permanently tamed by their rough experiences; rarely do they afterwards give trouble. It is different with their offspring born in the Gardens. Mr. Bartlett says:

In most instances the breeding in captivity of wild animals is attended with considerable difficulty and risk; consequently the young are regarded and treated in the most gentle and kind manner—not the slightest thing is done to frighten or annoy them; you look at them, talk to them kindly, pet them, and feed them with the best and most tempting food, and they appear perfectly tame, and fond of being fed and caressed; but only let something strange, trifling in itself, happen; at times the appearance of an umbrella, or anything moving in the bushes, or a boy's kite in the air, and away goes all the tameness at a moment's notice; the creature rushes at the fence, and, if possible, breaks loose by either smashing the fence or leaping over it, and not unfrequently is so injured that it either kills itself or has to be killed. The simple truth is that the wild and vigorous natures of these animals manifest themselves only under the influence of fear. Endless instances in support of this have occurred in this country and on the Continent—in fact, wherever wild animals have been bred in captivity.

Mr. Bartlett's books contain more than natural history. They are the records of one man's relations with animals—relations the most kindly, the most honourable.

### Confessions of a Publisher.

*Memories.* By C. Kegan Paul. (Kegan Paul & Co.)

MR. KEGAN PAUL complains that he has a poor memory; we would call it rather the best kind of memory—the eclectic, which rejects all that is unimportant to the purpose in hand, and retains only that which, though in some respects trivial, is the very mainstay of the *raconteur*. Chatting pleasantly about his recollections of a long life and his own pilgrimage through Anglicanism and scepticism to the Roman Catholic Church, Mr. Paul never dreams of boring us with the coronation of Queen Victoria or the funeral of the Duke of Wellington. His earliest recollection is of being sent round the breakfast-table by an aged relative who could not move from his chair to see that the spoons had been driven through the lower ends of the eggs that had been consumed, "lest the witches should ride in them." Of such delightful trivialities as these the book is full, and its early chapters give us an admirable, though not entirely pleasant, picture of the life of a small boy in the opening years of the present reign. The preparatory school was a really dreadful place; education was driven in with the cane, and it is wonderful that the boys at Dr. Allen's school at Ilminster learned anything at all, for the ushers were the most ignorant and contemptible of men. And Mrs. Allen!

Mrs. Allen, though still young, was the fattest woman I ever saw, and the hottest. She would go out on frosty days into the garden unbonneted, unshawled, in the hope of getting cool. In her disposition she was hard and

coarse. No grain of motherly kindness, no passing gleam of tenderness for the child, victims of her husband's floggings, ever softened the asperities of our life. Her household was ill-conducted, and her servants were profligate and immoral; the food supplied to the boys was bad, we were insufficiently warmed—one small stove in the schoolroom, round which the elder boys clustered, was all the fire we ever came near—and cleanliness was impossible. There was, indeed, a solemn function once a week when our feet were washed in hot water, and Mrs. Allen herself attended to our heads with a small-tooth comb; but for the rest, all that came between head and feet we washed only in the holidays.

And this was a school at which the sons of gentlemen were prepared for Eton! But even Eton in the forties was only just beginning to struggle above the standard of decency and comfort of the Elizabethan age; and sanded floors were the rule in Mr. Paul's dame's house, which was really and truly a dame's house, with Mrs. Holt in charge, and a nebulous Rev. Mr. Holt somewhere in the background. There was, however, fun as well as flogging for little boys. Once the driver of the coach that took Mr. Paul home drew up his horses, in the chill morning, at the request of the passengers, that they might see a man hanged outside Ilchester gaol. The Eton masters of those days were a curious crew—conservative, pompous, and generally incompetent. Bethell, for example, who has been handed down to memory in the couplet:

Didactic, dry, declamatory, dull,  
Big Burly Bethell bellows like a bull.

His reading of the Communion service rattled like thunder in the chapel roof, so that some ingenious boy dubbed him Papirius, regardless of the fact that the surname of Papirius Cursor had nothing to do with cursing.

Mr. Paul is, perhaps, at his best in his sketches of rustic life, for his father held a living in the West of England, and he himself served country parishes, both as curate and vicar. Old Dagg, for instance, who earned his living by doing odd jobs—haulage of manure and so on—wanted to marry a fourth wife, but pleaded that he could not pay the fees. The vicar pointed out the unthriftiness of his project. Dagg slapped his thigh with cheerful emphasis, and said: "Suppose we take her out in a load of dung!" Bloxham, a large village near Banbury, of which Mr. Paul took charge in 1852, was a neglected parish:

The wine at the Communion was put on the table in a black bottle, and on one occasion the cork had not been drawn. Mr. Bell, the vicar, turned to the intending communicants as they knelt at the rails, and asked, "Has any lady or gentleman a corkscrew?" The implement having been obtained (I fancy from the public-house opposite, where stimulants were occasionally procured for the aged curate during the sermon), the service proceeded.

But that reverence was not unknown in the 'fifties is proved by the rebuke of Miller, a theological lecturer at New College. A man more acquainted with secular than Biblical English translated the word γαστήρ "stomach." "I think," said Miller, "that 'belly' is perhaps a more solemn word." Many other interesting people Mr. Paul knew at Oxford, among them the author of *Guy Livingstone*, but we are specially drawn towards Mrs. Chanter, a sister of Kingsley, who wrote a novel, *Over the Cliffs*, quite unworthy of remembrance, save for one sentence. The heroine "fell over the cliffs" and arrived at the bottom "a tangled mass of hair and brains." We are inquiring at "all the libraries" for *Over the Cliffs*, at present without success. But it is as a publisher that Mr. Kegan Paul is best known to the public, and as a publisher he has knowledge of many men and things, Browning, George Eliot, Mr. Lang, and Tennyson, who was "a thorough man of business, and our final parting at the end of one of our periods of agreement was that we as publishers, and he as author, took a different view

of his pecuniary value." Here is a story which bears on the late Mr. Grant Allen's comparison between the literary man and the crossing-sweeper as a money-maker. At the house of an eminent surgeon, a prince, easily recognisable, asked what a first-rate surgeon makes in his profession.

"Well, sir," said the host, "I should say that about £15,000 a year would be the mark." "What," said the prince, turning to the then acknowledged leader of the English bar, "what does a great barrister make?" "I suppose, sir, £25,000 would hit the mark." Sir John Millais was also present, and he was the third asked. "Possibly, sir, £35,000 a year." "Oh! come, come!" said the questioner. "Well, sir," said Sir John Millais, rather nettled, "as a matter of fact, last year I made £40,000, and might have made more, had I not been taking holiday longer than usual in Scotland." When he had finished speaking Mr. Browning put his arms through Mr. Arnold's and mine, and said, "We don't make that by literature, do we?"

And Mr. Kegan Paul himself thinks

that literature is not in itself a profession. With perhaps the exception of Dr. Johnson and Lord Tennyson, it is difficult to name any men who, writing really good works, lived by those works and by the pensions conferred upon them on account of those works. With those exceptions I can think of no one whose books have lived or are likely to live, who have not either had an independent fortune or a profession quite apart from literature by which they have gained at least a decent livelihood. . . . The author who has nothing to fall back upon is in a bad way.

That is rather discouraging to the young man with writing materials and a brain and no private income. It is the more discouraging because Mr. Kegan Paul has selected Dr. Johnson as one of the two literary traders with "half-a-crown in his pocket" who will live. For, so far as books are concerned, it is Boswell, and not Johnson, who lives. Who reads *Rasselas*? Who can quote *London*? Who will bet sixpence on the accuracy of the Dictionary? So, with a shade of discontent, we take leave of a book which has given us a couple of happy hours.

## Other New Books.

AMERICAN LANDS AND  
LETTERS.

BY DONALD G. MITCHELL.

A book of pleasant, kindly, sunshiny reminiscences of American writers and their haunts: Emerson, Whittier, Thoreau, Greeley, Willis, Poe, and many others pass in familiar procession. Mr. Mitchell writes with a kind of unction which produces rather strained writing in places. He sometimes seems to choose a word because it is curious or unlikely rather than because it is fit. Thus we find Whittier, when he had returned to his old home, "shouldering up the industrial exigencies of the farm." Of Hawthorne's love of England we read: "The ivies of old ruins took him graciously in their clasp, and with such close hug of their abounding tendrils as he did not struggle against." Such tricks of style are too numerous. But the book is readable, and bright with portraits and picturesque views. Of the industry of Bancroft, the historian, we read:

During all these twenty-five years (which would have made a great gap in most lives, but which counted for far less with this veteran, who took smilingly the seventies and eighties that lighted his long career) he toiled at his history; rode jauntily in Rotten-row; made a home in Washington and another—long cherished and loved—upon the cliffs at Newport—where he had a lawn rivaling English lawns—and set his roses to bloom in fairer colours and with more velvety petals than any that opened under the fogs of Twickenham or of Richmond Hill. He loved a beautiful rose as he loved a sure-footed horse, or a rotund trail to his historic periods. . . . Even now, as one of his high, rhetorical, periods slips from tongue and memory, we seem to see that alert figure and good horseman, mounted in soldierly way—trim, erect, and with lifted head, snuffing the breezy air of a November morning, upon the banks of the

Potomac or by Georgetown Heights—on his well-groomed horse, with a rose at the lapel of his coat, his eyes keen, his hair frosted with eighty years—riding primly and gallantly away, into that Past which is swallowing us all.

Margaret Fuller's magnetic personality, and its effect on Emerson, are thus described :

She came early under the thrall of Emerson's genius; but there was no electrical concert of forces between them; "the room enlarges when she comes," he says; and the horizon widens under that billowy talk which fascinated so many; but—at her going—a large home content and relief always came to him, with no yearnings for a continuance of the spell. "Such a predetermination," says Carlyle, "to eat this big universe as her oyster I have not before seen in any human soul."

These extracts are typical. By the way, why do not English writers of reminiscences illustrate their books? As a rule they do not; yet the illustrated book of reminiscences is a delightful and a marketable product. (Dent & Co. 7s. 6d.)

GOthic ARCHITECTURE. BY CHARLES HERBERT MOORE.

This is a second edition, though whether the first ever found its way from Massachusetts to England we are not quite sure. In any case, the book has been "almost completely rewritten," and equipped with many new illustrations. It seems to us a most stimulating introduction to the study of which it treats, and particularly valuable because of the stress which Mr. Moore lays upon structure as the basis of all architectural knowledge. In one point he is something of a heretic. He declines to extend the term Gothic to the German and English varieties of pointed architecture, declaring that true Gothic is of French origin, and, with a few exceptions, is to be found in France and France alone. The scope of the book includes, besides architecture proper, the subordinate arts of sculpture and glass staining. The illustrations, from drawings and photographs, are numerous, admirably chosen, and admirably reproduced. (Macmillan.)

## Fiction.

*Chinatown Stories.* By C. B. Fernald.  
(Heinemann. 6s.)

MR. FERNALD, like all novelists who describe intimately a new people, has the critic somewhat at a disadvantage. Only half of his work can be rightly estimated: we know that he can write; but we do not know whether or not his psychology is good, because the people are strange to us. We feel, in the present instance, that probably Mr. Fernald has described the Chinese character with extraordinary accuracy. His range is considerable; he begins this volume, for example, with an idyllic story of an adorable Chinese infant, who, dressed in his luxurious prismatic best, wanders out of the San Francisco Chinatown into the house of a beautiful American art student, and has piquant adventures (including a bath) until his father recaptures him. This is sheer good humour and prettiness and colour. And at the end of the book is one of the grimmest and ablest yarns of Chinese piracy and high sea villainy that anyone has written, Stevenson not excluded. In each of these we see the hand of a very capable literary artist. As a specimen of the idyllic manner we might take this:

Then, in the afternoon, and none too soon, he made a grand discovery. It was a knot-hole in the dividing-fence.

He looked upon a place where many flowers were, and the grass grew all of one height, like soldiers. And presently came out Sum Chow's young wife bearing a mat. Behind her trotted a little dame of scarce three summers carrying a fat cloth cat. It was Miss Oo, and the Infant knew she was a girl, because she wore her tiny

braids in two little horns that were part of her spangled cap. The Infant saw the mother leave Miss Oo to play alone upon the mat that lay on the grass. These, then, were the women of Sum Chow, who were to be avoided.

Miss Oo sat down and made remarks in her own peculiar language to the fat cloth cat, and emphasised them by shaking it up and down by the tail. Then she rolled over and kicked her infinitesimal feet in the air, and murmured demurely:

"Yai-yai!"

Her eyes travelled along the clear sky until they met the sun. They looked without winking straight into the glittering ball, in solemn satisfaction that it should be there, and for a long time there was no movement in her contented body but the occasional wiggle of a raised and bangled foot cased in a silver-trimmed slipper as big as an ear.

Mr. Fernald's capacity for dealing with a situation of grim tenseness is well illustrated in the following passage. We must explain that Sum Chow, in escaping from prison, comes upon his gaoler, Ok Hut. Chow, raising his weapon, commands Ok Hut to throw up his hands and turn his face to the wall:

But Ok Hut did not obey. He kept his eyes on Chow, debating. Ok had no weapon, but there was one in the drawer of the table where the feeble lamp stood burning; and Sum Chow seemed unarmed, except for the missile which he grasped. Ok Hut waited, planning how to shorten the space between himself and the table, so as to make a dash and get it sooner than Chow could reach him. There was silence but for the snoring of those who slept in the pauper ward. Ok Hut seemed motionless; but he was changing his weight from one foot to another, so that each time he was approaching a fraction of an inch nearer the weapon that lay in the drawer.

That is the way to do it. Something of horror is communicated by this suggestion of imperceptible progress towards the knife. But in this very story one of Mr. Fernald's shortcomings may be discerned: he does not sufficiently enable the reader to visualise the scene. We shall go down to our graves unaware of the precise means by which Dr. Wing Shee helped Sum Chow to escape. The same flaw interferes with our enjoyment of "The Gentleman in the Barrel," one of the least admirable of these tales. But it is none the less a fascinating book.

## Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final.  
Reviews of a selection will follow.]

RESURRECTION.

BY LEO TOLSTOY.

Five more parts of Tolstoy's new story arrive in their paper covers of alternating green and yellow, and their enclosing wrapper and indiarubber band. These parts complete the second volume. *Resurrection* has so far elicited varied comments. One critic says: "It is as if written by Zola in collaboration with the prophet Isaiah." Another critic says that Tolstoy "lowers his genius to the altitude of a schoolmaster with a ferule in his hand." A third writer begins: "This masterpiece of Count Tolstoy's—the greatest work he has yet done . . ." (Brotherhood Publishing Co. 5d. net.)

TRANSLATED BY

TALES FROM SIENKIEWICZ.

S. C. DE SOISSONS.

Nine short stories by the Slav novelist. The first tells how a strolling musician was promoted to be village organist. "When the mass was at its height, the scent of myrrh, amber, and odoriferous herbs, and the sight of the blazing candles and glittering ostensary seemed to overflow and overpower the worshippers, and the whole congregation fell as if it were lifted into air. Then the canon, raising and lowering the monstrance, closed his eyes in ecstasy. So, too, did Pan Klen at the organ." (Allen. 6s.)

## THE ACADEMY.

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## Green Thoughts in Green Shades.

ENGLISH gardens now bear two sets of blossom: flowers to pluck and flowers to read. In this dying year, for instance, garden books have multiplied beneficently. We have had Miss Jekyll's *Wood and Garden*, a very charming blend of practical counsel and good writing; Mrs. Earle's *More Pot-Pourri from a Surrey Garden*, a homely medley of floral and culinary lore; another of Dean Hole's monographs, *Our Gardens*; *The Solitary Summer*, a very delightful work of garden philosophy, by the anonymous author of *Elizabeth and her German Garden*; *The Century Book of Gardening* has begun publication—a mixture of treatises by experts, and of beautiful photographs of the best English gardens from *Country Life*; and now comes a new edition of Mr. Sieveking's garden anthology.\* Altogether, even if we have not omitted anything—and very likely we have—the year 1899 has done well for those that love lawns and shrubberies, roses and trim walks.

Mr. Sieveking's work first made its appearance some fourteen years ago, and was then styled by Mr. Pater "a scholarly little book." It is now a scholarly big book—that is the only difference which would be noticeable in the same critic's appreciation. It is perhaps by way of gratitude to Mr. Pater—his friend and master, as he calls him—that Mr. Sieveking brings his prologue to an end with this distinctly Paterian passage:

And now a last word of egoistic reverie. Where may one indulge in day-dreams if not in a garden? My dream is of a library in a garden! In the very centre of the garden, away from house or cottage, but united to it by a pleached alley or pergola of vines or roses, an octagonal book-tower like Montaigne's rises upon arches forming an arbour of scented shade. Between the bookshelves, windows at every angle, as in Pliny's Villa library, opening upon a broad gallery supported by pillars of "faïence carter's work," around which cluster flowering creepers, follow the course of the sun in its play upon the landscape. "Last stage of all," a glass dome gives gaze upon the stars by night and the clouds by day: "les nuages . . . les nuages qui passent . . . là bas . . . les merveilleux nuages!" And in this ΒΙΒΛΙΟΚΗΠΟΣ—this Garden of Books—*Sui et Amicorum*, would pass the coloured days and the white nights, "not in quite blank forgetfulness, but in continuous dreaming, only half-veiled by sleep."

Meanwhile, as indication that the dream is not yet fulfilled, Mr. Sieveking dates his prologue from Portman-square. Personally we do not quite share his ambition. Libraries and gardens, we think, should be kept distinct, the plea of the London bookseller (masquerading as an old poet)—

O for a booke and a shadie nooke—

being the most we would subscribe to. Even that, however, has its disadvantages. Except in very small doses, books are not for the open air, but for indoors. Maple, as Mr. Wilde once said, is more comfortable than nature.

But all this while we are disregarding the real matter of

\* *The Praise of Gardens*. By Albert Forbes Sieveking. (Dent.)

Mr. Sieveking's erudite and exhaustive work, wherein the praises of the garden are drawn from authors Persian and Syrian, Greek and Roman, French and Italian, early Christian and late Pagan, modern English and modern American. A good idea of Mr. Sieveking's scope will be given when we say that his quotations range from an Egyptian MS. of 1300 B.C. to *The Solitary Summer*. Most of the later extracts are well known, but the Egyptian and some of the classical passages will be new. This is the Egyptian rhapsody of 1300 B.C.:

She led me, hand in hand, and we went into her garden to converse together.

There she made me taste of excellent honey.

The rushes of the garden were verdant, and all its bushes flourishing.

There were currant trees and cherries redder than the ruby. The ripe peaches of the garden resembled bronze, and the groves had the lustre of the stone *nashem*.

The *menni* unshelled like cocoa-nuts they brought to us, its shade was fresh and airy, and soft for the repose of love;

"Come to me," she called unto me,

"and enjoy thyself a day in the room of

a young girl who belongs to me,

the garden is to-day in its glory;

there is a terrace and a parlour."

(*Nashem* is green felspar, and *menni* signifies some fruit now unknown.) This, from Pater's translation of the Seventh Idyll of Theocritus, is very beautiful:

So, I and Eucritus and the fair Amyntichus, turned aside into the house of Phrasidamus, and lay down with delight in beds of sweet tamarisk and fresh cuttings from the vines strewn on the ground. Many poplars and elm-trees were waving over our heads, and not far off the running of the sacred water from the cave of the nymphs warbled to us: in the shimmering branches the sun-burnt grasshoppers were busy with their talk, and from afar the little owl cried softly out of the tangled thorns of the blackberry; the larks were singing and the hedge-birds, and the turtle-dove moaned; the bees flew round and round the fountains, murmuring softly; the scent of late summer and of the fall of the year was everywhere; the pears fell from the trees at our feet, and apples in number rolled down at our sides, and the young plum trees were bent to the earth with the weight of their fruit.

All nations seem to have the garden fervour. One of the most exquisite things in the book is by a Chinese writer (365-427 A.D.):

Lightly, lightly speeds my boat along, my garments fluttering to the gentle breeze. I inquire my route as I go. I grudge the slowness of the dawning day. From afar I desecrate my old home, and joyfully press onwards in my haste. The servants rush forth to meet me; my children cluster at the gate. The place is a wilderness; but there is the old pine tree and my chrysanthemums. Wine is brought in full bottles, and I pour out in brimming cups. I gaze out at my favourite branches. I loll against the window in my new found freedom. I look at the sweet children on my knee.

And now I take my pleasure in my garden. I lean on my staff as I wander about or sit down to rest. I raise my head and contemplate the lovely scene. Clouds rise unwilling from the bottom of the hills; the weary bird seeks its nest again. Shadows vanish, but still I linger round my lonely pine. Home once more! I'll have no friendships to distract me hence. The times are out of joint for me; and what have I to seek from men? In the pure enjoyment of the family circle I will pass my days, cheering my idle hours with lute and book. My husband-men will tell me when spring time is nigh, and when there will be work in the furrowed fields. Thither I shall repair by cart or by boat, through the deep gorge, over the dizzy cliff, trees bursting merrily into leaf, the streamlet swelling from its tiny source. Glad is this renewal of life in due season; but, for me, I rejoice that my journey is over. Ah, how short a time it is that we are here! Why then not set our hearts at rest, ceasing to trouble whether we remain or go? What boots it to wear out the

soul with anxious thoughts? I want not wealth; I want not power; heaven is beyond my hopes. Then let me stroll through the bright hours as they pass in my garden among my flowers; or I will mount the hill and sing my song, or weave my verse beside the limpid brook.

Thus will I work out my allotted span, content with appointments of fate, my spirit free from care.

That is almost beyond criticism, and it has a freshness which, in this collection at any rate, does not occur again until a dozen centuries have passed. William Lawson, the "Walton of the Garden" (1570-1608), wrote thus, in his *New Orchard and Garden*:

And in mine opinion, I could highly commend your Orchard, if eyther thorow it, or hard by it there should runne a pleasant River with silver streames: you might sit in your Mount, and angle a peckled Trout or a sleightie Eele, or some other Fish. Or Moats, whereon you might row with a Boat, and fish with Nets.

Store of Bees in a dry and warme Bee-house, comely made of Firboords, to sing, and sit, and feede upon your flowers and sprouts, make a pleasant noyse and sight. For cleanly and innocent Bees, of all other things, love and become, and thrive in an Orchard. If they thrive (as they must needs if your Gardiner be stillfull, and love them: for they love their friends, and hate none but their Enemies) they will besides the pleasure, yeeld great profit, to pay him his wages. Yea, the increase of twenty Stocks, or Stooles with other fees will keep your Orchard. You need not doubt their stings, for they hurt not, whom they know, and they know their keeper and acquaintance. If you like not to come amongst them, you neede not doubt them: for but neere their store, and in their owne defence, they will not fight, and in that case onely (and who can blame them) they are manly and fight deperately. . . . One chiefe grace that adorne an Orchard I cannot let slippe. A broode of Nightingales, who with their several notes and tunes, with a strong delightfome voyce, out of a weake body, will beare you company night and day. . . . Neither will the Silly Wren be behind in Summer, with her distinct whistle (like a sweet Recorder) to cheere your spirits. The Black-bird and Threstle (for I take it the Thrush sings not, but devoures) sing loudly in a May morning, and delights the Eare much (and you neede not want their company, if you have ripe Cherryes or Berries, and would as gladly as the rest doe you pleasure:) But I had rather want their company than my fruit. What shall I say? 1000 of delights are in an orchard: and sooner shall I be weary, then I can reckon the least part of that pleasure, which one, that hath and loves an orchard may finde therein.

That is a style which, it seems, is no longer to be attained. The Elizabethans invented it and exhausted it. Here is William Morris on the garden:

And now to sum up as to a garden. Large or small, it should look both orderly and rich. It should be well fenced from the outside world. It should by no means imitate either the wilfulness or the wildness of Nature, but should look like a thing never to be seen except near a house. It should, in fact, look like a part of the house. It follows from this that no private pleasure-garden should be very big, and a public garden should be divided and made to look like so many flower-closes in a meadow, or a wood, or amidst the pavement.

It will be a key to right thinking about gardens if you will consider in what kind of places a garden is most desired. In a very beautiful country, especially if it be mountainous, we can do without it well enough; whereas in a flat and dull country we crave after it, and there it is often the very making of the homestead. While in great towns, gardens, both private and public, are positive necessities if the citizens are to live reasonable and healthy lives in body and mind.

And with that word of good sense we end our quotations.

Mr. Sieveking has done his work very well and has made a pleasant book in which to dip. Perused on a long sitting it may somewhat pall, but in such sippings as one of William Lawson's bees might take, it is, on foggy winter nights, most comforting and full of promise of the summer. The illustrations are well chosen and well produced.

## Paris Letter.

(From our French Correspondent.)

THIS publishing season has not produced anything that may be described as a masterpiece. M. Anatole France has reprinted, in a charmingly illustrated volume, a series of profiles, under the title of *Clio*. Any age suffices. M. France has but to cast the witchery of his style over it, clothe it in the grace and charm of his temperament, and Bonaparte himself, who closes the series, becomes something as remote, delicate, unfamiliar, and poetical as the profile of the blind singer of "The Iliad," which opens it. But I have small hopes of M. France's next volume of contemporary history. As it develops in the *Figaro*, it reveals a meagre promise of comparing with the delightful trilogy beginning with the "Orme du Mail" and ending with the "Anneau d'Amethyste." M. Bergeret, transplanted from a morose and hostile town to Paris, is a less distinguished figure; and the chapters relating to the famous "Complot" might have been written by any clever journalist.

One of the pleasantest French novels I have read for a long while is by Marcelle Tinayre, who herself is a very interesting woman, witty and sparkling. She had already published a clever and original novel, called *Le Rançon*; but *Hellé* greatly distances this first work. The book is unfortunately named, as many a reader will be warned from opening it, under the wrong impression that it means something pseudo-Greek. *Hellé* is the name of a young French girl. She tells her tale charmingly, in the first person; and the story has a freshness, a spontaneity, an elevation rare in modern French novels. The girl has been brought up by an eccentric pagan uncle, like the Emperor Julian, an inveterate enemy of the Christian religion. *Hellé*, in the teeth of national prejudices, is allowed all the freedom of an English girl. She may come or go at will, unchaperoned. She is free to choose her husband when she has fallen in love with him. She is not allowed to have girl-friends, because the pagan uncle decides that all French girls are corrupted and spoiled in convents. So we have the singular figure in a French novel of a heroine who is a young girl; who is brave, intellectual; has initiative and ideas; has, above all, an ideal; can look men straight in the face, and hold her own in liberal converse; who is pure and loyal and upright; and never dreams of marriage until she falls in love. She goes about alone, and is all the better for it; and when her uncle dies she declines to take a chaperon, but continues to receive her friends just as she did while he lived. It is a brave and noble little tale; and if it could only help to bring about a revolution in the bringing-up of French maidens, we may be sure the popular novelists would find less food for their pornographic studies of French society; and the life of luxury, adultery, and vulgar display would have to make way for the triumph of a cleaner period.

"Gyp" continues to produce volumes with amazing facility; but they are all alike, and since she has fallen into politics, and, according to her latest profession of faith at the *Haute Cour*, is now a professional anti-Semite, she has said good-bye to wit and sparkle. Besides, no decent person can any longer feel the faintest interest in the utterances of a lady who boasts in court that the Baron Christiani's noble "coup de canne" at Auteuil enchanted her. We feel that the "Gyp" who delighted us has passed away, and the lady who has taken her place is unseemly, dull, barely intelligent, and hideously vulgar. *Les Femmes du Colonel* is not even readable. M. Loubet may sleep on both ears, as the French say. It is not "Gyp" who will rob him of his popularity: quite the contrary, such ferocious nationalists as "Gyp" and Rochefort help us to appreciate the brave and honest man who is the object of their vitriolic hate.



M. Pierre Loti begins to-day in the *Figaro* a description of his journey in the East. This opening chapter contains some wonderful effects of colours, of words chosen like jewels that scintillate, or that by their mere juxtaposition induce to reverie. M. Loti's art in word-painting is something of an intangible exquisiteness. He needs but barely a dozen lines to bathe the imagination in colour and a strange lovely atmosphere. It is not an art susceptible of analysis; it eludes definition, for it is neither robust nor classical. It is interpenetrated with an exotic charm and made up of impressionist-oddnesses which captivate as much as they surprise. Here is a sentence, fragile, full of grace and sadness, elusive as a fugitive memory:

Here in the old East of tombs, upon the dust of vanished humanities, the mournful feast endures unceasingly; only we forget it as soon as we return toward the north, and it is then a surprise, each time that we go back, to find it ever the same. Ever it shines over those same old gulfs, warm and languid, over those same shores of granite or sand, over those ruins, over that world of dead stones which here retains all the mystery of Biblical races and of mother religions—so much so that in our imaginations of a day it is associated, the mournful feast of colour with the antique sacred legends; and all these things together end by giving us the illusions of stability, of endurance almost without a beginning, not destined to have an end.

H. L.

## Studies in Contemporary Style.

### V.—“Literature and Journalism.”

THERE is a commonplace remark as to the difference between journalism and literature. “Oh, yes,” one often hears some wise person say: “it is good journalism; but it is not literature.” If one gave the wise person encouragement, he would disclose his understanding that writings of good style are to be found in books, and to be sought for among the newspapers in vain. Now, there is in this wise person's understanding a certain truth. If one were invited to find a specimen of perfect style within an hour, and had at one's disposal a first-class library and all the newspapers of the day, it is to the library that one would trust. That indicates the extent to which the wise person is a critic as competent as he believes himself to be; and it is not a great extent. It is only reasonable to assume that if we match all the writers of books in all time against the writers in the newspapers of a single day, the supreme merit will be found among the bookmen. In drawing a distinction between journalism and literature, our wise person, however, means much more than this. He means that the books of a single day are in respect of style better than the newspapers of that day. There he is wrong; and the measure of his erroneous understanding is much greater than that of his right one. Most books of a single day are of very bad style, and the style of most newspapers is very good.

Still, it cannot be denied that, whilst the writers of books are much less expert in style than journalists are, the journalists, as a class, have faults which are in a certain respect, by being general in the newspapers, peculiar to themselves. They have certain usages in phrasing which cannot be defended. A representative assortment of those usages may be compiled from the leading article in the *Standard* of Monday.—

*Our troops suddenly found themselves, apparently without warning, assailed by a heavy fire from a number of Boers posted in an impregnable position.*

The word *number* in that sentence recalls an absurd phrase which is constantly to be found in any journal of field sports: “Mr. So-and-So, fishing at Richmond, caught a large number of dace and roach.” Mr. So-and-So did

nothing of the kind. Neither he nor anyone else can catch a number, which is a mere abstraction. He caught the fish, and he caught them separately. If the reporter of his feat had said that Mr. So-and-So “caught roach and dace to a large number,” we could not well reprove the reporter, whose locution, though not definitive, would at least have been correct in thought. Similarly, the writer in the *Standard* would not have been wrong if he had said “Boers to a large number” or “a large body of Boers.” A number is impalpable. The word, therefore, should not be used to denote a material thing.

*The force, according to some of the telegrams sent out late on Saturday, did actually succeed in withdrawing.*

There we have two errors. Success cannot be qualified by actuality. Itself is actual. The word *actually*, therefore, was written merely for the sake of sound. The phrase *succeed in withdrawing* is very bad. If the writer had written that “the force succeeded in the endeavour to withdraw,” he would have been beyond reproach. As his sentence stands it is not less lamentable than that of our friend on the Thames, just alluded to, who, instead of being content with saying that “Mr. So-and-So caught many dace and roach,” must needs write that “Mr. So-and-So succeeded in capturing a large number” of those fish. It is not easy to explain in a few lines the inaccuracy of such a phrase; but perhaps we may find a way. If the sub-editor changed the reporter's phrase to “Mr. So-and-So failed in catching a great number of roach and dace,” the reporter would be shocked. Now, the phrase designed to denote success is as bad as that which would denote failure. If the reporter realises this, he will not write *succeeded in* followed by any present participle again; and the thought is worth the attention of the leader-writer also.

*... The disaster to which General Gatacre refers occurred later on in the course of the march.*

That *on* should not have been written. *Later on*, from the lips or the pen of an educated man, is as unbecoming as any grosser phrase spoken by a hooligan.

*The Basutos and the Kaffirs of the Colonial frontier have been growing very restless of late under the widely-spread reports of Boer successes.*

*Of late* is unnecessary: it is implied in the verb preceding. *Growing very restless* is a bad phrase. One may grow in restlessness; but what the writer meant to say is that the savages “have been becoming restless.”

*A few miles further away, ministers of the Dutch Reformed Church have refused to provide Christian burial for the body of a Loyalist Volunteer.*

There is an important distinction between *farther* and *further*. *Farther* denotes increase of distance; *further* denotes either the development of an argument or an increase of substance. In the latter case, it is used correctly, near the end of his article, by the writer in the *Standard* himself. “Lord Methuen,” he says, “is waiting for further supplies of stores and ammunition.”

*Nothing could be better calculated to check this tendency than the spectacle of some hundreds of unwounded British soldiers sent to Bloemfontein.*

As there was no calculation in the matter, the sentence should have begun: “Nothing would be more likely to check this tendency”. The error is akin to that which, in the Reminiscences of Sir Edward Russell, one of the ACADEMY reviewers noted last week. *Bulks largely* is a bad phrase; *better calculated* is usually misapplied; and they are commonplace in the newspapers. At the same time, we may take the opportunity to say that locutions much more than a match for them in badness could be found in the “literature” as distinct from the “journalism” of the day.

E. H.

## The Amateur Critic.

[To this page we invite our readers to contribute criticism, favourable or otherwise, of books new and old, or remarks on striking or curious passages which they may meet with in their reading. No communication, we would point out, must exceed 300 words.]

### Stevenson and Hazlitt.

Of the many books which Robert Louis Stevenson planned and discussed with his friends in his correspondence there is none, perhaps, which would have been more valued than the biography of William Hazlitt. Whenever Stevenson refers to Hazlitt, whether in his essay on "Walking Tours" or in his letters, he makes one wish he would say more. This is what he writes to Mr. Hamerton:

I am in treaty with Bentley for a Life of Hazlitt; I hope it will not fall through as I love the subject, and appear to have found a publisher who loves it also. That, I think, makes things more pleasant. You know I am a fervent Hazlittite; I mean regarding him as the English writer who has had the scantiest justice. Besides which, I am anxious to write biography; really, if I understand myself in quest of profit, I think it must be good to live with another man from birth to death. You have tried it, and know.

If the qualification of a biographer is to understand his subject, Stevenson may be said to have been well qualified to write on Hazlitt. Mr. Leslie Stephen has given us a fine critical estimate of Hazlitt the writer, and the late Mr. Ireland's prefatory memoir to his admirable selection from the Essays, with its enforced limitations, is an excellent piece of biographical condensation, but the life of the essayist has yet to be written. The subject has been tried by many others, but no one has quite captured the spirit of Hazlitt. Had the details of Hazlitt's life, with his passionate hates and loves, been told by himself in the manner of his beloved Rousseau he might have produced a book which for interest would have rivalled the *Confessions*, but failing such a work one must deplore that Stevenson was not encouraged to write on the subject.

I. R.

### An English Novel "à la Française."

To those who are acquainted with "Gyp's" novels and others of that class it will come with a little surprise to meet a novel in English which treads quite gingerly and with considerable restraint over some difficult ground. The story I refer to is *The Progress of Pauline Kessler*, and, although every character in the book is more or less objectionable by reason of the grossness of the objects pursued, the narrative is not without a certain charm in its mode of recital. The ultimate end sought by nine-tenths of the individuals introduced in the story is not to be mentioned in polite society, and yet the author has been able to use our clumsy English (in one sense only) as neatly as if he was writing in French. The volume is not for the young person, but as an instance where a book can be written in English without being coarse or vulgar in dealing with certain subjects it may be regarded as opening up possibilities for the English novel of the future, although, let me say within parenthesis, it is not to be commended.

D. S.

### Where is "Dickens-Land"?

When first I came to London, I asked myself the question, Where is "Dickens-Land"? The phrase was familiar to me, and as my boyhood had been largely nourished on Dickens, so far as fiction formed a portion of my mental aliment, I desired to see whether the world he

depicted had its counterpart in London. I have been sadly disillusioned.

In *Notes and Queries* just now there is a discussion going on as to Mr. Percy Fitzgerald's *Pickwickian Studies*. I gather from it that there is a fierce conflict between Dickens-worshippers as to whether Muggleton is Gravesend or Maidstone. It appears to be admitted that Eatonswill is Ipswich; but I have more than "philosophic" doubts even on that point, for there seems to me to be little, if anything, in common between Pickwickian and English geography.

My range of observation at present is confined to London, and neither in the Strand nor in any part of North, South, or East London can I satisfactorily enact on the stage of my own inner consciousness any of the "fearful" and "wonderful" scenes which are described in *Nicholas Nickleby*, *Dombey and Son*, and other works of Dickens.

The other day I picked up in a London bookshop a volume entitled *A Guide to Dickens-Land*. Here at last I hoped to find assistance in exploring an "undiscovered country." In vain! The author could not direct me to the haunts of old Krook, the finder of the missing Jarndyce document, or of Bill Sikes, the murderous burglar, or of Montague Tigg, the gay swindler, or of Captain Cuttle, the persecuted mariner.

Mr. Percy Fitzgerald and his brother-enthusiasts should let "Dickens-Land" alone. The author of *Pickwick* must live in literature as a creator of "immortal grotesques."

D. F. HANNIGAN.

### "Paolo and Francesca."

I have been given *Paolo and Francesca* this Christmas by one who knew that Stephen Phillips was my favourite of living nightingales or Shelley larks. How sweet, how slight, how charming it is.

But where is the tragedy?

An ancient story of sadness—and you end with the belief that all is well.

Young folk—dead! and yet all's well with them. Dear, dear!

SAPHO SCOTT.

## Memoirs of the Moment.

THE length of an obituary notice in the daily press is at the mercy of the merest chance. A man who dies when Parliament is sitting, or unexpectedly at an hour when the pages are already prepared for the machine, has a briefer record than that given to a man of less mark who dies with deliberation in an off season. But not even the pre-occupations of war time have deprived the Duke of Westminster's death of a conspicuous record. It is difficult, perhaps, to determine quite in what way his career had a special significance—the very difficulty the onlooker felt in defining precisely the attractions of the spare, ascetic-looking figure, particularly agreeable to those for whom he cared, but stubborn—and, if necessary, pugnacious—when his back was up against a combatant; mild-mannered and even meek of aspect, yet withal a man of will, of prejudice even. He was not only a very frank man, but a very fearless one. When his first wife (who was also his cousin) went into the witness-box on a famous occasion, and said of a servant that she was good enough to send on to a stranger with a good recommendation, but not to a friend, all the daily papers moralised on the selfishness of duchesses. The Duke, however, approved, and the saying may be taken as expressive of the general ethics of life at Grosvenor House and at Eaton Hall, where a certain cousinly exclusiveness lost nearly all its selfishness in its liberating candour.

A DUKE who was also the possessor of millions, who could therefore marry for love on two occasions, but who at the same time was never happier than when he signed appeals to the public in aid of charities—the character was rare and complex enough to present a study of some fascination. That his actions should always pass without criticism was impossible; but it was not always just. When, in disgust of Home Rule, he turned out of Eaton Hall Millais's portrait of Gladstone he did not give it away, he sold it; and there were hints at calculated penuriousness. The accusation had no meaning for him, to whom the money was a detail, but who would not have given to another what he thought worthless to keep for himself. If this falling out between the Duke and the politician was not one of which the sequel was a dramatic kissing again with tears, at any rate neighbourly relations were resumed through the peacemaking intervention of Lady Frederick Cavendish and others. The truth was, the Duke rejoiced in his dukedom. It was the only thing he cared for that any man had ever given him; and his, on the other hand, was the only dukedom Gladstone had created. To none other of his own sex had the Duke any ground for gratitude; and he grew weary as time went on of an estrangement which choked the exercise of a unique sentiment.

Two circumstances attending the Duke's death are worth a note. Having been unfriendly to Reform Bills at home—his one Parliamentary feat when he sat in the Commons for Chester as Lord Grosvenor was an amendment hostile to the Reform proposals of his own party—he did not feel any enthusiasm about the extension of the franchise at Johannesburg. The war worried him; he fretted under our reverses—the more so because his grandson and heir, Lord Belgrave, a very intelligent observer and reporter of passing history, was at Cape Town, on the staff of Sir Alfred Milner. The Duke was too unaffected a man to be easily taken by this pose or that of national self-sufficiency; and his root-distrust of popular clamour allowed him no confidence in the spirit underlying the applause of music-hall congregations. His sense of public and private duty deprived him, at the last, of that which proved to be necessary for his life. At seventy-four he wore his years lightly; and but for pneumonia—to which he had become a subject—he might have lived on. A winter abroad was an almost certain protection, and one which a whole army of his fellows long for, but lack the means to obtain. This man of many millions did not so far satisfy himself by seeking for more than his own land's share of sunshine. It was not that he aspired to deny himself that which others could not have; it was simply that the routine duties of life had become very binding on a man of conscience. A visit to his granddaughter, Lady Shaftesbury, in Dorsetshire, was his compromise. But there his old enemy had a fighting-ground on which he was able to secure an easy victory.

THE new Earl of Tankerville has been a great traveller by sea and land. Spiritual activities, as well as bodily ones, seem to be his, for, while he is popularly held to be an Evangelical of the Moody and Sankey type, who even met his wife at a prayer-meeting where they both sang hymns, he is set down as Lord Bennet in the *Catholic Directory*, among the list of bearers of courtesy-titles who have joined the ranks of Rome's recruits.

To its special memoir of Mr. Dwight Lyman Moody, the popular American revivalist, who died the other day at Northfield, Massachusetts, the *Daily News* devotes nearly two columns, as against the not illiberal single column given to the Duke of Westminster. That inequality is the measure of the enthusiasm raised of old in England by Mr. Moody's preaching and praying. His power was entirely that of his sincerity of manner as an exponent

of the Gospel. He was not an educated man, yet his triumph as a popular orator who dwarfed John Bright in his audiences was only one more tribute to the acceptability of the message of the Christian minister who speaks from the heart to the heart frankly, not from the head to the head. "The common people heard him gladly" might well be Mr. Moody's epitaph.

By the death of Mr. B. F. C. Costelloe, one of London's innumerable local legislators strives to legislate no more. Those who knew Mr. Costelloe in earlier years, even when he was at Balliol—he was still in the prime of his life when he died—undoubtedly predicted for him a career rather more extended than that which he actually filled. His always ready and generally appropriate sentiments, and the mellow voice in which he gave them expression, seemed qualities likely to carry a man far in the century of the platform. The fact that the platform has declined of late as an influence may have had some effect on Mr. Costelloe's chances; but even at the Bar, for which he seemed born, he made little or no progress—some say because of his want of a sense of proportion as to the importance of things, and others because he allowed himself to be distracted by his daily journalism, by his School Board business, and by his County-Councilloring. What might have been his fate had he entered the arena of Parliament one need not now guess. But a part of the pathos of his early death lies in the fact that those doors at which he had knocked unheeded seven times must at last, had he lived, have opened to receive him. He fought a hopeless fight against Mr. Goschen in Edinburgh; but at Glasgow he had a chance; so he thought he had once in Wiltshire; so also in Chelsea; and twice in St. Pancras, where, at a bye-election lately, he nearly did succeed in securing the seat. His claims on his party for a safe seat could not have been ignored at the next General Election. That thought was an agreeable one to him; and there was no suspicion of Death's intervention until he was told, about a month before his death, that he was the victim of an immediately fatal disease.

MRS. MONEY-COUTTS, who died the other day at Stodham Park, Hants, was the senior by some years of her sister, the Baroness Burdett-Coutts. Dying at the age of ninety-four, she could recall the men and women who frequented her father's house in St. James's-square when George IV. was king. She saw the crowd of servants sent to Albemarle-street to secure a Byron poem on the day of publication; and she was alert, within the last year or two, to the literary achievement of her own son, Mr. F. B. Money-Coutts. Her political memory was equally extended in its range, and she was, perhaps, the last living being who could speak with personal experience of the fact that Disraeli was one of her father's committee-men at a Westminster election in the thirties.

VULGAR he is not. . . . The sure test of vulgarity is that it debases whatever it takes note of. Dickens, on the other hand, cannot touch the commonest, coarsest detail of ignoble life, but at once it gains a certain interest and suggestiveness; it is seen from an unfamiliar point of view; and the mirth excited in us, boisterous as it may be, invariably allies itself with the kindly emotions. It would be easy to quote from jesters of a later day examples of the arid facetiousness which serves only to degrade its topic; neither in *Pickwick*, nor in any other of its author's volumes, will you come upon any such perversion of the gracious spirit of laughter. A note of the vulgar in drolling is its affectation of superiority; in Dickens we always feel a sympathetic understanding, a recognition of the human through whatever grotesque disguise.

From *George Gissing's Introduction to "The Pickwick Papers," Rochester Edition.*

## A New Liturgy.

AN illuminating study of Ruskin by a French critic, M. R. de la Sizeranne, has just been translated into English, under the title of *Ruskin and the Religion of Beauty* (Allen), by the Countess of Galloway. The book contains three essays which appeared first in the *Révue des Deux Mondes*, and these have also appeared in book form in France. M. Sizeranne writes of Mr. Ruskin under three heads: "His Personality," "His Words," and "His Æsthetic and Social Thought." He is fully inspired by his subject, and with the instinct of an artist, M. Sizeranne begins with a typical and concrete presentation of Ruskin as a teacher.

"Some years ago I was at Florence on the 7th of March, which is the feast of St. Thomas Aquinas. In the cloisters of Santa Maria Novella, greatest of all Dominican churches, are certain frescoes by Taddeo Gaddi and Simone Memmi, representing St. Thomas in triumph surrounded by his consistory of the seven celestial and the seven terrestrial sciences. 'What better day than,' said I, 'to try and attain a sense of his contribution towards the schooling of human thought?' . . . Wishing to be alone, I went as early as nine o'clock, and found the cloister deserted. The freshness of the morning and the monastic calm of the place made it a delicious resort. The grass, ever fading yet ever springing, gleamed green through the old fourteenth-century arches. The sacristan, intent equally on my peace and his own pocket, had closed the door with a wealth of bolts. Long silences followed the occasional clashing of the bells. . . .

For some little time I had been sauntering along that pavement of tombstones, which fringes the *Chiostrì Verdi*, and I was approaching the Spanish Chapel, when a soft sound, rising and flowing, fell upon my ear, a murmur of words—speaking, reading—as in prayer. Had I been forestalled? Suddenly in the luminous shadow I perceived outlines of girlish forms, youthful with Giottoesque profiles, wearing sailor hats and little white veils, and all carrying bunches of mimosa in their hands. They were clustering together before the 'Triumph of St. Thomas Aquinas,' and one of them was reading:

'Optavi et datus est mihi sensus,  
Invocavi et venit in me spiritus sapientiæ,  
Et præposui illam regnis et sedibus.'

Then the voice resumed the English text:

'I prayed and the Spirit of Wisdom came upon me. . . . The personal power of Wisdom; the *σοφία* of Santa Sophia, to whom the first great Christian temple was dedicated. The higher wisdom, governing by her presence, all earthly conduct, and by her teaching, all earthly art, Florence tells you, she obtained only by prayer.'

She read on for some time, passing from eloquent generalisations on the necessity of discipline in human thought to minutest observations on the fingers or the hair of this or that personage in the fresco, noting where they were retouched, studying the attitudes and the draperies, contrasting the calm air and dignity of the figure of Rhetoric with the extravagant gestures of the common people of Florence—'They try to make lips of their fingers,' insanely hoping to 'drag by vociferation whatever they would have out of man and God.'

The audience listened intently, forming face with the precision of a Prussian platoon towards this figure or that, as the small red and gold book directed them. At times the voice rose even to invocation; the muffled strains of an organ sounded from afar, the faint perfumes of flowers were wafted by like incense, and, touched with shafts of sunlight, the golden-tipped mimosas shone like tapers in their midst. I observed that the pilgrims had stationed themselves on the very sepulchral slab of those Spanish Ambassadors who give the chapel its name; and the words

they were reading seemed like a tuft of flowers springing from the dust of the past. What then was this book? What this unknown liturgy? Who the priest of this Religion of Beauty? The sacristan, returning a moment, muttered a name—*RUSKIN*."

## Our Weekly Prize Competitions.

### Result of No. 14 (New Series).

LAST week we offered a prize of one guinea for the best translation, in similar length, metre, and rhyming scheme, of this poem by Alfred De Musset:

Mes chers amis, quand je mourrai,  
Plantez un saule au cimetière:  
J'aime son feuillage éploré,  
La pâleur m'en est douce et chère,  
Et son ombre sera légère  
A la terre où je dormirai.

The best of many sent in is this, by Mr. H. A. Webster, 3, John-street, Portobello:

Dear friends, whene'er I come to die,  
Plant near my grave a willow tree.  
I love its weeping branches nigh;  
Its wan, sad leaves are dear to me;  
And light, so light, its shade will be  
Above the earth where I must lie.

Among other versions are these:

Dear comrades, when I come to die,  
Set by my tomb a willow tree:  
I love those leaves that grieve and sigh,  
And their pale plumes are dear to me,  
And very light that shade will be  
Upon the earth where I shall lie.  
R. M. W., Chiswick.

When mine among the graves you see,  
Set there, my friends, a willow, weeping  
Its leaves beloved, and, sweet to me,  
Its fountain pale of foliage sweeping.  
Then think me glad, and happier sleeping,  
To know how light its shadows be.  
W. L., Upper Tooting.

Comrades, whensoever I die,  
A willow set my grave to keep,  
I love its soft, pale livery,  
And drooping boughs that seem to weep,  
And lightly will its shadow lie  
On the ground where I shall sleep.  
H. C., Bocking.

When I am dead, dear friends of mine,  
Beside my grave a willow place:  
I love its weeping leaves, benign  
And dear to me its pallid grace,  
And lightly will its shadow trace  
The couch of earth where I recline.  
C. E. H., Richmond.

Friends, when I go at death's behest,  
Plant o'er my grave a willow tree;  
I love its downward-weeping crest,  
Its tender green is sweet to me.  
Light shall its shadow ever be  
Upon the earth wherein I rest.  
A. H. W., Westward Ho

Friends, when the grave your friend shall keep,  
Go ye, and plant a willow near,  
I love the leaves that bend and weep,  
I hold their pallor gracious, dear;  
Their cradle kind shall rock the bier  
Where—earth to earth—I, too, shall sleep.  
T. O., Buxted.

Old friends of mine, when I am dead,  
And in the churchyard you have laid me,  
A willow plant beside my head,  
Whose weeping foliage ne'er affrayed me  
The tender green I loved shall shade me  
Whilst sound I sleep in earth's last bed.  
W. E. G. F., Richmond."

Good my friends, when I am dead,  
Plant a willow near my grave:  
Sweet to me its drooping head,  
For its pale, soft leaves I crave;  
Lightly shall its shadow wave  
O'er the earth that makes my bed.

[P. E.-H., Mablethorpe.]

Replies received also from: E. C. M., Crediton; E. M. A., Oxford; F. L., London; T. S., Brighton; E. L. C., Redhill; C. S.-M., Inverness; M. F. C., Dorking; M. A. D., Southampton; C. J. W., Shere; C. B. F., Bagshot; E. B., Liverpool; N. M., Aberdeen; W. W., Salisbury; A. R. B., Great Malvern; L. K., Folkestone; H. B. R., Bradford; L. M. L., Stafford; G. H., Uddington; A. H. B., London; C. M. W., Meltham; P. A. K., Dalkeith; G. M. W., Hull; F. W., London; R. S. P., Tooting; H. H. K., Warlingham; F. B., Cambridge; C. W., Sutton; C. E. C., Streatham; M. A. C., Cambridge; T. M., Oundle; C. O., Brighton; M. S., London; A. M. C., Bristol; R. K. R., Glasgow; A. V. M., Guildford; W. R., Nairn; F. H. B., Portobello; M. G. B., Belfast; C. H. B., Belfast; J. H. C., London; E. S. H., Bradford; P. A. B., Isleworth; P. W. R., Birkenhead; L. E. N., Ashford; F. G. C., Hull; J. D. A., Ealing; J. E., London; D. F. H., London; E. W., London; R. B. J., London; Miss H., Twyford; F. W., London; and T. B. (no address and no coupon).

### Prize Competition No. 15 (New Series).

WE offer a prize of a guinea this week to the best set of mottoes to be placed on or over the doors of (a) a dining-room, (b) a music-room, (c) a library, and (d) a bed-room. They should be chosen from English authors and none should exceed two lines in length.

#### RULES.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, The ACADEMY, 43 Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, January 3. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found in the first column of p. 772 or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. We wish to impress on competitors that the task of examining replies is much facilitated when one side only of the paper is written upon. It is also important that names and addresses should always be given: we cannot consider anonymous answers.

#### OUR SPECIAL PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

(For particulars see inside page of cover.)

Received this week: Boanerges, Wyvern.

## New Books Received.

[These notes on some of the New Books of the week are preliminary to Reviews that may follow.]

#### THE COURTIER. BY COUNT BALDASSARE CASTIGLIONE.

Said Dr. Johnson: "Manners are best learned at a small Court. You are admitted with great facility to the prince's company, and yet must treat him with much respect. . . . The best book that ever was written upon good breeding, *Il Cortegiano*, by Castiglione, grew up at the little Court of Urbino, and you should read it." Castiglione's work was done into English by Sir Thomas Hoby in 1561. It is now put forth in the "Tudor Translations" with a scholarly introduction by Prof. Walter Raleigh; and the book has the solidity and grace peculiar to this series. (Nutt. 18s. net.)

#### FIFTEEN YEARS OF SPORT AND LIFE.

BY W. A. BAILLIE-GROHMAN.

This is the record of sport enjoyed by the author in visits, extending over fifteen years, to the Pacific slope of North America. "Sport such as I enjoyed in the seventies and early eighties is no longer to be obtained—nothing approaching it." Mr. Baillie-Grohman is a connoisseur of antlers, and his book is a mine of facts about the wapiti, the moose, the antelope goat, and other splendid game. Some of the author's photographs, such as "Civilisation's Progress: Collecting the Last Relics of the Bison for Fertiliser Manufactories," and an astonishing photograph of a "Salmon Run in a British Columbia River," are of great interest. Mrs. Baillie-Grohman adds a chapter on the conditions of domestic life on the Slope, with its

dependence on Chinese servants, &c. The practical issues of frontier life are touched up throughout the book, which is a matured personal record that will not disappoint readers of the author's earlier works, *Tyrol and the Tyrolese*, *Camps in the Rockies*, &c. (Horace Cox. 15s. net.)

#### WIMBORNE MINSTER AND CHRISTCHURCH PRIORY.

BY THE REV. THOMAS PERKINS.

This new volume in Messrs. Bell's "Cathedral" series gives us descriptions of these two fine Dorsetshire churches—Wimborne Minster and Christchurch Priory. Both houses are beautifully situated, and both have Norman, or partly Norman, naves. As in the other volumes in this really excellent series, there is an abundance of good photographic illustration. (Bell & Sons. 1s. 6d.)

#### SAINT CECILIA'S HALL.

BY DAVID FRASER HARRIS.

Scotland of the eighteenth century seems to be attracting students. The Rev. H. G. Graham's *Social Life of Scotland*, re-viewed by us a few months ago, gave much information about the beginning of literary and musical life in Edinburgh; this book amplifies the musical history of the city. A pleasant compilation of biographical and topographical lore, rightly produced and illustrated. (Oliphant.)

#### MONTHLY STAR MAPS.

BY WALTER B. BLAIRKIE.

This star-atlas is constructed on an admirable plan. In each map half the heavens, as seen from Westminster Bridge, is depicted, together with the river and buildings according as the reader looks up or down the river, which at this point runs due north and south. The pictorial and educative effects are admirable. The time selected for observation is the first of each month, at 10 p.m. (Scottish Provident Institution.)

#### CHATTERTON.

BY DAVID MASSON.

This biography, originally issued in 1856 as part of a volume of collected essays, is now re-issued by itself after having been for a long time out of print. As in Prof. Masson's life of Milton, the reader will find much local and collateral lore, much patient excavation. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.)

#### RICHARD HOLT HUTTON.

BY JOHN HOGBEN.

We are glad to see that a second edition of Mr. Hogben's monograph on the late editor of the *Spectator* has been called for. In his Preface, Mr. Hogben talks of the question (for it has been made a question) whether Mr. Hutton believed in the Divine birth of Christ, and answers it in the affirmative. (Oliver & Boyd.)

#### THE ROSE GARDEN OF PERSIA.

BY LOUISA S. COSTELLO.

Persian poetry, in pages adorned with red filigree borders and illuminated titles—the whole very tasteful, and vaguely Persian, to the eye. To this new edition Mr. Joseph Jacob contributes an essay on Persian poetry. Those who wish to know Omar Khayyam and Hafiz in relation to Persian literature, and not as isolated figures, should study this careful and comely little book, where example and commentary abound. Not only Omar, "the Voltaire of Persia," but Sadi, Attar, Khakani, the Moolah of Rûm, and Scheik Feizi are represented. (Gibbings & Co.)

In addition to the above, we have received:

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

Gwynn (M. L.), *A Birthday Book* ..... (Methuen)  
Morgan (W. A.), *The "House" on Sport* ..... (Gals & Polden) 21/0  
Demolins (E.), *Boers or English: Who are in the Right?* ..... (Leadenhall Press) 1/0

#### POETRY, CRITICISM, AND BELLES LETTRES.

Dalmon (Charles), *Flower and Leaf* ..... (Richards)  
Ross (Dingwall), *Light Wines for Christmas and After* ..... (Pefferaside Press, Dingwall) 1/0

#### NEW EDITIONS.

Dickens (Charles), *Pickwick Papers*, with Introduction by George Gissing. 2 vols. .... (Methuen) each 6/0  
Masson (David), *Chatterton: A Biography* ..... (Hodder & Stoughton) 6/0

#### THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

Strong (Augustus H.), *Christ in Creation and Ethical Monism* ..... (Roger Williams Press, Philadelphia, U.S.A.)

#### EDUCATIONAL.

Commercial Correspondence in German ..... (Pitman & Sons)  
Commercial Correspondence in French ..... (Pitman & Sons)  
Commercial Correspondence and Commercial English ..... (Pitman & Sons)  
Commercial Correspondence in Shorthand ..... (Pitman & Sons)



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Scrope's Salmon Fishing, 1843—Crowe's Painting in Italy, 3  
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